

# **TIMELINE OF MOTORCYCLING**

## **Volume Seven**

**1930 - 1934**



**Compiled & edited by  
Dave Richmond**





Compiled, edited and written by Dave Richmond  
[motorcycletimeline.com](http://motorcycletimeline.com)

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1930

FOR ALMOST 25 YEARS American cops had been making good use of motor cycles. Now the Metropolitan Police Force mounted some of its traffic cops on 493cc BSA Slopers, backed up by the newly arrived BSA three-wheel cars; outfits were soon in use to transport senior officers. The Birmingham and Manchester police also picked Beezas; in Coventry, almost inevitably, patrolmen were mounted on Triumphs. The Worcestershire force opted for Royal Enfields.



Beeza combos took to the streets of Manchester (left) and London (centre); toy companies wasted no time in getting in on the act.

“‘SPEED COPS’ ADVOCATED:.. The Chief Constable of Newcastle has advocated motor cycle police to control traffic and reduce street accidents.”

ITALIAN TRAFFIC COPS were encouraged to nick errant motorists with a 10% share all the fines they dished out.

“‘CHARITY BALL RESULT. The Combined Motor Clubs’ Charity Ball at the Covent Garden Opera House has shown a profit of £62...which has been divided between two charities.” Later in the year London-based bike clubs teamed up to stage a Grand Fancy-Dress Ball at Olympia.

“‘IN MADAGASCAR. The development of the roads in Madagascar is resulting in a steady increase in the number of motor cycles; there are now 1,482 machines in use, as contrasted with 1,072 a year ago.”

TWO MOTOR CYCLES were running on Alaskan roads; 3,985 were registered in Hungary. And extremely few people know that.

BERT LE VACK LORD LLOYD joined Motosacoche in Geneva (he’d ridden a Motosacoche in the 1914 Senior TT, finishing 15th). Le Vack the 1921 Senior TT; runner up in the 1923 Lightweight TT) and designer (Duzmo, Indian and JAP) and joined the Swiss marque as works rider, chief designer and tuner.

A FORMER HIGH Commissioner for Egypt made a speech at Hitchin, Herts in which he mentioned a shortage of recruits for service overseas, suggesting: “Perhaps it is that our young men prefer motor cycles.”

“‘DID GYRE AND GIMBLE...A reader who has made several observations on the skidding properties of the wood setts on the Victoria Street side of the Parliament Square ‘merry go round’ strongly advises fellow-riders to use great caution.”

THE CLUB SCENE WAS FLOURISHING. The Easter week’s ‘Club News’ in the Blue ‘Un listed 82 events, including: “Croydon MC—Tour of Devon, starts 9pm; Egham & DMC&LCC—Run to seaside, start White Lion, Egham, 9.30am; Gipsy MCC—Speed judging contest, start, Epsom,

10.30am; Lodon Douglass MCC—Run to Minehead; Revellers MCC—Run to Clacton, start Crystal Palace Parade, 10am; Ace (Mitcham) MCC—Night run to Wye Valley, meet Tooting Broadway, 12 midnight; Bexleyheath & DMCC—Grass-track practice, Wembley & DMCC—Run to Cornwall; Belfast & DMC—Hill-climb, Red Brae, 12am; Crayford track, 3pm; Port Talbot & DMC—Restricted speed trial, Aberavon Sands, 1pm; Wellington & DMC&LCC—Hillclimb, Ercall Hill, 2.30pm; Edinburgh Southern MC—Run to Abbey St Bothans; Norbury MC—Picnic and hill-climb, start Lex Garage, 11am; Hurlingham MCC—Run to Bognor sand races, start, Green Man, Putney, 9.30am; Annsworthy MC—Club night.” There were also 18 sets of results from club events and reports of club meetings and 21 ACY Centre events ranging from a North Western Centre (Southport MC) sand race to South-Eastern Centre (Carshalton MCC) pillion trial.

IN THE SAME WEEK 26 SPEEDWAY meetings were previewed, from Edinburgh to Exeter, including a dozen in London. Speedway correspondent Talmage reported: “Last week I received a number of letters from Australia which had come over on the SS *Comorin*, which caught fire on the way. Result: Letters in various stages of disintegration and/or dilapidation, stamps washed off, ink blurred, and every one smelling strongly of sea water; I am thinking of sending some of the specimens to the British Museum. But at least one, thank goodness, had a fairly waterproof envelope and its contents were in a reasonable state of repair. The envelope contained, among other things, the pretty picture of Jack Chapman which appears on this page. Yes, folks, that’s the boy and the bike that won the Australian one-mile championship for three-lap tracks. My informant tells me that at the last meeting of the season at Adelaide, Chapman regained the flying-mile record with a speed of 59.2mph, knocking a fifth off Frank Arthur’s time of 61sec put up at the championship meeting. Chapman is on his way to this country to take up an engagement with Belle Vue.



L-R: “Jack Chapman, winner of the Australian One-mile Championship. His mechanic is standing behind the machine. Waltur Ryle and Kai Anderson, two Danish lads who are signed up with the Crystal Palace for the season; both are making rapid progress. Ron Johnson, the Australian star, is shortly to marry Miss Roma Holland. Here are Miss Holland, Ron Johnson and a Rudge.”

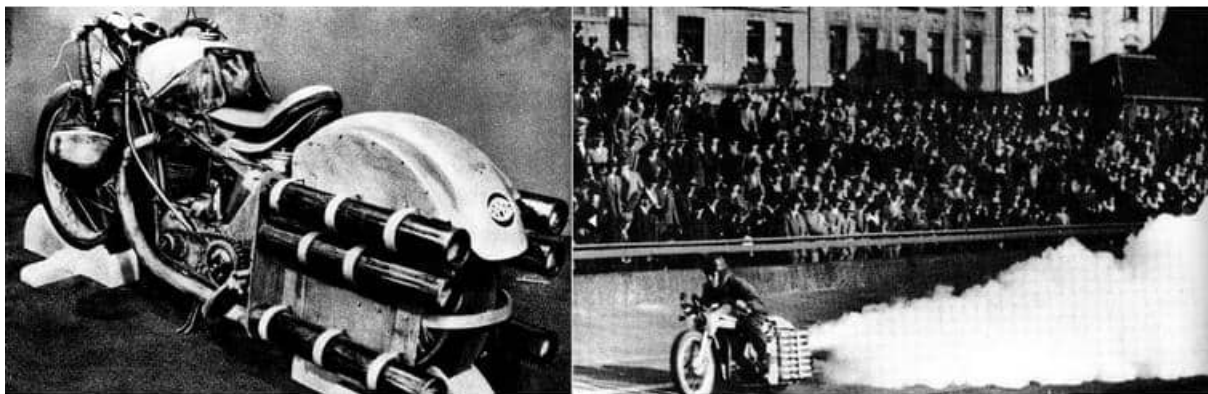
CRASH HELMETS WERE coming into use by road riders as well as sportsmen while the fast growing cadre of dirt track riders were setting a trend for black leather. One advertiser offered speedway riders “well padded jackets and breeches, face masks in tan leather with splinterproof sights, detachable reinforced elbow and knee pads, gauntlets and boots with detachable steel toecaps”. Completing the ensemble, though presumably not in black leather, were “best quality jockstraps”.

A SPEEDWAY MEETING was staged at an unlicensed track to the south of Manchester. Riders wore facemasks to avoid identification; thousands of fans broke down the fence to avoid paying the entrance fee; bookmakers plied their trade. Following an ACU inquiry a dozen riders lost their licences, 22 unlicensed riders were banned from applying for licences and the officials at the meeting were suspended.

AUSSIE STAR VIC Huxley won seven English speedway championships on his Rudge to become the most successful rider in the country. England took on Australia in a five-match series with the final at Wembley. It poured with rain causing a rash of crashes; England beat the inventors of the sport by 49 to 45. JAP introduced a new line of speedway motors.

THE ACU INTRODUCED a contract that was to be signed by all speedway riders and promoters “which contains absolutely no loopholes, leaks or undesirable exits through which a promoter – or rider – can wriggle”. At the same time the ACU took over the running of the league from the northern and southern promoters’ associations. It rejected a proposal to introduce a betting ‘tote’, fearing gambling would lead to corruption, and the new ruling body lost no time in banning women from the sport, possibly because they had shown themselves extremely good at it.

FRITZ VON OPEL strapped six solid-fuel rockets to an Opel MotoClub 500SS as part of a cunning plan to set a motor cycle world-speed record (Opel was building Neanders under licence with its own 500cc engine). The bike, dubbed ‘the Monster’, for obvious reasons, wasn’t fast enough so six more rockets were added before a demo run at the Hamborner Radrennbahn before a crowd of 7,000. The rider activated the rockets with a foot pedal after using the motor cycle’s engine to reach 75mph; Opel reckoned the rockets would boost it to over 130mph. The boost was unpredictable and the Neander frame clearly wasn’t designed for rocket propulsion. The German racing authorities wisely forbade the use of the Monster for a speed attempt; within a few weeks Ernst Henne did over 137mph on a blown 750cc Beemer. Opel went on to run a rocket car in front of an audience including Werner von Braun, who obviously paid close attention. There was even a rocket sled carrying, for no obvious reason, a cat in a box. Unlike Schroedinger’s cat, this one definitely died when the rig blew itself to pieces. Opel, who was a multi-millionaire ‘playboy/adventurer’, also attached rockets to racing cars, a railway train car and a plane.



When six rockets aren’t enough...the German authorities banned Opel’s world record attempt.

HUNGARIAN ENDRE ZOLNAY patented a folding motor cycle. The pressed steel frame, weighing just 15kg, was hinged below the seat allowing the entire rear section containing the 98cc two-stroke engine, wheel and transmission to be folded forward, leaving the wheels side by side. The front of the box-section frame was open to allow at least some air cooling, enhanced by a

fan. It seems this was a solution in need of a problem; one a few were produced before Zolnay fell victim to the 1930s economic slump and switched to making cash registers. That's irony that is.



Zolnay's man-portable folding two-stroke boasted mudguards and a carrier but not, it seems, a front brake.

DUNELT WON THE MAUDES TROPHY for a mid-winter marathon on the Isle of Man powered by a 500cc ohv Sturmey Archer one-lunger. "It is a little difficult," Ubique [the Blue 'Un's de facto technical editor] remarked, "to realise what a long way one has to go to cover 13,199 miles. 1,010 yards, which is the exact distance completed in the Dunelt '50 TTs' test. Fifty seven-lap TT races, or 350 laps of the course, may give some idea to those who know the Island, but perhaps the best way of visualising the event is by comparing the distance with your own annual mileage. Not many ordinary riders exceed 10,000 miles per year, and yet this 13,200 miles was crammed into under sixteen days' riding—15 days 19 hours 4 minutes and 45 seconds, to be exact. Again, an average speed of 34.8mph may not sound amazingly impressive, but this figure included all stops, and was accomplished under most adverse weather conditions; except for Sundays the ride was continuous, day and night. If you pause to consider the effects of darkness upon your average, and not only of darkness, but of snow, fog, frozen ruts, rain and gales, all of which were encountered, you will realise how creditable was the performance of this perfectly standard machine, and how gallant were the riders. The TT course at its best involves the long mountain climb every lap, and when the mountain is covered with snow, with occasional drifts up to three feet deep, and frozen ruts, there are bound to be a few tumbles to damage tanks and fittings, while such conditions must be particularly hard on tyres. If I have stressed the strenuous conditions and the appalling weather, it is to show that the list of replacements is by no means too long, except perhaps in one respect, and we may be sure that the makers have taken due cognisance of that one particular point. It is, in fact, one of the chief advantages of such a trial that it provides a designer with data which would never be obtainable by other means, and standard products can be improved in consequence. And please remember that the machine was a standard product; the parts were chosen, assembled and tested under ACU observation. No special precautions were permitted, other than a fully charged accumulator at the start of the trial. Replacements or repairs were made as follows: Engine: After 11,880 miles the inlet valve, the inner valve spring, spring collar and split cotters were replaced. Owing to the seizure of a cylinder holding-down bolt, the cylinder and head had to be removed in one piece and the offending bolt sawn through and replaced. Gear Box: At 8,674 miles the clutch was removed for the purpose of tightening the locking nut on the driving sprocket. At 10,182 miles the box was dismantled, washed out, a new clutch push-rod fitted, and the cone and balls of the high-speed gear wheel renewed. Wheels: A new cone and balls

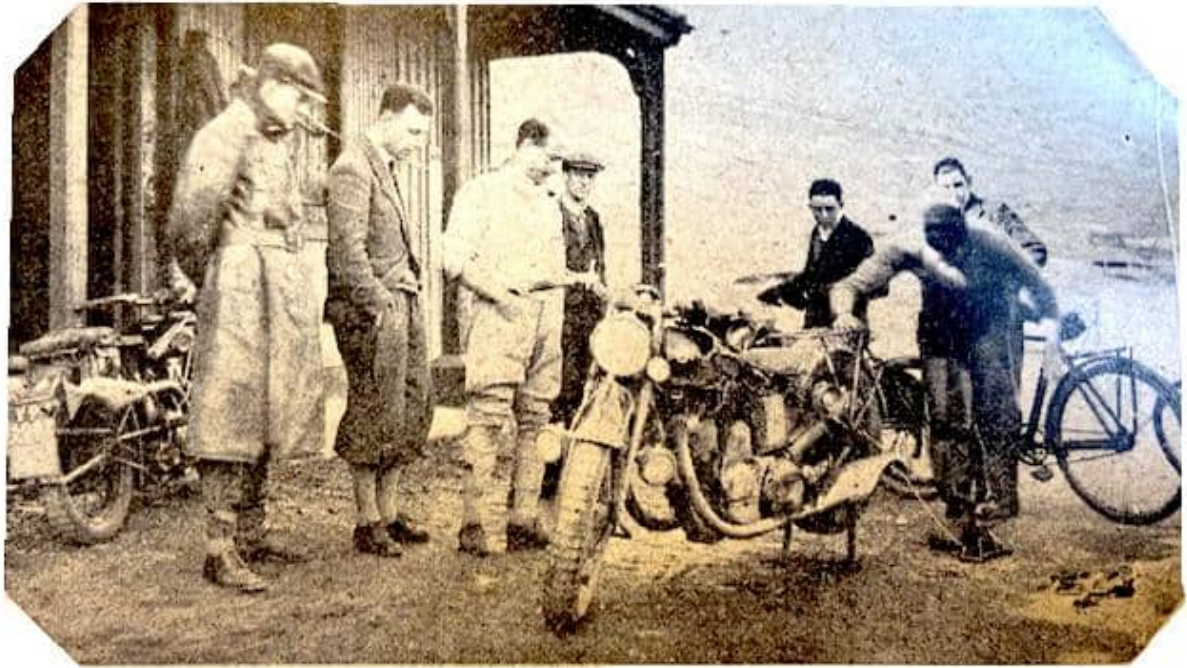


were fitted to the sprocket side of the rear wheel after 3,690 miles, and a complete new bearing to the brake side after 8,674 miles. At the same time new brake shoes were fitted owing to wear. A new rear wheel with brake and sprocket was fitted after 12,131 miles, owing to the breakage of a flange on the sprocket side. Tyres: The rear wheel cover was replaced at 3,130 miles, but was refitted at 9,202, and again replaced by a new cover at 11,880 miles. Punctures resulted the fitting of rear tubes at 1,810, 3,130, 4,563 and 11,800 miles. Tank: New fuel tanks were fitted at 339, 2,904 and 6,637 miles. One replacement was necessitated by a fall, the others by leakage. Magneto: At 11,455 miles the contact bleaker was removed for the cleaning and adjustment of the points.



“On the snowbound Mountain road.”

This was the only time that this instrument was touched. Lighting: The battery was topped up at 4,261 miles, and was inspected again at 6,631 miles. It was reported that one dim filament (headlight) had failed and on rear-light filament failed, but otherwise the lighting system was untouched. This is indeed a tribute to the standard Miller SUS set, which was often called upon to serve two fog lamps in addition to its normal duties. Miscellaneous Details: Owing to a fall the rear stand was fractured, and was removed at 7,731 miles. A new stand was fitted at 8,184 miles. The throttle and air cables were removed at 9,428 miles, and a new front chain guard was fitted at 6,637 miles. Accidents: Apart from several falls owing to frozen snow and ice-covered roads, a collision with a car occurred at 12,764 miles, and, although the rider was not seriously hurt, the machine was badly damaged forward. This crash necessitated the following replacements: A new tank, new fork unit, new bars, new wheel and tyre, new mudguard, and new left-hand silencer and exhaust pipe. In addition, the rear frame was slightly bent, and the rear chain guard was damaged and discarded. So much for the troubles which were experienced during a trial which was described to me by a case hardened official observer as the most strenuous event that he had ever witnessed. The team of riders took three-lap spells in daylight and two-lap turns after dark, but weather conditions were often so severe that the shifts had to be reduced in length...the [seven] riders hold my unbounded respect, for they carried on manfully under weather conditions which were often literally appalling...on its return to England I took the machine for a run and found it full of life and vim...everything appeared to be in good order except for a rattle from the front chain.”



“A sunnier scene at the Bungalow towards the end of the test. The rear tyre is being re-inflated after a puncture repair.”

“IT IS NOT VERY OFTEN that foreign motor cycles are offered on the British market, but the one which has just been introduced by Mr Heinrich Beck, a representative of the Austro-Daimlers Puch firm, is of particular interest. The machine, which is manufactured in the leading motor cycle works of Austria, is a 250cc two-stroke, with two 45x78mm vertical cylinders set across the frame, and possessing a common combustion chamber. There are two pistons with a one-piece forked connecting rod and a single roller-bearing big end. The crankshaft is slightly offset in relation to the cylinders, with the result that at the end of the explosion stroke the exhaust port, which is at the base of the left-hand cylinder, is uncovered before the intake port. This should assure good scavenging of the cylinder. On the up-stroke the exhaust port is covered, while the inlet port remains open for a brief period. The engine is said to be remarkably flexible, running at very low speeds without any suspicion of four-stroking. The head is detachable, and the cylinder casting is provided with deep cooling fins. Engine and gear box are a unit, and the crankshaft runs in line with the machine. The drive from the crankshaft to the primary shaft is by means of spiral bevel gears. A single chain transmits the power to the rear wheel. Lubrication is by means of a variable-stroke plunger pump mounted on the gear box and drawing oil from the rear portion of the main tank. The stroke of the pump is varied in proportion to throttle opening, the control being connected to the twist grip on the right-hand handlebar....A rather unusual feature is the position of the multiple-disc clutch, which is situated in the rear-wheel hub. It is controlled by means of a worm and wheel in the rear-wheel spindle, with a Bowden wire control on the handlebar.”



“The Puch is not unduly ‘foreign’ in appearance.” (Right) “Sectional views of the engine, showing the arrangement of the ports and the cycle of operation.”

“KNUTSFORD KNUTS KNULLIFIED? A reader reports activity with regards to motor cycle silencing systems in the Knutsford, Cheshire, area.”

JAPANESE CORK MANUFACTURER Toyo Kogyo put a 250cc two-stroke motorcycle, into production and entered it in a race meeting at Chinkon-no Matsuri. To everyone’s surprise, it won. The company changed its name to Mazda.

JAC supplied 1,200cc flat twins as escorts for the Japanese emperor.

JAPAN’S FIRST electric traffic light was set up in Tokyo.

CAR AND MOTOR CYCLE races at a racecourse in Ashikaga attracted thousands of spectators, encouraged by cut-price train tickets.

“THE MAGIC MILLION. Automobile Association badges have now passed the million mark, the first badge in the new series being marked 1A.”

“‘THE EXPERIMENT HAS RESULTED apparently in this man’s death.’ This remark was made by the East Ham Coroner at an inquest last week...apparently the surface of the new by-pass road on which the accident occurred consists of sections of different material, one of which is of brick that has a natural polish. We had hoped that after the storm of protest evoked by the treacherous nature of the Colnbrook (near Slough) by-pass when it was first laid, experiments at the expense of life and limb of the general public would cease once and for all...we suggest that tests can, and must be, made with every new surface to see that it has non-skid properties before it is submitted to use by the public.”

“IN THE LIMELIGHT. The point duty constable in Queen’s Square, Wolverhampton, has been provided with a platform, upon which two spotlights are directed during the hours of darkness.”

“TO SOUTH POLE BY MOTOR CYCLE. Major Tryggve Gran, the Norwegian airman and explorer, is to attempt to reach the South Pole by motor cycle, starting from the West side of the Ross Sea.”





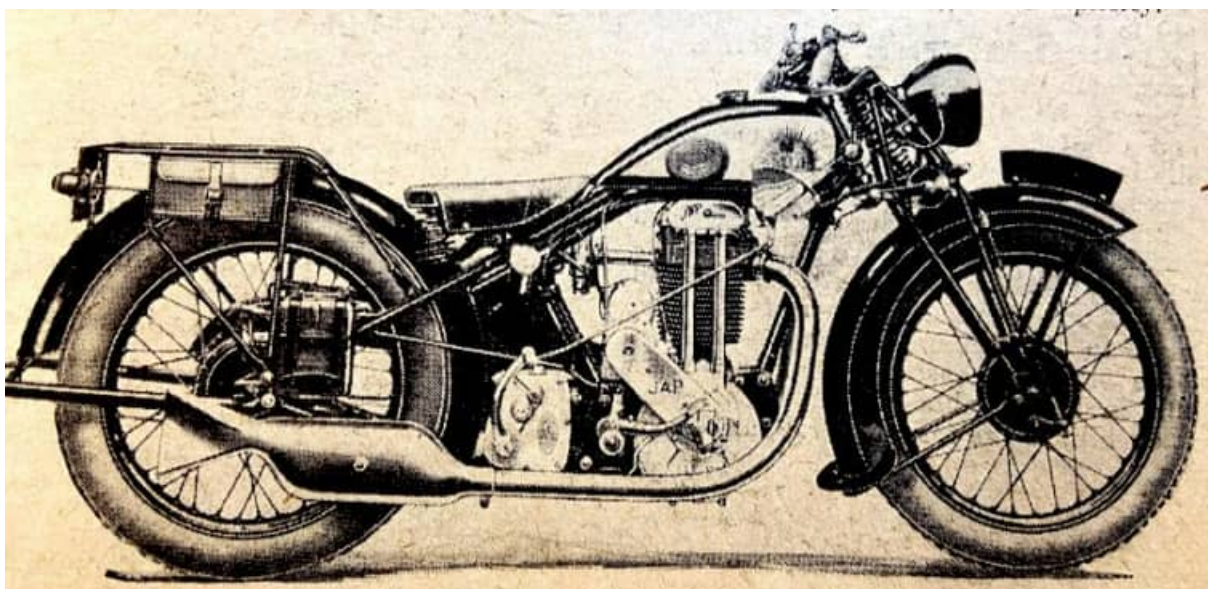
“Imagine a bleak, completely unprotected mountain top with a high gusty wind driving sheets of almost solid rain before it, and then you have some idea of the appalling conditions which welcomed both the rain-soaked competitors and apparently misguided spectators who had assembled at the start of the Brighton Scramble held over the South Downs near Portslade...T Fassett (497cc Ariel) chooses the right rut and passes a less fortunate competitor.”



“H Fearnside (349cc Norton) ‘puts out the props’ on a particularly sticky section.”

AS PART OF ITS CAMPAIGN to promote the 'Everyman' motorcycle "to appeal to the man in the street" *The Motor Cycle* organised a trial of utility machines with £500 in prizes (worth £41,000 today). Areas to be tested were reliability, braking, hillclimbing, weather protection, silencing, stability, ease of starting, ease of handling, simplicity of control, external cleanliness, luggage-carrying capacity, speed, comfort, flexibility, service intervals, ease of maintenance, tools, vulnerability, appearance, lighting and warning devices. There was to be a special award for "the novelty in design best calculated to popularise the motor cycle as a touring mount". The judges were to include "Everyman officials" with no experience of motorcycling. Everyman contenders included Ariel, Francis-Barnett, New Hudson, New Imperial, Panther and Raleigh.

"IF I WERE LIMITED to two motor cycles," Ixion remarked, "one of them would unquestionably be of the hot-stuff type—a minimum of 500cc with a close-ratio gear box, colossal acceleration, and a maximum speed of round about 80mph. It would be heavy; probably not too easy to start; a little rough maybe to sit and drive; and by no means the bus for local pottering on a cold, wet day, though sheer joy on the open road in fine weather. In other words, it could not rank as an all-purpose mount, even for a hard rider like myself. So I should like to flank it with a second mount, which would really be the two-wheeler substitute for a Utility car. This machine would weigh as little as might be consistent with a convenient specification and steadiness on baddish going. It would be as easy starting as engineering skill could make it. It would be as nearly puncture-proof as science can manage. It would be protected against the weather with legshields, big guards, and perhaps a practical handlebar windscreen. It would, preferably, have a sprung frame. The more cheaply it could be sold the better, because though I might manage to pay £75 for it, this figure would be on the high side for a machine employed mainly for pottering and utility work; and riders who need a bus for comfy transport purposes, and for no other purpose, are usually people who cannot afford even a fourth-hand Baby Seven, and desire to buy at a minimum mice. This is, broadly, the type of but which the Everyman Trial is planned to exploit. And it need not be really fast. I—and my type of rider—would keep it as a tender to a speed-iron, and we have no wish for great speed when we are pottering round cities, or penetrating bad weather. The exclusively utility type of rider merely wishes to hold his own in a modern traffic stream, which runs in the thirties, and he wouldn't normally drive at sixty, even if his bus were capable of such speed."



"An interesting machine, and one of excellent appearance, has recently been produced by the



Sun Cycle & Fittings Co of Aston Brook Street, Birmingham. It is a modification of the form's deluxe 500cc ohv sports model...equipped with a JAP engine and Moss four-speed gear box. Other items in the specification are Brampton forks, large-diameter brakes, Lucas magdyno lighting and very efficient mudguarding. The tyres measure 26×3.25in."

"I WAS RIDING SLOWLY UP a hill last week (I was really was—the view was too splendid for any man with a soul to go fast)," Ixion wrote, "and from low down on the slope I saw a motor cyclist higher up kicking his starter very furiously indeed, encouraged by a lady in his sidecar. As no burst of sound had arisen by the time I drew level I stopped and volunteered first aid. The machine was obviously brand new. When the owner got his breath he informed me that his starter had broken and wasn't rotating the engine. Cursing my luck (since I knew what this symptom meant with this make of bike and what a job it was to put things right), I stood my Sprint Special on its legs, shed my overalls, and began to work my heart high enough for sweary, finger-abrading job. Judge of my glee when the owner demonstrated the non-resistance of his starter, and I spotted that he was holding up his clutch lever instead of his valve lifter!! [Ixion's almost unheard-of use of two exclamation marks reflects the intensity of his emotion.—Ed] No, he wasn't a novice, and he wasn't a mutt—well, not a common or garden mutt, anyhow. As a matter of fact he turned out to be rather a learned individual, of some academic distinction. They are like that; you remember the world-shaking inventor who was caught by his house-keeper boiling a presentation gold watch in a saucepan with a vigilant eye fixed on an egg firmly grasped in his hand? But I had to get out of the incident without shaming a brother-man in the eyes of his wife—at least, I suppose she was his wife. Luckily, my tact was all there. Purring 'Allow me, sir!' I took the saddle, unobtrusively gripped the valve-lifter, and had his engine running in a trice. He said it was very odd that the 'starter should suddenly have gripped after slipping a hundred times or so. I agreed, and left them to argue it out."

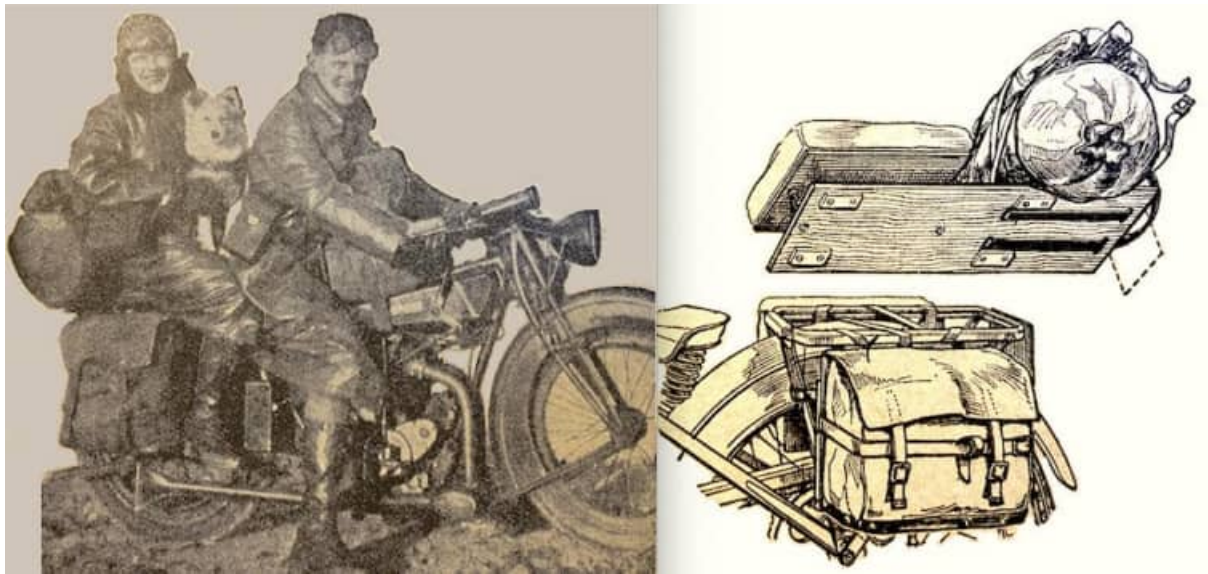
"RIDING POSITIONS, AND MOTOR cyclists as Slaves of. Fashion. Womanhood, obeying its only lord and master, Fickle Fashion, is returning to the long skirt which it discarded (figuratively speaking) with such apparently genuine sighs of relief not so very many years ago. But can we motor cyclists afford to scoff? Are we not just as obedient slaves to the ever-varying styles of our pastime? Just at present we, too, are undergoing a reversion to a forgotten state; though ours most surely be a more practical one. We may not have realised the fact, but we are getting more sensible as regards riding positions. Many have been the vicissitudes of the sports machine in this respect. In the real olden days high saddles and 'sit-up-and-beg' handlebars were the rule until the introduction of the almost straight TT bar just before the War. The period after the War found us with rather lower saddles, used in conjunction with the TT bar and footrests placed—considering the angle at which our backs were bent—too far forward. This fault was realised, and footrests were moved farther back; but handlebars were likewise bent forward, until we had arrived at something approaching the present-day Brooklands position. Then, of course, came the inevitable reaction; round about 1924 saddles became much lower, arm-reach shorter, and footrests more sensibly placed. This continued until the great frame metamorphosis of 1926-27, when a tendency towards a new, hunched-up 'monkey-on-a-stick' position became apparent. And now, led by the experienced trials riders, we are reverting—and sensibly—to what are almost sit-up-and-beg bars, and footrests set well forward. No, we cannot afford to laugh at slaves of fashion!"



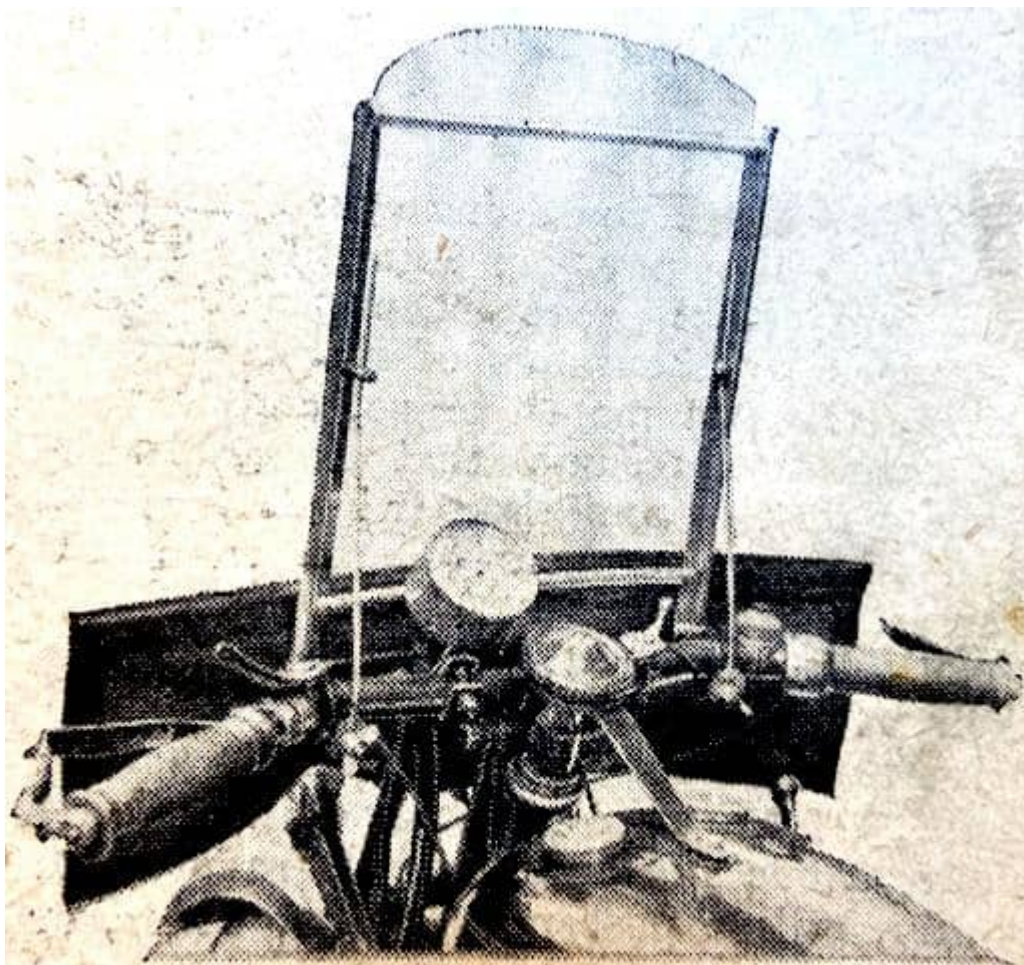
This art deco beauty, built by one Orley Ray Courtney, sports a curved grille reminiscent of a Chrysler Airflow; the rear was inspired by the Auburn boat-tail speedster. Underneath that exquisite skin lies a 1,200cc four-pot Henderson.

“CAMPING-CUM-PILLION-PASSENGER with the aid of a motor cycle is indeed a very enjoyable way of spending either week-ends or holidays, but your equipment must give the minimum of trouble and inconvenience. A good maxim is, ‘Put it on the machine, and not on yourself.’ There are several ways of doing this, and the information given below is the outcome of several years’ experience in camping every week-end from March to October and annual holidays in practically every district from Land’s End to John a’ Groats. To start with the tent: go to any reputable firm and get a not-too-light affair about 6ft long by 6ft wide, and at least 5ft 6in high, including 1ft 6in walls. At the same time, make sure it will fold small enough to go in an Army pack. If the guy ropes appear un-necessarily stout cut them off and use cord; I use blind cord all round. Wrap the tent in a ground sheet, as petrol splashes spoil the waterproofing; put the bundle in a rucksack; and strap it on the tank with a broad shoulder-strap. Next come blankets. You need two genuine Army blankets, about 7ft long by 5ft wide, to cover you, and two smaller ones to be placed on top of the ground sheets. Three of these blankets. will be rolled up tightly in a ground sheet and put in an Army kit-bag. To complete the equipment (excepting utensils) we require two more Army packs with broad shoulder-straps. These are to make pannier bags for the machine. Make sure the straps go to a buckle (not a friction catch); wire a piece of three-ply wood to the back of each about half way up, and projecting about an inch below; this prevents the carrier wearing holes in the bags. Now a word or two about the actual parking. Put as much as possible in tins. An ideal tin is a Mackintosh’s ‘Carnival’ toffee tin 10in in diameter by 3in deep: use one for each sack. Sugar can go in cocoa tins, and jam and butter in jars with screwed lids. If you do not eat a lot of bread, three days’ fare and all the incidentals—mugs, fishing-tackle, Primus stove, etc—can be carried in the two panniers alone. Now, the most important part is to fix the equipment on the machine to ‘Stay put’. Pack your panniers indoors and fix them on the machine as illustrated, one on each side, finally strapping them to the carrier stays. Only the blankets now remain to be stowed. Obtain a piece of strong wood (I use oak), ½in thick, the width of the carrier and 3in or 4in longer, and screw small blocks of wood in each corner on the underside so that they will slip in at the corners of the carrier without play. In the extra length projecting over the back of the carrier cut four slots, which will take a looped strap as shown in the drawing. This strap will secure the blanket kit-bag. Place the tent poles on top of the blankets and crown it with the remaining blanket, folded fairly wide in a spare kitbag or in the ground sheet; this prevents the poles moving. Place two long straps under the blanket roll, but on top of the board, and strap this lot up tightly. The ‘dixie’ can be tied to this bundle. Finally, put

a strap under the carrier and pannier straps, place the pillion in front of the blankets, and tighten up.”—by ‘Multum in Parvo’



“The Author setting off on a tour.” (Right) “How ‘Multum in Parvo’ accommodates his camping kit.” (Yes, Multum was using a rack, throw-overs and a tank bag in 1930. (Multum in Parvo translates as “much in a small space”—squeezing a quart into a pint pot. We’ve all done it.)

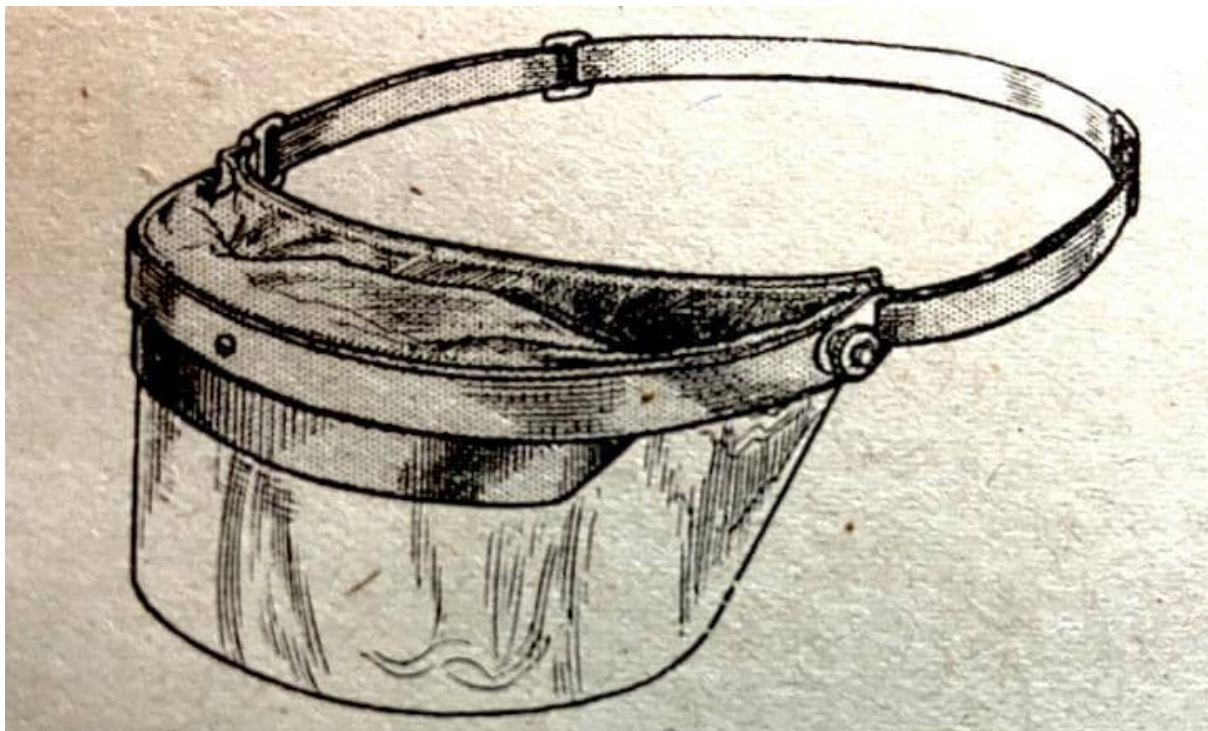


“This handlebar windscreen has been patented by Mr W Williams, 3, Lennox Gardens, Guildford, Surrey. The screen is of celluloid and has an aluminium screen. It is adjustable for height and is



instantly detachable, leaving the brackets in place on the bars: an extension of the front flap forms a shield for the hands.”

“I[XION] MENTIONED FACE SCREENS rather casually the other day, but after an extended trial of the Jefco article I am inclined to risk the opinion that goggles might well be dead and obsolete, except for pukka racing, where 100mph winds, generated by sheer speed, are liable to make the strongest eyes behave like the jowl of a hungry terrier confronted by a gamy bone. This Jefco screen is secured by elastic round the back of the head, just like goggles ; and its elastic need not be any tighter than goggle elastic. A soft pad keeps the forehead comfortable, even on a long run. Adjustable spring pivots permit the screen to be worn to any of three selected positions. In the uppermost position it resembles the peak of a big cap. Half down, the celluloid screen guards the eyes from rain and wind. Full down, ditto, plus a strip of green celluloid which acts as a dazzle guard against car head lamps or a low sun. It cannot, of course, keep out midges; but, praise be, midges are not much of a nuisance in this country, though I hit a cubic mile of them near Axminster the other day; but it does prevent them flying direct into the eyes. Even the best celluloid is never as crystal-clear as good glass, and that is really the only little criticism I have to make of the gadget. I much prefer it to goggles, except at really high ; and it does not look too ungainly. Moreover, being set out a couple of inches from the face, and being open to the air, it does not steam, as goggles do.”



Ixion was clearly impressed by the Jefco and, as usual, was proved right: visors are now ubiquitous.



**"ALBION SERIES"  
HEAVY LUGGAGE STRAPS.**

Cotton Laid Web  $1\frac{1}{4}$  in. wide.

6 feet,

**2/6**

7 feet,

**2/9**

8 feet,

**3/-**

9 feet,

**3/3 each.**

Each one nicely packed in Carton.

**BETTER THAN LEATHER.**

*Best Strap for Motorists.*

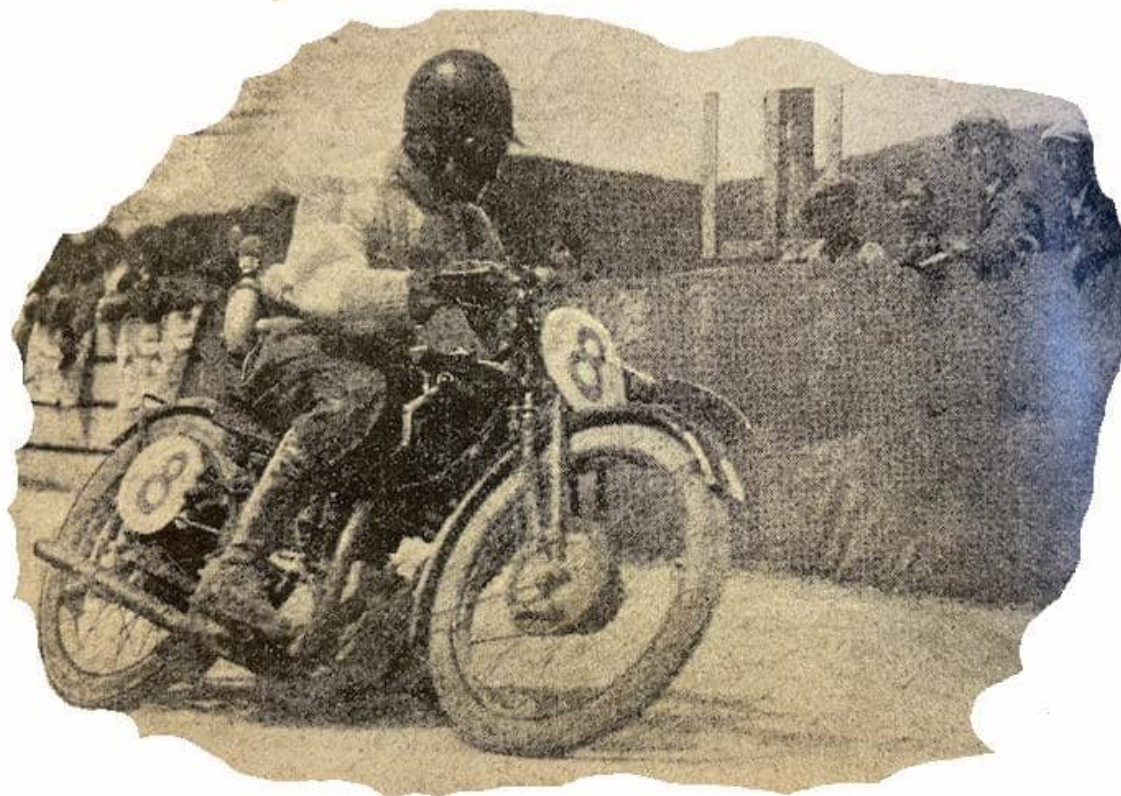
**ALFRED SMITH, ALBION WORKS**  
Balsall Heath, B'ham

I've dropped this ad in here because when I started rallying in the early 1970s the pull-down straps used to secure new BMWs in their crates (available for 50p a time of you knew someone who worked in a Beemer agency) were in great demand as the best way to secure kit to a bike. I'm still using them, and they look remarkably similar to these Albion luggage straps. Taken together, the preceding four pics indicate that the touring kit we use today would not have surprised the lads and lasses of 1930.

"A BRITISH MACHINE IN the hands of an Austrian rider scored a notable success in the eighth Austrian TT, held over the usual circuit near Vienna. Thirty-three riders from Austria, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Switzerland and Germany took part, while Great Britain was represented by Davenport (AJS) and Simpson (Norton). TF Bullus was astride a German NSU, which caused a minor sensation, for it bore a considerable resemblance to a well-known British machine; and in actual fact it had been designed by a well-known British designer. In fine weather, and amid clouds of dust and smoke of racing lubricants, the 33 riders were started in pairs, with intervals of 20 seconds between each pair. Hardly twelve minutes had elapsed when round came the leaders again, Walla (493cc Sunbeam) leading, with Simpson (490cc Norton), Gayer (348cc AJS) and Davenport (348cc AJS) in close chase. For a lap or two Gayer led, then Steinfeldner, a youthful Viennese student riding a 499cc Rudge, forced his way to the front, to prove an ultimate winner after a fine no-trouble run, beating all previous records; he covered the 192 miles in 3hr 29min (55mph). The great regularity of his run may best be judged from the fact that he actually made the fastest lap of the day at a speed of about 56½mph. Gayer (348cc AJS), who finished next on time round the 17 laps of the course, won the Junior class in fine style, beating the



previous class record by no less than half an hour. The 250cc class was won by Elvetio Thricelli, the Swiss rider of a water-cooled. Püch two-stroke (a "double-single") while the 175cc class, in which only 12 laps had to be covered, fell to Uroic, a Yugoslavian rider on a DKW. The British participants did not fare particularly well this time or put up such spectacular performances as was expected of them. Simpson fell out early with a broken oil pipe. Bullus crashed in the first lap, turning a double somersault and landing unhurt in a ditch. Only Davenport finished the race, running third in the 350cc class."

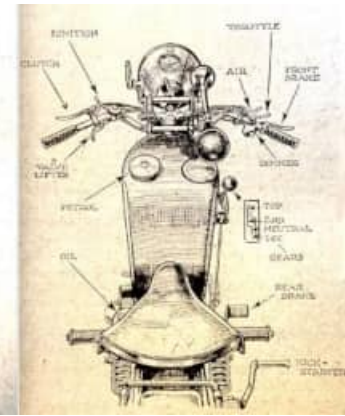
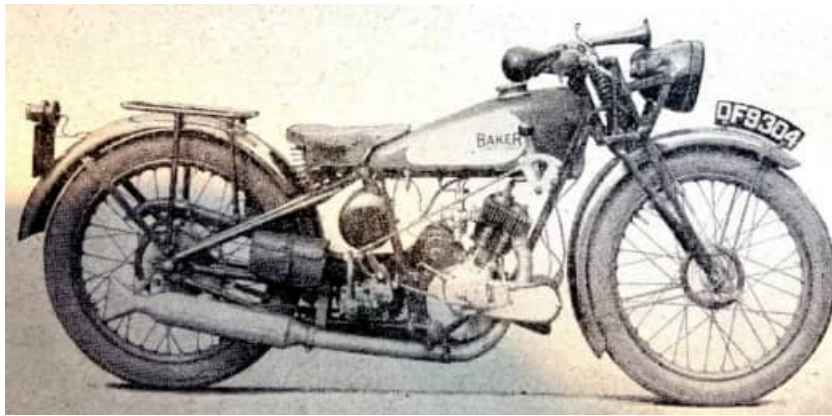


"Steinfellner (Rudge), the 500cc winner, at the most difficult corner on the course."

## 1930 MODELS ON THE ROAD.

"SPEAKING GENERALLY, THE 250cc size in motor cycle engines may be said to mark the borderline between the two-stroke and the four-stroke. The vast majority of units below this size belong to the first category, while above it the converse holds true. It is, therefore, an interesting size, as it provides an opportunity for a rider to make a direct comparison between the two types, though, as a matter of fact, it can never be a fair comparison, owing to the wide divergence in shape of the power curves. In any case, it will usually be found that, while the four-stroke is slightly faster, the two-stroke has better pulling powers, and each has its own particular fascination. A particularly good example of a side-valve four-stroke of this size, the Baker, emanates from a firm well known for two-stroke machines, and forms the subject of this test. Of 249cc capacity, the engine possesses all those features peculiar to the four-stroke, yet poaches in some measure on the two-stroke preserve, for, while having almost unlimited powers of turning over, it has, at the same time, quite an unusual capacity for pulling at low

engine speeds, provided that the ignition lever is used intelligently. It is smooth throughout its range, and compares very favourably with an ohv unit in all but sheer maximum speed; certainly it cruises at a speed not very far short of what would be expected of a high-efficiency unit of the same size. The throttle was held in a two-thirds open position for considerable periods of time without the engine showing the least sign of overheating. On the level, this corresponded to a speed in the region of 45mph, and as the maximum can be taken, for normal purposes, as being 52-55mph, this is a very creditable performance. A great deal of wide throttle work in an intermediate gear had, as might be expected, some slight effect, which showed itself as a pinking tendency when accelerating again after changing up. Mechanical noise was not pronounced, and the exhaust only so at fairly high speeds. The former came to the notice mainly as a sound that could be put down to the primary and dynamo chains, and which could probably have been toned down quite considerably with a little attention to the adjustment and lubrication of these moving parts. The tappets were almost entirely inaudible. Apart from the maximum speed already noted, the performance can be summarised by remarking that the machine Climbed Stoneleigh (1 in 9½) with ease in top gear, [and] Edge Hill (1 in 7) with a reserve of power in second. Perhaps the outstanding quality of the 249cc Baker is its ease of handling. No modern machine requires much skill or effort in the actual riding, from the cycling point of view, though many suffer from stiffness, and similar defects, in the controls. The Baker has a very light and reasonably smooth clutch, gears that never fail to engage whatever the engine speed, and which cannot possibly be 'missed', and a throttle range with no flat spots or other idiosyncrasies. It is very easy to start, as such a small engine should be, and the other controls are easy to reach and operate. The road-holding and steering are faultless. The brake size appears adequate for the machine's speed, but, as far as the example tested was concerned, the braking could have been improved with advantage. The brake on the rear wheel was really powerful [but had] a tendency to lock with anything but careful application. The front brake, on the other hand, was not sufficiently powerful, and would not hold the machine on the steepest part of Sunrising Hill. With fast riding the petrol consumption fell between 90 and 100mpg which, is very satisfactory in the circumstances. A great deal too much is expected from a gallon of fuel by most riders. Incidentally, the filler cap is quickly detachable and the orifice is of such a size that a two-gallon can could be emptied straight in without spilling. Small filler apertures do not form a serious fault, but they can be very irritating—they go hand in hand with screw-on caps and other such primitive details. Finally, the lines are particularly good, everything appears to be solidly made, accessibility has been studied, and both rests and bars are adjustable to suit the rider's dimensions. Altogether, with its dynamo lighting included at the very low, price, the 249cc Baker is a very worthy proposition, which will interest any whose inclinations turn towards a two-fifty, especially as the machine, with empty tanks, comes comfortably within the forthcoming 224lb [road-tax] limit."



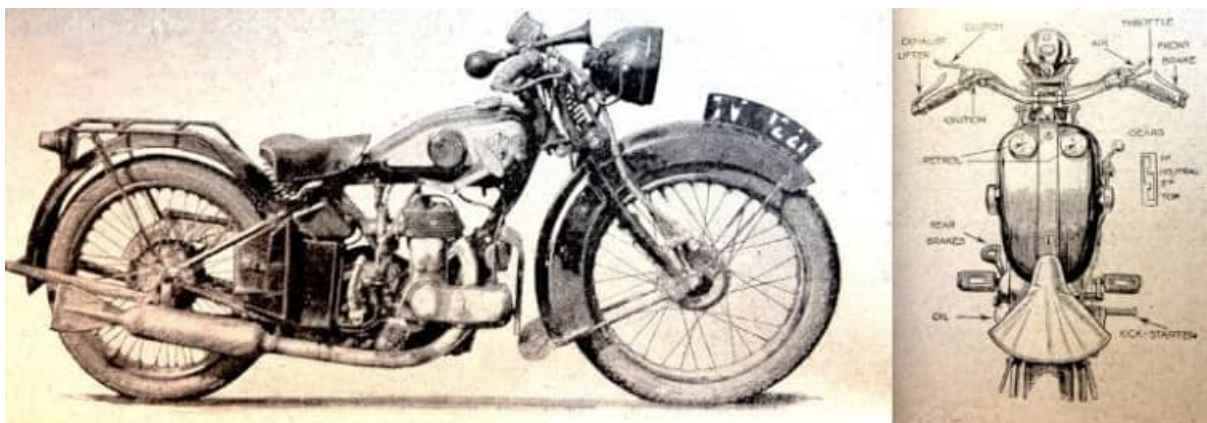
"The 249cc Baker."

## 1930 MODELS ON THE ROAD.

"TO THE ARDENT COMPETITION rider or clubman an engine of 300cc appears to be 'all wrong'. It puts the machine out of the 250cc class, and is not big enough to compete with the three-fifties. But to the ordinary utility motor cyclist there is very great justification for this between-size. Side-valve machines of 250cc are undoubtedly most attractive and useful to the type of rider who asks for no superlatives in the matter of speed and acceleration, but to whom low first cost, low taxation, reliability, and general ease of upkeep (both of time and pocket) are items of prime importance. Many riders have served their novitiate on machines of this class, and many erstwhile riders of heavy and powerful machines have reverted to 250cc models simply because the light weight and ease of handling make an appeal when the first flush of enthusiasm has departed and left a somewhat critical viewpoint as to the justification for manhandling 300lb of machinery on every occasion when a minor journey has to be undertaken. Some, on the other hand, use them as tenders to a bigger machine. A side-valve two-fifty is, perhaps, more nearly the 'Everyman' model of existing motor cycle practice than any other type of machine. Its only deficiencies are a lack of snappy acceleration and a tendency to feel adversity of wind and gradient to a degree that sometimes becomes annoying. It is just in the elimination of these slight shortcomings of performance that the extra 50cc are valuable, and a notable case in point is the 298cc side-valve Raleigh, which has displaced the previous 248cc model. -Not only does the new engine enable the designer to incorporate larger tyres, bigger tanks, and full electrical equipment without detriment, but the performance is actually enhanced, for those qualities that were just lacking in the smaller engine are now obtained with the slight increase of capacity. There is considerable acceleration in reserve, and long gradients may be ascended at a satisfactory speed without the falling away of pace that awakens the desire for a machine with an engine of larger cubical capacity. The comfortable maximum cruising speed rises, too, from between 37-40mph to 40-45mph, and the actual maximum road speed under ordinary conditions rises from 46mph to a shade over 50mph. Higher speeds could be obtained by tuning, no doubt, but these are conservatively stated figures such as the average rider would obtain. There is no objectionable vibration at the speeds mentioned, and the engine hums along in a most effortless way. Thus it will be seen that the 298cc Raleigh is proof of a very good case for the 300cc engine size in general. The machine is, withal, a genuine lightweight, easy to ride and easy to handle. It avoids the excessive weight of the highly developed 350cc class, which has to withstand mile-a-minute stresses on the one hand, and sidecar loads on the other. These general conclusions were based on the use of the Raleigh over an extended test



under singularly adverse conditions. The machine steered very well at any speed within its range; a damper was totally unnecessary. True, its lightness, and its rather short wheelbase, coupled with a rather sudden action of the front forks combined to show a tendency to buck somewhat on striking potholes at speed, but the remarkable thing was the straightness with which the machine continued its forward progress. Braking was excellent, the front brake being exceptionally smooth and powerful, and having a specially commendable range of cable adjustment. The rear brake was a genuine arrester, but, with the adjustable footrests set rather high, the toe-pad of the pedal was found rather low; it was temporarily improved by the addition of a 1 in block of wood to meet the personal fad of the rider. One of the most noticeable qualities of this machine is the high degree of silence that has been attained both mechanically and as to the exhaust. The tappet cover undoubtedly damps noise from this quarter, and the large silencer is most efficient; the general silence, however, results in the noise of the front chain, becoming distinctly prominent if the adjustment is allowed to become slack. Petrol consumption, even when the machine was driven as hard as possible, was better than 80mpg, and the oil consumption appeared to be in the region of at least 1,200mpg, if a suitable grade of fairly heavy body was used. The machine is thus economical from an upkeep point of view. Its accessibility, too, is quite good, and, with the addition of a set of small tube spanners to the standard kit, there is nothing about its maintenance that need deter the average mechanically-minded amateur when overhauling becomes due. The Raleigh was run sufficiently long and hard to establish the fact that it is not prone to lose tune rapidly, nor to need frequent decarbonisation, nor to call for repeated tappet adjustments. The rear brake is finger-adjusted, and the front brake adjustment, although it calls for a spanner, is simplicity itself. There is no suggestion of 'skimpiness' in the machine's appearance; it looks—and is—every inch a well-finished motor cycle. Everything considered, the 298cc Raleigh is an excellent machine for all-round use, fast enough for “fast touring” and robust enough to withstand the day-in and day-out stress of hack usage.”

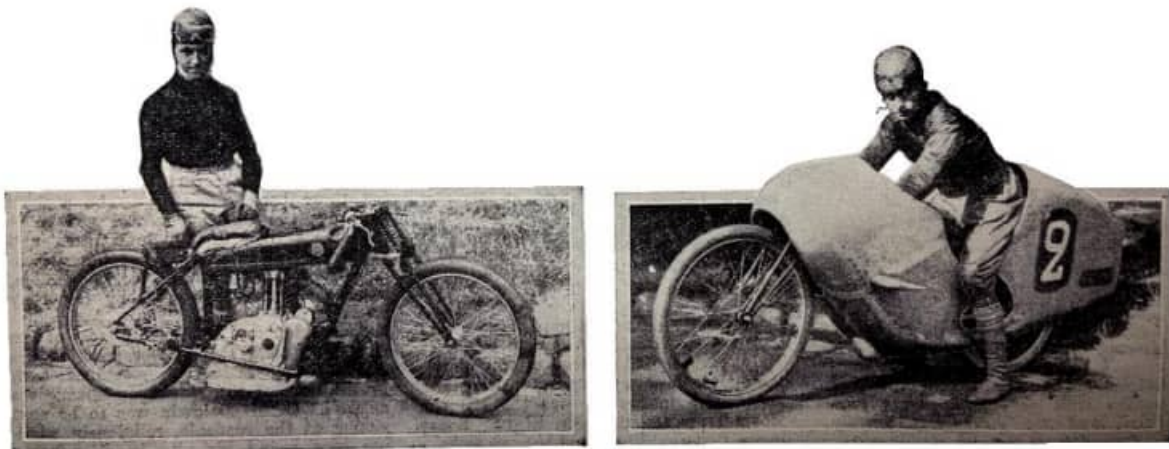


“The 298cc Raleigh, mud-stained after its test.”

“T’OTHER DAY, WHEN I WAS scrapping about as much as a fat and timid old man ever dares to scrap,” Ixion wrote, “somebody about half my age passed me with a bellow from his 1930 five-hundred ohv. Thirst later attacked us both simultaneously, and I noticed that his parked machine, though full of pep, vim, revs, and other hefty qualities, was a horrid sight from rust. It wouldn’t, I imagine, extract two tenners from the slaughterhouse type of dealer. My own bus, by contrast, was chromiumed. Delivered early this spring, it has been kept in a very damp garage, and has only once been cleaned. A month after delivery I noticed the moist air had deposited on the chromium the kind of bloom which comes when a maid breathes on her mirror; and I rubbed it gently to see how easily this bloom came away. But to-day you could literally put that machine

in an agent's window and it would pass for brand-new. So here's hats off to chromium; it reduces our labour, preserves our self-respect, and should help an aged machine to fetch a good price from an amateur, a fat allowance from a dealer, or a useful loan from Uncle. Cadmium plating, incidentally, will be making a little bow at Olympia. May this new child follow in chromium's dazzling footsteps!"

WAL HANDLEY SET A 500cc world record at Arpajon aboard a 500cc FN. "This was an overhead-camshaft job with a massive box-shaped crank case-cum-gear unit, hairpin valve springs, and an ingenious foot gear change with cam operation...Some real excitement occurred next, for de Latour, travelling at well over 80mph on the streamlined 175cc Rovin-JAP, got into a wobble as he crossed the first tape—a slight snaking at first which developed and looked as if it would become a 100% speed wobble and throw him off. Having, no doubt, no more throttle left to turn on, he tried the effect of cutting out; it acted, and the machine straightened up. In the reverse direction of the course the machine was perfectly steady."



"WL Handley and the FN on which he raised the 500cc mile record to over 121mph. (Right) The fully streamlined 175cc Rovin-JAP which broke a record at 86.36mph."

"SAFER SOUTHAMPTON CROSSINGS. All the blind corners in the main streets of Southampton are being eased off."

"AA NIGHTINGALE, 1 MILE. The Automobile Association has issued a list of places in Surrey at which the nightigale may be heard. Even times of 'performances' are given."

"AND NOT PINK ONES! An epidemic of snakes has broken out in the south-east corner of Essex. They have been seen wriggling across the arterial London to Southend road, and a garage hand has killed an adder over three feet long."

"FOLLOW IN THEIR FINGERPRINTS. 'Burglars came here for good motor bikes; why not you?'—Notice in a Portsmouth agent's window."

"HIS UNFORTUNATE STOP. The trials official who was recently fined £1 at Guildford for laying dye happened to deposit it immediately outside the house of the founder of the Surrey Anti-Litter League!"

"TROUBLE, AND HOW—Lewisham, writes a reader, is one of the wrong places at which to demonstrate the results of studying the publication *Speed and How to Obtain It*."

"SPEEDING THE PLOUGH! A farmer in Hampshire is using a motor cycle to draw a plough. He tried it as an experiment, and found it much speedier than the horse."

HIGH ABOVE THE TRAFFIC. A sight, 'One-way traffic only', has been fixed high above the traffic in Horsham (Sussex). It is suspended in the air and illuminated at night."

"PREVENTION IS BETTER...About 1,000 tons of rock overhanging the road between Tremadoc and Aberglaslyn Bridge in North Wales were recently removed as the mass was considered likely to become a dangerous 'avalanche' at embarrassingly short notice."



"A club life is a merry one! Ilkley MC members ready for 'musical chairs' at a recent gymkhana."

"'NO LONGER IS THERE a fellowship of the road; the old spirit is dead.' How often we find motor cyclists of long experience declaiming in this vein. Generally, on our asking why they hold this opinion, they quote chapter and verse: How they were held up at the roadside in trouble, and how, of the dozen or so motor cyclists who passed, not one slowed down to ask whether he could help. 'How different it is from the good old days,' they say; 'then, motor cyclists were a band of brothers. . . .' The man who talks in this fashion is both right and wrong. He forgets that in the days he mentions motor cycles were comparatively rare, troubles numerous, and garages infrequent. Now that there are, roughly, three-quarters of a million riders on the road, the position is changed—this is inevitable, for, were a man to stop ask every motor cyclist who is seated at the road whether he needs help, he would find the delay, in the aggregate, intolerable. So people do not stop unless they are sure their assistance is needed. But there is still the same spirit in the movement—every week *The Motor Cycle* receives a score or more letters from readers who have encountered a good Samaritan; and it is obvious that not all who do so go to the extent of writing a letter recording their experiences. The man in trouble has only to indicate to passing riders that he needs help, and he will get it. A few may pass him by, just as a small percentage did so in the old days, but the modern motor cyclist is quite as ready to lend a helping hand as was his predecessor. The chivalry of the road is not dead, one will it die."

"ON SATURDAY, THE CLOSING date for entries for the Everyman Utility Motor Cycle Trial of the ACU: twenty-three entries had been received. This figure was but two short of the minimum which that body had decided upon. As a result, the Union issued on the same day a notice to the effect that the trial fixed for October will not be held. In the judgment of some sections of the trade, the ACU acted somewhat hastily. It is felt that with seventeen enterprising manufacturers entered and ready to compete, representing nearly 50% of all, motor cycle manufacturers in this country, a collaborative effort might have been made to obtain the two further entries if twenty-five competitors were absolutely essential in such a novel demonstration. It is a dire pity that the organising body should have necessarily to judge the



merit, or otherwise, of the trial by the amount of £sd collected in entry fees; but the ACU is not exactly philanthropic institution.”

“IN THIS ISSUE AN ENTHUSIASTIC amateur speedman relates his experiences and impressions on first taking part in a Brooklands meeting. He tells how he rode an elderly machine, and how he obtained fourth place in a handicap. Readers who are not well acquainted with the famous Weybridge track may be surprised to learn that it is not in the least necessary for the amateur to own an expensive, highly tuned machine in order to race there; indeed, this year, one private owner has actually been riding a 1923 two-stroke, which, while it admittedly has a surprising turn of speed, cost its rider less than £20 to buy! It would not be surprising if our contributor’s article fires a number of other enthusiasts to try their hand at Brooklands. The BMCRC’s entry fees are not extortionate; the handicapping is very fairly done; and all that is required is a machine with a reasonable turn of speed, plus, of course, an adequate factor of safety, a keen interest in getting the best out of it, and the exercise of unselfishness and common sense on the part of the rider while he is racing.”

# The International Senior Tourist Trophy Race



“The famous TT course in the Isle of Man is 37 miles 1,300 yards round; seven laps are covered in each race, thus making the total distance of 264 miles 300 yards. The start is on the outskirts of Douglas, and the course then leads down Bray Hill (at the bottom of which some of the faster machines attain nearly 110mph) to Quarter Bridge, where there is a tricky right-hand bend, taken downhill, followed by a short straight. A fast S-bend at Braddon Bridge, then on past Union Mills, through Crosby, and thence to Ballacraine. At the humped Ballig Bridge, just past Ballacraine, the faster men make extraordinary leaps. Next is Laurel Bank, then comes a, winding section of the course that has been eased and made considerably faster; it brings us to the foot of Creg Willey’s Hill; then on through Kirkmichael to Ballaugh. The Sulby straight, which comes next, and from Sulby to Ramsey, are very fast stretches, the former consisting of a mile of dead straight road. The town of Ramsey is passed through, then comes the famous Ramsey hairpin, and the climb up Snaefell mountain begins; it includes a difficult turn known as the Gooseneck. From the mountain there is a steep drop down at the Bungalow to Craig-n-Baa. The

walls are matted at Craig-n-Baa as a precaution against a rider misjudging it. or a failure of brakes; then a swoop down into Hillberry, a corner which is taken at over 60mph by the faster riders. Next is Signpost Corner, followed by the Nook, then Governor's Bridge, the and most acute and therefore safest corner of the circuit. Three-quarters of a mile away, along a straight, tree-lined road, lies the starting point."

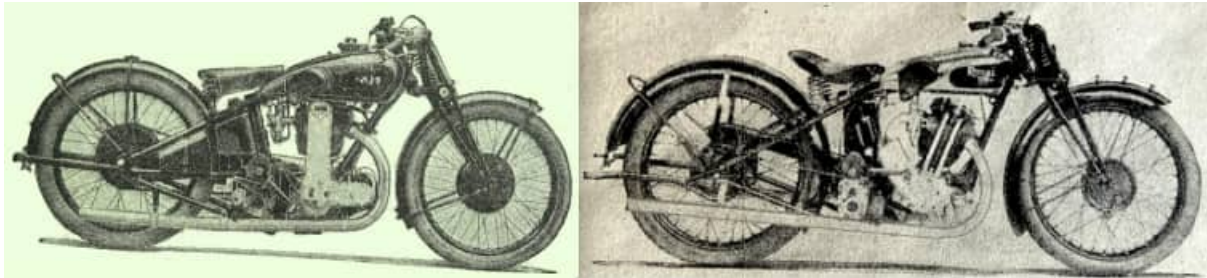
"THERE IS NOTHING LIKE a spice of novelty to whet one's interest. Not that anything of the sort is necessary in the TT—the blue riband of the motor cycle world is in itself far too enthralling to need any condiment—but there is no denying that...several strikingly novel designs...do add very considerably to the interest of the 1930 Races. So, too, does the large number of Overseas men taking part and the glorious uncertainty prevailing as to the ultimate destination of the three trophies. For years there have not been so many new engines, nor so much experimental work publicly carried out in that most searching and ruthless of tests—road racing. How these new engines and new designs will perform none can say; designers may hope...but even they cannot tell how their theories will turn out under TT conditions, and in more than one case they are taking their courage in both hands, placing their designs in the Races with little or no preliminary test. Such enterprise cannot be too highly commended, and every motor cyclist will survey their efforts with a kindly, sympathetic eye. This applies also to the many men from Overseas, one and all of whom are more than welcome. In most cases they have travelled thousands of miles to compete, fully aware that they are pitting their skill against men who know every inch of the course, and who, moreover, take part not merely in one or two road races a year, but in many, and have all the facilities of powerful factories behind them. One thing we all hope—whether the odds against them prove too much or not—is that they will enjoy their visit and take back with them happy memories of their stay among us."



"Who wouldn't envy SA Crabtree the Excelsior which he is riding in the Senior? It is fitted with the new JAP engine and four-speed Burman gearbox." (Right) "The OEC to be ridden in the Junior Race by J Petrie, the Straits Settlement representative, is a most workmanlike job. It has a spring frame with duplex steering, and is, in fact, very much on standard OEC lines. The engine is a TT JAP, used in conjunction with a Burman gear box having a foot gear change.. The spring frame is both neat and simple."

"THE MAJORITY OF MOTOR CYCLISTS have yet to see a TT race," Ixion remarked. "This is a very sad thought. They do not know what glorious fun it is; nor yet how very cheaply one may see a single race—preferably the Senior. It is naturally a moderately expensive business to go for the week, and see all three races, though not more costly than the sort of annual holiday which most motor cyclists achieve; but one race can be seen for quite a small sum. I am a fairly blasé person, who has been to most places, and seen most of the great sporting events, at home and abroad; but I confess that each year I still feel the same old pulsating thrill when the riders line up on the tarmac gridiron for the Senior, and I get just as excited as ever during the last lap when the man in the lead is wondering whether his luck will last another 30 miles or not. In fact, the excitement is too tense for some of the oldsters. I know one normally placid trader of 50

summers who becomes stark, staring mad, and barks just like a terrier which has had no exercise for weeks, and has just been let out into the sun and chased a cat up a tree. If you can't go, well, you can't. In that case remember The Motor Cycle telegrams. Or, better still, have a violent bilious attack, and don't go back to work after lunch. For, thanks to the telephone cable laid last year, the BBC are going to do a running commentary with a couple of microphones, one at the grandstand, and the other at a fierce corner—probably Craig-ny-Baa. The commentary is planned to last the best part of an hour, and to cover the final lap; and listening-in ought to be the next best thing to seeing the Senior."



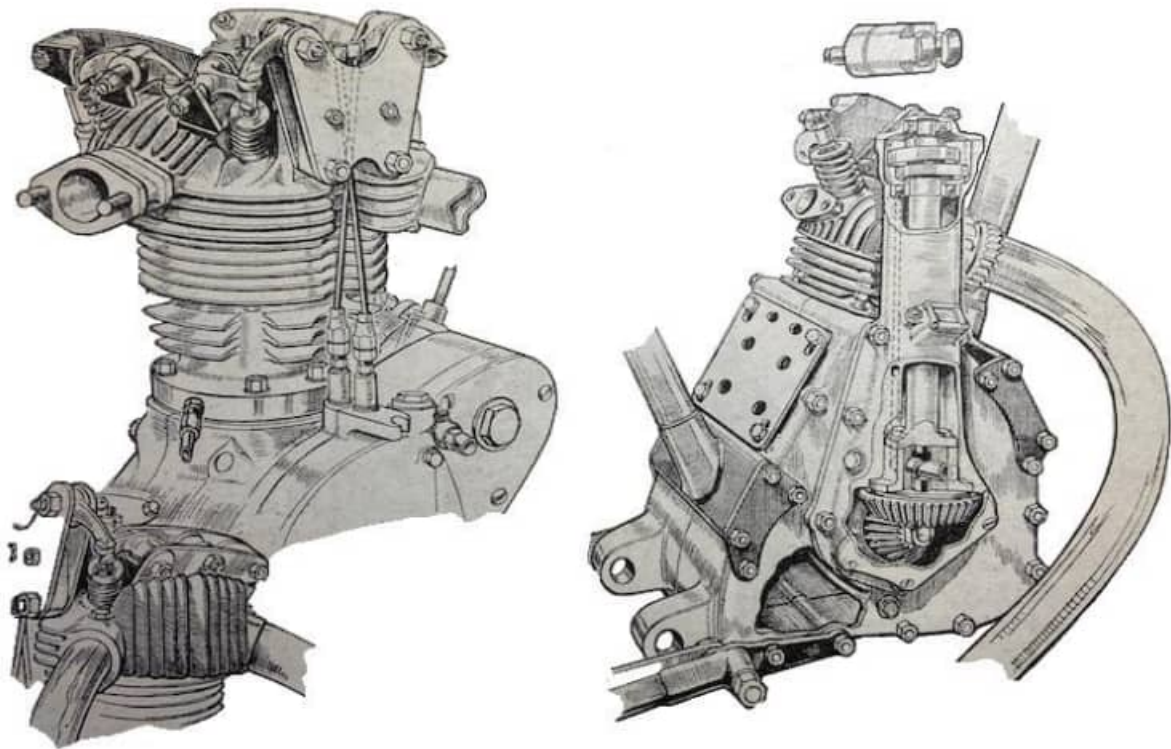
"The workmanlike AJS for the Senior Race." (Right) "The distinctive Royal Enfield for the Junior Race."

"EARLY ARRIVALS HAVE SEEN the Island at its best—and its best is very lovely...blue skies, blue sea, bluebells and golden gorse, and over all the swelling grandeur of the mountains to soothe the heart of the hill countryman. In fact, one would be hard put to it to find a better place for a holiday."

"DOUGLAS STANDS WHERE IT DID, though it has been taken to pieces during the winter and is the process of being put together —'better than new'. The harbour is being dredged, the promenade widened, and there are rows of new shop fronts and a huge new cinema. The course is in fine order, though a trifle bumpy near Windy Corner and Bray Hill, and in need of sweeping; all the rest is good. There have been widenings at Kirkmichael, Ballaugh, and Glen Helen, but the last mentioned spot will need watching; the hotel corner is temptingly wide, as the stream has been covered and now forms part of an excellent read, but the last part of the bend is as tricky as ever—more so, perhaps, on account of the tempting approach."

"THE GRANDSTANDS ARE TO be made more comfortable! In the more expensive seats spectators, instead of sitting on bare boards, will probably have cushions or something equally conducive to bodily comfort. Another new feature is that all riders will have to wear leather clothing. Most of them have done so in the past, but when all is said and done, a precautionary measure such as this new regulation is a wise one...How is it that we never see a woman in the TT? is a question many people ask. The rules, however, preclude women from riding, and, incidentally, no one under the age of 18 is allowed to compete...Each of the races will again be over seven laps of the course, making a distance of 264 miles, 300 yards...All told 60 JAP engines are being built for the TT, of which 40 to 50 will actually be used."





“The novel valve gear of the four-valve 350cc Rudge. There are six rockers and two push rods. Note the heavy finning around the exhaust ports. (Right) Strictly speaking, the new 248cc OK engine is not of the ohc type, for the cams are mounted at the upper end of the vertical shaft, cross tappets operating the rockers. The rockers and the slotted tappet block are detachable in one piece.”

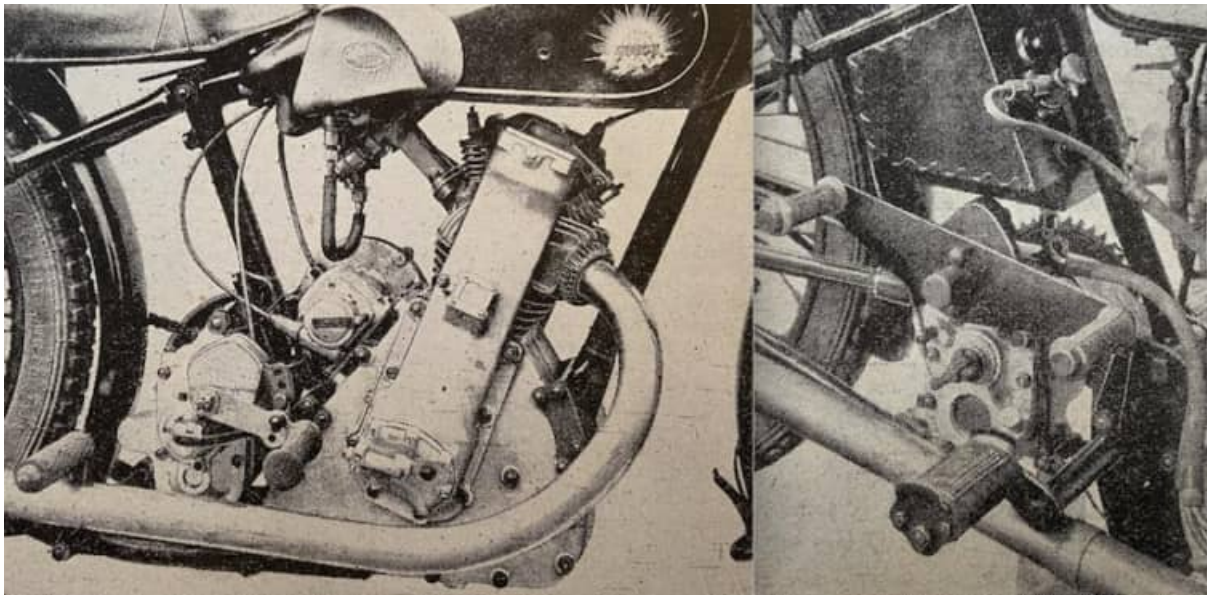
ALL RIDERS VISITING THE TT were required, within 24 hours of arrival on The Island, to register their mounts with the Isle of Man Highways Board in Douglas—a two-month ‘licence certificate’ cost ten bob and a Manx riding licence was also required for an extra shilling. To put this in perspective, it cost 5s 6d to take a solo to the Island or 8s 6d for an outfit. As a special race-week concession the return fare was reduced to 4s 6d/7s. There was also an ‘unloading charge’ of 1s or 2s for a solo and combo respectively. A day-trip for pedestrians cost 8s.

THE TT BROADCAST. During the Senior Race Mr BH Davies, of The Motor Cycle, will give a running commentary of the race as seen from the grandstand, and Major RVC Brook, of the ACU, will describe the race as well from Craig-ny-Baa corner. The two commentaries will be broadcast from both the National transmitters and all provincial stations of the BBC between 12.45pm and 1.45pm on Friday, June 20th.”

“COMPETITORS’ FUEL. The only fuels allowed to the competitors are either commercial petrol or commercial benzole, or any mixture of the two. The ACU supplies ten gallons of the fuel demanded free of charge. No lubricating oil is allowed to be added to the fuel.”

“RECORD LAPS IN THE RACES. Senior (500cc): CJP Dodson (Sunbeam), 30min, 47sec=73.65mph, 1929. Junior (350cc): FG Hicks (Velocette), 31min 55sec=70.95mph, 1929. Lightweight (250cc): P Gherzi (Guzzi), 33min 59sec=66.63mph, 1929. Ultra-Lightweight (175cc): WL Handley (Rex-Acme), 54.48mph, 1925. Sidecar: (600cc): FW Dixon (Douglas), 57.18mph, 1925.”

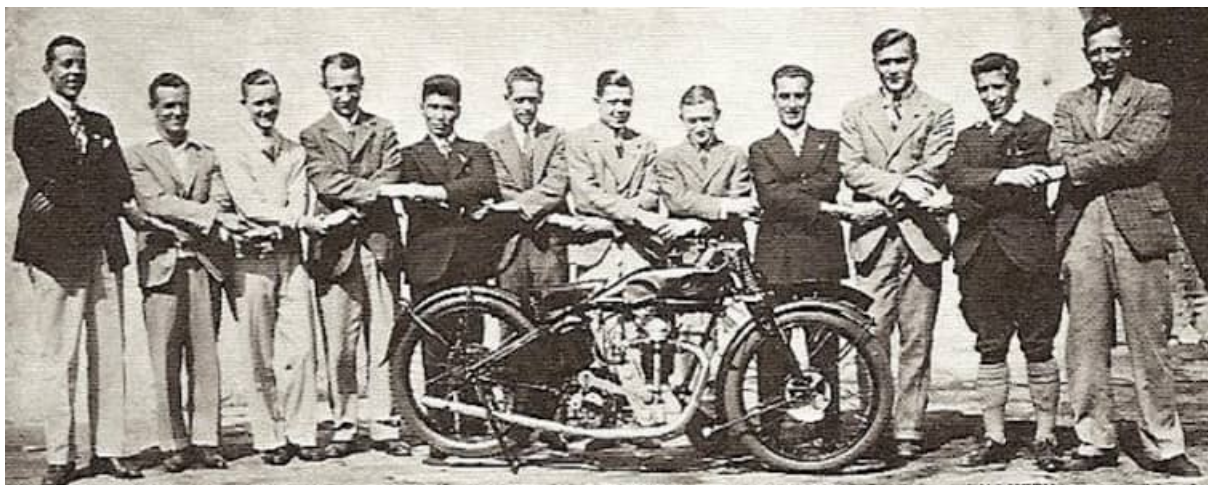
FOR THE FIRST TIME the Isle of Man authorities put £5,000 into the TT kitty, of which £3,500 was earmarked to subsidise the costs of overseas entrants. Entries were received from 19 countries, including the first Japanese rider to compete internationally. Tada Kenzo had been racing motor cycles since 1921, when there were only 20 racers in Japan, and was a leading organiser of motorsport events. He also imported Velocettes. Velocette management invited him to come and ride the KTT that took Alec Bennett to third place in the 1929 Junior TT. The journey from Tokyo the Douglas took 40 days; Kenzo, who was used to Japanese dirt tracks, arrived a month early to learn his way round the Mountain circuit. He acquitted himself well, gaining 15th place, and the nickname 'the India Rubber Man', as he took numerous minor spills during the course of the race, yet always remounted, and completed the Junior TT in fine time. Years later he recalled: "I went home via the Mediterranean Sea, through the Suez Canal to Singapore and then to Hong Kong before arriving home after a 41-day trip. Mine was the first overseas racing expedition to be completed, and it linked the racing community of Japan with the rest of the racing world." The next Japanese TT riders, in 1959, brought Hondas with them.



"The power unit of the new Lightweight OK Supreme bristles with unusual features. Note the sight feed in the centre of the camshaft drive, the large engine sump, positive foot gear change, and peculiar disposition of the carburetter. (Right) The rocking-pedal gear control on the TT Raleighs. Foot operation is standard on almost all machines this year."

"DOUGLAS, THURSDAY, JUNE 5TH. Four-thirty of A warm June morning; a primrose Vauxhall slides across the finishing line and RA Prescott, of the ACU, reports all clear and no mist. A minute later Major Dixon Spain gives the word and Jimmie Simpson on his Norton crackles away down the course. Practice has begun! There was a fine turn-out for the first morning. Fifty-three riders and sixty-one motor cycles took the course and completed eighty-three laps between them. Jimmie got away just before a warning of sheep on the road at the 13th milestone was received; he met the sheep while he was 'trying out his steering'. However, he held the model as few but he could do; and thereafter stopped to think about it over a smoke. Result—a slow first-lap, retrieved by a 32min 27sec second lap (69.9mph). Graham Walker (Rudge) put in two quick ones—32min 17sec (70.01mph) and 32min 56sec (68.8mph), and a third not so good, but the best Senior time went to Stanley Woods (Norton) in 31min 21sec (72.3mph). There were six to Senior times under 33 minutes."

RUDGE FOUR-VALVE SINGLES ridden by Tyrell-Smith, Ernie Nott and Graham Walker romped home 1st, 2nd and 3rd in the Junior (Nott set a lap record of 72.27mph) even though the radial-valve 350cc engine was so new that only one prototype had been run, on the bench, before the team headed for the Island. When scrutineers checked the engines following the race all three were found to have cracked pistons and two had broken valve springs. Rudge's pent-roof 500s were better developed. Tyrell-Smith's mount dropped out with ignition problems but his teammates, Wal Handley (who had borrowed a Rudge from Jim Whalley after his FN failed to turn up) and Graham Walker, finished 1st and 2nd in the Senior; Handley raised the lap record to 76.28mph. It would be the final solo TT win for an ohv engine. Riding through torrential rain they saw off strong opposition from the Sunbeam team led by double TT winner Charlie Dodson and the formidable Norton trio of Stanley Woods, Jimmy Simpson and Tim Hunt. The Nortons were powered by a revamped cammy engine designed by Arthur Carroll that would become an icon for Norton's racing prowess.

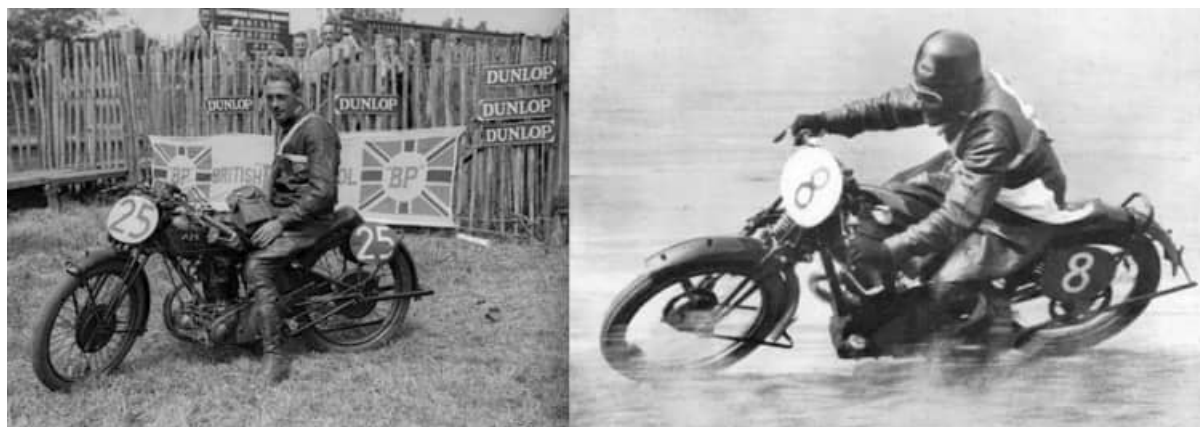


KTTs were selling globally, having finished 1st, 3rd, 5th, 6th, 7th 10th and 11th in the 1929 Junior. Of the dozen Velo fellows in the 1930 Junior, only half were English. L-R: T Oscarsson (Sweden, 13th), D Hall (South Africa, 4th), AG Mitchell (England, 7th), Harold Willis (England—and a Veloce director, DNF), Tada Kendo (Japan, 15th), S Williams (Australia, DNF), E Thomas (England, DNF), A Mitchell (England, DNF), V Naure (Spain, DNF), O Sebessy (Hungary, 18th), J Hanson (England, DNF) and Somerville Sikes (with that moniker obviously England, 22).

The Lightweight provided Jimmy Guthrie with his first TT win, aboard an AJS. Here a concise report on the action by Geoff Davison, a former TT winner and editor of the *TT Special*: “Sensation was provided at the beginning of practising by the announcement that Wal Handley, who had been entered on a Senior FN, would be riding a Rudge. He was not one of the official Rudge team, being entered by Jim Whalley, the Bristol agent, and he did not have a mount at all in the Junior race, much to everyone's regret. What was so staggering about the Rudge 1-2-3 success in the Junior was that it was the first time the firm had ever competed in the Junior event. Another eye-opener, too, was Tyrell Smith's first practice Junior lap. His time on the very first day of practising was 31min 29sec. This was Junior record for the course and it stood throughout the full nine days of practising. It was not until the eighth practice day that Wal showed what he could do on his Senior Rudge—a lap in 30min 7sec, 40sec faster than the existing lap record. Then, on the last day of practice, Charlie Dodson put up a lap at exactly the same speed—and we settled down for a week's fine racing. In the Junior Tyrell soon showed that his record practice lap was no flash-in-the-pan. He was three seconds behind Charlie Dodson (Sunbeam) on the first lap, but drew up to tie with him on the second. Charlie dropped back in



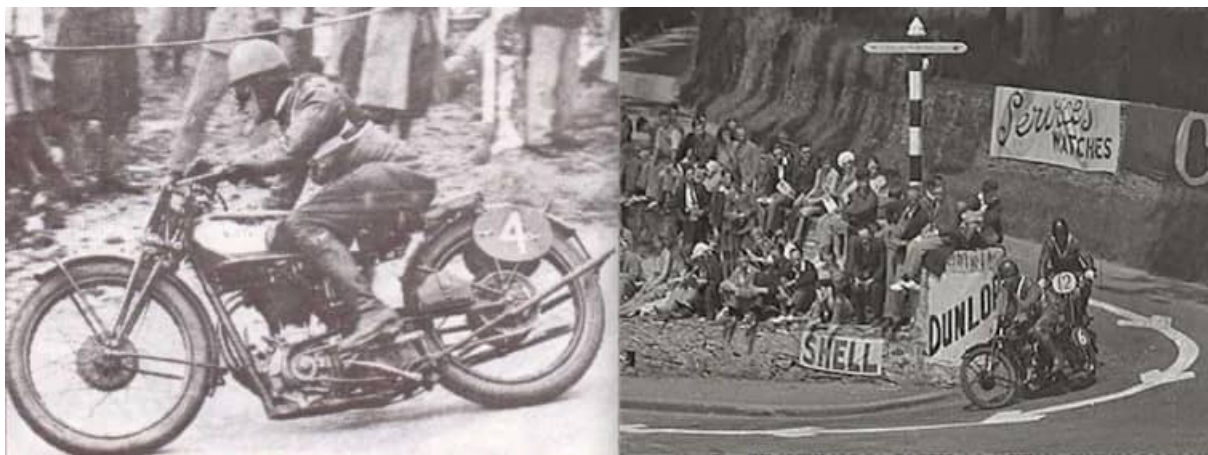
the third lap, leaving Tyrell in the lead, hotly pursued by two AJSs and two Velocettes. The next Rudge (Ernie Nott's) was sixth, but only 57sec separated the first six men. Then other Rudge came on to the leader-board. Tyrell Smith had less than half-a-minute's lead over Jim Guthrie (AJS), Harold Willis (Velocette) was only 17sec behind Jim, and Freddy



Jimmy Guthrie scored his first TT victory in the Lightweight for AJS and is clearly tickled pink. (Right) Wal Handley was entered in the Senior on an FN but went on to score a famous victory on the all-conquering Rudge.

Hicks (AJS) ten seconds behind Harold. What a race it was! Jim held his place in the fifth lap, but Willis and Hicks had gone. Jim retired in the sixth lap and from then onwards the Rudge trio had no serious rivals. Only 58sec separated the first from the third, and, to make their victory more conclusive, these three were the members of the winning Rudge team. In the Lightweight race Jim Guthrie won the first of his series of six TTs. He was sixth only on the first lap and fourth on the second lap. He took the lead on the third lap and was never seriously challenged except by the OK Supremes in the hands of Paddy Johnston and CS Barrow. Wal Handley, on his Rudge, had a runaway win in the 1930 Senior, and, in spite of bad weather in the closing stages of the race, record speeds and record laps were established. Walter was never seriously challenged and he told me after the race that he had seldom used more than three-quarter throttle. I saw him at various points round the course and he was terrific—as usual. What he would have been like if he had turned the wick right up, I just can't imagine! Graham Walker on another Rudge was second, three minutes behind him, and Jim Simpson, who had now changed over to the Norton camp, was third. Wal Handley's record lap was done in 29min 41sec—the first time the circuit had been covered in under the half-hour—and to Jim Whalley goes the credit of being the only agent-entrant of a winning Senior machine.” **RESULTS Senior:** 1, Wal L Handley (Rudge), 74.24mph; 2, Graham W Walker (Rudge); 3, Jimmy H Simpson (Norton); 4, Charlie JP Dodson (Sunbeam); 5, Tom Frederick (Sunbeam); 6, HG Tyrell Smith (Rudge); 7, G Ernie Nott (Rudge); 8, Vic Brittain (Sunbeam); 9, JG Lind (AJS); 10, JG Duncan (Raleigh). **Junior:** 1, HG Tyrell Smith (Rudge), 71.08mph; 2, G Ernie Nott (Rudge); 3, Graham W Walker (Rudge); 4, D Hall (Velocette); 5, CJ Williams (Raleigh); 6, Stanley Woods (Norton); 7, AG Mitchell (Velocette); 8, G Himing (AJS); 9, Percy 'Tim' Hunt (Norton); 10, Leo H Davenport (AJS). **Lightweight:** 1, Jimmy Guthrie (AJS), 64.71mph; 2, CW 'Paddy' Johnston (OK-Supreme); 3, CS Barrow (OK Supreme); 4, Sid G Gleave (SGS); 5, JG Lind (AJS); 6, EA 'Ted' Mellors (New Imperial); 7, Edwin Twemlow (Cotton); 8, Chris Tattersall (SGS); 9, CE Needham (Rex-Acme); 10, Vic C Anstice (Excelsior).





Jimmie Simpson's placed third in the Senior behind a pair of Ridges, but Norton's star was rising. (Right) Tada Kenzo was the first Japanese rider to reach the Island: his performance helped boost international sales of KTT Velos.

"THE BAN PLACED ON road racing by the Transvaal Provincial Administration has been raised so far as the famous Durban-Johannesberg road race is concerned, the reason being force of public opinion."

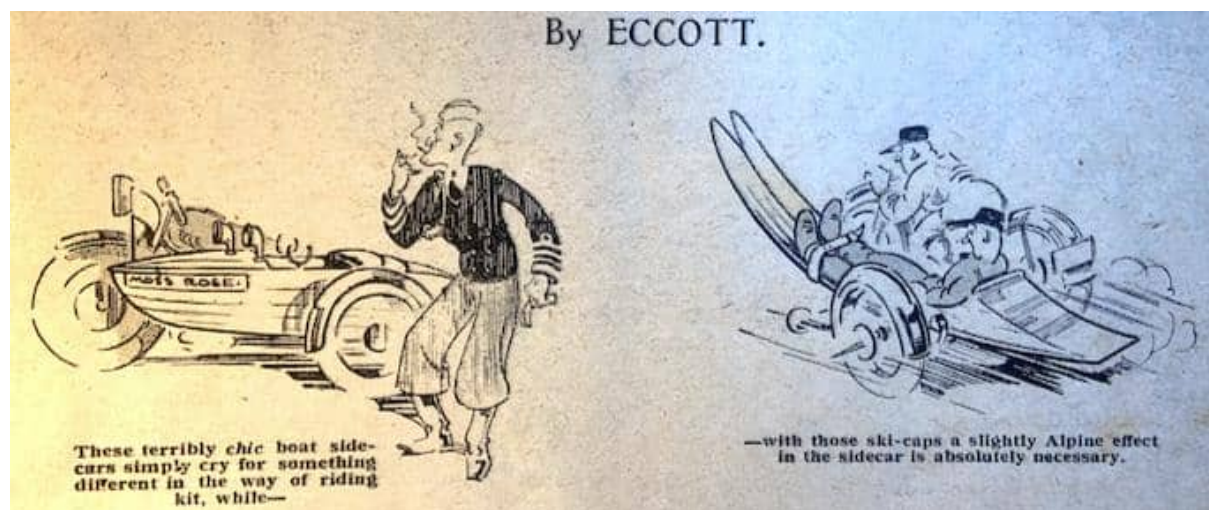
"ONCE AGAIN CJP DODSON (493cc Sunbeam) claimed victory at Southport, winning by a good margin after seemingly faster men finished a short and merry course and left things to him to complete in his own style. No rider appears to have struck that necessary balance between speed and reliability better than 'CJP'" The 50-lap sand race took a heavy toll on the machines—there were 60 starters but only 10 riders completed the course..

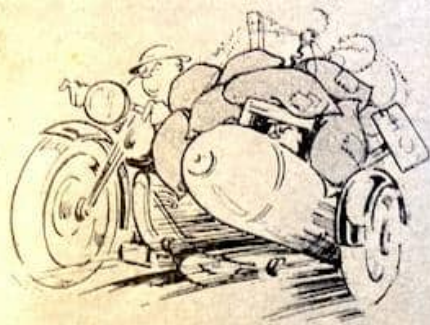
EVE DARES—AND CONQUERS: That First Lesson on The-sidecar-that-won't-go-straight. "There was the roar of a powerful engine in the drive and an even louder roar from my brother Bill's powerful lungs. 'Come on, Molly, you might as well get the hang of it.' My new (and first) sidecar outfit had arrived! Bill wheeled it into the road, and there began the first lesson. 'Now mind,' said he, 'it will pull to the left, and your job is to keep it straight. Of course,' he added thoughtfully, 'it wouldn't pull so much on the crown of the road, but if we were to meet anything you wouldn't be able to get out of the way quickly enough.' I felt vaguely that he was right. The whole thing looked so big after my solo mount, and I am of the lean kind. Bill climbed into the sidecar, and we started. He was right about pulling to the left. It did! I felt there was a magnet drawing me to the hedge, inviting me to take a short cut across the fields. I felt I dare not take my hands from the bars for a single second. 'Change up,' from the sidecar. 'Daren't.' (*crescendo* from the engine). 'Change up.' (*crescendo* from the sidecar). 'CAN'T!'" (*crescendo* from me). But at last I managed to take my courage in both hands and the gear lever in one, and changed up. To my surprise I found myself still on the road. 'Now, 'thought I, 'nothing to do but keep straight; that's all—keep her straight. Pull to the left, would she? I'll watch she doesn't.' And within a hundred yards I had steered a course right across the road, and fetched up with the front wheel touching a letter-box that was let into a wall. 'We have nothing to post,' said Bill, coldly. Knowing that, metaphorically, the eyes of all the lads of the village were on me, I made a fresh start, and by dint of much concentration, a little Couéism\*, and a great holding of breath, I steered into the lane—and, wonder of wonders, presently found myself thinking what a simple business it all was. The lane led into a main road. 'Stop!'" roared Bill. 'Don't go cutting across that main road.' I stopped and asked him if he took me for an idiot. 'No,' he answered with a grin, 'you're not such an idiot as you look. It is always a ticklish job driving a sidecar for the first time, and you haven't done so

badly.' I glowed. Brotherly praise is always niggardly, and I forgave him everything, even the sarcasm at the letter-box. I could drive a sidecar, and was at peace with the world."—MC

*\*Couéism: A system of self-induced suggestion in which individuals attempt to guide their own thoughts, feelings, or behaviour. Developed by French psychotherapist Emile Coué who coined the slogan "Every day in every way I am getting better and better."*

"I ALWAYS PASS ON SIDECAR queries to 'Friar John', who has forgotten more about sidecars than I ever knew," Ixion wrote, "and you'll save a little time, brethren, if you write him direct. But I cannot help noticing that of late I have received an usual number of sidecar questions by post, and that nearly all of them emanate from novices, who find a chair just a little uncontrollable at their initial essays. In most cases they seem to have got into trouble through cornering to the left rather daringly, lost their heads, become confused as to whether the front wheel simply steers, or is intended to maintain balance as well, as it does on a two-wheeler. Then they get the wind up, and begin to wonder whether the chair is properly adjusted, or the frame is true, and so on. In these matters an ounce of practice is worth a ton of theory, and I personally consider that every sidecar novice ought to make a trip or two with an experienced rider at the helm. He will soon learn horn to manage this very simple layout on left-hand corners, and so forth. But I fully admit that a serious blunder in the first week starts a fellow imagining all sorts of things. Agents, please take notice, and keep a tender eye on your novice customers! I served my novitiate on sidecars in days when the chair was fitted indifferently on either side, and might be of the 'flexible', 'rigid' or 'duplex steering' variety. There was nobody to tell me anything, and I made some awful faux pas. Amongst others, I remember getting my leg most painfully nipped between the tank and a coachbuilt chair on a flexible chassis when I was speed-cornering. I also remember taking out a chair fitted on the left side of the bike, on which I always mounted from the push start (compulsory in that clutch-less era), and hopping along for miles with my leg waving in the air in a vain attempt to mount from the wrong side."





The war-book craze suggests something to match the trusty trench-coat, but—



—the beret brigade must be content with something a trifle Louis Quinze.



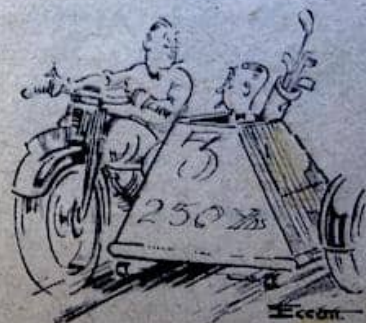
Now this imposing headgear suggests—



—the Yo! Ho! Ho! type of outfit, but—



—among the Grent Bowler-hatted restraint is called for—



—while this "Plus Four" sports outfit—well, it's a thoroughbred tee-tee model.





“On Park Rash. Kettlewell, which is to be included in the London-Edinburgh Trial. Intending competitors studying this picture need not become unduly optimistic—the well-loaded Scott has sidecar wheel drive!”

“YOU LIFT THAT LEVER when you want to stop,” said the voice in my ear, “and pull this one towards you when you want to go faster. Remember, you must lift the exhaust and run with the machine to start her, and be sure and jump quickly as soon as the engine fires. I’ll push you off, and remember to give a pumpful of oil every eight miles.’ Somehow I was learning to ride my first machine over again. ‘Queer,’ I thought, as the engine went ‘pop-pop-pop’; ‘I’m sure I’ve done all this before.’ But I seemed to have forgotten all that I knew, and it was with heart in mouth that I negotiated the corners of the tricky Cornish lanes, and pulled various levers and gadgets to see what happened. The machine was an old single-cylinder belt driver, with no clutch or gears. She must have been a prehistoric model, yet the paintwork and enamel seemed strangely fresh and new. A straying horse in the middle of the road nearly brought me off the saddle, and when I came to a steep hill the engine conked out, and although I pedalled breathlessly, I had to push to the summit. I should have seen the Atlantic Ocean from the top of the rise, but instead the scene changed in some mysterious fashion, and I found myself on the Bath Road near Slough, learning to drive my first sidecar machine. This time there was a little handle on the left-hand side of the tank that had to be wound vigorously to get into gear. The machine shot forward in alarming fashion unless I was very careful, and the wheel of the wicker sidecar had an uncanny knack of trying to tickle my left ear on corners. I was just passing Skindle’s Hotel at Maidenhead when I saw the Marble Arch on the left-hand side, and found that my sidecar had changed into a coach-built model, while the machine had grown a countershaft gear box. I stopped near Notting Hill Gate, and a knot of people quickly gathered. I wondered what they were looking at, until I remembered that disc wheels were fitted to the outfit, and that these were a novelty on

motor cycles. I moved off hurriedly, and taking the first turn to the right found myself on the front at Brighton. Suddenly the sea and the people on the front grew dim, and a great noise of rushing water came to my ears. 'Spit to the left, please,' said a voice that I seemed to know. I sat upright and opened my eyes to see the dentist proudly holding a huge molar in his forceps."

"IT IS AN AXIOM THAT there is no finer sporting event in the whole motor cycle calendar than the Arbuthnot Trophy Trial—the sporting "one-day" for naval officers. But this year the trial excelled itself. As usual, there were no observers (every competitor reports his own stops, generally adding caustic comments about his riding ability!), and, of course, there were no protests, 'requests for investigation', or anything of that sort—there never are; it a day's fun that for its cheeriness and true sport is a real tonic. to the organising officials and pressmen alike. This year's trial, which was held last Saturday, was the best of the lot. First, the entry was easily a record. All told, thirty-three entered, of whom thirty-two actually took part, which says a lot for the keenness of the present-day generation of naval officers, for the number in home waters or at home stations is limited, and not all of these can get leave or afford the expense involved in reaching the venue and competing. Secondly, the course was on Camberley Heath, and consisted of a thoroughly sporting 15-mile circuit. And, thirdly, Lady-Arbuthnot—the wife of the late Rear-Admiral Sir Robert Keith Arbuthnot, Bart, a famous pre-War motor cyclist in whose memory the trial is held—was present and distributed the awards. Four laps of the course had to be covered; two in an anti-clockwise direction in the morning and two clockwise in the afternoon, so making a total distance of 60 miles. Special permission had been granted to the ACU, the organisers, for the use of the section of heath that lies between Bagshot and Wellington College, and from start to finish the competitors found themselves careering up and down the rutted, bumpy tracks and paths with which Camberley abounds. Although there was only one real stopper in the way of hills—The Devil, his Drop—every inch of the course was real hard riding, mostly on loose, sandy earth. Excitement, and much pushing, came early, for a bare half-mile from the start lay Devil's Drop, which consists of a narrow, sandy rubble path that makes a bee-line up a 1-in-4 hillside. The first man, Cdr CAG Hutchison (248cc Ariel) left the straight and narrow path and ploughed through the undergrowth at the side, to complete a strenuous climb by the aid of many foot-pounds of energy. Lieut JH Illingworth, (172cc Zenith), after stopping momentarily owing to his engine coughing and spitting, also paddled up, but Lt-Cdr RC Hovenden (400cc Matchless) 'came to rest very early on with wheelspin, and so did another Silver Arrow ridden by Lieut HC Simms. Lt-Cdr Farquhar (550cc Triumph) dug himself in with spin near the top, but Surgeon-Lieut AWY Price (495cc Matchless) charged up non-stop, waving a foot occasionally, while Lieut AJ Tyndale-Biscoe (172cc Dot) walked his model up, praising Allah that it was light. With his machine pulling a high and go getting wheelgrip, Sub-Lieut P Sargent (486cc AJS) made a stout show, only footing to avoid exploring the adjacent countryside. Then Sub-Lieut BR Faunthorpe (346cc Levis) arrived, and charged straight up with his feet on the rests—a brilliant exhibition of riding, and the first of the only two clean climbs. A Panthette, ridden by Lt-Cdr WS Jameson, and aided by strenuous, high-speed footwork, was also non-stop, but both Lt-Cdr CW May (493cc BSA) and Lieut B Bryant (492cc Sunbeam) found their bottom gears too high—and that was that. Then another wonderful feet-up effort, this time by Lieut RH Aldworth (348cc Triumph), to be followed by Lieut B O'Donnell on a 343cc duplex-steering spring-frame OEC-Villiers, who suddenly measured his length in the sandy loam at the bottom of the hill. Next came an elderly Rudge-Multi in the hands of Sub-Lieut LC Smith,



“Lt-Cdr Farquhar (550cc Triumph) foots his way past Lieut Simms (400cc Matchless) on Devil’s Drop.”

which, with its ultra-high bottom gear, had naturally not the slightest chance. Sub-Lieut M Hare, on a ‘very Brooklands’ Blackburne-engined McEvoy, stopped, baulking Sub-Lieut Jameson (489cc P&M), who, in trying to pass, leapt into the air and collapsed on the bank. Bottom gear jumping out put paid to the chances of Sub-Lieut Ashburner (498cc Triumph), and wheelspin to those of Pay-Sub-Lieut Newcombe (349cc BSA), but Lieut CBV Pugh (499cc Rudge) kept going with a spot of footwork. Then Lt-Cdr. TH Hack (499cc Rudge) spread-eagled himself in the bracken, and Lieut G Simpson, also on an ‘Ulster’ Rudge and Lieut CE Webley (494cc Triumph) explored the neighbouring landscape. After Midshipman GN Beaumont (492cc Sunbeam) had wobbled to a standstill on a very high bottom gear, two other midshipmen—BWC Leonard (346cc Excelsior-JAP) and MG Gaidner (494cc Douglas) made ‘feet, fastish, VG’ climbs. Next arrived a Pendine model Brough, ridden by Lieut CRA Grant, only to fail with spin; then Midshipman RS Hawkins (600cc P&M) shot up at speed with the taps turned right up and his feet as ‘model straighteners’; a pukka he-man show that deserved what it received—success. Coat-in-carburettor trouble brought Lieut JI Robertson (348cc AJS) to a stop, while the one remaining man, Lieut WG Pulvertaft (498cc Raleigh) tried tackling the hill at little more than a walking pace and kept exploring the banks. On the competitors went—up hill and down dale, over colonial tracks and a bridge with half its planks missing, and through deep sand, a patch of bog, and leafy glades with overhanging boughs. Here and there large boxes of tacks were bought by those who rode fey. Lieut HC Simms (400cc Matchless) was one of these; after trouble with a partially burnt-out clutch, he tried to make up time, and proceeded to charge over gullies and ruts at 35 and more in way that spoke volumes for the efficiency of the Silver Arrow’s spring frame, but finally down he went—wallop. Pay-Sub-Lieut Newcombe (349cc BSA) also made a purchase and hurt his arm as the result. The titbit of the afternoon was the reverse side of Devil’s Drop, and very little excitement occurred at ‘Ye Pimple’ and ‘Fearsome’ (these names will not be found



on the map!) which were about the next in order of fierceness. However, Ye Pimple, which is a 20-yard 1-in-4 hummock, stopped Cmdr Hutchinson, whose 248cc Ariel suddenly conked...Devil's Drop No 2, however, gave everyone plenty to think about—especially the officials, who removed their coats and organised themselves into towing squads...one after another competitors found themselves either charging down the hillside or stalled with wheelspin. Lt-Cdr Jameson (246cc P&M Panhette) caused the greatest pothor by rolling over and over down the hillside accompanied by his machine. No damage was done, which also applied to Lt-Cdr Hovenden, who left his Silver Arrow and completed a neat series of downhill somersaults. The absolute star of the afternoon was Midshipman RS Hawkins (600cc P&M); once round the bend he opened the model just about flat and charged up non-stop with only slight footing...Straightaway the ACU officials worked out the results, whereupon Lady Arbuthnot presented the trophy to Midshipman RS Hawkins, who made the best performance.”



the winner.”

“Midshipman RS Hawkins (600cc P&M),

“SPURRED ON BY MR GRAHAM WALKER’S impressions in great road races, I am making attempt to give an insight into the thoughts and thrills of a rider in his first race at Brooklands. The thrills may actually be imaginary, but they feel very real at the time. In fact, I can’t remember when I have had such a gamut of emotions, and they are all really firmly impressed on my mind. None of my friends appeared to believe that my machine was any use at all, and it was generally agreed that it was good for about 65 flat out, if that. In order to have a real laugh at them, and also to see what this Brooklands racing was like, I decided to have a try at the next meeting, in a three-lap handicap. In common with most others who have never tried it, I didn’t think there could be any real skill required or any real thrills in riding a machine at Brooklands, although I knew well enough that it was horribly bumpy in parts. I ought, perhaps, to say at this stage that the machine in question is an ohv two-fifty of 1924 or 925 vintage, and was built for the TT, so that at one time it was quite fast for its size; now, of course, it is considerably worn, and has become rather unreliable in many ways. I spent many weary nights working on the engine in the garage, trying to get the head and ports back to their original



condition, and trying also to get the valves and guides properly seated. This last was always a nasty proposition as the guides normally used to wear out in a hundred miles or so, and the valves then failed to seat properly or, rather, they cut themselves new seats as they wore. Nor did I trouble to strip it properly, or even pay much attention to the rest of the machine since, truth to tell, I hadn’t any real faith in her capabilities as a real, honest-to-goodness racing machine. The real snag was the piston. I had seized the existing one—a good one—a few weeks earlier, and all I could obtain was a very high-compression affair, which was bound to touch the valves, and which was so thin in the crown that the maker vowed it couldn’t possibly last at Brooklands. Anyway, I put it in, with two washers the barrel to prevent it hitting the valves and also to reduce the compression a bit and thus prevent it melting. I ran it in slightly on a grass track, and then it off a bit where it showed signs of seizing, noticing with grave suspicion that it had been infernally hot, even on a small throttle opening. Altogether, when I arrived on the Saturday afternoon to race, I didn’t feel particularly optimistic, especially as I never before been round the track solo at more than about 20mph. Still, as I have said, I didn’t expect that any real skill would have to be applied. It looks so devilish easy to cut round the edge of the banking



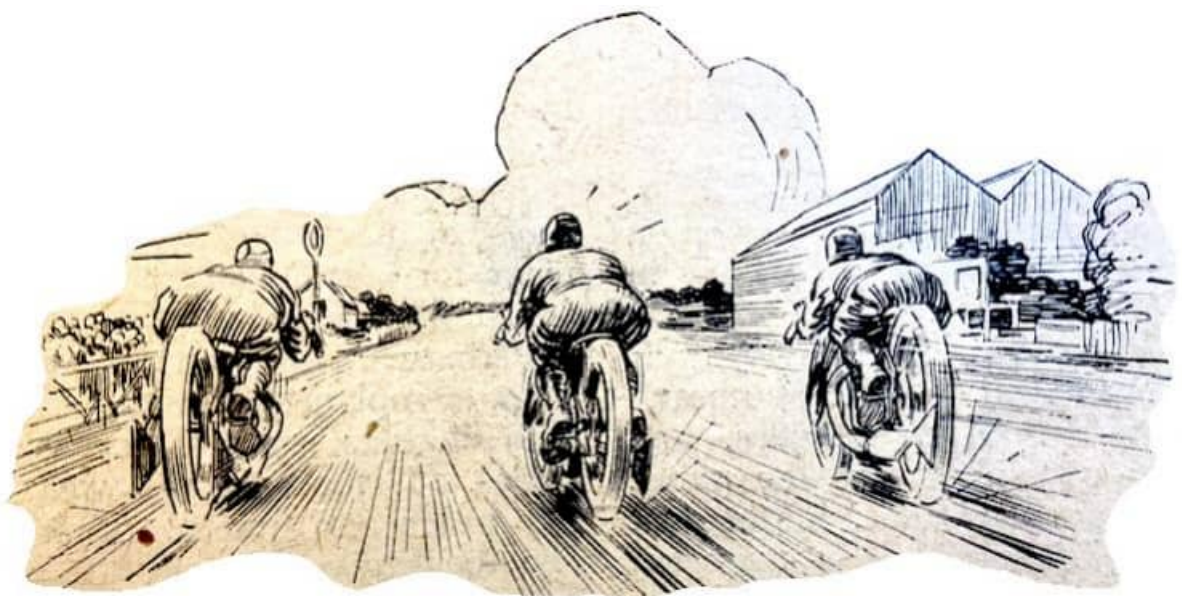
when you watch the regulars at the game. To get the oiling right and also to warm her up generally, I took her up to the sheds and back, opening the oil pump right out. I imagined that even at full throttle this would fairly flood the engine with oil and so cool the piston a bit, even if it did make me a bit slower. Imagine my horror, on coming in and adjusting the tappets, to find that the inner exhaust valve spring was broken! And this with a piston that was bound to hit the valves if I over-revved! Anyhow, there wasn't any time to change it, and I wasn't going to go without my race after all this trouble, so I decided to carry on. On the line at last, and with chronic wind-up. How beastly funny one feels out on the concrete with



“...many weary nights working on the engine...how deaf and awkward one is in a crash helmet...The Members’ Bridge, and I’m fairly low down still...”

the crowd watching, and how deaf and awkward one is in a crash hat—it always seems to deaden all my senses and I can’t feel whether my engine is OK. Oil and petrol are-on, but I must wait till the last minute before I put my goggles down, otherwise I shall fog them before I start. At last, here is the flag. I have 1min 46sec to wait after the limit man, so I can easily get my goggles down then. Off goes the limit man, Hood, on his 172cc two-stroke SOS; a minute later, and I begin to think what an enormous start he’s got. I can hear him howling right away round on the Railway Straight; I can’t possibly hope to make all that up in three laps. Now, goggles down. Get ready, flood and stand by. Shove! Not a very good start. I choked her at first. That’s that dope; I ought to have remembered to have closed the air more when she was half cold like this. I am into second gear almost at once; I’ve got wide-ratio gears which, funnily enough, seem to be quite suitable for this job. And now, lots of revs in second—hang the piston it’s bound to get it, anyway. I mustn’t change up until I am at least well on the first part of the banking. Then top. I don’t want to keep too close in, as no one seems to do this now; about fifteen yards out ought to be enough...But I’d, no idea the old relic could travel like; I. can’t possibly bank over much further with that nearly smooth front tyre, so I shall have to go higher up the banking. The Members’ Bridge, and I’m fairly low down still. I mustn’t go any higher—it will look too ridiculous for a two-fifty...Phew! Skids! Ghastly at this speed, and with the bus banked ours like that. How frightfully bad it seems here; it’s all sandy. I wish I had kept a bit closer in coming off the banking, but still, hordes of ravening machine haven’t rushed past me yet, so I must be going reasonably well. It really feels as if I’m moving like blazes, but I suppose that’s due to the fact that I haven’t been doing any speed for ages. That piston must be getting. warmed up by now; I wonder if it will last much longer. There must be tons of oil at present, anyhow, as I was smoking well when I started. I wonder if that pump really delivers much too much; but I shan’t be able to tell until next lap, even if I can see then, at this speed. This Straight seems to be much smoother than the rest of the track; it’s obviously the place to look to the oiling on the next lap. Here’s the Byfleet banking, but I daren’t go right in after all. It looks too beastly slippery right at the edge where everyone’s tyres have worn it, and I’m banked over as far as I dare already. And now we are getting to the Fork. There ought to be those bumps soon, I suppose...No, they’re on the

straight part. I must get well over to the left here, away from the sheds. I can straighten up soon now—Gosh! A really violent wobble! I thought my heart would choke me then. I must be careful to see that I'm really straight next time before I hit that bump! I fairly seemed to soar, and landing crooked like that nearly finished me. That's what comes of not hugging the edge closely enough. If I'd been right in I should have been straight before I got as far as the really big bump. I fancy, too, that it isn't so big near the edge, but I bet it startled a few people in the Paddock. Must look really bad, right in front of the pits like that. Here's the banking again. Nasty bumps coming up on it, I believe. I wonder if I can keep in a bit closer this time? But I must see that I get out far enough to miss that sand, which has evidently sprayed out from sandbanks put up at the end of the Finishing Straight for a car race. The old tub is certainly doing some revs now. I can't remember ever hearing her sound like it, but this filthy crash hat makes everything sound dull. Here we are coming off the Members' Banking, and—oh! confound it! The revs are dropping! It must have been clutch slip, after all, then, accounting for these amazing revs. Put she only has to be eased slightly on the throttle to grip properly. Thank goodness, it doesn't seem to me so bad now that it's gripped again. I simply dare not let the revs get too high or that weak spring will do the piston in. There's Dussek waving, stopped on the Straight. Something gone west, I suppose. And there's Hood in front. I seem to be fairly eating him up...Heavens! he's wobbling all over the track, just before the Byfleet Banking, too. I must give him plenty of room; I hope he doesn't crash. It looks as if his damper had seized up solid. (It was actually a broken front fork spindle, I believe.) By Jove! I'm really leading a race at last! Confound it, though, there's that clutch at it again. I shall have to ease down. Perhaps it's just as well, as I'm going quite as fast as I dare close in like this...that back tyre is getting on for three years old! I really daren't bank over another inch. Heavens!

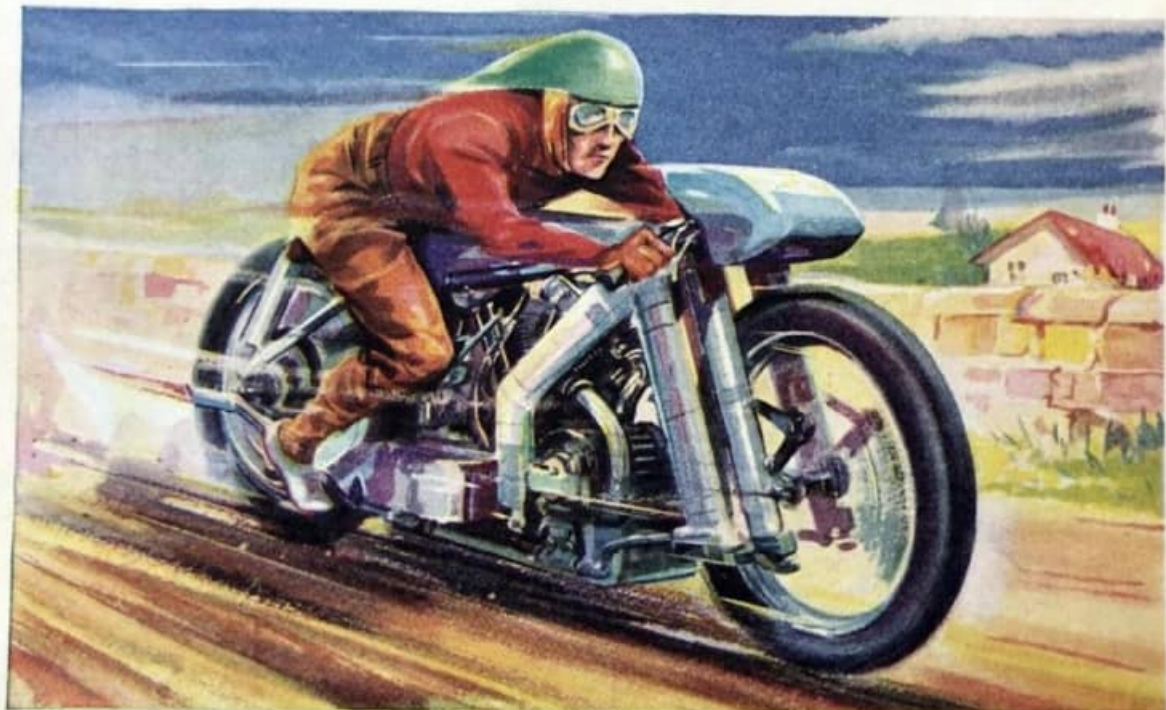


"Those last two were going great guns..."

What wind up! I'm really sweating over it. My wrists feel it a bit, too, clinging on for dear life like this. If only I had a bit more experience I could ease my grip a bit where I knew there wasn't any very bad going. Really close in for this last bit, to get as near in as possible and miss that colossal bump. Thank Heavens, that's passed it OK. It certainly isn't half as bad close in, although I seem to be going just as fast as before in spite of the clutch slip. I'll swear the engine feels peppier than ever now; perhaps the oil is getting down a bit, and there's less drag. Here's the Paddock and the bumps to the banking again. I'm still leading, and if this keeps up I can't

possibly finish last. What a rag! That rotten clutch is slipping much worse up the hill now. Still, here's the Bridge, and she's bound to a few revs down the hill again. Now I am on the Straight I'd better look round and see if I can see any smoke from the exhaust...Not a sign. Still, I probably wouldn't, anyway at this speed, but I'd better try and give her a pump from that foot oiler if I can reach it; it is really fairly smooth, just here...No! It can't be done! Needs too much effort and gave me a nasty wobble trying. It's no use to balance on one rest without kneegrips in this riding position. The piston will have to take its chance. Great Scott! Here's the Byfleet banking for the last time, and nobody's passed me yet! If this piece antediluvian sheet-iron will only hold together for a bit more I'm bound to be reasonably up...Oh, dash! here's someone after all! But he's not so very much faster, so he can't be one of the very late starters. In spite of that clutch I seem to be going jolly fast still. I wonder how many more will pass me? I must get a bit closer to the grass if I can. I wonder if there's anyone passing inside? Dash it, there is! Going like stink, too; and another on the outside. Those last two were going great guns, too. One was a Norton. That must have been the scratch man, I should think. No one else in sight now. I'll get right in close for the last bit. It doesn't seem so bad after all, but that back tyre must be having a life, and then some, with these bumps when we're banked over like this. Nicely passed the big bump again. Here's the finishing line. Well I'm hanged—fourth I must be after all that! How perfectly amazing! Wonder what piston will look like after all these revs. Shut off and cruise down to the Paddock. I must say that was the most marvellous bit of fun I've ever had!" **RBB**

OEC OF GOSPORT, HANTS dropped a blown 996cc Temple-JAP V-twin into its hub-centre-steering duplex frame and Brooklands star Joe Wright rode it into the record books with a 137.23mph two-way average at Arpajon near Paris. [This was the first run to break Glenn Curtiss's unofficial 136.27mph record on his four-litre V8 at Ormond Beach, Florida in 1907.]



J. S. WRIGHT'S O.E.C. TEMPLE-JAP MOTOR-CYCLE

Wright's feat earned him immortality on a cigarette card.

FOLLOWING WRIGHT'S FIRST RUN Torrens of *The Motor Cycle* went after what we would now call the human-interest story: "What does it feel like to ride a motor cycle at 140 miles an hour,



the highest speed ever attained on two wheels? In the hope of being able to supply the answer to this question I sought JS Wright, who at Arpajon covered the flying kilometre, one way, at 142.3mph, and succeeded in raising the world's maximum speed record to 137.32mph. Joe was reticent about his achievement; more so, I think, than any man I have interviewed. A casual hearer of his remarks would have gained the impression that riding at this colossal speed was, in fact, easy. I had watched him attempting the record at Arpajon. He passed me so fast that I was quite unable to pick out details on the machine. All I got was a blurred impression; it was rather like looking at a very fuzzy, out-of-focus photograph. That the duplex-steering OEC-Temple-JAP handled superbly was obvious, but that the job was easy...! 'What about the wind pressure on your body?' I asked. 'Don't you find it difficult to hang on to the machine?' As I hoped, his reply gave an inkling as to what the task really feels like. 'The pressure,' he said, 'is so much that when you look up your head is pushed backwards; you feel it in your neck. There must be quite a lot of speed lost, and after the attempt I decided that it would be well worth while having a streamlined crash helmet next time. If you sit up slightly instead of lying right down to it, or let yourself go loose, instantly you feel the machine go down in speed; the wind is so terrific. The arms must be kept close in and, if possible, the toes kept up instead of down. Why I tape up my clothes is simply to lessen this windage. With your clothes loose you can feel the wind plucking at you, and I suppose a loose or open shirt would be torn off. I take the precaution of taping up the neck of my overalls and fitting my crash helmet over them, no that there

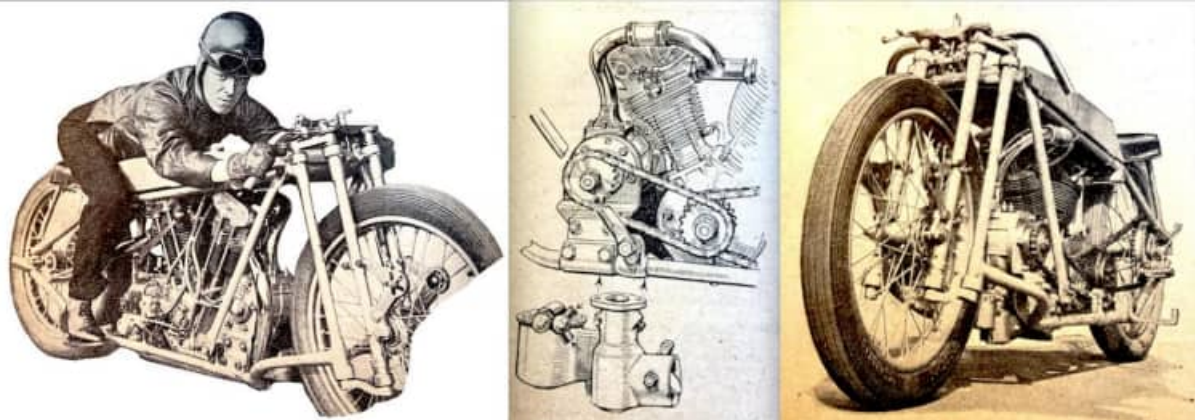


L-R: Joe Wright at Brooklands, where he held the record for 100mph laps, with the OEC-Temple-JAP; in the background is Claude Temple, who built the bike. Wright, in his taped-up overalls, gets down to it at Arpajon. Henne, with his streamlined lid, gets down to it at Ingolstadt.

shall not be the slightest possibility of their ballooning. Some people ask why I wear overalls instead of the usual leather clothes, but the trouble is that leathers are too bulky to allow one to lie down to it properly. If anything were to happen and you were wearing leathers there would be more chance of your getting away with only bruises, but in an event like an attempt on the maximum speed record one has necessarily to take same risks. in this direction. I think if one were to ride in just bathing slips and. a pair of shoes there would be an appreciable increase in speed, but it would be rather uncomfortable, though; flies and bumblebees aren't soft. The tendency is for the air to lift the rider off the saddle, because it tries to get between his body and the tank. Riding 'on the footrests' and, of course, the few bumps there are on the Arpajon road, also help this tendency. My practice is to get my body right down when I have opened up to about half-throttle in the flying start. It would be impossible to sit op on the machine at a much larger throttle opening, and I don't think that if one gave the machine full throttle when sitting up one could ever manage to lie down to it, so strong is the wind.' 'What sort of impression of speed do you get?' I asked. 'You don't get an impression of speed,' he replied, 'because it is impossible to look sideways; you have to concentrate on a line straight ahead. And the exhaust noise you



don't hear at all; it is all swept behind you. All I heard at Arpajon was the wind past my helmet—a shriek more like a violent wind through telegraph wires than anything else. What it would be if my ears were exposed and not protected by the crash helmet I have no idea. But I knew the job was shifting, because straight ahead for a hundred yards everything was blurred. The Arpajon road is narrow, and at that speed I felt as if I were riding on a tight-rope.' Next we got on the subject of controlling a machine at such a pace. 'Some people,' he said, 'think it must be terribly difficult to hold, but look at my wrists; I am not strong in the wrist. Actually I ride, or rather grip, with my knees and thighs. The thing is to get well into the saddle and to be able to exert a full pressure from the knees upward; then you feel really comfortable, and part and parcel of the machine. To enable me to do this I have a Sorbo cushion to lie upon and a pair of



L-R: Following his ton-and-a-half run Wright poses for the press. "Arrangement of the Powerplus supercharger, which is mounted in front of the engine and drives by chain from the crankshaft. The special Amal carburetter is fixed between the front engine plates." "If one excepts the unconventional OEC duple-steering frame, the only part of the very promising looking tout ensemble which is at all out of the ordinary is the supercharger. The blower in use is of British make as is every other component except the tyres...The enormous power this unit is capable of developing—over 84bhp has been delivered on the brake—will be transmitted by a Sturmey-Archer gear box with ratios of approximately 3, 5 and 7 to 1...the highest part of the machine—the steering damper control—is 35 inches...the saddle top is 28 inches from the ground."

Sorbo kneegrips that come right up to the thighs; but, even so, I get lifted out of the saddle at times. If you use the balls of your feet and just the inside of your knees you have no control at all at high speeds on a surface like Brooklands, or even at Montlhery as it is nowadays. What steering is necessary at Arpajon is due to a very bad bump on the right just before the kilometre. I kept well over to the left, but to regain the middle of the road I did no "steering" in the ordinary sense—just a little pressure with my knees. I found the machine going about two or three yards to the right—too far to the right! A little pressure the other way and the machine was in the middle of the road. Once there, and straight, I endeavoured to keep there, using just the pressure of my knees; she wandered a bit, due, I think, to the camber of the road.' I asked Wright to tell me his feelings when, at the Arpajon meeting, his engine suddenly cut out with the machine doing about 140mph. 'I didn't know what on earth had happened,' he answered. 'I pulled the clutch out, and when the machine had slowed to about a hundred I put it into neutral. Later I looked down, but I couldn't see anything because of the tank, although I had a good idea what had happened, since I had heard a bang in front of me. When I stopped the trouble was obvious—the supercharger pipe had come adrift. At Montlhery, when attempting the five-mile and five-kilometre records, I got a thrill. Part of the tread of the rear tyre came off, and I got a bang in the back. I could not tell whether the whole of the tread had left the tyre or not I had

visions of it locking the wheel at any moment, and for a fraction of a second I thought of stepping off; then I decided, as the wheel was still revolving, that it would be better to carry on and finish the distance. This I did quite comfortably, coasting over the line at about fifty. "The tread went about a quarter of a mile before the line, and I lost about four seconds on that lap, but the record was broken all right. The speed was not affected a great deal, because five miles at Montlhery is three laps and a bit, and although one has to complete the fourth lap to cross the timing strips, the time taken in covering the necessary fraction of the lap is added to the time of the three previous laps; this is, of course, calculated from the time for the whole lap. My biggest thrill, though, was when I was going down the kilometre at Arpajon [on the day of his successful attempt] and suddenly found myself in a "London" fog. I had no idea at all where I was; whether I was going into the timekeeper's box or the trees or what. I was lying so far down to it, trying to reduce windage, that I didn't see the mist until I hit it. That it was a little bit hazy I knew, but I had no idea that it was dense fog. I shut off, pulled up a lot and raised my goggles—the mist had clouded them. I then found I was in the gutter, right at the side of the road.' My final question was what he would do if Henne broke his record. To this he replied that he would go out again: 'On those last runs at Arpajon the conditions were also bad for carburation, and I think that with favourable conditions, and using the data we've obtained, we can put another ten miles an hour on the existing record.'"

WRIGHT SET HIS WORLD RECORD on 31 August; a couple of week's later the Blue 'Un reported: "If the world's maximum speed record, set up by JS Wright a couple of weeks ago, is broken (it is reported that Henne, on the BMW, will make the attack this week-end) Wright will endeavour to regain it, probably on an Irish course that has been suggested in response to an enquiry by the *Daily Mail*. Considerable work is to be expected on the OEC-Temple-JAP in readiness for this eventuality, and it is learned on good authority that the machine, in addition to being altered in detail, will be partially streamlined." On 21 September Ernst Henne did indeed ride down an autobahn at Ingolstadt on a supercharged 735cc BMW at 137.85mph to snatch the record by the narrowest of margins. And as predicted Wright went to the accurately named Carrigrohane-Cork 'straight road' and didn't mess about, becoming the first rider in history to top 150mph with a two-way average of 150.74mph. His OEC-Temple-JAP duly took centre stage on OEC's Olympia stage. It later emerged that the JAP engine in the OEC suffered a broken woodruff key and Joe had actually taken the world record on his spare bike, a supercharged Zenith-JAP on which he already held the record for the greatest number of ton-up Brooklands laps. In any case, the fastest bike in the world was British and that's what counted—but as we'll see over the next few years, Henne and his Beemer would be back with a vengeance. [You'll find a Pathé newsreel of Wright's 150.74mph run on youtube: [v=iVNozc6qh3M](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iVNozc6qh3M)]



Joe Wright, resplendent in streamline skidlid and taped up wooly, pictured on the mildly streamlined OEC-Temple-JAP on the Straight Road. In the background is the Zenith-JAP that actually broke the ton-and-a-half barrier.

“YOU CAN GUESS that tyres which have to stand up at two and a half miles per minute under JS Wright have to be real tyres. Here, to be serious for a change, is a detail which indicates the stress. The early Press reports stated that Wright did not use one of his machines because the back tyre fouled the saddle and injured the tread. The real fact was slightly different. Wright had to lie flat on the bus to reduce windage; so naturally they gave the lowest point of the saddle frame as little clearance over the back tyre as possible. Some clearance was inevitable—I mean more than mere day-light, as at these terrific speeds centrifugal force causes the tyre to hump itself upwards and outwards. They estimated this hump at a quarter of an inch, and gave his saddle frame half an inch clearance. But one tyre humped more than had been calculated, its tread hit the frame, and the tread was practically non est after one trip down the kilometre. Incidentally, both left- and right-hand sides of the machine have to be balanced in respect of streamlining and wind resistance, otherwise nobody could hold it straight; a still, windless day is desirable for these stunts.”—**Ixion**

“THE MAKERS OF THE BMW, I gather, have decided to drop out of the road-racing game, but this doesn’t mean any loss of interest in the world’s maximum speed record. They will be after Wright’s record, sure enough, but the Ingolstadt road is none too good for the purpose, as it is narrow and rather winding. A German Pressman discussing the question of the BMW’s last performance expressed the opinion that on a really suitable road the speed might have been some six or seven miles an hour higher, although nothing like high enough to equal Wright’s latest. achievement. Perhaps some better road for the purpose can be found; at least, I hope so. Incidentally, both Ernst Henne, the BMW rider, and JS Wright have been awarded the gold medal of the FICM for their performances. Another interesting point is that in future records must be

beaten by at least five-hundredths of a second instead of by one-hundredth, which has been the rule in the past. This is very sound, for at the present speed of 150.76mph one-hundredth of a second is equivalent to a distance of less than 2½ feet; since, in some cases, the breaking of a thread stretched across the road is the means adopted to start and stop the electric chronograph the reason for increasing the margin to five-hundredths of a second is obvious.”—

**Nitor**

“ALTHOUGH I AM NATURALLY very pleased that England has regained the world’s maximum speed record for a two-wheeler, it seems to me that it has been done on the wrong principle. We have taken the record, by brute force, from a beautifully designed machine of much smaller capacity, which, to quote a passage from *Speed and How to Obtain It*, is ‘of such a tidy design that it might pardonably be mistaken at first glance, as the basis of a new, all-weather utility machine’. Wright’s machine, on the other hand, is so ‘hulking’ that it is not even very suitable for use on Brooklands. I do not, however, wish to decry in the least Wright’s personal effort, which I consider a very fine performance.

**M de M, Ludlow.**

“THREE HUNDRED AND SIX and a half miles in three hours! Such was the feat of CWG Lacey and WH Phillips (‘Wal’ of dirt-track fame), who, riding a 490cc Norton at Montlhéry, on Monday of last week, captured 12 records, the slowest of them at 102.8mph...The records hold for the 750cc and 1,000cc classes as well as the five-hundred.”

“IT IS REPORTED THAT scientists in Spain are experimenting with olive oil products with a view to using them in place of imported mineral lubricating oils.”

“A LEICESTER MOTORIST assisted a police constable to take a dog to a vet’s. At the end of the journey the constable asked him for his licence, which happened to be out of date. A summons followed, but the fine was a nominal one of 2s 6d.”

“IF A GIRL IS HOLDING the handlebars of a motor cyclist and a young man, sitting behind her, works the controls, etc, which of the two is really driving the machine? This problem proved too much for the Huddersfield magistrates, who, on payment of costs, dismissed the case, which was for driving without a licence.”

“UNDER THE HEADING, ‘The Bulldog Breed!’ in the *London Evening News*: ‘A young motor cyclist skids and is flung several yards. He gets to his feet, takes a comb from his pocket, and runs it through his hair. He then collects his battered machine.’”





A Word to Women  
Motor Cyclists on  
Tasting the Joys of  
Touring.

By LILIAN M. HOAR.

“WHAT FUNNY MORTALS WE ARE! We most of us bemoan the relentless hand of Father Time that hurries along the months and years, and yet we help to hasten their passage by building our castles in the air, planning our future movements, and making certain landmarks like so many mile-stones on the way, fixing our attention on the next as soon as the last is past. So when winter is still upon us we are already making hazy little plots and plans for the coming summer holiday, and so swiftly do the weeks fly by that the looked-forward to event arrives with surprising rapidity. Of one thing we are sure : there is only one kind of holiday to be considered, and that is a motor cycle tour. No other gives such complete change and refreshment. and, as far as I am concerned, selfish though it may sound, I am content to conduct the journey toute seule, my, companion, the engine, purring beneath me. It is impossible to feel lonely when each day one is exploring fresh country, conversing at the various stages with the different people with whom one comes in contact ; meeting the interesting local dialect of the counties through which one travels; noting the particular traits of the natives; and for the time merging one’s life in theirs, gaining new impressions, and leaving the cobwebs of one’s dull, everyday occupation behind. Well I remember my first tour. I had only just bought my brand-new Baby Triumph and learnt to ride it, but my ignorance of its mechanism was such that I scarcely knew the cylinder from the battery, and words like ‘sparking plug’, ‘carburetter’, ‘compression’ and ‘ignition’ were Greek to me. To this day I confess that, although I ride alone over the wildest tracks of Great Britain, miles from civilisation, I become distinctly confused if questioned at all closely regarding such things as gear boxes and carburetters. However, I boldly set off on my new machine for Exmoor, where I had arranged to join friends at one of the many farms dotted in the folds of that delectable country. How I negotiated those steep winding lanes leading to my

destination is beyond my comprehension, so scanty was my knowledge, and so short my experience as a rider, but it is undoubtedly true that providence watches over children and fools; and even if I must include myself in the second category the guardianship remained. I arrived safely, and, while there, all undaunted, descended Porlock Hill without catastrophe. Therefore, my non-motor cycling sisters, take heart; pluck up courage and, by hook or by crook, procure a reliable motor bike and enjoy as many holidays on it as I have done, and hope still to do. I have covered nearly the whole of Devon and Cornwall at various times on my motor bike, and yet I am contemplating another tour there, so tightly do these two counties fasten their tendrils round one's heart. One of my favourite corners is the north-west coast of Devon, and the road from Bideford to Bude; on that route one should not forget to turn right at several points in order to revel in the beauties of Clovelly, Hartland, Little Welcombe, and Morwenstow, with its fine old church and whitewashed inn facing the wide bay. At Clovelly there's a pretty apple-faced, blue-eyed woman with a slow, soft voice; at her cottage I have called for tea so frequently that she now knows me well. Such a wonderful repast does one obtain for one-and-six that one goes on one's way like a giant refreshed. Ham and eggs, home-made bread, scones, jam, a large dish of Devonshire cream, delicious yellow butter; all these dainties are spread before one by this smiling country-dweller, who will provide a night's lodging, supper and breakfast all for a modest 5s 6d. I can see the bedroom now, with its cosy pink curtains at the window, and a view over Bideford Bay, with Lundy in the distance. How much pleasanter is such a resting-place than luxurious hotels with their stuffy, cigary atmosphere. All over the country comfortable accommodation is to be found if one just knows the ropes a little; if any interested woman motor cyclist thinks of following my example—and I can strongly recommend it for an enjoyable holiday—she can write to me for some addresses, and I shall be only too happy to supply them, so eager am I for others to taste of the joy to be derived from a solo motor cycle tour. With a sound machine, good weather and a light heart, I guarantee a delightful holiday and a return to the everyday routine, refreshed in body and mind, full of fresh air, vigour, and with a brain full of fragrant memories to gladden the days ahead.

“THE REGULATIONS FOR THE Ilkley Club's Steeplechase held last Saturday provided that machines could be ridden without silencers. That they could also be ridden without footrests, mudguards and many parts usually found on a modern motor cycle proved unofficially but equally true very soon after the start of the event. The club has secured, on private ground near Addingham, a half-mile circuit which included everything but level going. It was mostly grassland, with hills and hollows, and two watersplashes. Starting off with a stretch just good enough to space out the riders, the course led to a steep, grassy slope, down which the he-men rode and the others otherwise; then came the first splash, aptly named 'Stopsem'. And stop 'em it did. At least, the exit did. The climb out was up a slippery bank with a sharp left turn. The greater the power the more the wheel-spin. It was here that in the 350cc final in the fifth lap TE Flintoff passed N Walker. On the next and last lap Flintoff had the pleasure of seeing Walker make the first getaway from the mess they were in jointly, and go on to win. The word 'pleasure' is used in respect of Flintoff on account of the grin which never seems to leave his cherubic countenance. About forty yards farther was an innocent-looking ledge which happened to be the top of the rise. A week previously TF Leake had watched Herr Kronfeld glide from a nearby hill, and he apparently wished to emulate the German [Robert Kronfeld was actually Austrian. Having made the first 100km glider flight he had just arrived in England to make demo flights. Kronfeld was Jewish; when the Nazis came to power he became a British citizen, joined the RAF and rose to the rank of Squadron Leader, winning the Air Force Cross for his work on military gliders]. His Velocette certainly rose into the air for about a yard, but, unlike the glider, didn't

stay up. Then followed a one-way traffic track to the titbit, 'Wetsam', a nasty boulder-bordered splash with a nice, juicy, muddy hairpin to follow. Among the notables to grovel in the mud was TE Flintoff. Some useful spadework had carved out a winding track up what would probably have been an unclimbable bank. People with smooth back tyres were forcibly reminded of their remissness. H Fearnside (348cc Norton) made a most spectacular outside-edge climb around the banking, with worried look and waving legs. **Results:** Under 350cc—1, N Walker (340cc Rudge); 2, TE Flintoff (348cc AJS); 3, DB Midgley (343cc Velocette). Over 350cc—1, TE Flintoff (493cc Sunbeam); 2, C Helm (493cc Sunbeam); 3, GE Milnes (596cc Scott). Unlimited—1, C Helm (493cc Sunbeam); 2, N Walker (340cc Rudge); 3, TE Flintoff (493cc Sunbeam). “



“Very anti-skid! Spikes in the front tyre as well as the rear are favoured by some grass-track riders. This exponent of the art is Sir James Croft (AJS), who is seen competing in a Herefordshire event.”

“A NEW SCOTTISH UNION of the Aberdeen and District, Dufftown, Elgin, Inverness, Kinlochleven and Lochaber clubs has been formed—and will be known as the North of Scotland MC—for the purpose of encouraging and fostering reliability trials and speed events in the Highlands. The first event in the calendar of the new club is a one-day trial for solo machines.”

“THAT ENTERPRISING CLUB, the Carshalton MCC, is holding its motor sports at Carshalton on Bank Holiday...The clubs invited to participate are Streatham, Sutton, Leatherhead, Croydon, Oozelum and Woking, and Kingston. The events which have made this meeting such a success



for the past three years are being retained, while a football match and a sidecar race should add an even greater interest."

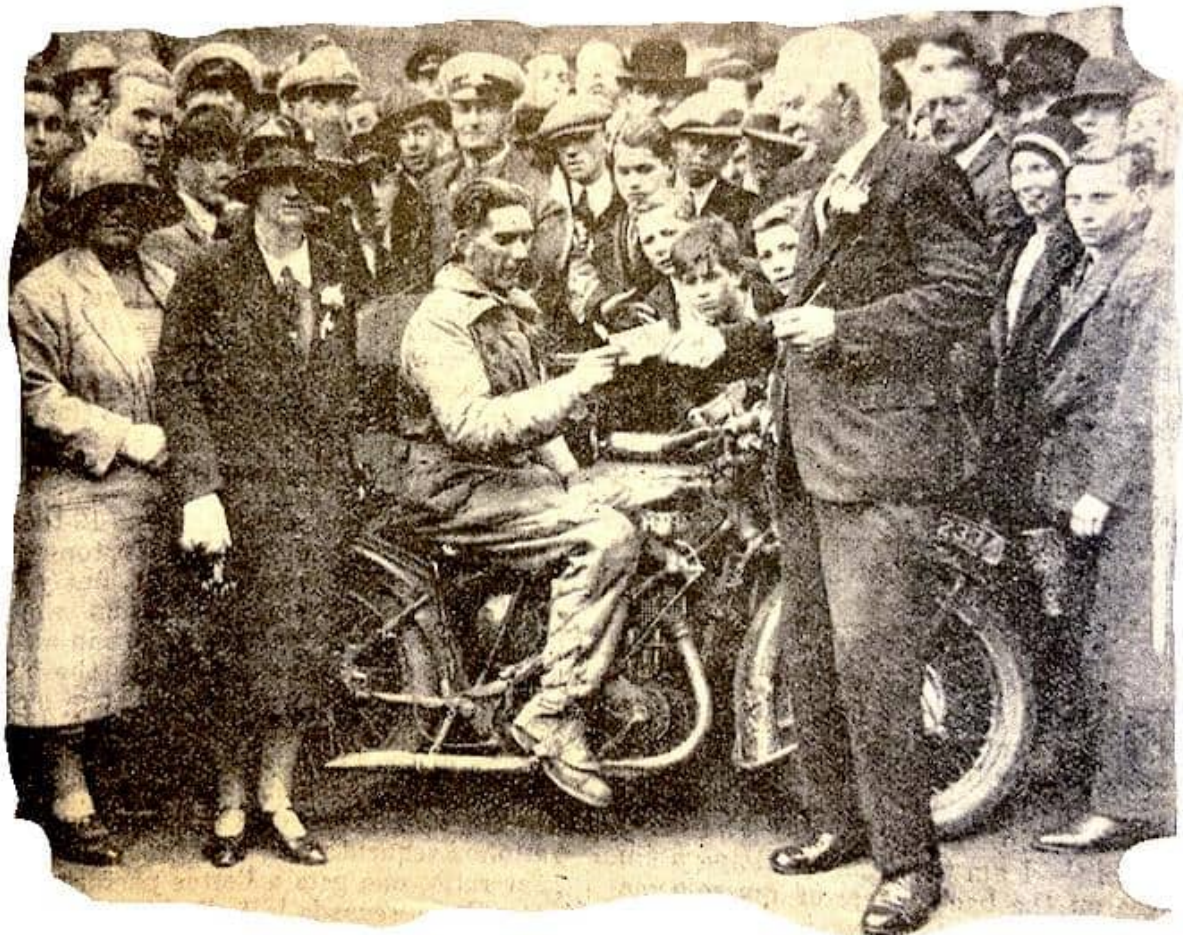
"HAS IT BEEN BEATEN? What is the motor cycle long-jump record?' is a question that is being asked by gymkhana enthusiasts. In 1924 'Bonzo' Heath jumped 41ft 6in on his Henderson at Camberley."

"SPEED ON A LAKE-BED. A number of long-distance American records were broken recently by Art Olsen and Leif Rosenberg (Super X) on the Muroc Dry Lakes course in California. They averaged 54.5mph for 24 hours."

"JUST A FEW! According to the National Automobile Chamber for Commerce, New York, there were 34,876,837 motor vehicles in the world at the end of last year, 76% of this number being in use in the United States...One motor vehicle to every 4½ persons is the average in the USA. The world average is one to 54½."

"A DANISH INCREASE. Danish imports increased from 2,110 motor cycles in 1928 to 3,245 in 1929, Great Britain contributing some 60%, with America and Germany as her nearest rivals."

"MAKING THE WAY EASY. To help visitors to the International Exhibition at Liège, Belgium, the Liège Motor Union is posting competent mechanics on all roads leading to the Exhibition."



"Journey's end. Mr J Gill recently returned to England on his Vincent-HRD outfit, after riding to Australia and back, a distance of 23,000 miles. The picture shows him at Australia House, London, handing a letter to Mr Trumble, who deputised for the Australian High Commissioner." *[If you've arrived here via 1929 you'll already know about Gill's expedition, which was to have a*



*significant effect on British motor cycling because he picked up an Aussie pillion passenger by the name of Phil Irving.]*

“FOR MANY A LONG YEAR,” Ixion confided, “my favourite stretch of road has been the crossing of Dartmoor, going west from Moreton Hampstead to Tavistock. I know it at all hours of the day and night, and in all weathers—even snowbound in mid-winter, when it was only possible to get up or down the hill by riding in the gutters, and when drifts blocked the road on the higher ground. I crossed it again last week, and was saddened to find that in the interests of motor coaches the road is being widened, and the corners reft of their hedges and refitted with metal fencing. I suppose there are really far more interesting roads, and that my passion for it is based on the fact that in the early days a unique sense of pride was the result of struggling across it on a single gear with a fluffy engine. But how dull these ‘safe’ roads always are! The pessimists say that one of these days we shall see a concrete-walled motor coach speedway cut straight as a die through the Cheddar Gorge; but, though things must inevitably get a bit worse, Progress can’t really make us vandals to the core.”

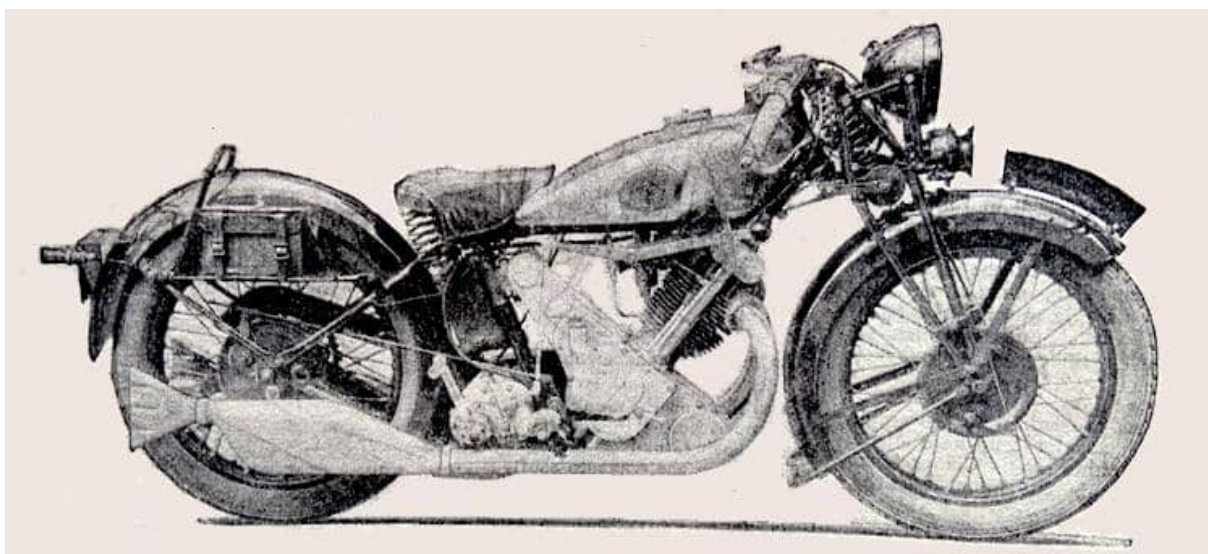


“A party of Jewish motor cyclists who rode from Palestine to Antwerp to attend the World Olympiad of the Macibi organisation. At various points on the route they were feted by local Jewish organisations. Many rode British machines.”

## 1930 MODELS ON THE ROAD.

“HOW DOES THE AVERAGE rider interpret the phrase ‘sports model’ or ‘sports engine’? And what does he expect from such a machine? Surely the answer is: a high maximum speed coupled with rapid acceleration. In other words, if a rider purchases a sports machine, as distinct from a touring model, he expects to be able to leave the tourist behind just when and where he likes, to have power still in band, and to have an engine which will withstand the

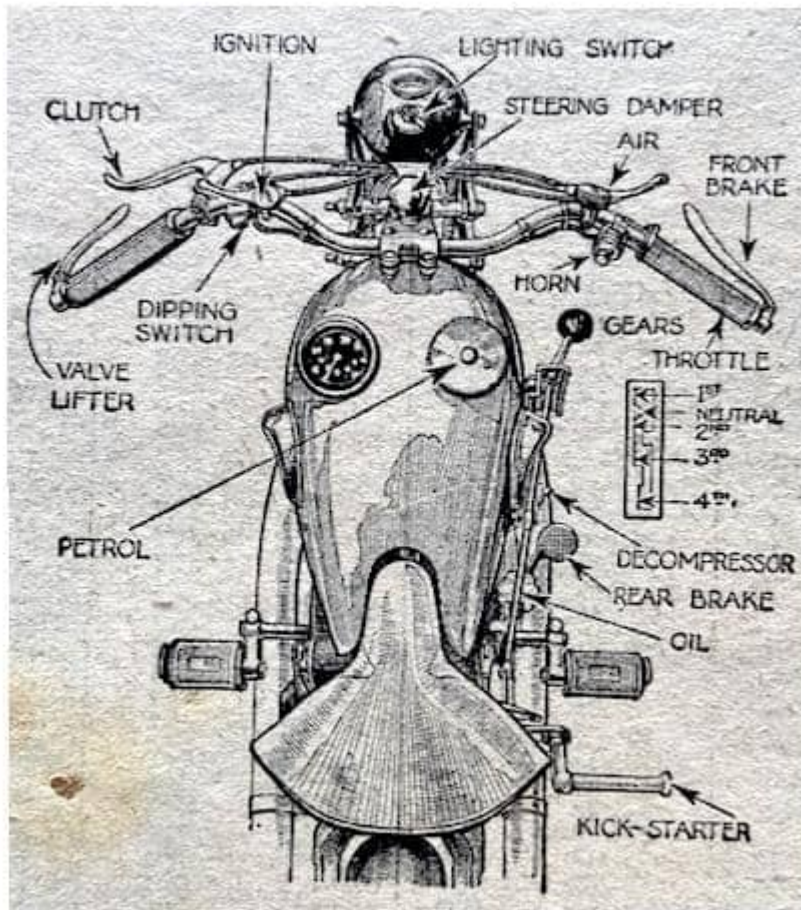
sustained use of large throttle openings. In many cases, however, the touring machine has a number of advantages over the contrasting type, and the rider of a sports mount, though he may attain his primary object of speed and acceleration, often thereby sacrifices many desirable qualities which are to be found on most touring machines. For example, the sports mount may be lacking in silence when the throttle is opened to that extent. Again, high efficiency is often obtained at the expense of flexibility. Thus it sometimes happens that the sports rider can only comfortably make full use of his machine's qualities on very open roads; his high-efficiency engine is a source of uneasiness of mind when he is traversing towns and villages. The 598cc four-speed P&M Redwing is a sports machine. In the same breath it may be said that it is also a touring machine. No ordinary touring model, whether side-valve or ohv, could be quieter or more genuinely flexible. On the other hand, very, very few standard sports mounts could have better acceleration or a higher maximum speed. The Redwing will do a smooth and easy twenty in top gear. Its acceleration from 30 to 40mph (still in top gear) is as good as from 40 to 60; it is equally good from 60 to 75. In other words, the throttle can be opened steadily from 25-30mph in top gear, and the engine will go right through its speed range in an almost incredibly short space of time. There is no thump or snatch about it, and no vibration; simply sheer, smooth pulling (very Reminiscent of a 1,000cc twin), which has to be experienced to be believed. Maximum speed on the Redwing tested was found to be approximately 75mph. With favourable road and wind conditions, a little more speed was obtainable, but 75 constituted the useful, all-round maximum which could be attained without fuss under almost any conditions. One of the amazing things about the engine was that hills—quite steep hills—made very little difference to its maximum. During part of the test the rider tried the machine on a long main-road hill with a gradient varying from 1 in 10 to 1 in 13, and on this ascent it was found that the engine had a definite peaking point in third gear at exactly 60mph. This fact was duly registered about half-way up the climb. Then, as an experiment, a change was made into top gear; the rider's amazement can well be imagined when the machine accelerated to very nearly 70. Truly, the latest Redwing engine delivers power in abundance; power, too, which is both smooth and quiet. For an overhead-valve engine with moderately high compression, the exhaust was abnormally quiet. During another part of the test the speedometer needle passed the 70 mark more than once, and yet a colleague who was riding behind for much of the time said he



“Of striking and graceful appearance—the P&M ‘Redwing’.”

could not hear the Redwing's exhaust at any speed. Mechanically, the Redwing was silent except for a 'tap-tap' from the timing chest; there were no whirrs, clatter, or other mechanical noises whatever. Throughout the test the fuel used was a fifty-fifty mixture of Racing Shell and ordinary Shell petrol. The engine had a plate beneath the cylinder barrel, giving a compression ratio of 6.5 to 1. The oiling system functioned perfectly, and an inspection at the end of the test of over 800 miles showed that the rocker- and valve-gear had been receiving ample lubricant, and also that no tappet or other adjustments were necessary. Fuel consumption for the whole test—made mainly at fairly high speed—averaged approximately 77mpg. With so fine a top-gear performance available, the four-speed gear box was in the nature of a luxury, but it was a fine example of how excellent a motor cycle gear box can be. First, the box was absolutely silent on all its ratios. Some people look upon gear changing as a necessity; others regard it as a pleasure; in any case, it all depends upon the box. In this instance, in traffic at all events, the rider changed more often than was strictly necessary, just for the pleasure of meshing pinions without a sound. This could be done every time by double-declutching when changing up. When changing down with the machine decelerating and the engine ticking over at a given speed, it was possible literally to glide through the ratios provided the right moment was chosen for each as speed decreased. It is a box which immediately earns the full appreciation of an enthusiast. It has already been shown that the Redwing could attain high speeds in a very short space of time; its deceleration was equally good. There was not a trace of harshness anywhere in the braking system. Maximum braking efficiency on the rear wheel required just pleasantly firm pressure on the pedal. On the front wheel very fine degrees of retardation could be obtained; the lightest touch would bring the brake into action, and its efficiency would increase steadily as more pressure was exerted; yet maximum efficiency could be obtained with the use of only two fingers on the lever. Both brakes were absolutely silent in operation. Generally speaking, the Redwing's steering was faultless, but, owing to the amount of weight on the front wheel, the machine was apt to become tail-light when encountering bumps at speed. Thus, although the front wheel, if left to its own devices, would continue in a straight line, it was not always allowed to do so if some of the rider's weight was suddenly thrown on to one handle-bar by a bump when, say, a change was being made from third to top gear. Accordingly, the steering damper was called into action, and after a few miles with this in use its existence was forgotten, for it was found that the machine did not have a tendency to wander at low speeds with the damper in action; indeed, it could be steered quite straight with one hand at 3mph, while at the other end of the speed range the Redwing could now be ridden with confidence and put right over on corners. A word may be said in conclusion about the ease with which the Redwing can be cleaned. The chromium plating on the tank and other bright parts speak for themselves, of course; the frame, chain guards, and wheels are easy to get at (incidentally, the front wheel stand can be brought into action in about three seconds without any weight-lifting feats), and for the rest—a little petrol and a brush. The engine does not sling oil. In less than half an hour the Redwing Panther can be converted from a travel-mud-stained motor cycle into a show model.





"The 598cc P&M 'Redwing'

Panther."

"THE 250CC MACHINE HAS...been developed until, although still handy and reasonably light, now has a road performance quite as good as that of the 500cc motor cycle of ten years ago...there are more people with short purses than long ones...250s are cheaper to buy and...tax than a 500, but how much have the questions of weight, ease of starting and general handiness affected the matter? Would purchasers of these machines buy a larger model if they could afford it? In our opinion the majority would not do so, because in return for their sacrifice of doc and general ease of handling they would receive only speed. And on the road today speed, if it be in excess of 60mph—which many 250s can attain—is to all intents valueless. What does matter, however, is acceleration, and in this the question of weight is introduced. But lightness, while in these respects of the utmost importance, is not without its objections, since speaking generally, the less a machine weighs the worse is its road-holding. Sooner or later there will be—indeed, there must be—a reaction; motor cycles, instead of growing heavier year by year, will by scientific design and the use of light alloys actually become lighter (already there are signs of this in the coming TT), and the most pressing problem confronting the TT designer is not so much that of finding any additional horse-power as that of evolving a machine that will hold the road. In this lies the future of the high-speed racing machine and, what is quite as important, the future of the lightweight touring machine."

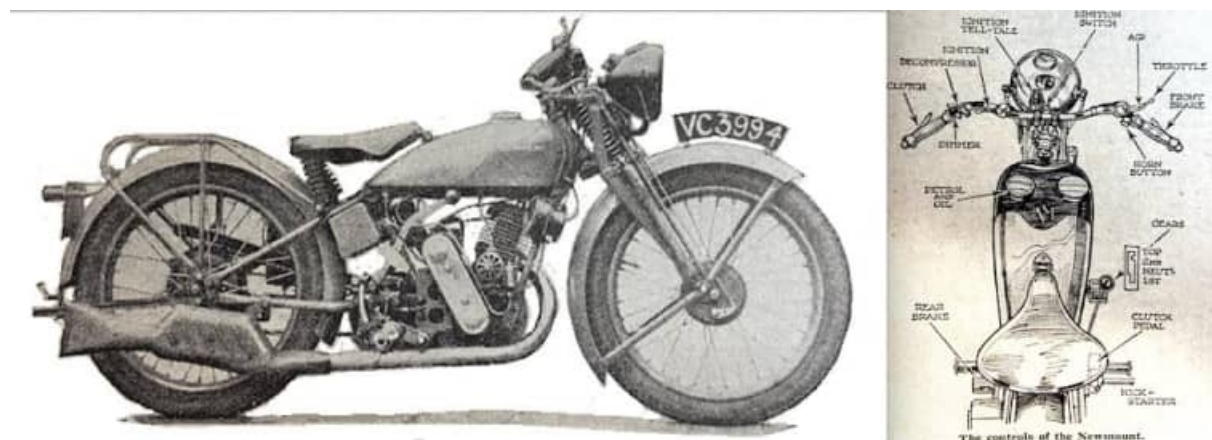
1930 MODELS ON THE ROAD.





UNDOUBTEDLY there is a potential market for a machine in which comfort and flexibility count far above sheer performance. Opinions differ as to whether it may or it may not be made into a very large market, but there can at least be no doubt that there are a great many people who will buy a really sound utility machine or something approaching it. This 'ideal' cannot be given a definite specification. Some people would be happy to pay a large sum for a smooth, flexible and fast machine with a spring frame, while others would set £40 as their absolute price limit. In this second category can be placed the 198cc Newmount two-stroke, a type which will not appeal to everyone, but which forms one distinct attempt to solve the utility machine problem. The Newmount is intended entirely as a utility or touring machine with a comfortable yet not extravagant performance, with a good standard of road comfort for its size, with an engine which starts easily and pulls well at low speeds, and with sturdy and well-made fittings. The machine is of German origin, and is the product of a firm renowned for its two-stroke models\*, but it has been modified in detail for the British market. The result is a machine which, except for slight differences, such as the wider bars and in the riding position, conforms very largely to British ideals. The colour scheme—beige and blue—may appear unusual on first sight, but this again is the result of a different 'bringing up' which the machine has had. Perhaps the most outstanding feature of the Newmount is its pulling power at slow speeds. When the machine is first mounted its size and comparative weight tend to make the rider forget the small engine capacity, and he takes the performance as normal. As a matter of fact, the unit is over-gearred in comparison with British practice, the top ratio being as high as 5¼ to 1, and this makes the machine a most comfortable one to ride. Top-gear flexibility is excellent, though the pick-up from very low speeds is naturally not very rapid, for a two-stroke's mixture is never very certain at low revolutions. A good-sized outside flywheel assists very largely in this certain slow running, just

as it slows to some extent the acceleration. There is no doubt, however, which of the two is the more useful trait in a machine of this type. The engine is capable, at the other end of the scale, of quite high revolutions, giving the Newmount a maximum speed of between 45 and 48mph, and it will hold a speed of about 38mph indefinitely without showing any signs of overheating or of drying-up. It was driven, in fact, very hard during the test, and, as the engine had been properly run in, treated as a much larger machine. A second noticeable feature was the size of the machine. At no time did it give the impression of being what used to be termed an ultra-lightweight, and it 'stayed put' on the road at all speeds. Nevertheless, in spite of the general solidarity, its weight is quite low, and certainly comes, when fully equipped—but with empty tanks—well within the 224lb taxation limit. Large tyres and a very comfortable saddle—a Dunlop—make it pleasant to ride over long distances, though the steering seems to be just a shade too light for the ordinary rider. This point, in conjunction with the width of the bars, at first caused the machine to wobble a little at speeds in excess of 35mph, a result purely of over-steering. Gear changing



is a delightfully easy and straightforward task, and the lever, except in low gear, is well out of the way of the knee. There is no possibility of 'missing' a gear, as there is a gate mounted on the box itself. All changes could be made silently and easily at any engine revolutions. The clutch, too, was light and smooth, though it was inclined to drag if held out for any length of time. The auxiliary foot-operated clutch control was a great help in quick gear changing, though at first it was inclined to be overlooked in favour of the normal lever. All the gears were silent, and there was no unpleasant hum from the primary chain. Petroil lubrication, which at one time was so popular for two-strokes, is used on the Newmount, and the trouble of arranging for the purchase of half a pint of oil with every gallon of petrol is compensated for by the knowledge that the engine is being lubricated in an efficient manner. It is, in any case, a no-trouble method, and the two old bugbears of the system—blow-back and difficult starting—do not appear. An air cleaner does away with the possibility of any mess from the first-named cause, and, by the simple expedient of running the engine so that the carburetter is empty before garaging for the night, the second trouble can be forestalled. The tank holds two gallons of fuel, enough for more than 200 miles at the average consumption figures obtained. Oil consumption, of course, varies with that of the petrol, but should be about 1,600mpg. Both of the internal-expanding brakes were well up to their work, though they could have been improved with a little more power. Used together, they were safe and ample, but used separately were not quite capable of pulling the machine up quickly enough. That on the front wheel squealed rather badly when applied hard. A heel-operated pedal is used, and this should be a most convenient method of operation, but the lack of a stop caused it to be a long way from the rider's heel and inconvenient for use in an

emergency. Thanks in a large degree to the coil ignition, starting, with the engine either cold or hot, was ridiculously easy, but it was found advisable to use the air lever to some extent until the engine had properly warmed up. The exhaust was pleasantly silent—always a difficult attainment on a two-stroke machine. Altogether, the 198cc Newmount offers smooth and easy transit for the ‘utility’ rider.”

\*The mystery German manufacturer was Zündapp, Newmounts were assembled in Coventry; the man behind the Newmount name was JK Starley Jnr, formerly of Rover—his dad invented the modern ‘safety’ bicycle and was, of course, a pioneer motor cycle manufacturer (the last Rover motor cycle had been built in 1925). The Newmount range also featured 248 and 298cc Zündapp two-strokes and 348/498cc ohv Python lumps made by Rudge.



This survivor, at the National Motorcycle Museum, shows off that beige-and-blue livery to advantage; it might have looked “unusual” in 1930; it seems to have been half-a-century ahead of its time.





This sign, which fetched £600 at auction a few years back, reminds us that the motor cycle industry knew all about effective marketing.

“IN YOUR CORRESPONDENCE columns there has recently been some correspondence with regard to ‘stop’ signals and direction indicators for motor cycles. Having ridden on the Continent for some time, my advice is: Don’t fit indicators and don’t ask for them. They are in general use here and are only of use when taking a side turning. On all other occasions, such as indicating that one is about to overtake or draw up, they are useless, confusing and misleading. For when following one always expects a signal from a car fitted with such indicators, and the driver in front is obliged to use them even when he merely intends to overtake. Intelligent given hand signals are much more readily understood, besides which, nobody can forget to take his hand down after a bend, but I have seen automatic indicators ‘standing’ for four or five hundred yards after the turn.”

**OLIVER F NASH**, Austria.

“I WONDER IF I MAY encroach on your valuable space to air a grievance? Why should schoolboys who own motor cycles have to take out a licence either yearly or quarterly when they only get four month’s holiday in the year – a month at Christmas and Easter and two months in the summer? And as it is not a complete calendar month, they cannot get a refund on a complete month without great inconvenience. Compulsory insurance will be the last straw! Surely the authorities could arrange for licences and insurance forms to be issued for a complete holiday? It would be a much more satisfactory arrangement. “

**FLOREAT CAMPERDOWNIA**, Berks.

“I WONDER IF ANY more of your readers have seen a machine which answers to the following description: The engine was a four-cylinder, probably of 1,000cc, apparently cast en bloc, in sets of two. The valve gear was operated by an overhead camshaft worked on the AJS principle with chain drive. The engine, together with a four-speed gear box, was housed in a duplex cradle frame of orthodox design. The machine had a chromium-plated saddle tank with grey panels. No name was visible anywhere. The machine looked quite British, and I wondered if it was a special job for the Everyman Trial. I might add it was the last word in starting and quiet running. As I did not have long to look at it I cannot vouch for this description, but I think it is fairly accurate.”

**D CASTLEY**.

THE AGE OF ROAD burners is not extinct—those days of sprint ‘Beams, big port Blackburnes, and quart tins slung behind, when the ‘white oil’ was hard to get. A select band of riders has, for

a decade past, run an unofficial 'TT' race over deserted country by-roads during odd hours of the day and night. The course is a three mile triangle, and its whereabouts a secret. The roads are tarred and narrow, and of varying gradient. Our lap record stands at 3min 41sec for the three miles, standing start; lap record attempts are the chief sport. Should other roadburners ever 'come down South' or to London we extend our cordial hospitality."

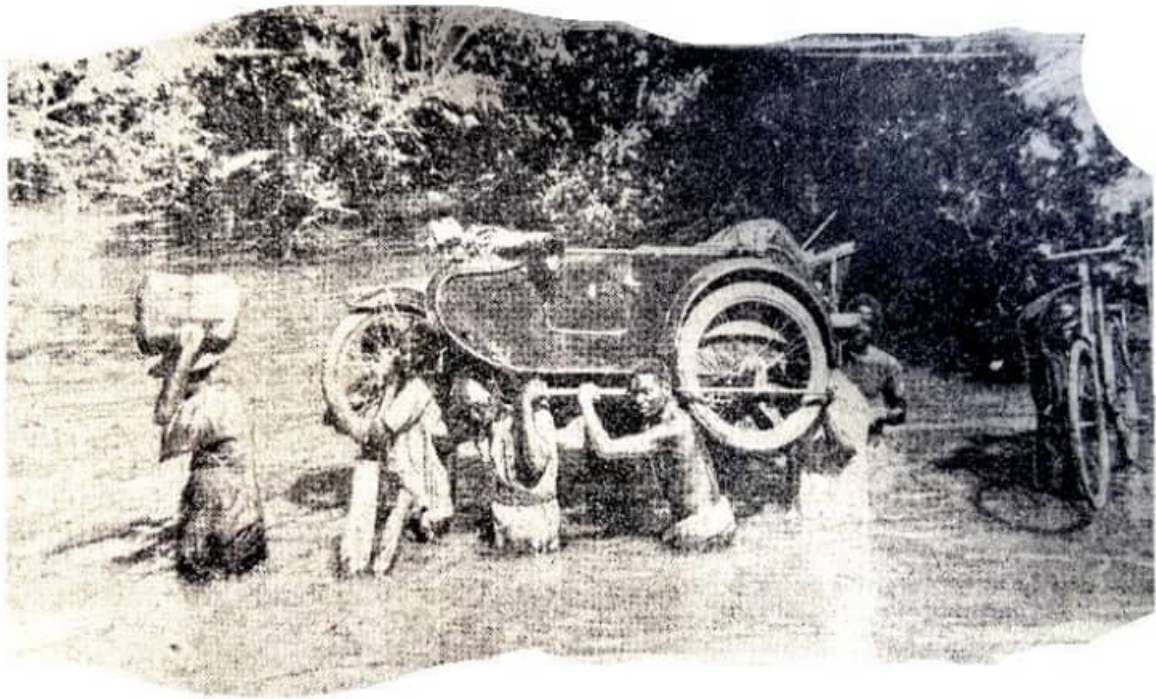
**JP PADDON pp SOUTHERN ROADBURNERS LTD.**

"THE SPORT OF IRISH ROAD RACING. In case any of the dirtrack boys are tempted to give up their profitable (?) occupation, I would like to remove the impression you give in your excellent report of the 'Athy 75' that road racing is a good business to-day. My expenses for the race were £11 0s 3½d exactly; for second place in the handicap I received £6 prize money and £5 elsewhere, so that you will see I lost, rather than made, a week's money. By Jove, though, give me Ireland and its road races for sport! Why the manufacturers do not support these events, which arouse such enthusiasm and interest in the Irish public, I cannot imagine. It is quite impossible to do justice in writing to the enthusiasm, sportsmanship, and hospitality of the Irish people who run these fine sporting. events, and I would like space in the Blue 'Un (which is, if anything, even more keenly looked forward to in Ireland than it is this side) to thank all those who were so kind to me, both in Ulster and the Free State event. Even the police are rare good fellows. Now that there are improved steamers on both the Belfast and Dublin routes I hope more English riders will face the journey with year and enjoy the best holiday ever and a real good blind, without the fear of being pestered with 'manner dangerous', 'excessive noise', 'did cause an obstruction', ad lib, as in the South of England."

**ERIC FERNIHOUGH.**

"ARE MOTOR CYCLES BETTER? Apropos the correspondence on the above subject, may I give my considered views on this matter as one bearing strongly on the prestige of the British manufacturer? The saddle-tank aspect of the discussion may be of more than passing interest. The honour, if such there be, for first popular use of this type of tank must certainly go to America, in common with gear-wheel primary drive, twist-grip quick-action control; 'de luxe' electric equipment, heavyweight front fork design, efficient lubrication systems, and many other points of merit which are only becoming familiar with our products after fifteen years' indolence. But there is one thing in which we may glory. We may accept with blushes the compliment paid us by Germany, the present acknowledged leader in two-wheeled sheer speed. Germany is to manufacture our dazzlingly original design under licence. She realises that the factor of safety at all speeds with a motor cycle can be amazingly increased when duplex steering is incorporated. Are motor cycles better? Would an OEC-Duplex rider revert to a pedal cycle? All speed and luck to their forthcoming attempt to beat 134mph as a maximum! At last England may claim to achieve with no small insignificance on a real design of brilliant merit and originality."

**JG HEYWOOD.**

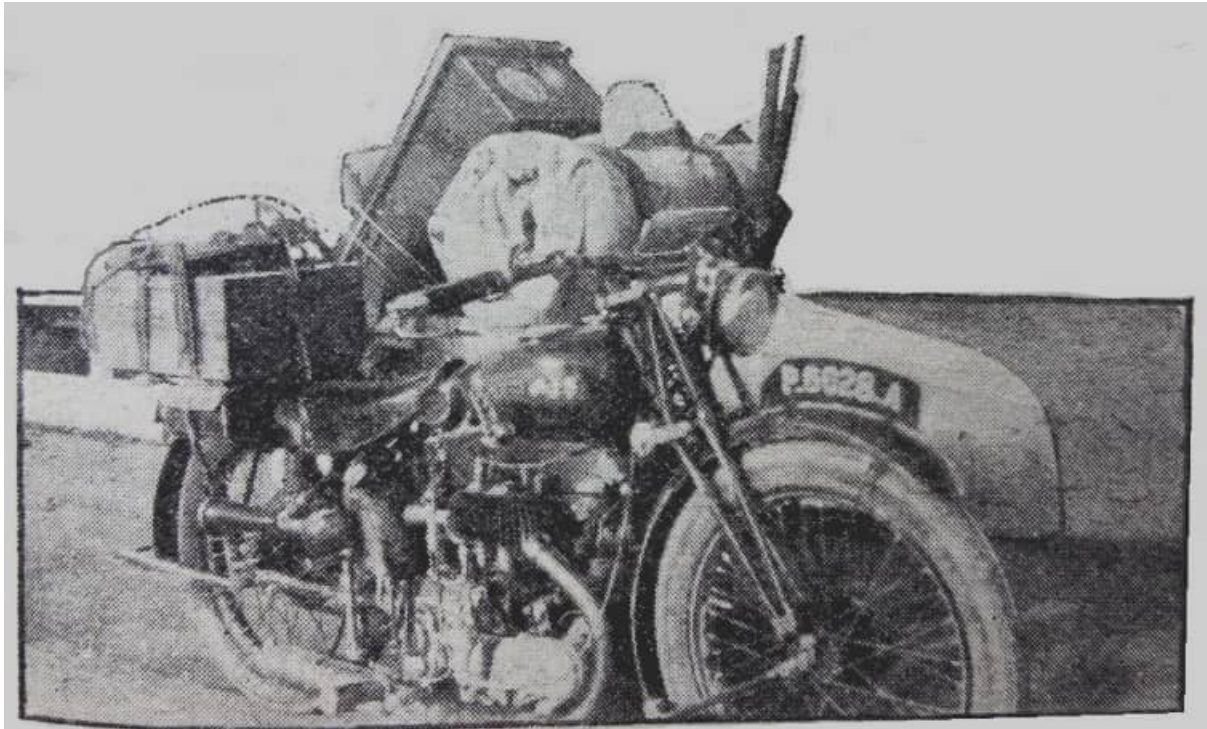


“Trials competitors—why get your magnetos full of water? Go to the South Rukuru River, North Nyasaland, and have your machines taken over splashes this easy way!”

“I CAME ACROSS THIS photo the other day and thought it might be of interest to you. It shows a 1929 348cc AJS which I had in India. The load consists of: 1 full-size uniform case (full), 1 valise with mattress, blankets, etc, 1 helmet case (full), 1 HMV gramophone (portable), 1 basin, 1 tarpaulin (12ft x 8ft), 1 bag golf clubs, 20 records, 1 pile of music (3in deep), 1 Sealyham (not visible, but expressing his feelings on the other side!), 2 gallons extra petrol, 1 gallon extra oil. I took this load from Ferozepur to Srinagar over the Banihal Pass (9,600ft), this time last year. From Ramban to the top, the machine was in second and bottom gears (mostly bottom) for four hours in an Indian sun. No trouble all the way. Pretty good chit, don't you think?

**C BULLARD.”**



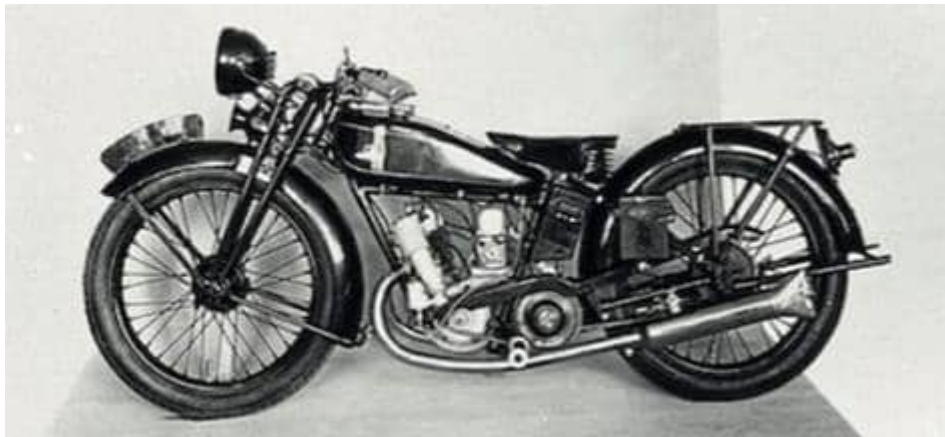


On the move in India with an Ajay combo.

“SURELY I AM THE most ardent motor cyclist alive? Ever since those days when I left school I have taken the good old Blue ‘Un—and with this, a little leisure, and a horribly vivid imagination to help me, have become one of the brotherhood. My machine is a two-port Model 9 ‘Beam. You wouldn’t believe the care I take of it. I treat it as one gentleman would another, and we get along splendidly. I find it rather a handful to manhandle (I m not exactly a Carnera), but once I’m astride—OK! Its deep-throbbing, gleaming beauty is the envy of all my friends and the joy of my heart. And then I wake up!—— blank. But my love for the stink-bus is not to be stifled. If I can’t gloat over my own, I can over those of other fellows. And I do. Each Sunday morning, weather permitting, I hie me to my favourite haunt (per push bike); this is situated some eight stiff hills out of Bromley going in the direction of Sevenoaks. At this point one may sit on top of a grassy hank, twenty feet back from the roadway, and get a clear view of nearly half a mile of slightly curving arterial road. Though usually teeming with coast bound traffic, it is, for the moment, deserted. I look with shielded eyes Londonwards. Ah! A little figure is coming gracefully, swiftly, round the bend. Nearer, nearer, and, as yet, in silence. With a slight vibrating sound he flashes by, a calm, happy fellow, lightly grasping the handlebar with one hand; he and his beautiful BSA as one. Forty—effortless—silent. And I, crouching like Denly, ‘lubricate’ my front brake with dripping perspiration at fifteen! Now the stream has started again. See, fleet Nortons, Velocettes (those mighty atoms); whining comets engined by Villiers; those black wonders—Sunbeams, AJS—and the splendid silver-tank brigade—BSA, Enfield, Montgomery, to name a few—and Cottons, Panthers, New Hudsons, Ariels, oh! all the whole lot; I love ‘em all! Cars! Pooh! Handsome certainly, and fast on the straight, but watch them overtaking, or rounding a bend. Slow, clumsy, heavy, leaning the wrong way as the wheel is pulled over! Why, it’s not scientific. Compare them. The motorist is overtaking a bus. He puts his hand out, and the car swings grandly out over the road, creeps forward, runs beside the speeding ‘bus for a long, long moment, and then gradually sweeps away. Now watch this laddie on the ‘Ivory’. A glance behind and ahead. All clear. He opens the throttle and swerves out. His motor responds joyfully. He leans gently to his left. It’s all over. What a difference—in effort, time, and safety! No wrenching

at a heavy wheel. No great pressure on pedal, trying to make a big, woolly engine accelerate like a super sports Barnett. No, just an infinitesimal movement of the right hand and a swaying of the body. Gosh! a bike for me, every time. I sigh a little, pick up my Blue 'Un and glance once again through it—through the Correspondence pages. Heavens! What a lot of moans! Unit construction—spring frames—more cylinders—why, a modern engine, single or twin, runs like a dynamo, and almost as quietly. Yet these people growl because once in months they have to dismantle chain cases to get at the gear box. Wheel-bounce—bosh ! At forty a hog-bus runs more sweetly than my pedal-bike at eight. Be thankful that you have a machine with a real saddle to bounce in, a real starter to jump on and a real throttle lever or grip to play with—instead of thin air, like mine.”

**LBH**, London, SE6.



Japanese cork

manufacturer Toyo Kogyo put a 250cc two-stroke motorcycle, into production and entered it in a race meeting at Chinkon-no Matsuri. To everyone’s surprise, it won. The company changed its name to Mazda.

“HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED what a quick-witted crowd motorcyclists are, especially those who ride in trials or other sporting events? Dullards and sluggards are never to be found among our ranks. Motorcycling is a wonderful training for the perception and senses. Practice in quick thinking on the road comes out in everyday life in a quick appreciation of a joke or an argument. With experience in riding comes a perfect co-ordination of eyes, brains and muscles. If you could watch a motorcyclist’s face as he rides along you would see that, as the railway passenger’s eyes range quickly from side to side, so do the rider’s eyes move up and down. He scans the road from far ahead to see if it is clear, down to just in front of his wheel to see what the surface is like. This process is continuous; from the general to the particular; having seen that he has 50 yards clear, he can examine the road to see what kind of going is immediately before him. When it is considered that this is carried out at comparatively high speed and that the results of the survey have to be communicated to the brain and the appropriate action taken, it will be seen what a degree of concentration is necessary. Other vehicles have to be noted; the contour of the road, the gradient, the distance from a corner, the running of the engine, when to change gear – all have to be borne in mind; and potholes, tramlines, dogs, children, wandering pedestrians, all have to be looked for. Yet so natural do all these tasks and the necessary precautions become that the rider has ample time to notice scenery and most objects on or around the road and to give signals and due concentration for other road users. The trials rider, in particular, is accustomed to making quick decisions as to how to handle the various types of surface he encounters. Practically every hill requires a different mode of attack, which may vary again according to the weather. A rider is confronted with a strange hill for the

first time. He is in the non-stop section, and, quick as thought can act, he must decide what to do, and do it! It is almost incredible how many details of a test hill can be absorbed when climbing quite fast. To the onlooker it may appear a wild dash, but the rider has probably chosen a particular path and is endeavouring to stick to it, at the same time steering to avoid the larger rocks. A striking demonstration of this point is afforded by climbing a stony hill close behind another man. It is extremely difficult to make a feet-up climb because the stones come into sight too late to avoid them. The racing man, of course, has the quickest wit of all, for it is a matter of necessity with him. In fact, it may be said that the capacity for quick thought is half the battle in successful speed work."

**DOUGLAS MACKAY**

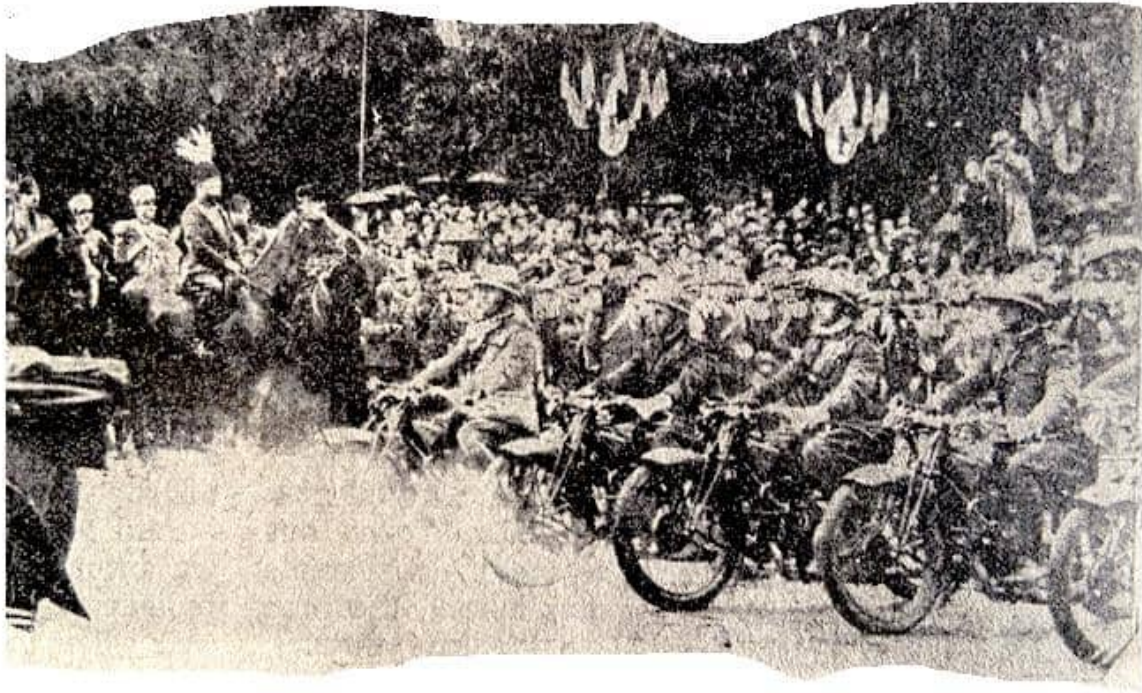


"Wood for the camp fire—a snap of the Scout Camp at Gilwell Park. (Right) Not TT machines at Douglas pier, but motor cycles owned and carried on their voyages by the crew of a London coasting barge. The photograph was taken in Poole Harbour."

"MY 680CC OHV SPRING-FRAME Brough Superior is a late 1929 model, the engine, being substantially the same as the 1930 unit. The sidecar is a Brough heavyweight touring body (No 14) on a No 5 chassis. Protection is afforded the passenger by a screen of ample height, and fitted with side extensions. The pleasing rear sweep of the sidecar bendy provides a roomy locker, and the rear panel is hinged. Stabilisers fitted both at front and rear add to the efficiency of the already excellent springing. The special 680cc ohv engine is amply powerful for fast, serious touring with the heavy sidecar, delivers its power smoothly throughout its entire speed range, and is capable of 70mph under such conditions. Eight mph on top gear may be indulged in without a suspicion of snatch. With sidecar gearing, which need not be absurdly low, 45mph can be maintained all day long, the engine being reasonably, quiet at such speed and delightfully 'silky'. Petrol consumption at speeds of 40-50mph, with laden sidecar, is 55mpg. Oil averages approximately 1,500mpg. Starting is easy. Decarbonising, a business requiring cleanliness but no special skill, is best undertaken at intervals of 2,500-5,000 miles, the engine remaining in situ and tank undisturbed. Engine tune is maintained with a minimum of adjustment, and such adjustment, when necessary, is easily made. It has been my experience, so far, that the maintenance cost should be low. The spring framed is conducive to long tyre life, and the rest of the machine appears too sturdily constructed to need frequent renewals. In every respect I find the machine a reliable, rock-steady and delightful mount to ride, and not too heavy if required for solo work.

**PM."**





“Signor Mussolini, on horseback, watches a detachment of army motor cyclists during a recent review in Milan, held to celebrate Italy’s entry into the Great War 15 years before.”

“WHAT IF MUSSOLINI HEARS? A new record has been established by Signor Parmigiani, of Parma, for, in spite of the loss of a leg, he holds the record for the greatest number of fines for excessive speed on a motor cycle in the whole of this Italian province.”

“AUTOMATIC TRAFFIC CONTROL signals are to be tried out at the corner of St Vincent Place and George Square, Glasgow.”

“HE SHOULD KNOW HOW! A ‘wall’ rider was summoned at Leek recently for driving negligently by letting go of the handlebars. The case was dismissed when he said he took his hands off to light the acetylene lamp, which had gone out.”

“HORSES TO STAY. The London Traffic Advisory Committee, states Mr Morrison, the Minister of Transport, recently considered the elimination of horse traffic from some of the busy streets in London, but came to the conclusion that the time is not yet ripe to put such a suggestion into effect.”

“AS A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE of certain British manufacturers curtailing, or relinquishing, racing, a number of leading racing men are seeking fortunes abroad. Every motor cyclist who is keenly interested in racing will have viewed with concern the ever-increasing number of famous British riders who are transferring their allegiance to foreign manufacturers as a result of the change of policy. On several occasions during 1930 we have found foreign machines, ridden—and often designed and tuned—by British men, winning races and breaking important records. In other words, British skill, hired by our foreign rivals, is being directed towards wresting from us our supremacy in the motor cycle world. It is unfair to blame the riders for this state of affairs. Some there may be who have been attracted abroad by offers of high remuneration, but in most cases the reason is their inability to find lucrative posts over here. British manufacturers are taking less interest in the racing game; there are fewer firms in the industry; and some of those

who have been supporting racing in 1930 have decided to disband their racing staffs. Riders, therefore, have in many instances no option; they must either forsake racing or seek their fortunes on the Continent.”



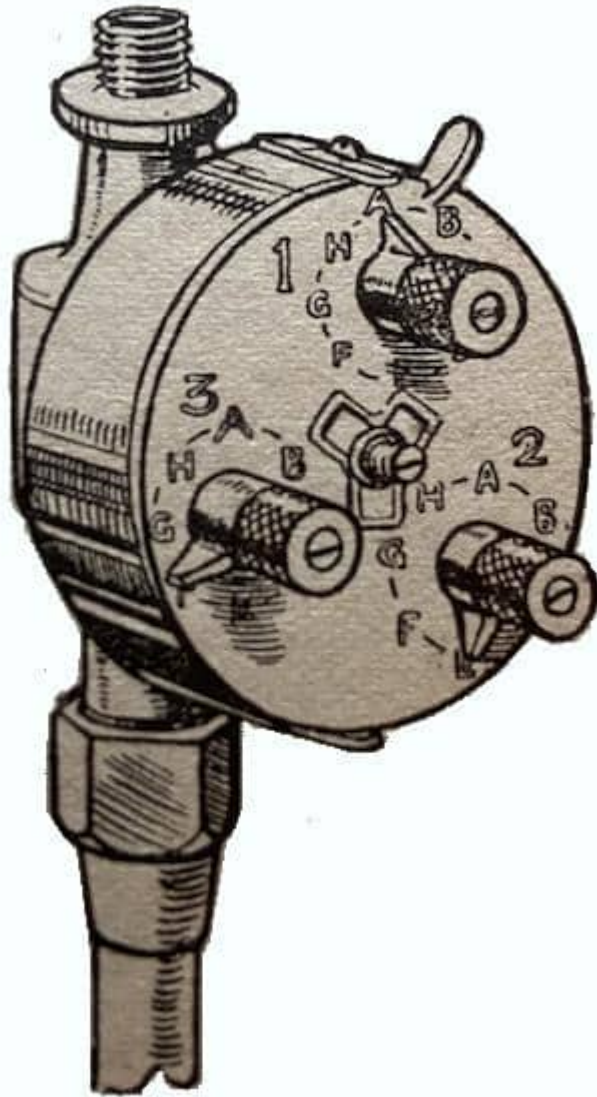
“Under the eiderdown, though you may not suspect it, there is an Ariel sidecar outfit. The owners took part in the Bromsgrove (Worcs) Carnival. (Right) A contrasting quartette, seen recently at Stockbridge, Northumberland. The ‘penny-farthing’ has been in use for 50 years.”

“THE OFFICIAL GERMAN export returns show that 83 German motor cycles were exported to England during last March.”

“EMBANKMENT BANK EMBARRASSMENT. There is the possibility of a definite strain being imposed on one’s bank balance, writes a reader, when proceeding along the Thames Embankment between Chelsea and Albert bridges. Two mechanically minded gentlemen persist in inspecting brakes and silencers.”

“OUR SPEED CRAZY BIRDS. A robin has built a nest and hatched five eggs in the pit telephone box at the Southampton dirt track! The nest is within a few inches of the bell of the telephone, which is used at every meeting.” [It still happens. My mate Art looks after the Wight Warriors track at Smallbrook Stadium on the Isle of Wight; a couple of years back a bird nested on the engine of the tractor he uses to look after the track, clearly unphased by the noise and heat of the big diesel. It successfully raised a brood of chicks.]

“KNOWN AS THE LANCHESTER AUTOBLAST, an ingenious accessory lately placed on the market automatically sounds the electric horn on a car when a sudden application of the brakes has to be made.”



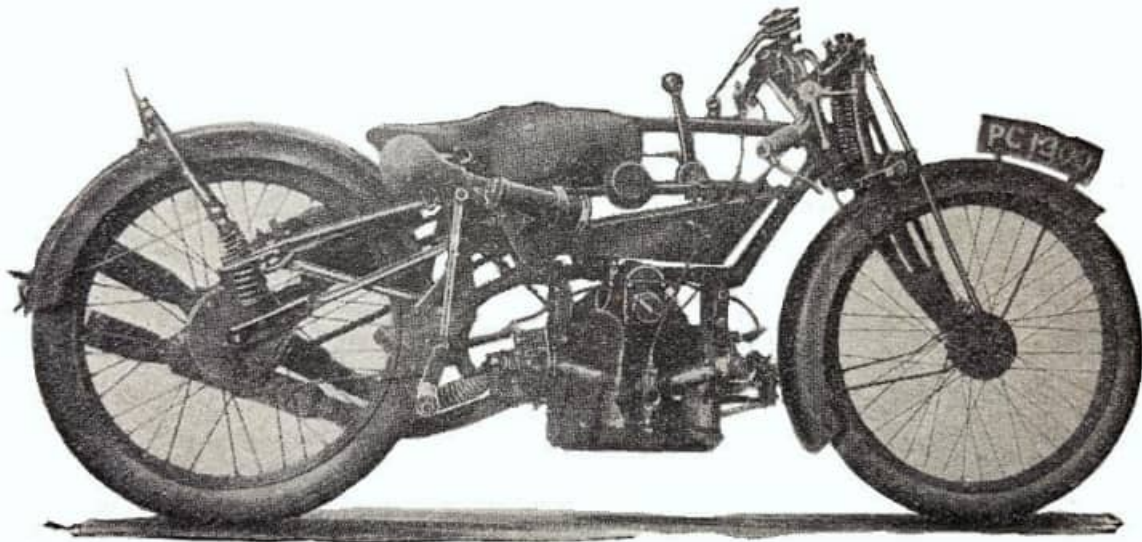
Petrol theft is nothing new—Beta Manufacturing of Shipley, Yorks came up with a fuel tap incorporating a combination lock.

“EVER SINCE THE WORLD BEGAN, mankind has taken a peculiar interest in his own creative ability, and, no matter how crude and unorthodox the finished article may appear to alien eyes, the old pride of achievement is never really dispelled. Only a keen motor cyclist can tell how much his old bus means to him, and only a motor cyclist can tell how very much more a machine which he has actually built himself means to him. What other people say or think about the child of his brain and hands worries him little, for the artist recognises. only one competent judge of his work, and that is himself. When my brother and I first hit upon the idea of building a motor cycle we were at first inclined to regard the actual process of manufacture as being decidedly tedious. As time went on, however, we made the discovery that there was no more pleasant way of passing a gloomy winter’s evening than in the snug warmth of our workshop, busy thinking out and making various parts of the bus. And all the time a feeling of eager anticipation as to the final results gave added zest to the work. Naturally, a fairly complete workshop is necessary for the amateur manufacturer, and a lathe, grinder, drilling machine, and powerful brazing hearth are essential. My brother and myself count ourselves lucky to have a useful collection of tools, and power machinery saves us a great deal of time and trouble in



overcoming what might have otherwise proved hopeless tasks. In each case, so far, we have used an ordinary engine and gear box, employing an old frame cut about altered to suit our requirements. There are many parts which are scarcely worth making at home, such as forks, steering heads, and so forth, and in these instances we always used parts from 'stock'. The amount of low cunning which one learns after a while, in order to make things fit, is amazing; and some really Heath Robinsonian ideas have occasionally had to be resorted to. Our first effort was to put an old 1912 7-9hp Indian engine in an ABC frame. The motor was fitted across the frame, and coupled through the faked-up remains of the ABC clutch to the four-speed gear box. The result was both startling and unorthodox. Spending odd evenings and week-ends on the job, it took us about four months to complete—and about three weeks to wreck. In the first place, we had not allowed for the fact that the 1,000cc engine, though aged, was by no means weak, and had about twice as much power as any modern five-hundred. The result was that when the rider gave the old bus too much gas the spring frame used to bend round at something approaching right angles! A few struts and braces remedied that minor trouble, but one thing we never did cure was the enormous vibration. At anything over thirty the whole machine used to quiver like a metallic jelly, and the filler caps, number plates, and other more or less lightly fitted components were wont to drop off in the road. After about ten miles of that sort of thing we used to heave-to and do a spot of refitting. Meanwhile the rider would be so thoroughly shaken up that it took about ten minutes for him to get his circulation functioning again! Another point was the fact that, owing to the engine being set across the frame, the tremendous torque effect made it impossible for anyone but a circus strong man to pull the bike round a right-hand bend! Finally a slight misunderstanding with the oil pump, entailing a broken piston and badly scored 'pot', put paid to the ABC-Indian account. Our next, and probably most successful, venture was the 'Zenith-Bradshaw Special'. An old 498cc flat-twin oil-cooled Bradshaw engine was taken from the frame of a 1922 Zenith, and, after various 'hotting-up' operations, such as the fitting of high-compression pistons, larger valves, and strengthened valve gear, we turned our attention to a suitable frame. This time, with the exception of the steering head and front forks, we built the whole thing from steel tube. It has a spring frame, which has never been known to work, and altogether looks something like a model of the Forth Bridge. With the exception of the head, there is no bracing anywhere, the whole thing being bolted with specially shouldered bolts. A Sturmey-Archer gear box is fitted, à la DT Douglas, under the saddle. This machine has a really high maximum speed, and, except for a slight tendency to break its con rods—it has broken three—gives no trouble whatever. Our third and last (so far, although we are contemplating a further outbreak in the near future) was the ABC-Blackburne. Once more we dragged the old ABC frame into the light of day and fitted a 1924 racing 348cc Blackburne engine, taken from a New Henley of that year. The motor was laid nearly flat in the frame, and, to get over the carburettor difficulty, a special adaptor was made, to carry the float chamber in the upright position. Contrary to everyone's pessimism, it worked perfectly. We scrapped the old ABC spring frame and front forks, fitting the New Henley back forks, with alterations to give a somewhat shorter wheelbase, and utilised Webb racing front forks. A Burman close-ratio gear box was employed. With pukka dirt-track bars, saddle and footrest well to the rear, a small sprint tank and sweeping exhaust system, the model had quite a Brooklands appearance. The steering was excellent, although we were again troubled by vibration at high revs. A mass of bracing members cured this to some extent, but, owing to the method of engine slinging, we were never able to cure it entirely. This particular bus caused immense interest wherever she went, although not nearly so much as was aroused over the old ABC-Indian. The Blackburne was really fast and had tremendous acceleration. Unfortunately, the ABC frame appeared to be dogged by some sort of jinx, for after two or three months the motor went dead. The crankpin

insisted on coming out, and although we pinned it in place the same trouble would occur after a few miles. That frame has now burst three engines, for its own ABC engine only lasted a short while before it blew up. No matter what results we gained on the road, the trouble has always been worth while, for in experience we have gained far more in a year than we could ever have accumulated in five years of ordinary motor cycling. And incidentally, we can now heartily sympathise with those unfortunates, the real manufacturers who have to cater, not for the eccentric idiosyncrasies of two, but for the manifold fads of thousands!”—Philip C Goodman



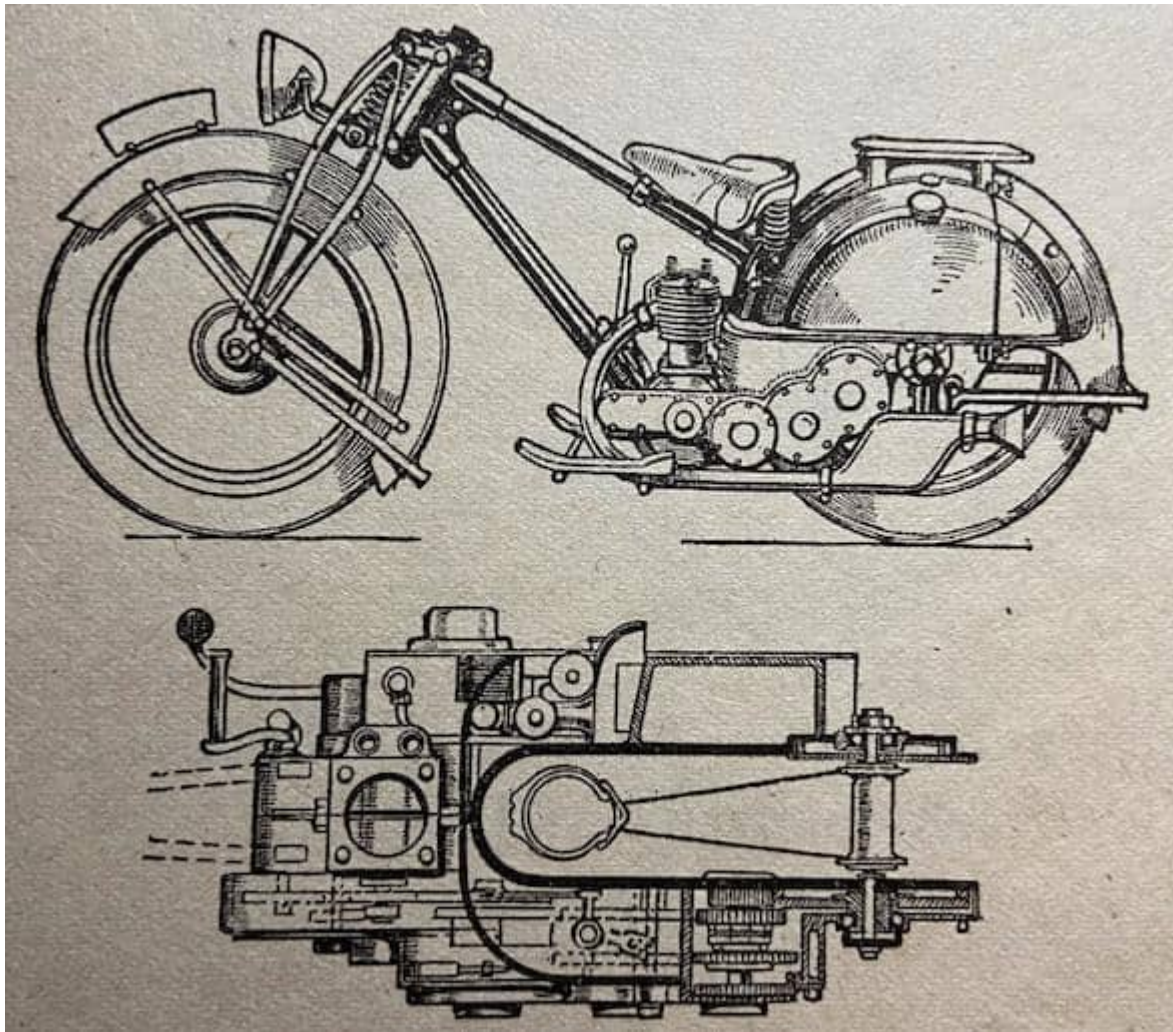
“The ‘Zenith-Bradshaw Special’.”

“MAGISTRATE DENOUNCES TRAPPING. Last Friday, Mr, Snell, the Old Street magistrate, in dealing with motorists summoned for exceeding the speed limit, said he had never liked speed traps; the motorist was entirely at the mercy of the officers engaged. ‘How,’ he continued, ‘can a motorist when caught in a dishonest trap defend himself? He cannot do it.’ He dealt with three cases by ordering the defendants to pay only the cost of the summons.”

“EDGAR WALLACE BEATEN! An unusual method of recovering a motor cycle alleged to have been obtained by fraud was adopted recently by JL Love and Co, of Bromley, Kent. This concern sent a postcard giving details of the machine—a 1930 ohv Triumph—to every dealer advertising in The Motor Cycle of May 22nd. Shortly afterwards they received a telephone call from the Reading Motor Exchange, who stated that the machine was at that moment being offered to them. The result was that the machine was recovered and an arrest made.”

PRIZE MONEY AT THE German Grand Prix was a substantial £50, £30 and £15 for the first three home in each class—but if the 1,000cc boys were slower than the 500s their rewards were to be halved.

“OVERSEAS SUCCESSES. British manufacturers claim the following successes for their machines in competition overseas : OK.Supreme—first, and won outright, the Otago (New Zealand) Championship, and ‘Flying Nine’ Handicap. Raleigh—First three places in the 350cc class and Australian 1,000cc grass-track championships at Victoria. Rudge—Bandini was first on his 499cc Rudge in the 500cc class of the Grand Prix of Rome, breaking all records. Velocette—Obtained first place and fastest lap in the 350cc class of the Grand Prix of Rome.”



This spring-frame, unit-construction design was patented in France by Mlle LJR Jacquemin. The Blue 'Un reported: "A large casing is made in two halves to accommodate the engine, crank case, gears, clutch and transmission and to form the rear stays of the machine and house the rear hub and brake. Even the parts which form the mudguard and carrier are receptacles for oil, fuel and tools...the motive parts and their accessories form a shroud to the back wheel, the remainder of the machine being quite open. Another portion of the patent specification provides for rear springing by a complicated system of double semi-elliptic leaf springs. It would appear that road-holding, as regards the front wheel, would be a very problematical business."

SUMMARY OF CORRESPONDENCE. **'AJP' (Hounslow)** thanks the rider of a Sunbeam for assistance on the Staines toad near Ashford. **A lady Velocette** rider thanks the rider who gave assistance on the Redbridge-Millbrook road on August 12th. **Two motor cyclists** would like to hear of farm-type accommodation near Ambleside, and of similar accommodation in the Trossachs. **'W McK' (Liverpool)** would like to communicate with another rider with a view to companionship; he rides a 1930 499cc Rudge. **A Coventry-Eagle** sidecar driver thanks the rider of a long-stroke Sunbeam (YR 7720) for assistance at Nutley, on the Eastbourne road. **'DF' (Beckenham)** and his passenger would like to communicate with the two Rudge riders who assisted them with their Norton, at Chalock, near Charing, Kent. **'RDD' (Wandsworth Common)** and his friend thank a Matchless driver and a Triumph rider for a 'lift' after a breakdown south of Dorking late at night. **'NLH' (Thornton Heath)** wishes to hear from the rider of a 348cc Douglas whom he met at the Sydenham MC's grass-track meeting at Layham's Farm, West Wickham. **A young couple** wish to meet another couple, preferably living in south-west



London, with a view to camping weekends or runs. They own a large tent and me a 1930 596cc Douglas and sidecar.

“LOST AND FOUND. **Found**, between Billesdon and Leicester, on the Uppingham road, an acetylene generator. Ref No 2310. **Lost**, between Elstree and Uxbridge, via Pinner and Ruislip, pair of Hutchinson waders. Ref No 2311. **Lost**, between Putney and Esher, a broken fork girder. Ref No 2312. **Found**, near Ash, Aldershot, a rubber knee boot. Ref No 2313. **Lost**, between St James Hospital, Balham, and Queen’s Road, Battersea, a rear chain. Ref No 2314. **Lost**, Zenith tool kit, between Aylesbury and London. Ref No 2315. **Lost**, between Oxted and Morden, Surrey, a lady’s purse. Ref No 2316. **Lost**, on the Sidcup-Farningham road, a pair of Waders. Ref No 2317. **Lost**, between Stoke Newington and Peckham, via City and Borough, pair of leggings. Ref No 2318.”

THE KEIGHLEY MC, AFTER being dormant for a year, has now been re-organised, and enthusiasm is high. But it received a surprise when it came to run a grass-track meeting near the town, over a very ‘interesting’ course. On a previous occasion, when the same venue was used, the course was carefully roped off and police engaged to control the crowds—which, as it turned out, consisted of the club officials and about a dozen people. On the second occasion—last week—the word went round that a meeting was to be held, and that admission was free; and the officials found themselves quite unprepared for the crowd of between 2,000 and 3,000 that arrived. A handful of marshals worked heroically to keep the mob off the course, but to no purpose. Consequently, when the racing started—and on slippery ground—there were several minor accidents involving spectators, and eventually, it was wisely decided to abandon the rest of the programme.”

“COVENTRY MCFC WINS AGAIN. The Coventry Motor Cycle Football is opening up new ground in the inauguration of visits by Continental motor cycle football teams. Two years ago they invited an Austrian side and beat them to the tune of 10-1, repeating the performance soon after at Vienna. On Saturday they had as visitors to the Coventry City football ground. a team of police motor cycle footballers from Nurnberg; this team are the champions of Germany, and they came to this country with an unbeaten record. Before a crowd of 12,000 enthusiasts Coventry won a great game by the margin of 5-1. The Germans were mounted on 350cc Triumphs made at the Nurnberg factory. Their mounts were of the ohv type and were very speedy, but were much heavier than the English team’s machines, and lacked their easy handling and acceleration.”



“The roaring game: An incident during a recent match at Oxford, when Coventry MCFC beat the Folsehill Club.”

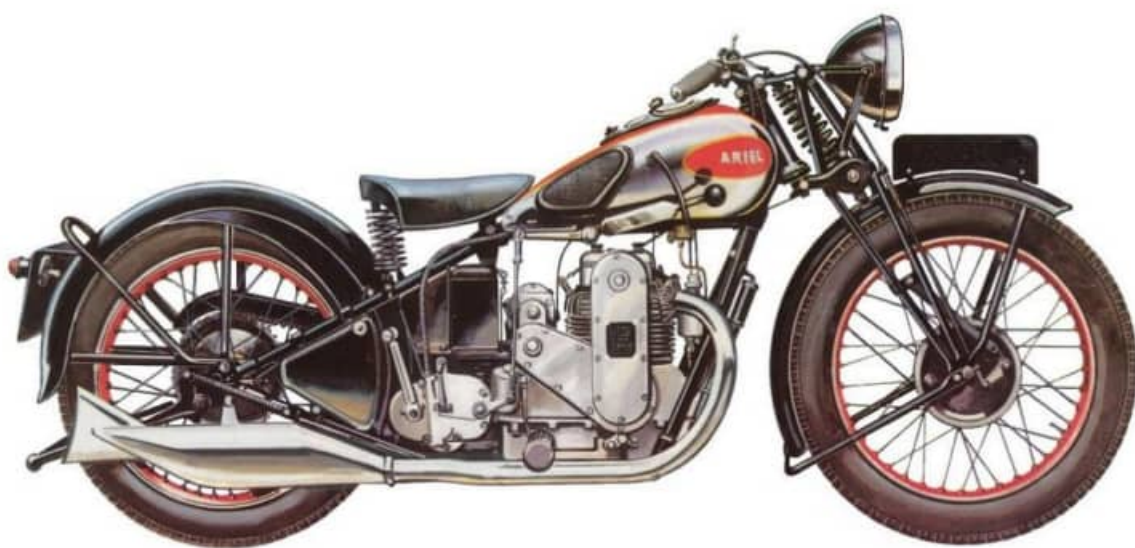
EXTRA TIME—WITHIN A few weeks the Blue ‘Un reported: “A motor cycle football match played between the Grimsby and Coventry MCF clubs resulted in a win by the former team by three goals to two. This is the first time in the history of the club that the Coventry team has been beaten.”

IXION TRIES A MYSTERY FOUR. “For about a week I have been riding an experimental four-cylinder. It is a machine which is definitely intended to form the basis of a commercial model for next year. It is designed and produced in one of our foremost British factories. The best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley; and even now I dare not definitely promise readers that they will see it at Olympia. But only one event can stop its figuring on a Show dais—namely, the receipt of such in-numerable orders for the firm’s conventional machines that no plant would be available for making fours; and in the present state of trade no factory is likely to book record orders this November. So I would gladly take on a substantial bet that this machine will be at Olympia; that it will be the chief sensation of the Show; that it will sell in great numbers; and that it will prove a great success on the road during 1931. I hate to be tantalising, but my lips are largely sealed by solemn promises to the designer, and if mysterious sentences annoy readers they will, at any rate, breed thrilling anticipations of Olympia, or of any earlier ‘release’ which the factory may permit. So here goes for a veiled description of the machine. I have been riding it over crowded roads and among keen motor cyclists for a week past; yet hardly a soul has spotted anything unusual about the bus. There is nothing of the dachshund about it—it is not eight feet long, or anything of that sort; its wheelbase, on the contrary, is approximately 53in, which would be quite a normal dimension for a single-cylinder. It does not look in the least like a four to a casual observer; and when I am sitting on it in road garb there is much excuse to be made for a pump attendant who mistakes it for some-thing entirely different. Being a hand-made experimental model, no weight-saving has been attempted, and it scales 376lb with tanks full. That figure would be slightly on the heavy side for a hot-stuff 500cc single, but when the

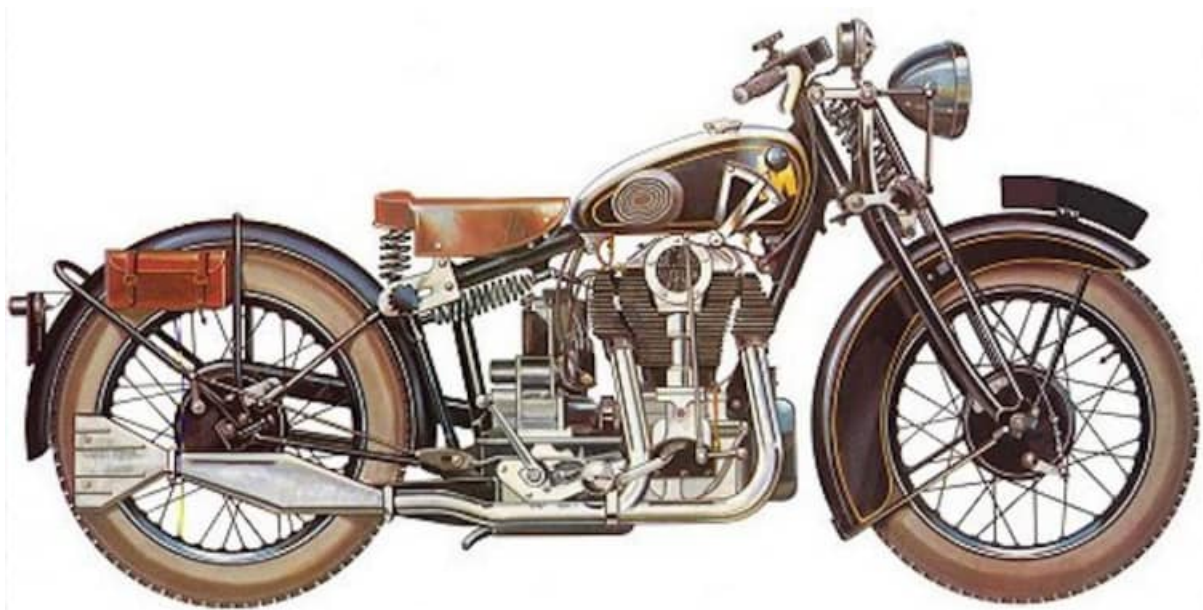
production machine appears it will weigh rather less; and, anyhow, this figure is not out of the way for a full-sized touring bus. There is no vibration. I contrived to balance a tumbler of water on it with the engine ticking over and the gear in neutral, and a brimming tumbler did not spill, though there was a taint ripple on the surface of the water. If a hand is placed on the tank, frame or head lamp, with the engine running, it is barely possible to detect by the feel whether the engine is running or not. In other words, it has the smoothest motor cycle engine I have ever encountered. The silence is phenomenal. It is only possible to create any exhaust uproar by racing the engine on one of the lower gears; and thus raced the engine emits a smooth, subdued roar, entirely devoid of the staccato racket usually associated with motor cycle power units; it is a roar reminiscent of a Baby Austin. In normal, sensible use the engine would, of course, never be accelerated hard enough on first or second gear to emit any roar at all, as the gear would be changed up before the noise became insistent or aggressive; and such engines, handled with even moderate consideration, would eliminate all public prejudice against motor cycle exhausts. The power unit is extremely flexible. It will fire evenly and pull smoothly down to about 5mph on top gear, on which I rode it up a kerb, through a gate, and round a sharp corner into my garage. In heavy traffic it is almost too silent, as pedestrians are often unaware of its approach, and additional hooter-blowing is needed. Petrol consumption appears to be in the neighbourhood of 80mpg. The acceleration—well, that topic compels me to enlarge on the fact that this bus has a Jekyll-Hyde personality. You can drive it, if you wish, as a chauffeur employed by a wealthy octogenarian lady might drive a Rolls—slowly, tamely, quietly, almost as if it were propelled by a tiny steam engine. But if you are a lad, and desire the gamut of sensations which a fighting scout aeroplane bestows, you can handle this bus violently. Crash open the twist-grip throttle on bottom or on second, and you get super-sports acceleration, of the sort that induces dry skids in the back wheel, and tends to leave you planted on your situpon in the road. Even on top, thanks to the reserve power and splendid torque of the magnificent engine, you can make the bus jump violently from 5mph on top to 40mph; the later stages of the acceleration, after the ‘forty’ mark is passed, are naturally less lurid. But the full sports performance is always on tap, if you want it. I imagine that if one dared to crash open a cold engine—eg, in a TT start, this machine would reach the top of Bray Hill from the Grandstand grid rather faster than most existing sports buses: I have to confess, with shame, that I never found a chance to open it right out on the flat. I was snowed under with work while it was in my possession. It was delivered to me in a locality which does not boast a safe speed stretch, and on all my tests I was smothered with traffic. I whacked it up to seventy on the only piece of safe road I encountered; and it wasn’t finished then. I imagine that the standard production model should be at least of the 75-an-hour type—possibly more. I need not enlarge on those aspects of the mount which are common to conventional types—brakes, steering, comfort and the like; they are beside my present point, and may be taken for granted. There chanced to be a certain amount of brake squeal and of clutch drag on this particular model; but as it has been on the road for six months, and the testers have naturally concentrated on the engine to the exclusion of routine matters, those defects will doubtless be eliminated when the time comes for large production. It is easily the finest motor cycle for general purposes that I have ever ridden; and its extreme pleasantness and novelty naturally react to make a rider super-critical. I plead guilty to being a little disappointed with the carburation. I always fancied that when at long last we got a really charming four-cylinder we should get single-lever carburation. This machine has two-lever control of the gas; and I did not ride it long enough to master this control. I am not implying that I struck any real difficulty, or that the carburation was troublesome; it was, as a fact, perfectly normal. But in two sets of circumstances I found myself asking for single-lever control of the carburettor, as on a car. To start up, one shuts the air lever and sets the twist-grip throttle at



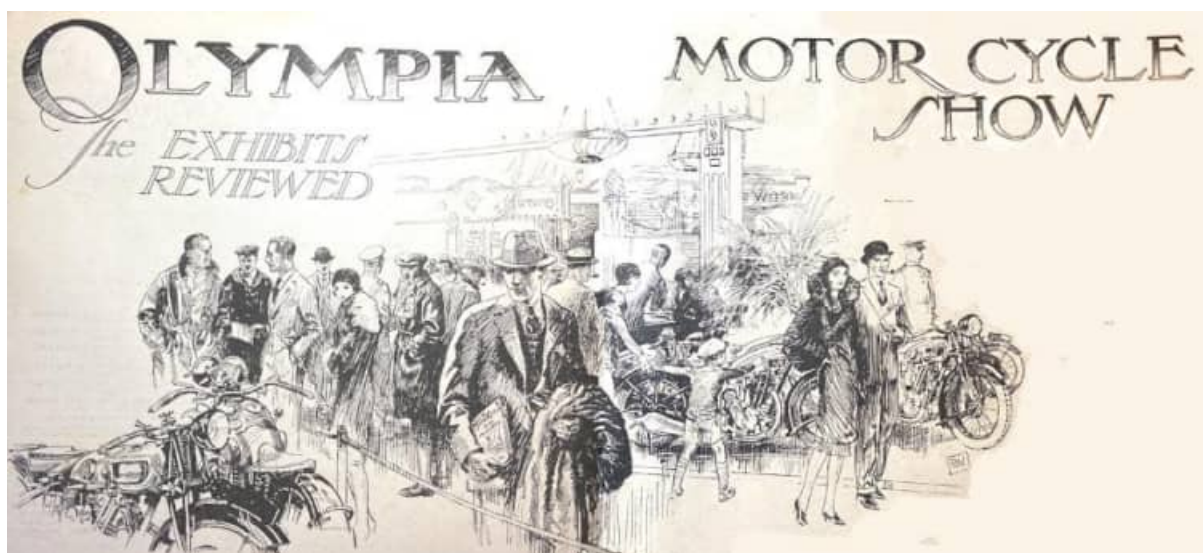
discretion. I never had to kick, and there is no valve-lifter. You just press the kick-starter very gently down against full compression without the least symptom of effort; but she did not always break into her purr first kick, either hot or cold. If I'd kept her longer, I might have found better settings, and averaged one gentle press per start. Secondly, in order to enjoy full flexibility at low speeds on top, and full acceleration on any gear, a little wangling of the air lever was required. No such wangling is ever needed on a four-cylinder car. This naturally leads on to a second point. With a four-cylinder air-cooled engine, some of the cylinders are inevitably screened from the full benefit of the cooling blast. 'Overheating', as we all know nowadays, is more a chatter of uneven heating than of absolute heat. In theory, an air-cooled engine of perfect design can function unimpeachably up to any temperature which does not 'crack' its lubricant. In practice, absolutely even heating is difficult to attain; and heat distortion is still possible, especially on low-gear work and when ticking over. Perhaps an automatic carburetter would complicate matters, and the retention of a two-lever carburetter may therefore be inevitable. If this machine could safely be given automatic carburation, my cup of joy would be full. I especially regretted the handicaps which my roads imposed during the test, as I much desired to see whether I could 'cook' the engine, or, rather, the screened cylinders. Since prolonged, high speed (by which I mean a sustained 50mph or over) was nowhere possible, I adopted the method of maltreating the engine on its lower gears, and keeping it running in neutral longer than a sensible owner would do. Once or twice I just succeeded in making her smell a trifle warm. But I never got her hot enough to pink, or to knock, or to pre-ignite. In other words, I could never provoke any perceptible distortion whatsoever. Finally, accessibility is perfectly normal and easy. Maintenance is not necessarily complicated by the addition of extra cylinders. Decoking is not twice the job with a vertical twin that it is with a single, nor twice the job with a four that it is with a twin. It all depends on design; and a detachable head makes a world of difference. Apart from this theoretical numerical progression, maintenance of this machine is just as easy as that of any other bus. You don't have to get a crane, and handle a terrifically weighty and cumbrous unit. I know this is high praise; but when the machine appears at Olympia in production form I am sure you will all ejaculate reverently, "Why has nobody ever done this before?" And when you ride it . . . !!!"—**IXION**.



Yes, of course Ixion had ridden the 500cc ohc Ariel Square Four. But two British fours burst onto the scene in 1930— Matchless followed up the Silver Arrow twin with the V4 Silver Hawk.



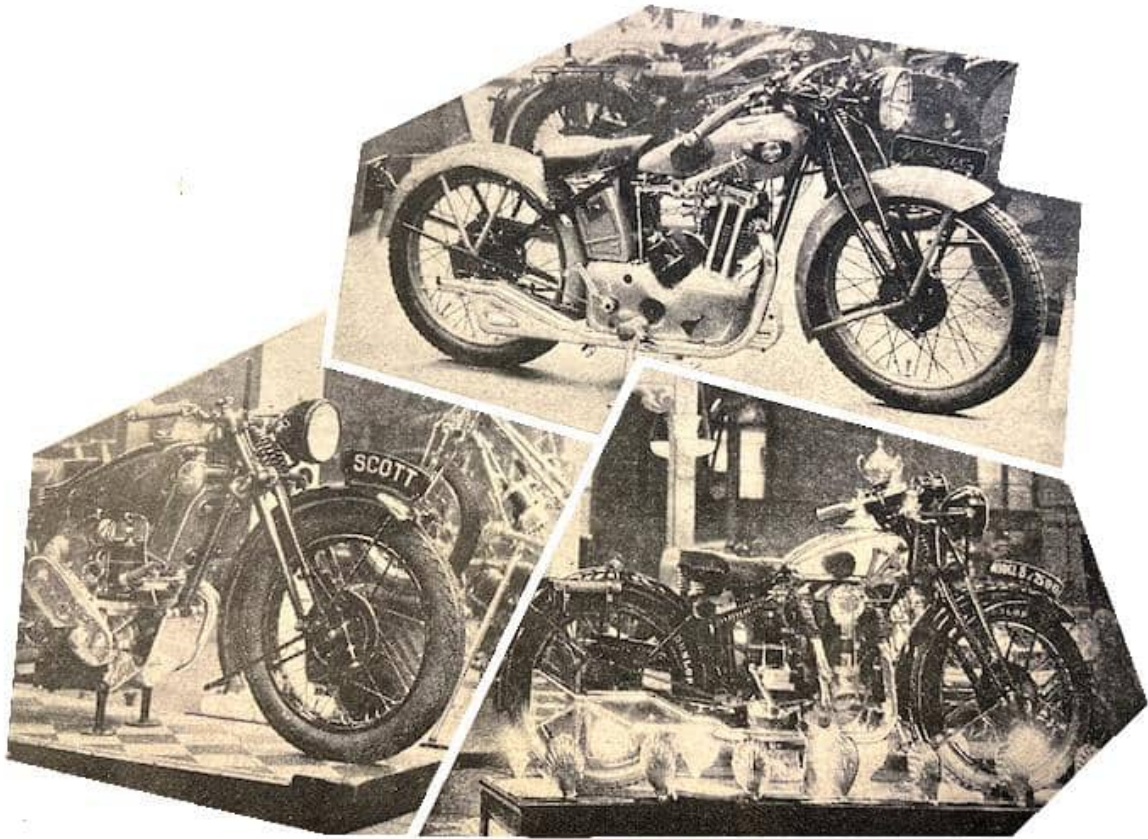
Mention ohc V4s with cantilever suspension to a pre-pensionable age motor cyclist and he'll wax lyrical about the superb Honda VFR 750. Old gits will go dreamy eyed about the Silver Hawk.







“IN 1928 AND 1929 I WAS secretly a little afraid that a certain lethargy (not unmixed with timidity) was descending upon the motor cycle industry. Trade prospects were bad at both those Olympias. And, of course, no foreign nation had any pretensions to challenge our established supremacy. These twin factors struck me as exercising a mildly paralysing effect upon our factories. But what a mighty transformation was revealed last week! There is still no large amount of commercial optimism—that is for the nonce impossible ; we have slid down the long slope off the crest of a wave of prosperity; we are still wallowing in the trough; we try to wipe the spume from our eyes and strike out up towards another Crest; but the next crest has not yet been sighted. Nevertheless, practically every stand at Olympia displays energy, enterprise, and even that rarest of all features in an old and stabilised industry—genuine originality! On the Ariel stand we saw for the first time in history the logical application of four ‘pots’ to a motor cycle frame; and instead of being intoxicated with his own technical brilliance the designer goes a step farther, remembers that he is not in the business for his health, and contrives to utilise precisely the same machine, down to the ultimate split-pin, for his single-cylinder engine and for his square four, thereby cutting his costs and simplifying his production scheme to the envy of all the world. Not far away was the Matchless stand, with another vibrationless, silent, accessible 8-80mph bus. Back down the hall, and you bumped into the ’31 New Hudson, with a mightily improved engine, nether portions which can be wiped clean in a few seconds after the filthiest run, a saddle which does not get soaked if you dismount on a wet day, and a clever prop stand which adds precisely £0 0s 0d to the cost of manufacture. Step across the gangway and you encountered the Rudge radial four-valve engines: and perhaps you heard—as I did—its designer congratulated by an eminent breeder of racing cars on having evolved a better cylinder head than the said car factory had ever dreamt of and in the same breath up came the technical head of a famous Continental plant and remarked gutturally, ‘You have solved a problem that has beaten me for three years Past!’ Those were typical of similar complimentary remarks. These items are all to be classed among the spiky, bristly elements of ‘progress’ which hit the eye, and which even an



Top: "A 'protected' Triumph." Left: "The vertical-engined Scott." Right: "The four-cylinder Matchless 'Silver Hawk'."

intelligent child cannot miss. But none of them are the real, inward essence of progress. Did you visit the historical exhibit, and contrast its rusty, road-worn, time-battered machines with their glittering progeny on the stands around? A gap of perhaps twenty years yawns between an individual Oldster and an individual 1931 model; yet at each of the Olympias which separated them you would have said 'No perceptible progress'. And you would have been right. Yet there was progress each year—some obscure metallurgical advance or something equally invisible. And last week Olympia was packed tight with this invisible progress. Take, as an example, the 1931 P&M Panther. Much the same as the '30, you opine? Ye-e-es; but not the same. The P&M engineers felt that their 1930 engines, while technically quieter than most motor cycles, were not so metallically silent as a good car. They felt that though their '30 engines wore well, yet now and again a customer demanded a new part to cure some audible play which fussed his fastidious soul. The staff resented these petty imperfections. So they evolved a new steering head, which enabled them to build the engine a little longer. They used the extra space to house a longer piston and a longer con-rod; that ensured the thumpiest part of the engine keeping quiet for several thousand miles extra. It permitted them to fit longer valve springs, with less risk of a coil being stressed by incessant compression to the fracture point. Even then they decided that you could hear too much of the valves; so they tried an easier cam contour, and toiled away at it till they got more horse-power out of a





According to a pal who used to own a Silver Hawk, the revolutionary V4 would have benefitted from more development work, but some examples are still on the road. This example resides in an OEC duplex-steered rolling chassis at the Sammy Miller museum.



Narrow-angle ohc V-4 lump, like a Yamaha V-Max, with coil ignition, in an OEC frame combining rear suspension with hub-centre steering...in 1930.

quieter engine. Glance at the new Ariels. A 'sloper' engine is not an awful big talking point till you look into it, sure enough; but if, on strict examination, you find that the centre of gravity is vertically a lot lower than it used to be, why, obviously, Ariel riders will skid less; and as the centre of gravity can be kept just where it was horizontally, the change does not make her tail-heavy or nose-heavy; and, like the P&M plot, it gives the engineers room to make the engine longer, with all the aforesaid merits of longer life, better-maintained silence, and improved accessibility. So here we identify one of those unobtrusive details which make for real progress. Perhaps you chatted awhile with a salesman at the shrine of the Silver Hawk. You noted with surprise that it is not two Silver Arrow twins compressed into a new four. (The Arrow is 54x86 mm and the Hawk 50.8x73mm.) You remarked in perplexity that surely production would have

been cheapened if the Hawk had been built out of two Arrows? The salesman replied, instantler, that the Hawk does not need all the power which two Arrows would give. So why not cut down the power a little and make the engine durable—use the long Arrow con-rod, and fit an elongated piston with enormous bearings in the cylinder, and a huge thrust face, so that this engine de luxe won't wear rattley, and can be run without dismantling till the cows come home? An immense amount of quiet work has been put into silence and durability during the last year. The British user always purrs if his machine is as quiet and full of pep at Christmas as when he first opened her taps in the spring; and the 'exile' customer, separated from the factory by leagues of ocean and a journey which takes a month or more each way, appreciates such forethought and conscientiousness even more than we homelanders. These considerations inspire me to underline certain price contrasts. We all know that if we want, say, a 500cc two-port we can pay either £x or £x+y for it, though to the eye there may be nothing between the two machines, barring oddments of shape or colour. Talk to



“Talk to someone on the Levis stand, and you found out why some people call the A2 the nicest three-fifty.”

someone on the Levis stand, and you found out why some people call the A2 the nicest three-fifty, and why the Levis works have been on overtime and behind deliveries all year. Why have not the Levis people enlarged their plant and their production? The A2 is what it is because it is a hand-made job, and the hand-fitting is done by picked men, whose name is not legion. So you can take an A2 off the erecting bench, and put it straight into a sprint competition without any running in. That is why a Sunbeam is a Sunbeam, and worth Sunbeam price. That is why a Norton is a Norton, and won't disgrace you in the Manx Grand Prix or anything else for which you care to enter it. You must always pay for quality; and quality is always worth its price. There were always two large clumps of young men in the hall.. One encircled JS Wright's 150mph OEC-JAP, and the other did poojah to Handley's winning TT Rudge. Great idea, this staging of famous speed mounts; it ought to have been done years ago—I suppose the jealousy of also-rans interfered. Ridges have had a wonder year, and the 1931 models assure another to follow—that little 249cc is a charmer, and the decompressor will encourage an older client to sample the fiery delights of the 499cc. The Matchless people, with similar wisdom, have put decompressors on all their single-cylinders. Decompressor engines are rather particular about



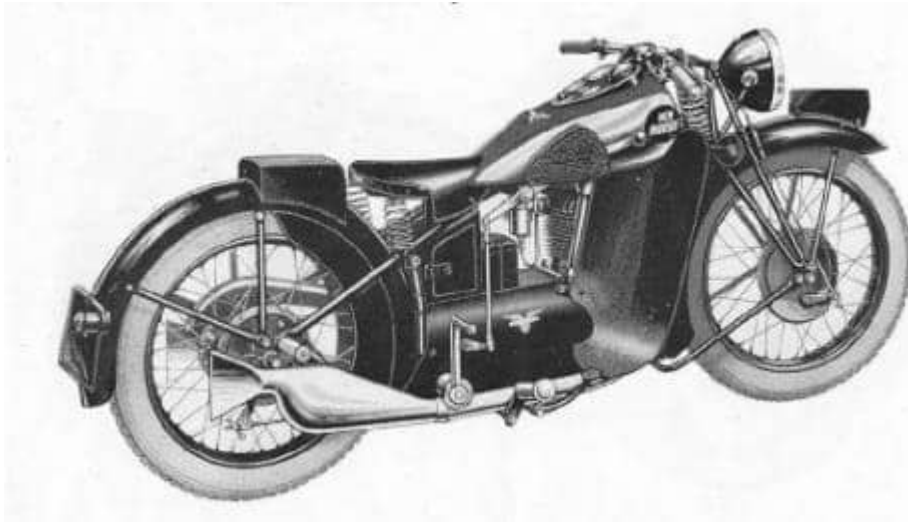
their starting mixture, but when once you know where to set the levers they start without any muscular effort at all. I have one fault to find with every machine in the Show. No designer has grappled with the inundation of water which saddle tanks direct against the fork in pouring rain. It is time this flaw was tackled. Deflector ridges won't do it; they merely shoot the water off sideways for the wind to blow it against knees, thighs, or shins. The de luxe New Hudsons have a saddle cover which may be used as a fork apron; I think we need more drastic methods than that. Hats high, please, to everybody who offers us rear springing and coupled brakes. I think we might wisely lump foot gear change with these two desirabilities, as there are now several foot-change mechanisms which never go through a gear. We can only expect these luxuries in the costlier ranges, as some manufactures lie awake scheming how to carve pounds, shillings and pence off costs. The Calthorpe 'Ivory III' is handsomer than ever, and its designer has avoided a very



"I marked down the Royal Enfield 976cc twin as just about the best value in the Show."

According to the show report: "A duplex cradle frame, detachable cylinder heads, enclosed valve gear, and improved silencing arrangements are features of the new 976cc twin."

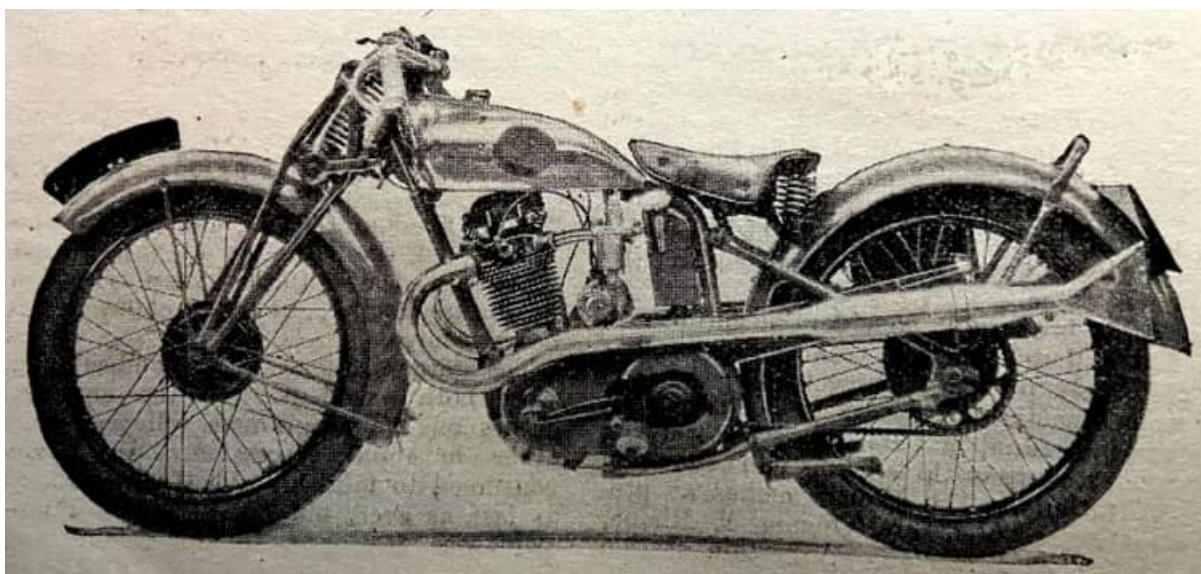
common fault. Tank instrument panels are all very well for such items as ammeters and switches and clocks, and even oil gauges. But I respectfully submit that the speedo ought to be mounted as far forward as ever we can get it; I am sure a number of riders come purlers every year simply because they cannot resist the temptation to study the speedo when they are scrapping. They cannot study the speedo if it is located where a man's tummy should be at seventy. The speedo should surely be where it is on the Calthorpe and the Matchless and the P&M and a few other machines—right toward. I believe Velocettes are one of a very few firms to have had a record output; can any firm in any other industry say as much for 1930? That proves their quality beyond all conceivable cavil. Sunbeams, like Rolls-Royce, haughtily disdain seasonal changes; they are as sound and brilliant as ever; and when I ride in summer, with a tennis shoe on my right foot, how I appreciate that heavy rubber pad on their kick-starter, as compared with the naked steel spindle of nearly all their rivals! A small point, but genius is only an infinite capacity for taking pains. I marked down the Royal Enfield 976cc twin at £60 as just about the best value in the Show; and they have at long last come out with a four-valve 500cc. I



“Back down the hall, and you bumped into the '31 New Hudson, with a mightily improved engine, nether portions which can be wiped clean in a few seconds after the filthiest run”

am told that it does 80mph already, and that they've hardly begun to play with it yet; we may are it scaring Handley one fine day. Many nice buses on the James stand; their ultra-cheap Villiers (ride-it-in-white-trousers style) is a peach at less than £25. In this price class, too, the little Excelsior and the pressed-steel-frame models of the Coventry-Eagle are amazing value. I notice with warm approval that for 1931 all OEC machines will have duplex steering and rear-springing; no motor cyclist's education is complete until he has tried this very 'different' machine. The Scott people staged all their familiar range, plus the new 650cc vertical and the 300cc single; I, for one, shall take some weaning off the Flier, but then I have yet to try the new engine. George Brough cannot paint his lily much more, but his bumpers are a real brain-wave. They mean that you can lay the bus down sideways quite hard without bending anything. Most buses are laid down sideways at least once a season. The bumpers are cheap, and not at all unsightly. I should like to fit a pair to all my mounts at once. The dirt-track models were the cynosure on the Douglas stand, but I thought the A31 model perhaps the best beginner's mount in the Show. Cheap to buy, cheap to run, an absurdly easy starter at all times, capable of sixty, and smoother than any other engine except a four, it is very hard to beat; and how the firm have improved the looks of all their models during the past year or two! Every agent fights to get the BSA on his list, first, because their quality is high; secondly, because their service is as near perfect as no matter; and, thirdly, because they cater for us from the cradle to the grave—a little 'un when We leave school, an ohv 493cc for the care-free bachelor stage, a bigger 'un still when the missus and the twins have to be considered, and a lordly three-wheeler when we are too gaga for two wheels. A fine show, theirs; and with all deference I prefer their standard olive-green saddle tank to all the chromium panels in the Show. I gave Raleigh full marks at sight, because they go all-out for the foot gear change, which is my latest fad ; and when I further spotted a nice thick rubber on their kick-starter, my heart went pit-a-pat. These machines are building up a regular cult. I don't quite know what to make of this new fashion of giving fancy names to particular models; they don't often catch-on except when customers bestow them ('Riccy', for example). But if we must'





“To be known as the Greyhound range, four new Montgomerys will make their appearance on the market almost immediately. In the main they follow the well-tried Montgomery lines, the sturdy frame being as usual, but they are distinguished outwardly by a smart grey enamel finish, and a tank with grey panels on a chromium background; most of the fittings are chromium plated. The wheels, however, remain black, and match up very well with the cylinder barrel and saddle. Every machine will be specially tuned, and will have a high-compression piston, and in each case a guaranteed speed is offered. The two largest models have 500cc and 350cc ohv JAP engines, and will be listed at £57 15s and £50 8s, and both will have the Sturmev-Archer ‘one shot’ foot-change gear. A Sturmev-Archer close-ratio gear box will also be fitted to the 250cc ohv JAP-engined model, and to the 172cc Super-sports Villiers. The following speeds are guaranteed for the various models : 500cc, 75mph; 350cc, 70mph; 250cc, 65mph; 172cc, 60mph” This is the 350.

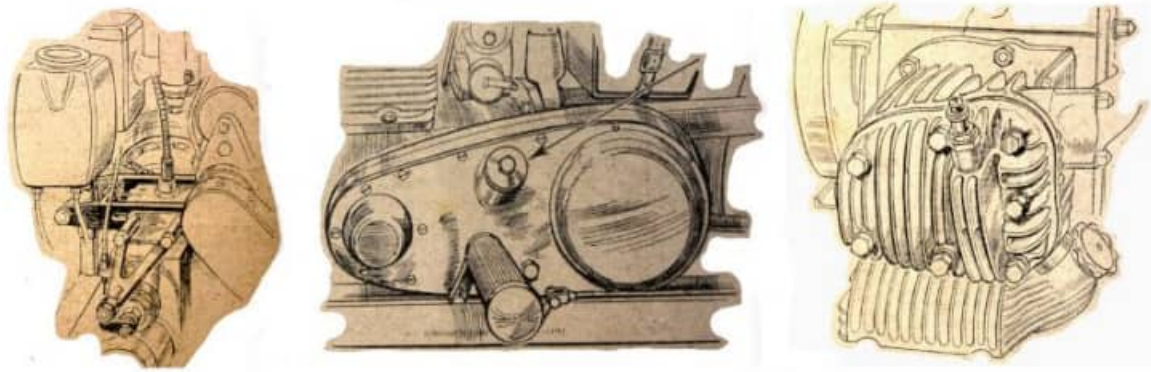
have them, the Montgomery ‘Greyhound’ is a winner; and its plain elephant-grey is serviceable and satisfying. Triumphs had chartered a stand as long as Euston platform, and stuffed it full of good things; I especially liked an electric-blue three-fifty which is an extraordinarily pleasant mount for the man who wants to keep inside the 30s tax. But I suppose their bigger engines will continue to charm the bulk of the vast army of Triumph enthusiasts. There were innumerable. Villiers-engined machines in the Show; I liked none better than the two Francis-Barnetts; they are ideal mounts alike for the beginner, the elderly man, the woman who lives in the country, and any utility rider who does not care for weight and high speed. Somehow, whenever I approach an AJS stand I always spend most time at the ohc model; it is a job which satisfies me more every time I see or ride it. I cannot help thinking that, sooner or later, it will pretty well sweep the racing board for a season. And in these days when so many makes are genuinely attractive, and so many of us ring the changes, I think the AJS has at least as many faithful season-after-season devotees as any bike in the world. And that surely speaks for itself! Not for many years have I come away from Olympia feeling so completely assured of the vigour and intelligence of the British motor cycle industry.” **Ixion** [*as if you hadn’t already guessed—Ed*].

“IN THE FUTURE,” Ixion revealed, “I do not myself anticipate a real boom in spring frames until somebody wins the TT or sets up sensational world’s records on one. Manufacturers take a lot of moving in this respect. A man who has been scheming all the year how to knock £1 off his factory cost is not going to spend more money on his frame till public demand forces him. A manufacturer who sells machines de-luxe cannot adopt a spring frame without scrapping a lot

of jigs and enlarging his stores; he realises that the demand for rear-springing is still quite weak, and he does not wish to add another component which might conceivably break or wear. But if I were the ordinary private rider, buying a machine to keep for a term of years, it would unquestionably have a spring frame. There is a definite increase in comfort with almost all of them; you can choose between maintaining the same speed with more comfort, or a higher speed with the same comfort. Most of them make for better road-holding and steering. If they are well designed, with really liberal bearings, there is no reason why wear in the parts should raise our maintenance costs, though spring frames have certainly been marketed with miserably small bearings. I think the future lies with the motor cycling public. The more experience ordinary riders get with spring frames, the stronger should be the demand."

WHARFDALE, *THE MOTOR CYCLE'S* Northern correspondent took 'A Tour of Olympia to See what Makers Have Done to Help the Rider to 'Service' his Machine with the Minimum of Trouble':

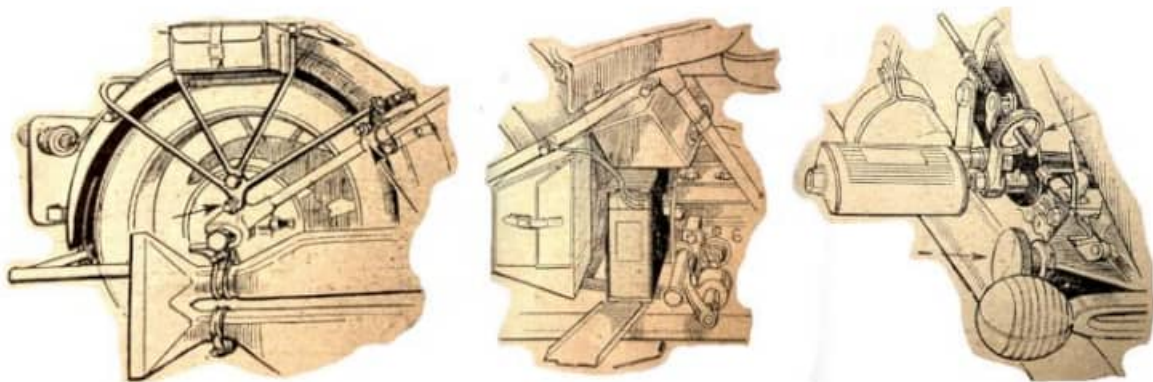
"Sometimes we look at the best models of other countries and think that our own makers are lagging behind in design, whereas we should consider the machines of a country as a whole before making such a comparison. If we do this we can realise, in true perspective, just where we stand. Such a survey of our own 1931 models leads very definitely to the conclusion that we are steadily progressing, and that the machines now available are more improved in detail than ever before. To-day we can take performance for granted, and reliability of the main components (at all events) as being very nearly perfect. It is in the small things to-day rather than in the big ones that machines must be compared and judged; the machine that is easy to look after and keep in good order is better than the one that requires considerable mechanical skill or painstaking and frequent care. The Show just passed has revealed—perhaps for the first time—a really serious effort to make machines easier to keep in good order by taking better care of the things that may prove troublesome. Such things as complete enclosure of crank case, primary drive and gear box under detachable covers, the use of oil-containing primary chain cases, and better guarding of the rear chain, not to mention the almost complete enclosure of valve mechanism, all tend to prolong the life of parts, and, by so doing, to make less and less call upon the rider for mechanical attention to his machine. Then there is the question of better provision for the lubrication of parts that *will* work (but must suffer) without oil. At last it has been realised that mechanical oil-feed to the valve guides is a desirable thing for the life of the guides and valve stems. Lubrication of the primary chain, too, is another important item; and by primary chain lubrication I mean a definite supplying of oil when the machine is running, as one very famous concern arranges, rather than the blowing of crank case release oil on to the chain—by no means a certain method. Better still, of course, are chain cases containing an oil well, for experience tells us that a chain protected from external grit and dirt and running in oil has an almost indefinite life, and makes very few demands for adjustment, whereas the 'open' unlubricated chain can be adjusted almost every week if one is at all sensitive to noise and harshness. Talking of adjusting primary chains, there is at last a welcome realisation on the part of most makers that a mechanical method of adjusting the gear box position is an essential; very few machines appear without it. But not all are perfect, by any means. When adjusting the primary chain it is as often necessary to push the box nearer to the engine as it is to draw it farther away, before the final tightening-up of the gear box bolts can be done, yet there are examples of adjustments that push only and do not pull. To my mind,



L-R: “Accessible New Imperial details: extended gear box bolts and unobstructed clutch adjustment. The Ariel four has a really accessible filler for its primary chain oil-bath. An example of the detachable side-valve cylinder head on the larger Douglas models.”

the best form of gear box primary chain adjuster is an eccentric or cam-shaped stud in conjunction with a pivoted gear box, for it is so much easier to operate from the side of the machine than a draw-bolt hidden away in the gear box bracket or behind or beneath battery boxes, tool-bags, and oil tanks. One most famous racing machine has such a gear box adjuster that looked to me quite unreachable by any average clumsy person with ordinary spanners. Of course, my ideal in this respect is a fixed gear box with the engine sliding for the front chain adjustment and the rear wheel for the back chain, so that one chain adjustment does not necessitate altering the other. The position of gear box fixing studs is important in connection with chain adjustments, and here again the pivoted box marks an advance in ease of maintenance because its horizontal fixing bolts can generally be reached with a tube spanner much more easily than studs vertically above the box, which are generally in cramped quarters, or below the bracket, where they get abominably filthy. Usually, the rear wheel adjustments are easy, but here again a cam operation is quick, positive, and retains parallelism. But the type with a thrust screw is also very sound mechanically, and usually fairly easy to work. The draw-bolt type, reminiscent of bicycle practice, should, I think, be relegated to the scrap-heap. There is an important point in the design of rear fork-ends that has a great bearing on ease of handling the wheel, when it has to be removed for tyre repairs, and, so on. I refer to the lengthening of the lower jaw of the fork-end, on which to rest the spindle of the hub before slipping it into position. With modern heavy wheels this detail is so valuable that I can only conclude that the people who make and design machines without it (the majority, unfortunately) either never ride at all, or else never undertake their own repairs. For the same reason I cannot understand the use of fork-ends slotted at an inclination downwards towards the back, for they make the single-handed refitting of wheels very difficult. And I see no reason why front wheels should not be fitted in a horizontally slotted fork-end with, again, a projecting lower jaw to take the weight before the spindle is pushed home. In both cases an easily coupled brake anchor-plate is also desirable, and here again the extended lower fork-end jaw becomes usually as good as a third hand. Brake adjustments are now almost universally carried out without tools by spring-locking butterfly nuts. They usually present no snags, although sometimes the rod length is such that it has to be inserted in the brake cam lever as the hub spindle is inserted in the fork-end—another third-hand job, and another argument for that extended lower jaw! Running adjustments, as I have outlined, are being rendered more accessible; and, generally, fairly good provision is now made for filling oil sumps and lubricating gear boxes. There is room for improvement in this matter, for one or two engine sump fillers are not easily reachable, and one or two oil tanks have fillers too close under the saddle; very slight redesigning would remove criticism in this respect.

But I *am* surprised to see, on a machine of racing fame, the clutch control passing across the face of the gear box filling plug! Clutch controls are usually easy to adjust, but I must say I have a leaning towards those with large finger-nut adjusters, and there is at least one machine on which the clutch cable is a *real* cable, and frictionally held in the handlebar lever so that a replacement can be made on the road. A practically unbreakable cable having been made, steps are taken to make its replacement easy! I suppose it is (to quote the salesman's explanation of the starting handle on the Rolls-Royce) 'just in case'. The only other running adjustment I have not touched is that of the wheel-bearings. We still have the old cup-and-cone, we have the adjustable taper roller, and we have the journal ball bearing. The cup-and-cone *can* be excellent, but it must be superlatively made, and I think it is definitely a thing of a past era. Excellent as the taper roller is, it is susceptible to over adjustment, whereas the journal bearing has no adjustment at all. I think more and more designers will adopt it for wheel hubs, and its non-adjustability appeals to me, for it helps the manufacturers to give us the machine that calls for little attention. A point in wheel detachability that is very welcome is the use on certain models of long spindle nuts, extended well clear of other details. And now to turn to those aspects of engine maintenance which the average rider may consider within his sphere, such as valve



"The removal of four nuts allows the carrier and rear mudguard of the big-twin Royal Enfield to be completely removed; the carrier can be removed or retained independently. The battery of the 298cc Raleigh can be easily withdrawn sideways. Both clutch and rear brake on the Sunbeam can be adjusted from the saddle."

adjustments and regrinding, and decarbonising. I think that in the case of side-valve engines we have now reached a point of very great facility in this direction, for at last our designers have given us what Ford gave to the car world—the detachable one-piece head. Decarbonising the typical 1931 side-valve engine may now be called 'a gift', for there is no longer need to lift the cylinder, and no longer fear of breaking rings when replacing that same 'pot' again. The valves, too, become infinitely more accessible and easy to work on, while the enclosed valve springs and tappets will reduce guide leakage and tappet wear to a minimum; and they will be more easily handled, because no longer will valve springs and cups be covered with a filthy mess of hard-baked, burnt and congealed oil and grit. The sloping of engines gives more room in the frame for work on the head also, and this applies to overhead-valve models as well. In the overhead machines the tendency towards total enclosure of push-rods and rocker gear and lubrication of all parts and the valve guides from the main lubricating system, is now almost completely accepted, with the inevitable result of cutting down frequent adjustments and replacements. Most overhead-valve heads are fairly readily detachable, although in some cases



the rocker box must be removed first. On the whole, however, the latest examples of ohv head show more appreciation of the desirability of ease of access than previously, and the sloping engine provides much improved facility. This applies also to sparking plug position, and there are now few machines left in which comic spanners and double-jointed asbestos fingers are needed to replace the hot-stuff plug of a hot-stuff engine. There is one point in which the modern duplex loop frame may present a difficulty not nearly so apparent as in the case of the single-tube non-loop type. Should it ever be necessary to remove the engine from the frame the task can be rather a problem, as the frame was originally 'assembled round the engine'. In almost all cases removal of the engine calls also for the removal of the gear box (and sometimes, but not always, *vice versa*). Therefore, as between two machines of equal merit otherwise, I would choose one on which the saddle tube, or the combined gear box and rear engine plate assembly, or the bottom of the frame loop, was completely detachable. So far as accessory equipment is concerned, I think there is little more to do. The carburetter makers are getting nearer and nearer to standardisation (although I *do* wish they would adapt all their hexagons to that ubiquitous and invaluable little 'double-double-ended' spanner). Gear box makers could note the point too, for they generally put an odd stud somewhere that just misses one of the sizes. The electrical people have done well; the better protection of cables passing from steering head to lamp was much needed; while the making of the dynamo of lighting and ignition units separately detachable is a rather striking gesture of acknowledgment to our troubles; the making of it must have caused a deal of heartburning. Anyway, it all helps to help us to look after our machines the more easily. As to the other item of lighting equipment that demands our care and attention, the accumulator, we see signs of grace in the fitting of external terminals (a thoroughly good and helpful point), but I could wish that more makers would remember that the lid must be lifted fairly frequently for 'topping up'; in many cases the location on the machine is not helpful to this end. Now, one maker on one model, puts the battery in a case into which it slides tightly sideways; I like it."



"EVE VISITS OLYMPIA—Appreciates some 1931 Improvements, and Accuses the Opposite Sex of Harboursing Serious Delusions about the Requirements of Women Motor Cyclists. by 'Diana'. I have been asked, as a keen woman motor cyclist, to say what I thought of the Olympia Show, from a woman's point of view. Well, I wonder if my view differs so much from that of the average motor cycling male. After all, in these enlightened days, when we've been impertinent enough to encroach on Adam's preserves, both in work and play, we've come to regard these things more

or less as he does. Surely, it would be strange if it were otherwise! Soon after the War, when both hair and skirts underwent surprising abbreviation, we discovered a new thrill—the motor cycle! Lots of us also found that, not only did bikes provide sport; they came in really useful for all sorts of odd jobs or (for those of us with the wanderlust) as a means of making long tours. I am writing as though I am a hardened veteran, though actually I was still at school when the War ended. My introduction to the motor cycling came just about the time—three or four years ago—when manufacturers were discovering that, thanks to the aforesaid short skirts, there was no demand for special ‘ladies’ models’. I know that, because at the behest of two slightly scandalised parents (who had been worried into letting me have a bike), I endeavoured to buy such a machine, and nearly bought one of the two remaining makes; it was only the timely intervention of an elder brother that assured for me a sporty little two-stroke of normal type. All this seems to have very little to do with Olympia, but I am simply trying to explain why I did not regard the exhibits from any particularly new or different viewpoint. Still, I will be feminine enough to admit that I am glad to see that many manufacturers are making various odd things easier to adjust and absolutely reliable (that ‘see’ isn’t the strict truth, because I’m no good at spotting the finer points of mechanical improvements; I should have said ‘heard and read’—from the wise words of salesmen and the expert opinions of The Motor Cycle contributors). While knowing next to nothing of the mysteries of compression ratios and combustion heads, I have learnt (again thanks to that brother) how to tackle little jobs like chain adjustment. There is an example of the type of improvement that I mean; on my present machine—a 350cc side-valve four-stroke of a well-known make—adjusting the chains is (if you will allow an unladylike expression) the devil’s own job. I saw the 1931 edition of the same model at Olympia, and the salesman demonstrated how, thanks to a new pivot mounting or something, you can move the gearbox in two shakes of a lamb’s tail. These new shielded-in engines, too, are an extremely nice idea. Though the average girl motor cyclist may not object to looking like a she-tramp on occasions, there are times when she wants to retain some sort of respectable appearance when using the bike—on shopping expeditions, for example; and silk stockings (or even woollen stockings for that matter) definitely do not look attractive when decorated with smudges of oily dirt. Starting, they tell me, is easier; well, that must be a good thing for lots of girls who are buying bikes. Personally, I’ve never had any real bother in this respect with any of my mild-mannered mounts, but my brother (sorry, but I can’t keep him out of this article) has a big ohv which defies all my attempts to get the starter down to the bottom of its stroke, let alone turn the engine fast enough for anything to start happening! I suppose I am expected to pronounce sentence on the comfort or otherwise of the sidecars I saw, but I’m afraid that I have all the he-man solo rider’s entire lack of interest in ‘chairs’. Still, they certainly looked comfortable (I really don’t believe you can tell much by just sitting in them at the Show; it’s the same when trying riding positions on solos), and the various colour schemes were most artistic—too artistic in one or two cases, I thought. One thing I did discover in my round of the Show was that the whole male population of motorcycling still seems to cherish the almost Victorian idea that women motorcyclists are a race apart, and that they can be catered for as if they all had an identical taste in machines. The manufacturers, as I have remarked, apparently realised a long time ago that there is no great demand for ‘ladies’ open-framed models’, and yet they still hand tenaciously on to the weirdest ideas. For example, on every stand (with two exceptions) on which I asked any questions, the salesman at once escorted me over to the smallest, meekest, wuffliest little two-stroke in the range, and the well-memorised formula about ‘Now this is a very suitable machine for a lady,’ etc, etc, tripped off his lips. Well, let me tell you about two old school friends who are both motor cyclists. One is now a probationer nurse at a hospital ten miles away from her home. She gets, on an average, only two periods of freedom a week, and

uses her bike each time. She doesn't know the carburettor from the back wheel, and she never exceeds 25mph. The only breakdowns she ever has are through running out of petrol and then she has to wait for someone to come along and tell her what's the matter. Now she does ride a wuffly little two-stroke and it's just the bike for her. The other friend has no job of work, and uses her bike purely for fun. It's a 680cc twin with a torpedo-shaped sidecar. She's afraid of nothing in the way of speed, and carries out most of her own repairs. She is going to try riding in trials very shortly. With these two girls as extremes, you can take yours humble, with her side-valve 350cc, as the half-way type. There are a dozen types on either side of me. And yet, Mr Superior Male, you haven't learnt to say anything to us but 'Now this is a very suitable, etc, etc'!

"THE ATTRACTION. (I) At the Board Meeting. *Managing Director*: 'We must make our display at the Show an absolute centre of attraction.' *The Designer*: 'Well, sir, I think we have embodied all we can in the new models. Every rider's complaint or suggestion has been closely studied.' *Managing Director*: 'Yes, but do the machines look well?' *Works Director*: 'I don't think the finish can be bettered. I have had the enamelling shop thoroughly overhauled, and we can show machines in six different colours.' *Managing Director (to Publicity Man)*: 'That sounds good. Jones—the best-designed and best-finished machines we have ever turned out. What do you think?' *Publicity Merchant*: 'I thought you wanted the stand to be a centre of attraction, sir? If you'll sanction an extra £20 I'll make the best of things.' (Sanctioned.) (II) Two Days Before the Show. *Publicity Merchant* (on 'phone): 'Is that the Chic Mannequin Agency? Well now, look here, I want four tall, attractive girls, who can talk pleasantly, for the Motor Cycle Show. What? They don't know anything about motor cycles? Oh, that's all right, they don't need to...Yes, I can't go above £20...Right! Send 'em along.'"—**Wharfedale.**

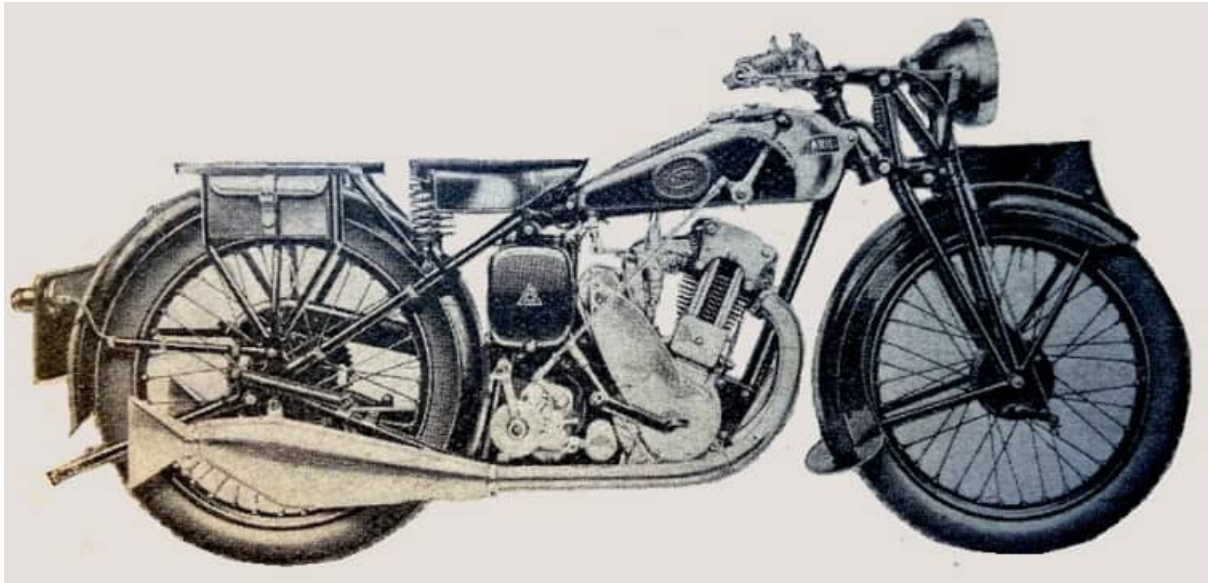




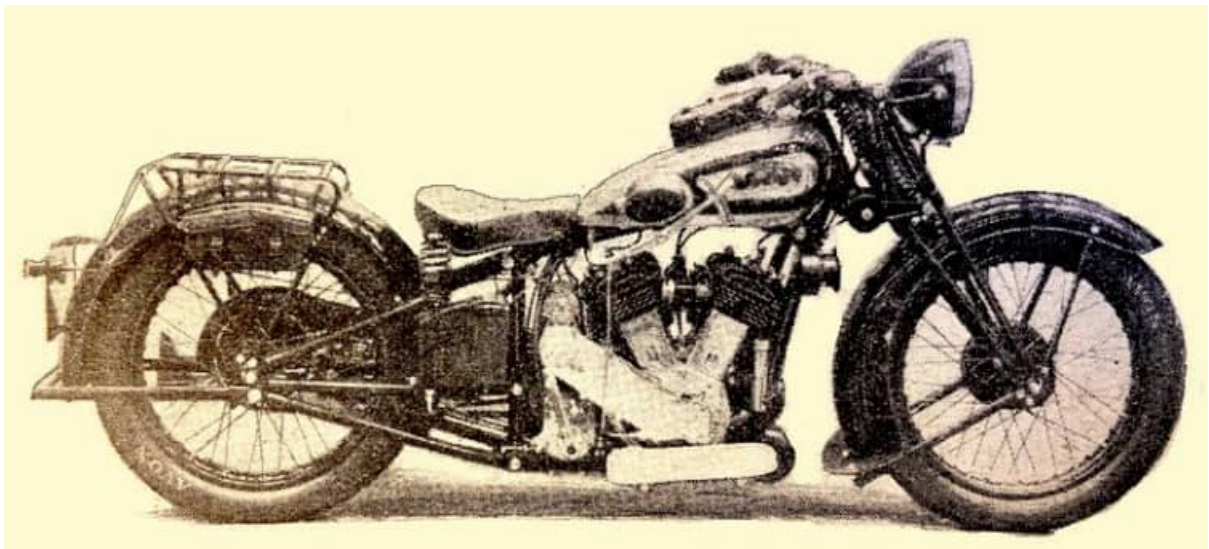
The Beeza

stand clearly wasn't short of glamour.

"OUT OF THE MOUTHS... *Mother*: 'Look at this one, Daddy; isn't it funny?' *Father*: 'My word, yes; all covered in, isn't it?'... *Child*: 'Daddy!'... *Mother*: 'Don't interrupt your father when he's speaking.' *Father*: I suppose it's one of these 'Everyman' machines we hear about.' *Mother*: 'What are they?' *Child*: 'Mummy!'... *Mother*: 'Don't interrupt when your Daddy is going to speak to me.' *Father*: 'Oh, well, you see, they're machines that everybody can ride to business, and so on.' *Child*: 'But, Daddy, you're quite wrong; it's...' *Mother*: 'You mustn't contradict your Father. Now, Daddy, tell Reggie just why it's all covered up.' *Father*: 'Well, you see, all the dirt and the oil...' *Child* (who cannot stand any more): 'Oh. hang it all, Daddy, don't you know Wright's machine *had* to be streamlined?'"—**Wharfedale**

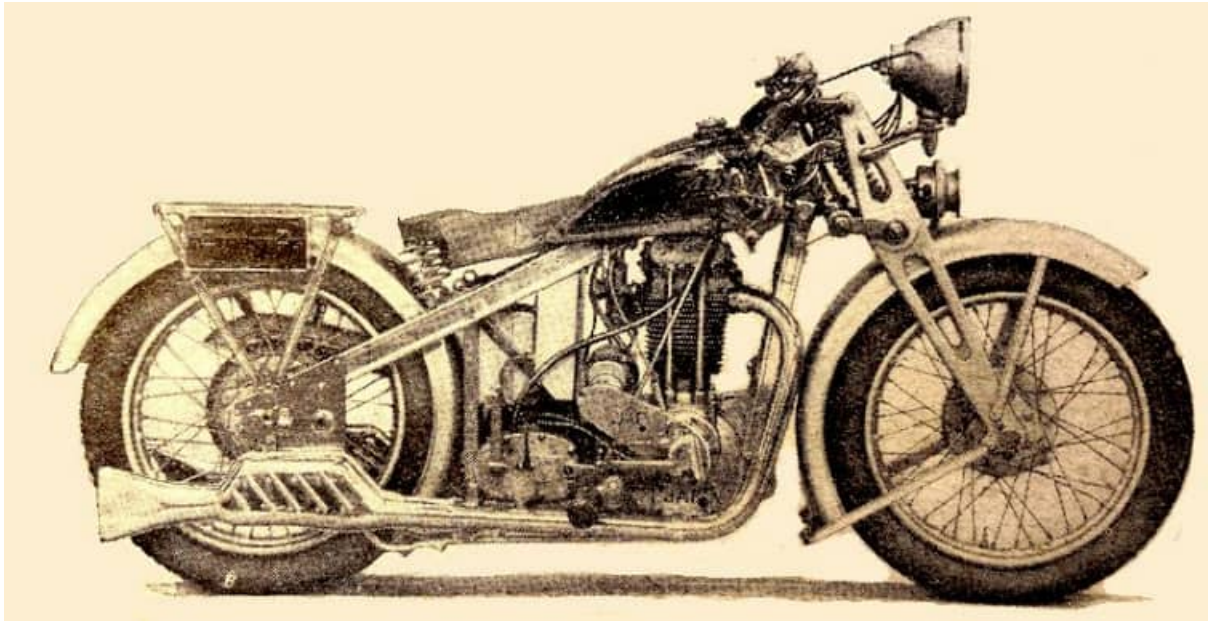


“An inclined engine gives the 248cc two-port Ariel improved appearance and accessibility.”

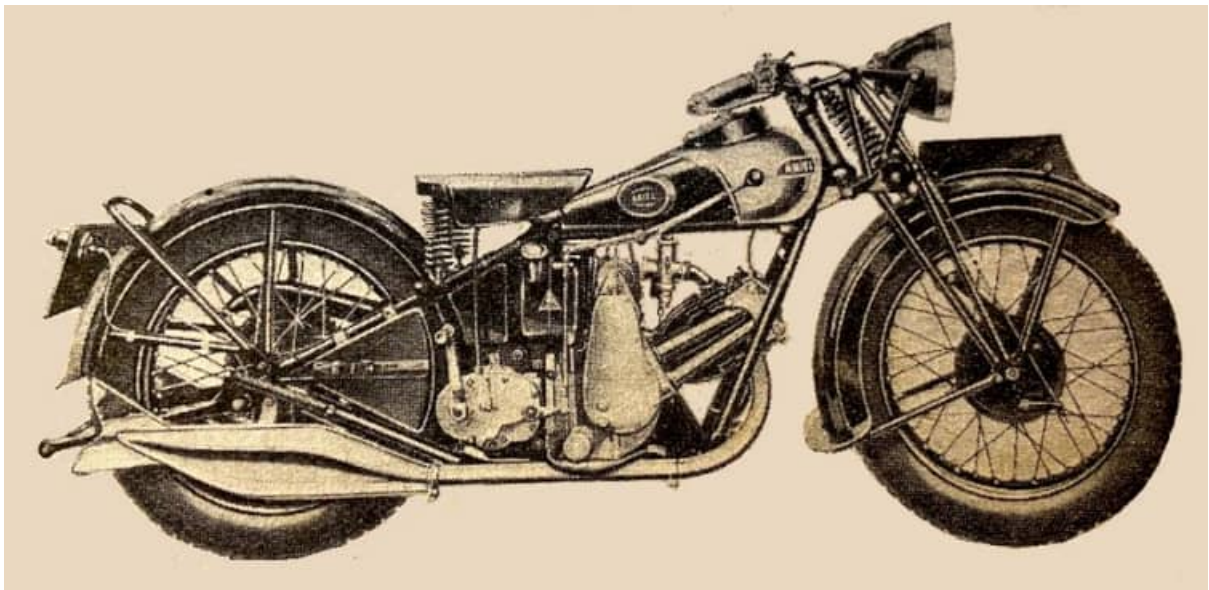


“The big-twin AJS has undergone a number of modifications which make it equally well suited for solo or sidecar work.”



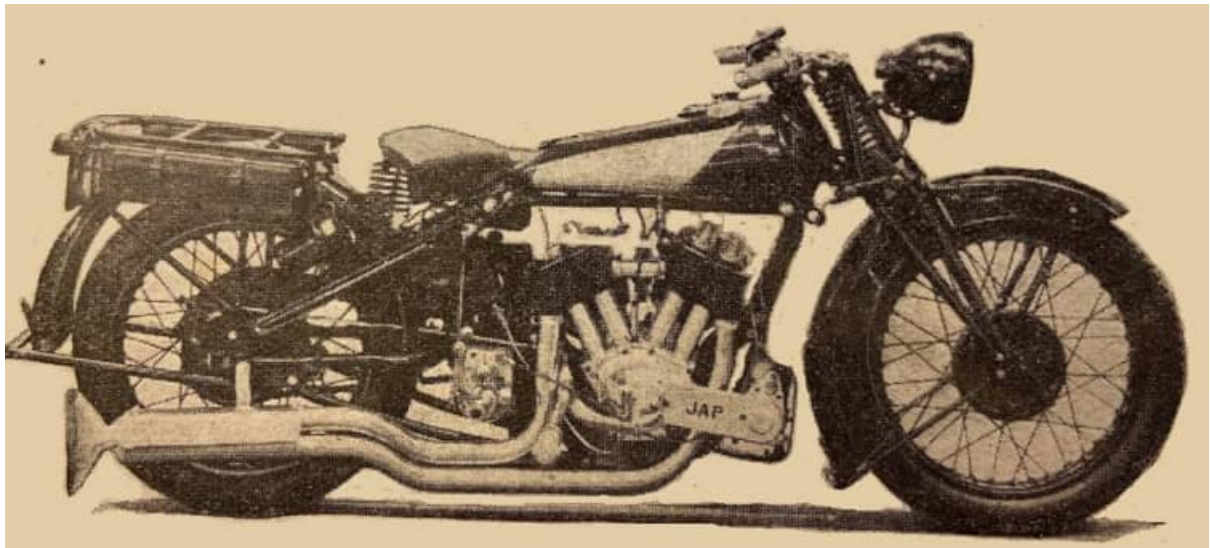


“A pressed duralumin frame and forks and a Burman four-speed gear box are features of this ohv 490cc JAP-engined Ardie.”

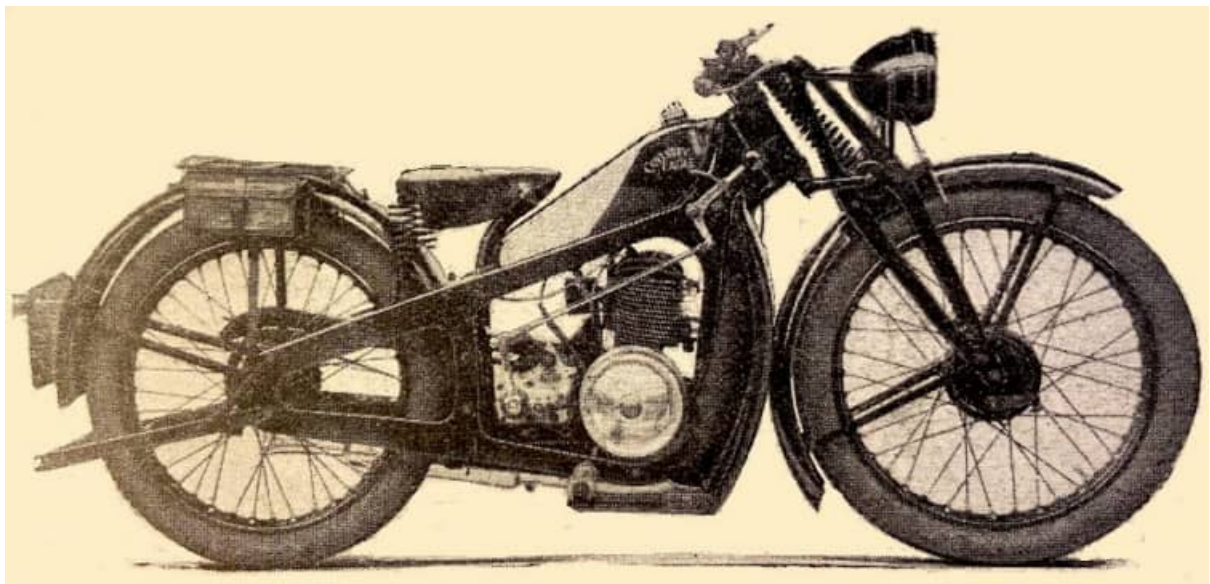


“This four-valve Ariel has a new tank, four-speed gear box, and duplex cradle frame.”

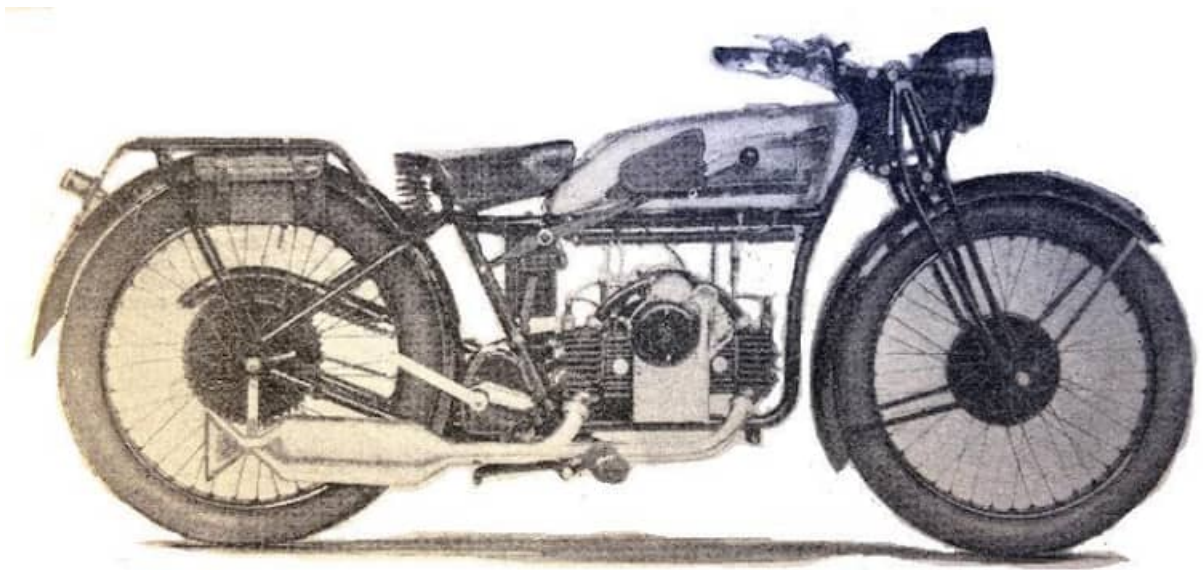




“An imposing big twin—the ‘Flying Eight’ Coventry-Eagle-JAP.”



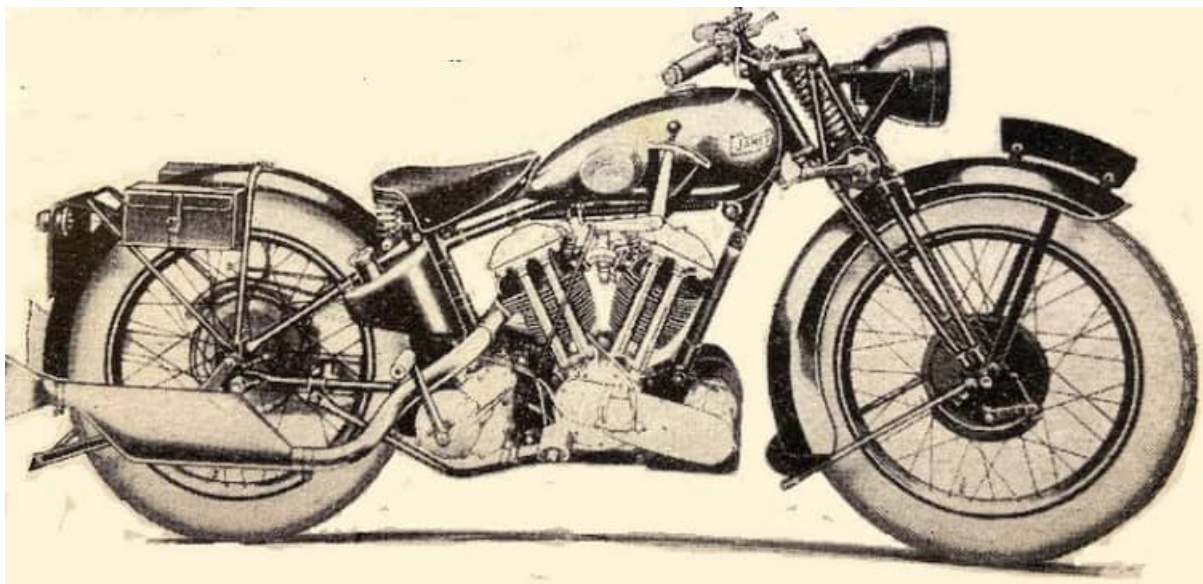
“Electric lighting, undershield and legshields are included in the specification of this new 196cc pressed-steel frame Coventry-Eagle.”



“Although fitted with dynamo lighting and full equipment, this attractive 348cc Douglas weighs under 224lb.”

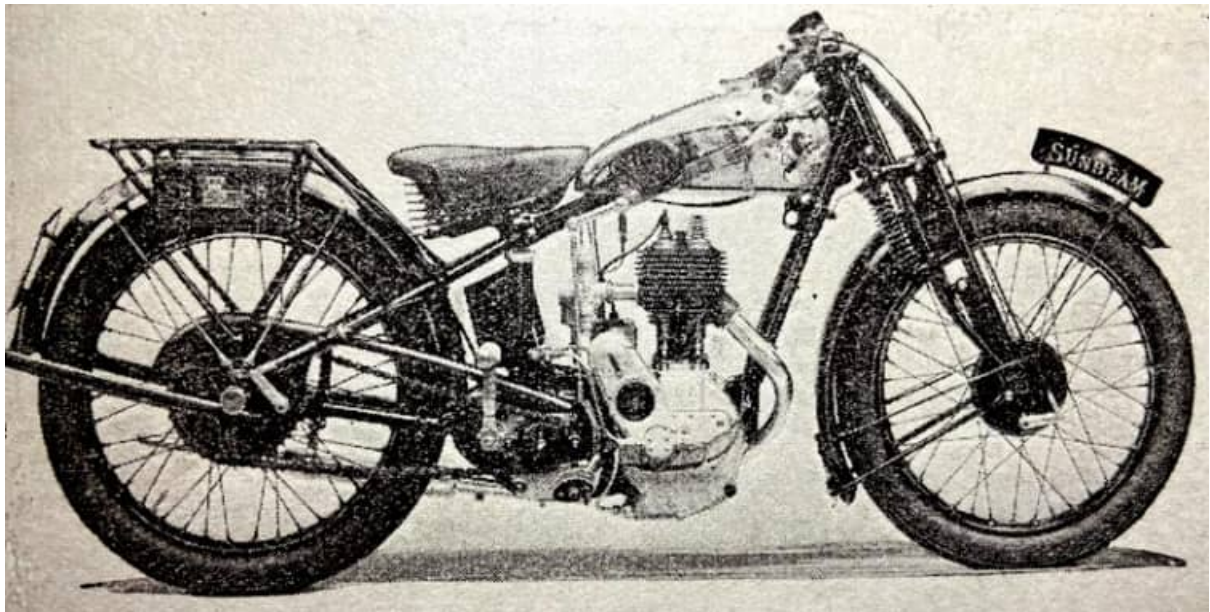


“Foot-operated gear control has been standardised on the Burman box of the Levis A2 model.”

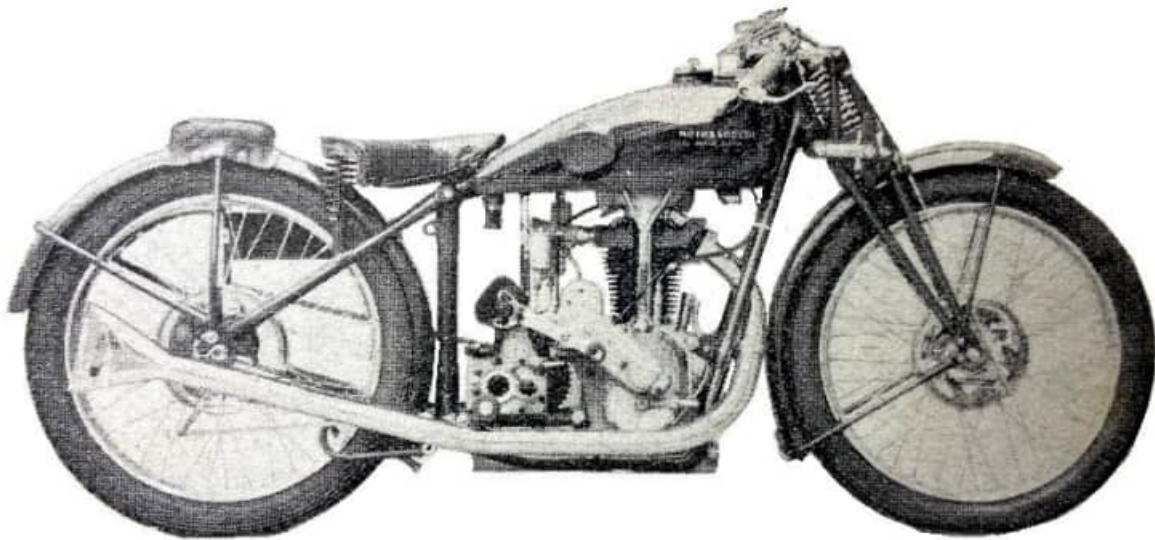


“The 498cc ohv James twin, known as the ‘Flying Ace’. shows a number of improvements in its latest form; electric lighting is standardised.”



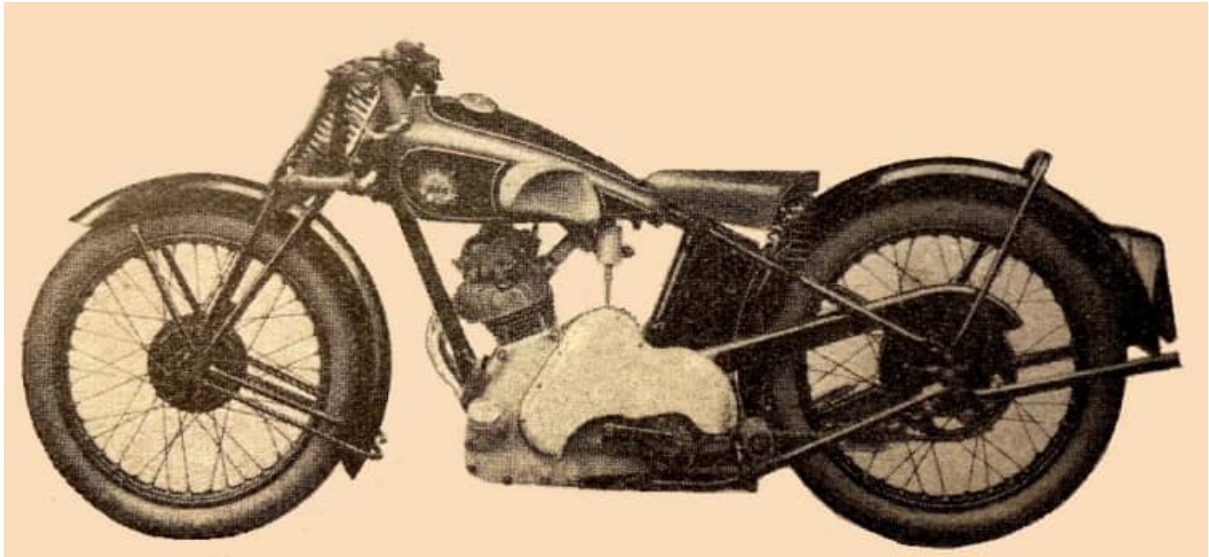


The Sunbeam Lion was launched to attract riders with shallower pockets.



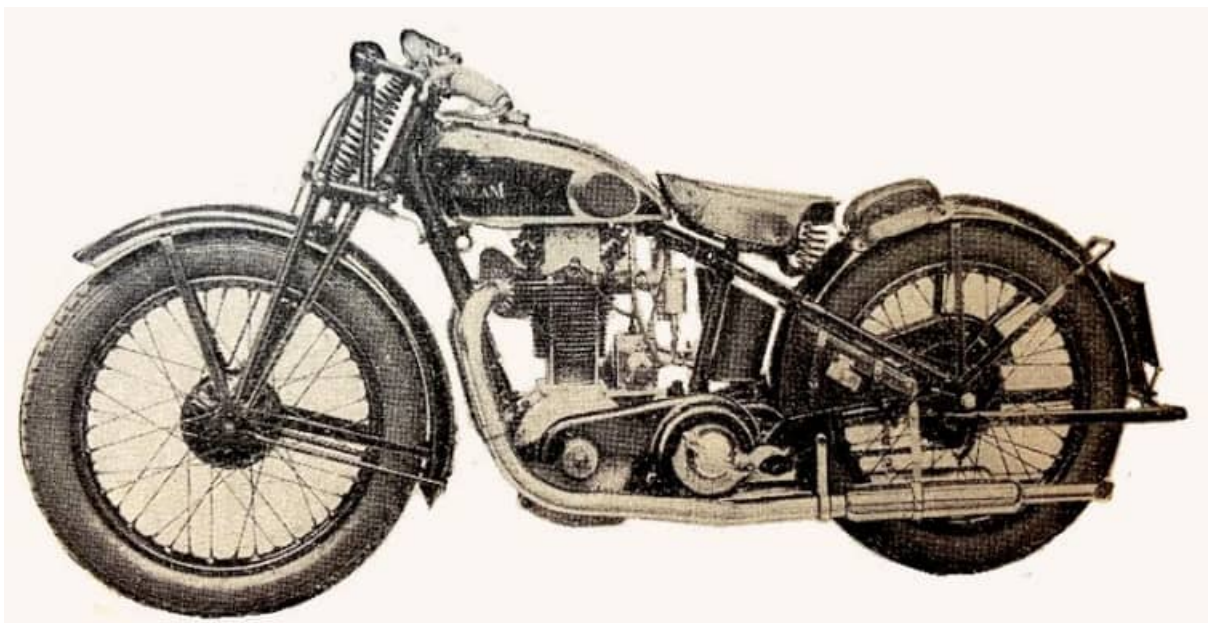
“The Swiss-built Motosacoche was a surprise exhibit...a new side-valve type has a detachable aluminium head and enclosed side-valve mechanism operated by a skew-driven camshaft...A duplex roller primary chain is entirely enclosed in a cast oil-bath case...Below the crank case is a large metal container into which the oil drains and which carries the main supply...The push-rod operated ohv 498cc Motosacoche features hairpin valve springs.”





“One of the novelties of the Show—the new 248cc high-efficiency, vertical-camshaft OK Supreme.”

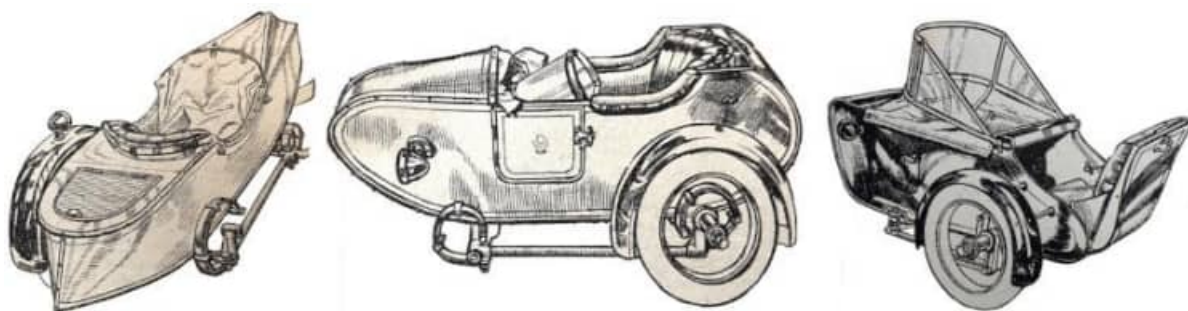
“THERE MUST BE HUNDREDS, if not thousands, of keen motor cyclists who have coveted a Sunbeam motor cycle for years past, but have been forced to forgo their desire for financial reasons...with the backing of Imperial Chemical Industries [which owned the marque], and their own accumulated experience of production methods, they have succeeded in evolving, not a cheap motor cycle, but a model which is a true Sunbeam in respect of design, workmanship, and material at a substantially reduced price. The new model, to be known as the ‘Lion’...is propelled by the now famous long-stroke [77×105.5mm/ 492cc] side-valve Sunbeam engine...The new model is distinguished by a chromium-plated tank bearing a representation of a lion rampant, which has become associated with ICI activities.”



“New single-spring forks and foot operated gear change are embodied in the 1931 layout of the 493cc ‘Model 90’ Sunbeam.”



L-R: “A sports Swallow, with an imposing nose and neat little screen. (Right) A sidecar on the P&M stand has a striking green fabric-covered body, with hood and luggage grid.”



L-R: “An unusual but effective design in aluminium on the Triumph stand. Fit to fit a Sunbeam—this elegant black fabric sidecar, with recessed seat-back and rear locker, is to be seen on the Sunbeam stand. A very smart touring model, with dickey seat, is the Matchless.”

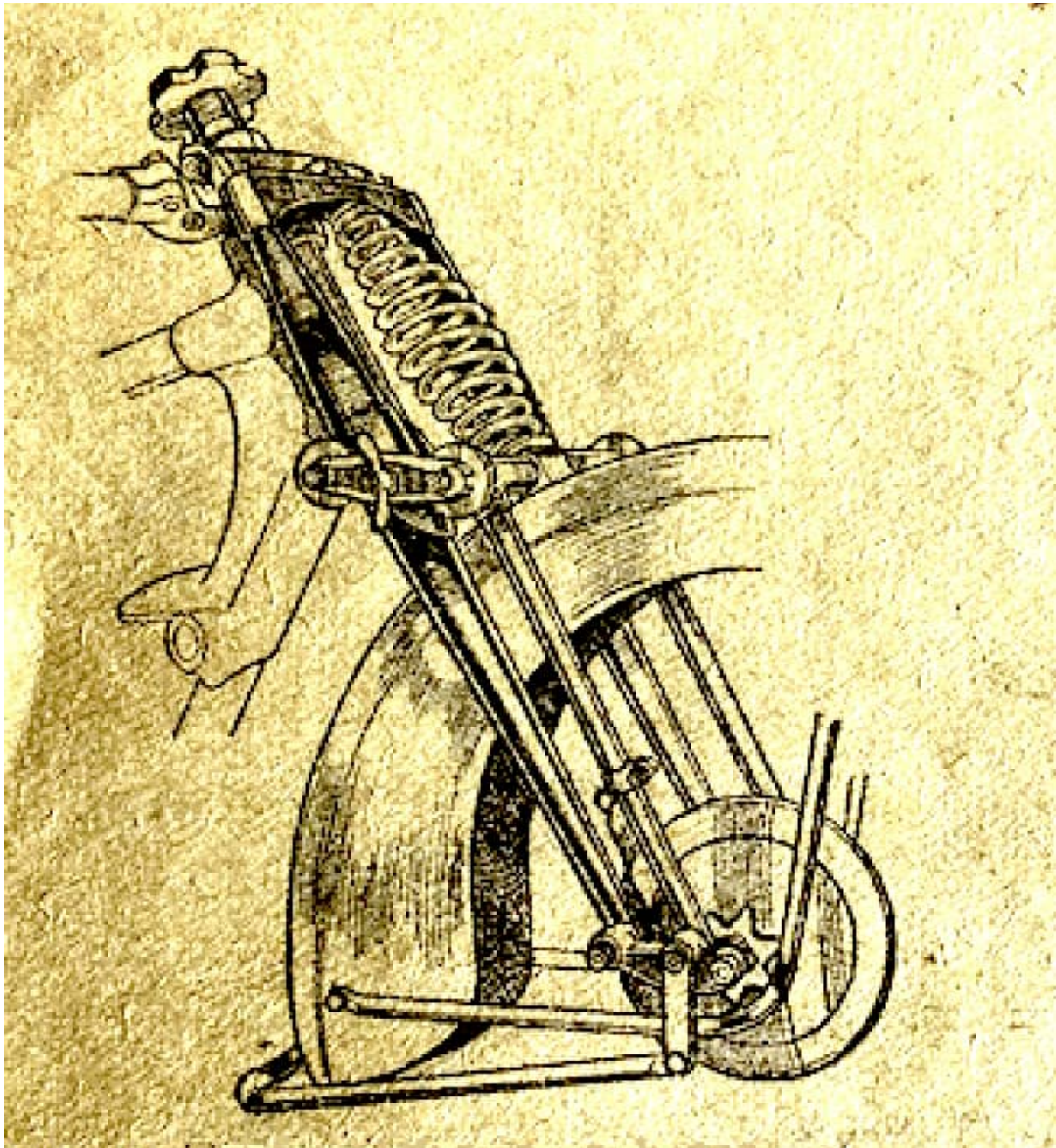


L-R: “Red beading and black upper panels enhance this sidecar on the BSA stand.” Having unwrapped his new launch sidecar, this pipe-smoking enthusiast prepares to fit it while the chair’s future occupant stands ready with helpful suggestions. “Generous proportions characterise the Rudge sports sidecar. The battery mounting is interesting.”

ARIEL, BSA, DOUGLAS, Triumph and JAP took stands at the New York show but of the surviving Americans only Indian made it to Olympia. Harley and Excelsior arranged displays at London dealers’ showrooms to coincide with the show, as did a number of cash-strapped British marques including Ascot-Pullin, Dot, NUT, Royal Ruby and SOS. Excelsior’s line-up included the

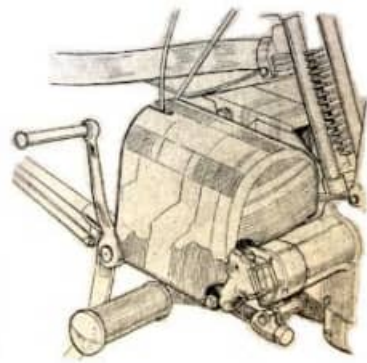
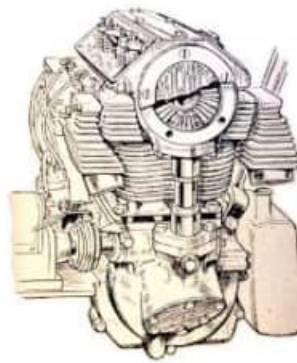
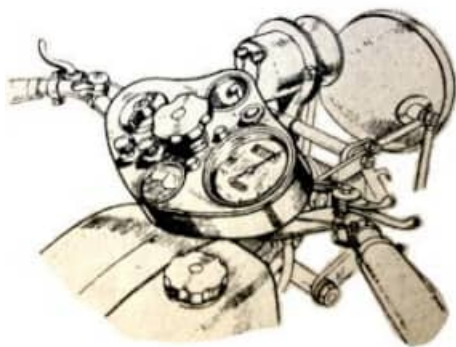


Henderson four and inside Olympia the Indian stand featured the Indian-4 (based on the ACE design which in turn was based on the Henderson...the contracting US industry was as incestuous as the British industry would be a few decades later). Annual US motorcycle exports totalled 10,200, compared with 38,000 a decade earlier.

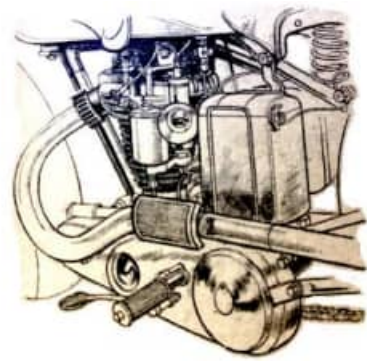
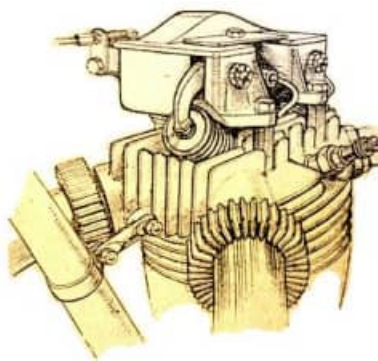
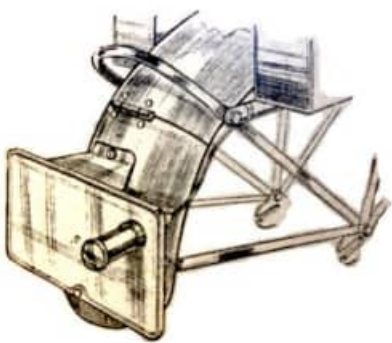


Grindlay-Peerless adopted the latest Brampton 'bottom-link' forks which were designed to reduce unsprung weight: "The main blades are of very sturdy construction and the floating blades, which are shorter than before, are anchored by links immediately above the front mudguard. These links incorporate four friction dampers controlled by a single wing-nut...At the top end a slot is provided to compensate for any adjustment that may be made to the steering head bearings."

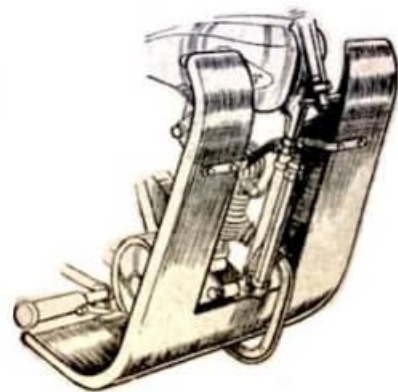
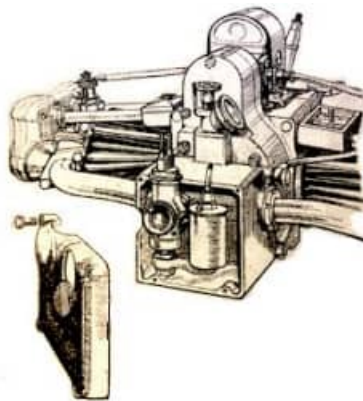




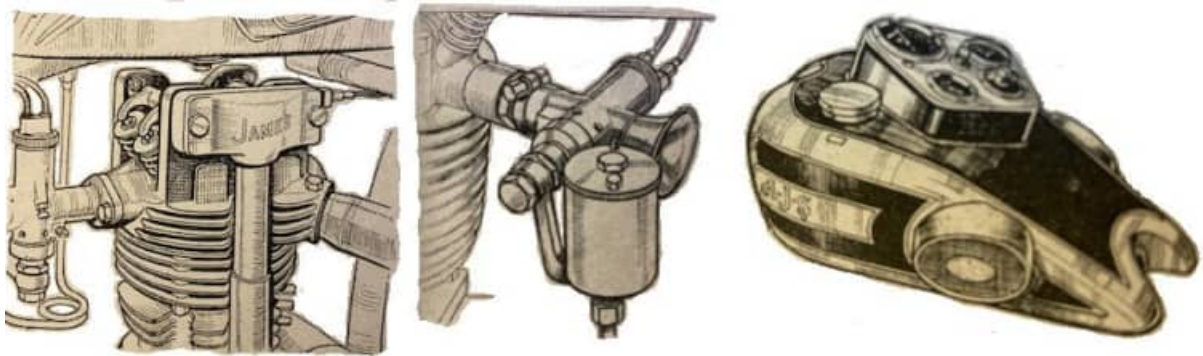
L-R: "The Matchless instrument panel. It would be difficult to tell at first glance that the Matchless 'four' is a four. A chromium-plated shield protects the Magdyno on the Montgomery 'six-eighty'."



L-R: "The Levis hinged rear mudguard. Arrangements of the cylinder head on the Levis ohv models—the quickly detachable rocker cover and the oil lead to the inlet valve guide are interesting points. Upswept exhaust pipes with rubber pads to protect the rider's calves are a feature of the Levis 350."



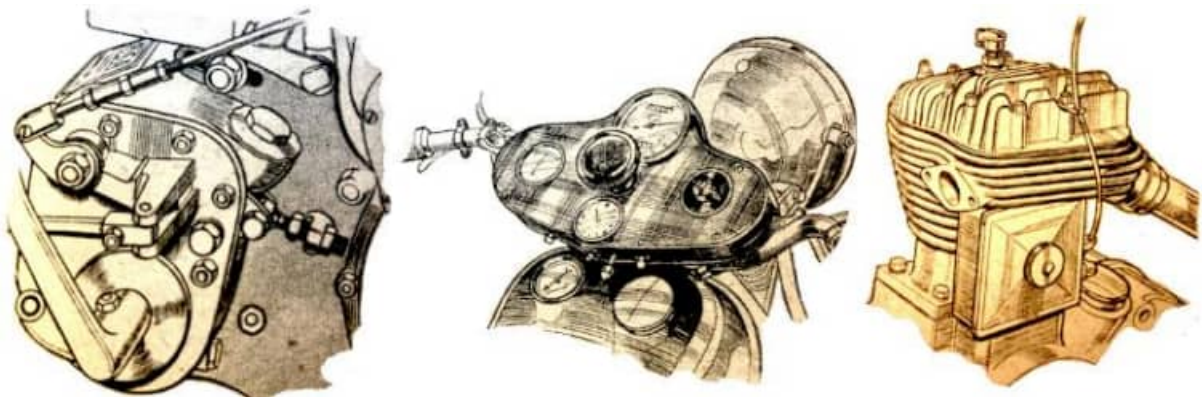
L-R: "Neat mounting of tool-bag and oil tank on the 247cc Excelsior two-stroke. Total enclosure of the pushrods, rocker and valve gear on the new 500cc and 600cc ohv Douglasses. Combines legshields and undershield are fitted to the Excelsior 'Empire' model."



“The cylinder-head of the new four-valve 499cc James. The mixing chamber of the Amal carburetter on the 346cc Excelsior is set horizontally to avoid the tank rail. Tank-mounted instrument panel on the latest AJS models.”

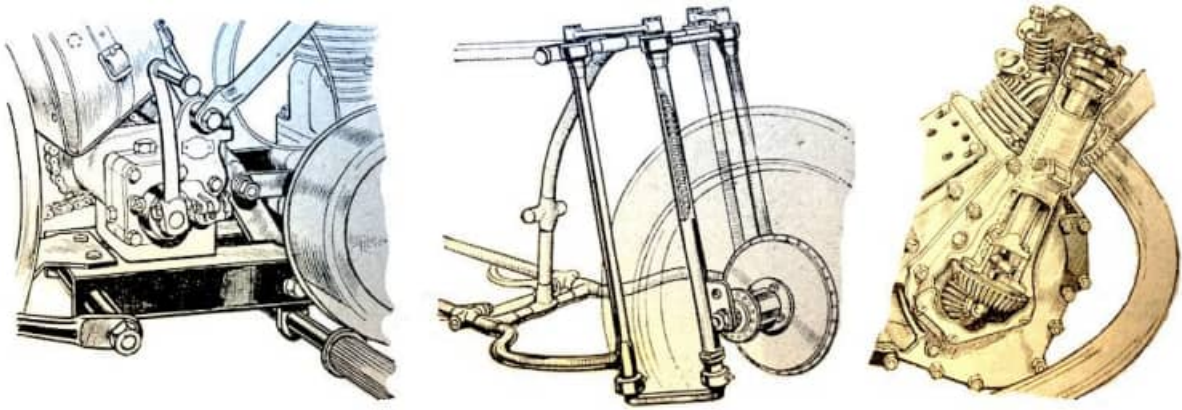


L-R: “The front brake of the 500cc and 680cc ohv Brough Superiors has a link anchorage to compensate for the action of the front forks. The Brough Superior bumpers protect the machine in the event of a fall. The cylinder head of the new 448cc four-valve Royal Enfield.”

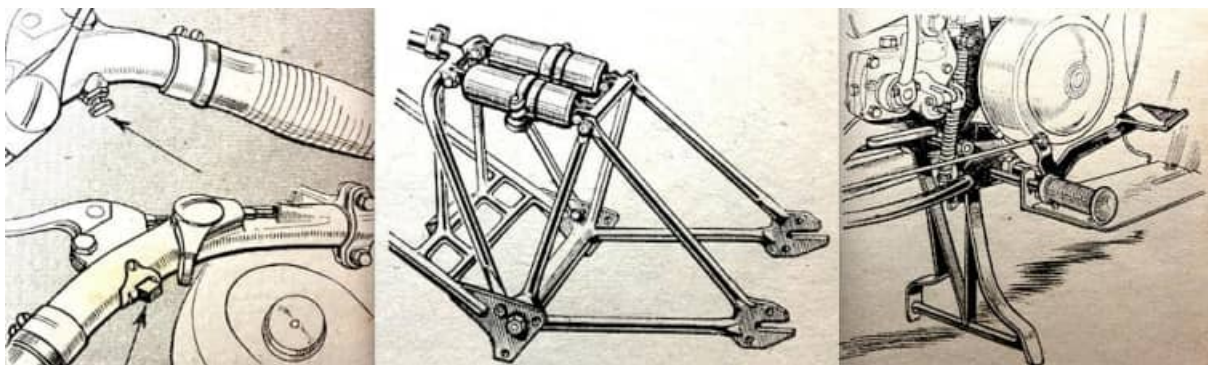


L-R: “Accessible gear box adjuster on the 550cc de luxe side-valve BSA. A close-up of the new BSA handlebar-mounted instrument panel. Enclosed valves and detachable heads are now found on the side-valve Royal Enfields.”

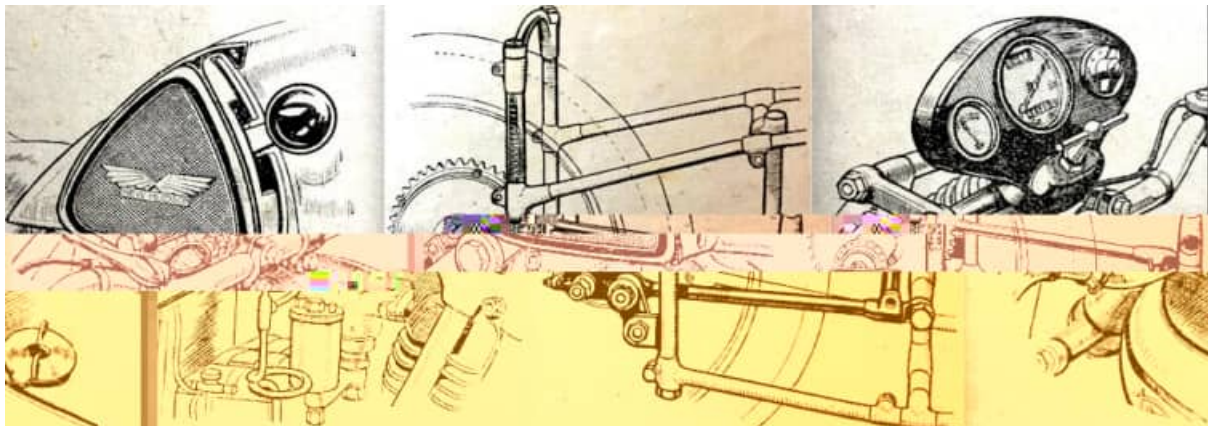




L-R: "Unusual gear box mounting on the Radco two-strokes. A detail sketch of the famous OEC duplex steering. How the vertical camshaft is arranged on the unconventional 248cc OK Supreme engine."



L-R: "The dipping switch and horn button on the 'clean' handlebar fitted to the 500cc ohv New Imperial. The springs of the Vincent-HRD spring frame are neatly enclosed. The central stand of the 147cc Wolf two-stroke."



L-R: "The neat combined knee-grip and gear gate on the New Hudson. How the OEC rear-wheel springing is carried out. The Norton instrument panel is so mounted that no visual gymnastics are necessary."

"NO FEWER THAN 106,266 had the good fortune to visa the Olympia Motor Cycle Show last week. Although the Exhibition was open only six days this year, as against seven in 1929, the total number of paid attendances at the two Shows was approximately the same. Incidentally, we personally favour two Saturdays in the annual Exhibition. After all, motor cyclists are largely drawn from the weekly wage-earning classes, and have not the time or facilities to attend a Show in mid-week. It is significant in this regard that Saturday's attendance was 37,829—a total



almost double that of any other day. In view of the widespread trade depression this year the attendance, speaking generally, was excellent; but what is more notable is the wonderful enthusiasm displayed on every side. The great appreciation of the new designs that was evident everywhere must act inevitably as a spur and encourage manufacturers in their efforts towards providing better and more refined machines. Great strides have been made, but after last week's Exhibition those few makers who had not heeded popular clamour will not, we imagine, be content to rest upon their laurels. What is now required, as we have already urged, is a trial to demonstrate the merits of the new designs, and we look forward in keen anticipation to the ACU Six Days Trial that is proposed for next April. This, it is hoped, will embody regulations specially framed to emphasise and bring out the advantages of the new-type machines."



WHILE ENTHUSIASTS AT OLYMPIA were clustering round the square-four Ariel and V4 Matchless, their contemporaries at the Paris show were treated to no less than four fours, all featuring a conventional in-line configuration. Train, a well established of proprietary engines, launched a 496cc ohc four with unit construction and shaft drive. This lump also powered the short-lived Majestic, featuring car-like construction including duplex steering a la OEC and a car-like bonnet. Motobecane (which also marketed bikes under the Motoconfort banner) came



up with a unit-construction cammy four, with a choice of 499 and 749cc. Cammy fours were clearly *sauveur du mois* in France that season because Dollar, best known for two-stroke lightweights, joined the fray with an ohv 746cc contender. Other exhibitors included aircraft engine specialist Gnome-Rhone which, having produced 498cc flat twin ABCs under licence after the Great War, had graduated to home-brewed 495 and 795cc flat twins with pressed-steel frames; and Lady, with a conventional range powered by Villiers, MAG, Blackburne, JAP and Python (Rudge)—centrepiece of Lady's stand at the Paris show were cantilever-sprung frames.



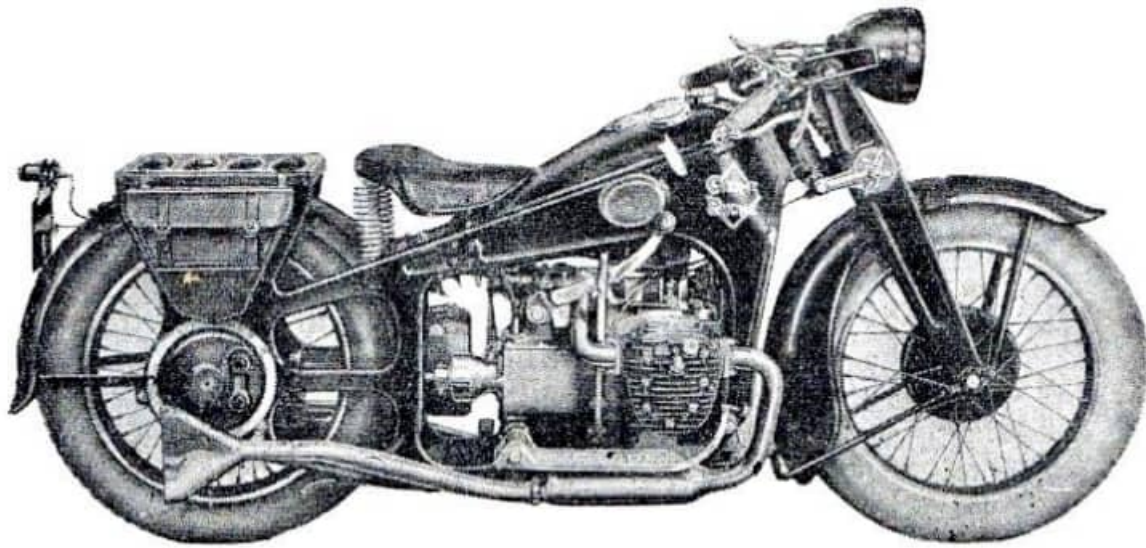
The Majestic was well named. With a monocoque body, duplex steering and elegant lines it deserved more success than it achieved. The Bernadet sidecar set it off perfectly. It was powered by a four-pot Train engine.



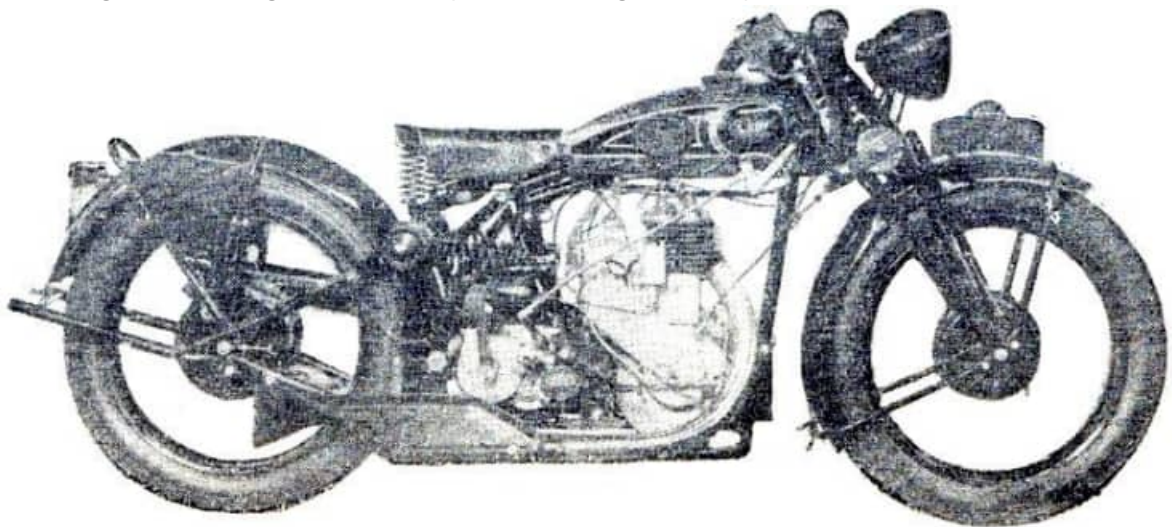
As well as a range of proprietary engines, Train was more than capable of producing complete machines.



Motobecane owned Motoconfort and offered its in-line four under both banners

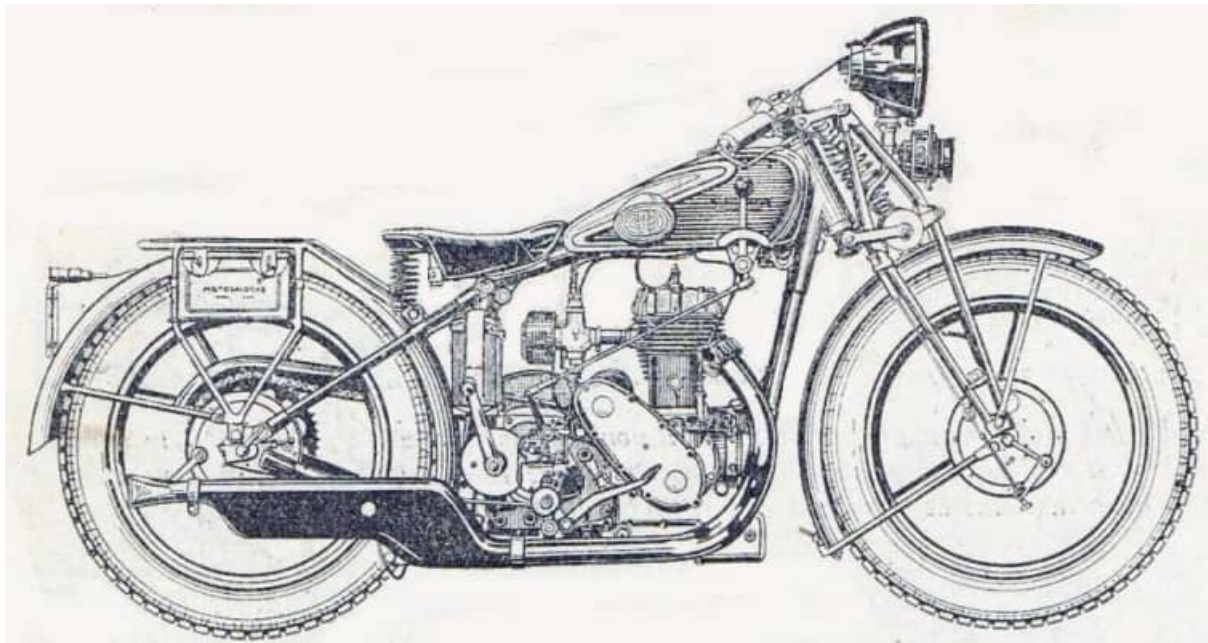


The formidable Gnome Rhone flat twin with its pressed-steel frame bore more than a passing similarity to the BMW; it was available as a 500 or 750. Noteworthy features included a tidy tank panel, hinged rear mudguard and a tidy rack/toolbag assembly.

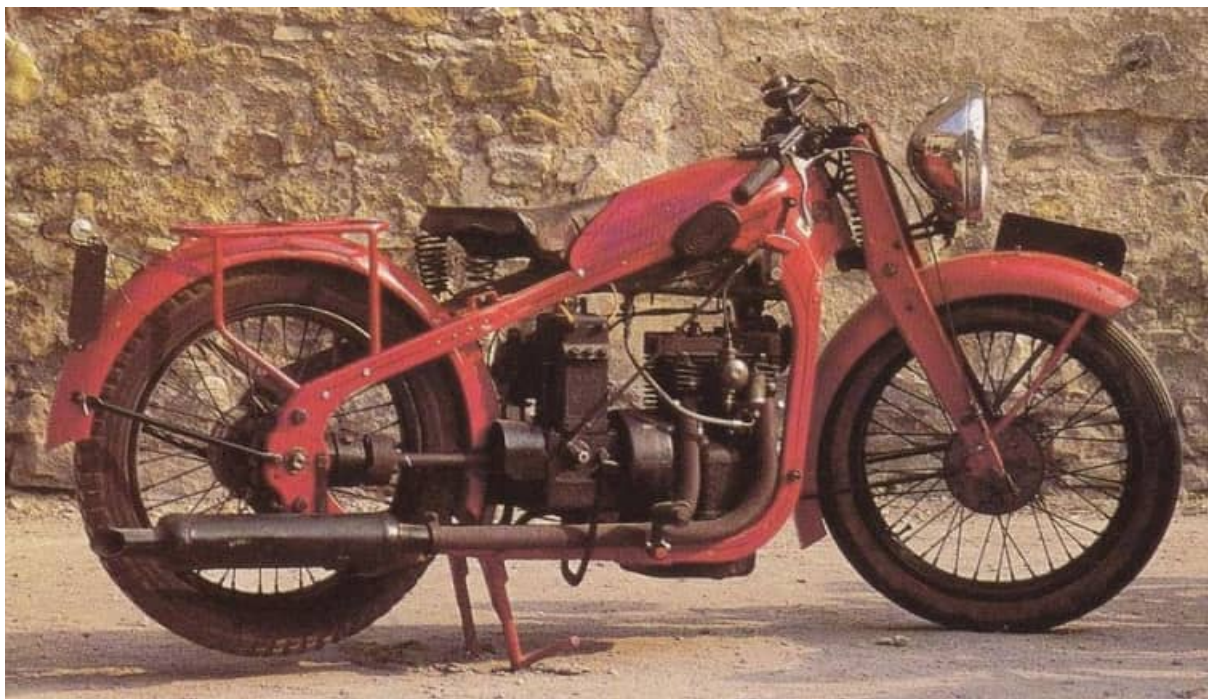


The otherwise conventional Lady appeared with adjustable cantilever suspension.

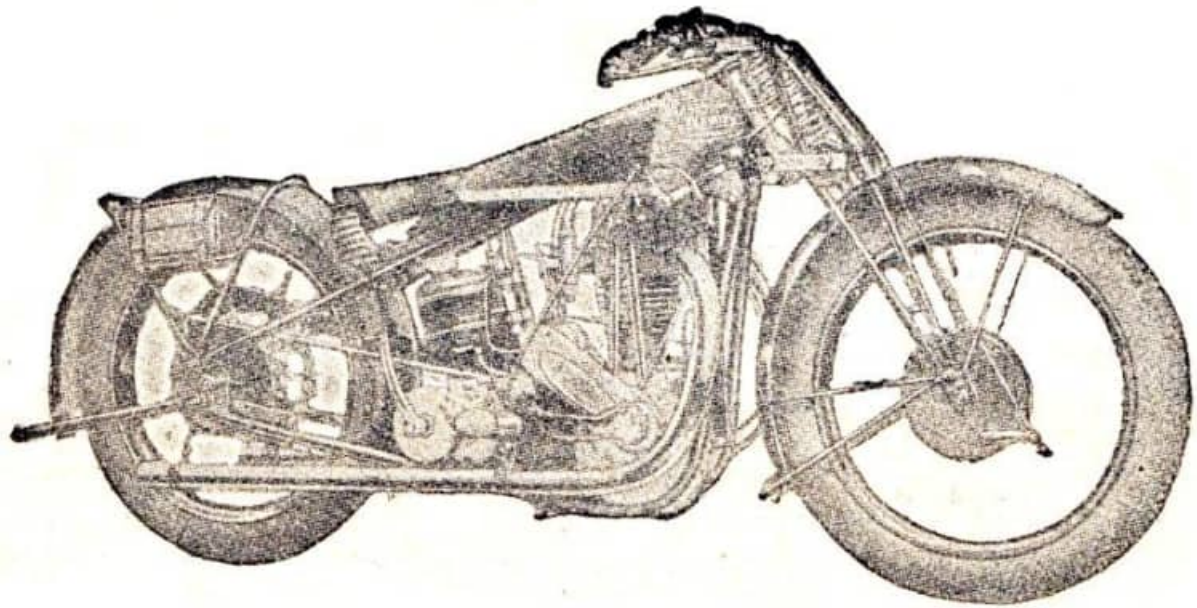




Well known for its MAG range of proprietary engines, the Swiss firm Motosacoche was still producing complete machines; its Paris show stand showcased the sidevalve 'Jubilee' 500 which superseded an established IOE model.



Also launched at the Paris salon was the 495cc in-line side-valve twin Dresch. Designer Henri Dresch had been in business for a couple of years, producing 250 and 350 utility singles; he described his twin as "a useful, reliable means of transport, very different from these sporty toys... It isn't a luxury item for the idle rich, but is essentially democratic."



The Ready, (originally known as the Ready-Courtrai) looked remarkably British. Some examples used MAG engines but most were powered by Villiers, JAP, Blackburne and (Rudge) Python.

AS THE POST-WALL-Street-Crash recession bit motorcycle British motor cycle production fell to 74,000, almost exactly half the 1928 level, and the number of bikes on British roads fell from a 1929 peak of 731,298 to 724,319. In response to falling sales some manufacturers, including Triumph, Ariel and Raleigh, branched out into light cars and commercial vehicles. Humber followed suit but ended motor cycle production, while AJS diversified into sidecars and even radios. Ferocious competition forced down prices. Cash-strapped customers were also tempted by the widespread adoption of credit deals, generally known as the 'never-never'.

DESPITE THE SLUMP Britain could fairly claim to be at the forefront of the global motorcycling industry but at the start of the new decade there was no shortage of strong competition from France (Peugeot, Terrot, Rene-Gillet); Germany (BMW, DKW, D-Rad, NSU, Zundapp); Belgium (FN, Sarolea); Italy (Bianchi, Gilera, Moto Guzzi); Austria (Puch); and Switzerland (Motosacoche, which also sold engines under the MAG banner). As in Britain, there were also plenty of small concerns trying to survive the global recession.

ARIEL CLOSED ITS doors, but they opened again after Jack Sangster, son of company founder, Charles, snapped up the tooling for a song, rehired the experienced workforce and set up a new plant a quarter mile down the road, still in Selly Oak.

RUDGE, HAVING SPENT a great deal of money on developing its four-valve racers, ran into financial difficulties. To bring in more cash it went into the proprietary engine business, offering its four-valve engines under the Python banner to compete with JAP, Sturmey-Archer, Blackburne and MAG.

BRITISH BIKES DOMINATED Italian racing in the 500cc class, but Benelli, Guzzi and Bianchi were sweeping the board in the 175, 250 and 350cc classes respectively.

FRANCE HOSTED THE ISDT which was based in Grenoble and took competitors into the Italian Alps for a total of 1,160 miles, concluding with a speed test at the Circuit de Dauphine. There were 85 competitors including 44 Brits, seven of them women, taking on teams from Belgium, Germany, Italy and Switzerland. Following a series of crashes on French Alpine tracks Italy took



the Trophy and France took the Vase. FP Dickson of the Brough Superior works team died of complications following a poorly treated smashed ankle. George Brough suffered a broken leg in a head-on crash with a car while riding to fetch help. There was some controversy within the British team when the ACU dropped Marjorie Cottle from the Vase team. This was clearly big news—The Cornishman, published in Penzance, pulled no punches. Under the heading “A STRANGE DECISION” it thundered: “The Auto-Cycle Union has apparently little faith in Brain supremacy in the motor-cycle world. It has dropped Miss Marjorie Cottle from the ladies international team because she has only entered on a 250cc machine. Miss Cottle is by far our greatest woman rider. Few men would care to compete against her. In most of her great events she has ridden a 1ow-powered machine, believing that by this she demonstrates the value of the light motor bicycle for women. The ACU. has chosen Miss Betty. Lermitte (an excellent rider, but not of Miss Cottle’s character) because she has entered on a 500cc machine. When thee International Six-Days Trial comes along at the end of the month the name of Marjorie Cottle will be absent and our foreign rivals will gloat. For they fear her more than anyone. But our selection body considers that a 250cc machine is too small for the route selected, ignoring the fact that Miss Cottle probably knows far more about that than all the committee put together. The motor-cycling community is staggered at the decision.” Betty Lermitte won a gold on her 500cc Rudge, but so did Marjorie Cottle. Only 26 of the 44 Brits finished the course, winning 16 golds. Six of the seven women finished, winning three golds. The International Trophy was won by the Italian Team of Rosolino Grana, Luigi Gilera, Miro Maffeis (15 penalty points). Great Britain was runner up (400); France came third (420). But the French Silver Vase team of messrs Sourdout, Debaisieux and Coulon won a famous victory on their home ground (14 penalty points) ahead of Italy (38), Netherlands (349), Great Britain (415), Great Britain (500), Netherlands (634), Czechoslovakia (745) and France (1000).



“Mrs Shillabeer (Matchless sc) has her time card stamped by the official time clock at Le Mure control on the fifth day.” (Right) A crowd of British competitors at the Chambeery check on the second day. From the left: LH Davenport (AJS), M Greenwood (New Imperial), Miss Foley (AJS) and JJ Boyd Harvey (Matchless ‘Silver Arrow’).”

‘SOMETHING LIKE A SCOTT TRIAL!’ will probably be the general opinion of those who survive the 1930 course, and perhaps of many who do not. On a map the course appears very similar to that of last year, but on a saddle—far from it! From the same starting-point at Grysedale House, near Threshfield, Grassington, the route climbs on to Malliam Moor, and after a short detour plunges through a wet and rocky tunnel, which, however, will not be observed. A thoroughly machine-smashing section then follows, over most interesting lime-stone outcrops, to rejoin the old route across Threshfield Moor. A short cut, missing Threshfield, leads to Linton Splash,



which caused a lot of bother last year; and after Thorpe comes a tiring section through streams and over the tumbled debris of bygone walls, to Burn-sail. The 2½-mile main-road section through Burnsall will constitute the 'control', for which riders are allowed 30 minutes, and in it they may obtain replenishments for man and machine. The re-start is from private land in Appletreewick, and Doantby Rash must be climbed before the Railway Line section again affords ample opportunity for the study of fork movement. After sundry aquatic sports in the Washburn Valley, a new horror is reached in the form of a paved path across Hanging Moor. Further new moorland leads to Cockbur Wood, Mogington's big brother, and probably the deepest splash on the course. Then comes the original Mogington—quite easy now—Cat Crag, and last, but not least, Denton Moor. As before, a loop will be made to include a portion of this twice, and everyone should be thoroughly thankful to scramble down into the finish at Nesfield, near Ilkley. The 92 riders (down from 119 the previous year) left in threes at one-minute intervals—and 38 (41%) finished, compared with 97 (80%). The winner was Len Heath (Ariel); fastest rider was Allan Jeffries(AJS) in 2hr 19min 54sec.



Allan Jeffries takes his Ajay for a paddle at the Hulme Ghyll and still set the fastest time round the brutal Scott Trial course.



Some water splashes were rideable, others clearly weren't. Bill Strutt hangs onto a remarkably thin life-line; his 493cc Sunbeam must be in there somewhere.

IT WAS RUDGE'S YEAR. As well as a stunning 1-2 in the Senior TT and a win in the Junior, Rudes came first and second in the first Man Grand Prix and in the Dutch, German and Ulster Grands Prix. Messrs Smith and Nott won the 500 and 350cc European championships. However, Norton 500s won the French and Ulster GPs, covered 300 miles in three hours at Montlhery and covered a record 108.60 miles in an hour. A 350 Norton set a record at 104.52 miles. Elsewhere on the Continent Norton, AJS, Sunbeam, Velocette and OK continued to do their stuff, against stiff competition from the likes of Motosacoche, Guzzi and Bianchi (for the record one race winning Guzzi rider was named Truzzi).

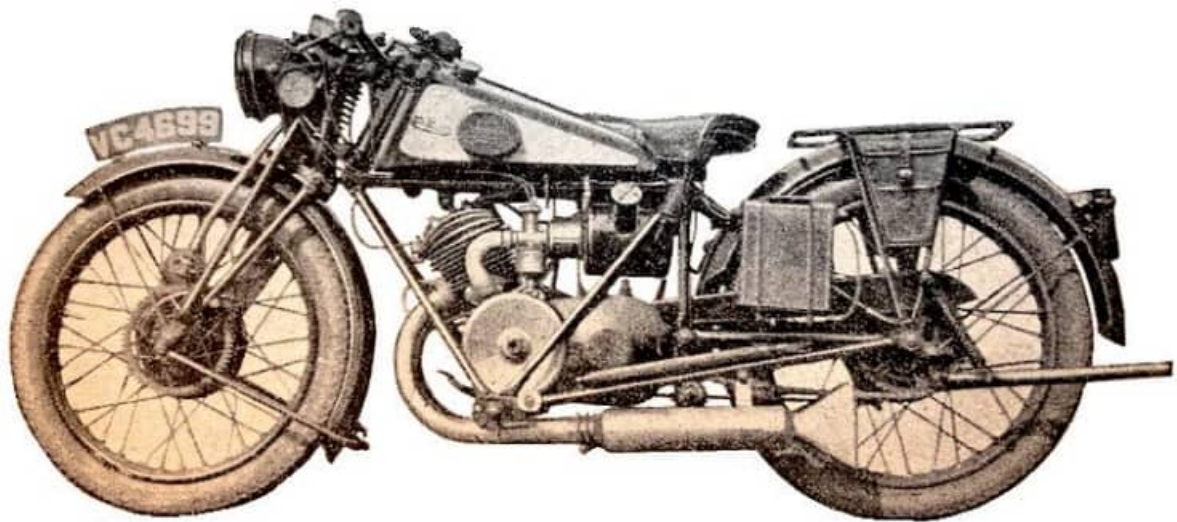
IXION OFFERED SOME WORDS of advice that some riders today would do well to heed: "I am writing this paragraph at the request of a number of our steadier readers, who perceive that the innocent and light-hearted conduct of some of the younger riders tends to create a bad impression. It must be obvious to us all that we have to struggle against a certain amount of public prejudice, frequently reflected in the columns of daily papers, both national and local, and voiced by magistrates, coroners, mayors and other elderly folk who have mostly forgotten their own youth, and which perhaps represent our joyous escapades in an unfair light. Juvenile sportsmen are often stung by the sort of people whom they regard as 'stuffy' into the only kind of reprisal which lies in their power, namely, that of attempting to shock or annoy such 'stuffy' persons. But these reprisals injure the main body of motor cyclists; they are boomerangs, which rebound and hit us. For example, any riotous behaviour on the part of motor cyclists makes fathers much less willing to let their younger sons own machines; stiffens up watch committees to issue stringent instructions to the police; tends to antagonise the middle-aged and rather surly constable, as well as to give nerves to a young and anxious police officer; and builds up prejudice in the minds of all elderly people, especially those in authority. Young riders can be of real assistance in creating a more favourable atmosphere for motor cycling in general if they will do their best to observe the following self-denying ordinances: **1.** I will never create any avoidable noise, except when I am alone on the earth. **2.** I will use my speed with discretion, driving always on safety-first principles, and, furthermore, avoiding speed where it may alarm

nervous people, even though it does not actually endanger them. **3.** Since a great many people see evil where no evil is, I will not knowingly create the illusion that the principal use of a motor cycle is to pick up girls and subsequently endanger the necks of the said girls. **4.** I will be especially careful to reduce the noise of my machine during those hours when older people are in bed.”

## 1930 MODELS ON THE ROAD.

“ONE OF THE VERY FIRST to sponsor what was known the ultra-lightweight, the firm of Francis and Barnett has, for seven years, been the staunchest upholder of the type. The names of Villiers and Francis-Barnett are linked together in the mind of the motor cycling public as pioneers in the smallest class of machines; and the second name is linked with another aspect of design—the introduction of true pin-joint and triangulated frame construction. A non-motor-cycle engineer would probably give it prior place from the point of view of sheer ‘rightness’ in construction. What is more, it is simple, strong, and in inexpensive, and its worthiness from the motor cyclist’s point of view can be gauged from the fact that the firm has not yet seen fit to market a model with any other type of frame. This year The Motor Cycle. has had the largest of the Francis-Barnett range on the road under varying circumstances for a matter of three hundred miles or so. It was fitted with the 342cc Villiers engine, and so belonged to a class which is not so very common, and was accordingly all the more interesting and instructive to handle—particularly as the buyer of such a machine is provided with a 350cc machine at a price only a few pounds higher than that usually paid for a ‘172’. Two expectations were more than realised by the engine. The slow pulling power proved to be extraordinary, and the engine was beautifully smooth almost throughout its range, and particularly so at high road speeds. A really high maximum was not expected, but the Francis-Barnett reached 55mph on more than one occasion. Actually, this speed is usually bettered slightly by most production engines, and might even reach the mile-a-minute figure with careful nursing during the unit’s teething stages. A speed of 50mph was very easily held, and for sheer high cruising speed the machine would hold its own with any but the most efficient four-strokes of its size. Actually the rider found himself constantly driving near the 50mph mark, and the engine stood up to a hundred non-stop miles of this kind without showing the slightest ill-effect. In the interests of safety, plenty of oil was given, but a more intimate acquaintance with the machine would have enabled the amount to be cut down very considerably. Once warm, and with a little attention to driving, the machine would two-stroke evenly right down to very low speeds, and even the occasional and inevitable four-stroking was not objectionably noisy. The lowest comfortable speed in top gear was 15mph, though it would pull away evenly from 12mph. However, the engine turns over so very sweetly that there is no excuse for hanging on to top. Some, piston slap was noticed when the engine was cold, but otherwise the only sound was a form of ‘two-stroke rattle’ which

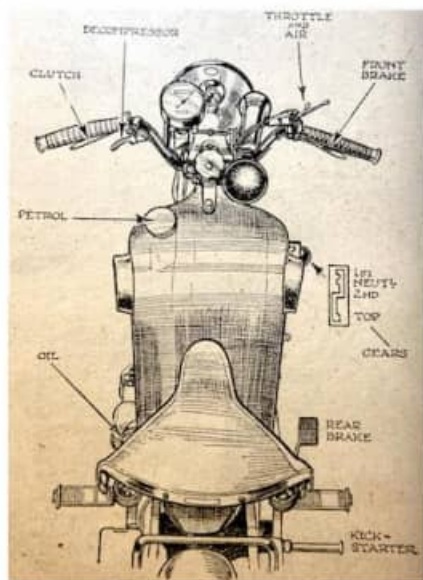




“The 342cc Francis-Barnett-Villiers

occurred when the load was eased after a great deal of hard work. Some idea of the engine's pulling power may be gathered from the fact that both Edge Hill (1 in 7) and Sunrising Hill (1 in 6½) were climbed in top gear, the former with considerable ease. This is an unusual performance for anything but really big and comparatively woolly engines. Edge Hill was attacked at 40mph, and the machine went over the summit at 30mph, while the speed was 10mph slower in the case of the second hill. On neither was there any sudden falling off of power below a certain number of revolutions. The gear change was delightful, and it was possible to flick the lever between second and top with one finger. The lever is long, delicate, and most conveniently placed, and the gears are absolutely foolproof, with a definite stop between each. Declutching is the most effortless procedure, and the clutch itself was very smooth. As might be expected, the steering and road-holding were faultless. The Francis-Barnett could be ridden hands-off in almost any circumstances, and the bumpiest corners could be taken fast without incipient wobble. Comfort, also, was quite satisfactory, though the saddle might have been a little softer with advantage. The footrests were perhaps a little far forward, but with the type of bars and the general riding position they, were quite comfortably placed. Both the brakes were smooth and immensely powerful and it would be hard to see where they could be improved. That on the front wheel was, perhaps, the better of the two, though it might have been so because less power could be given to it. The hand lever is long, and it is possible to get the maximum stopping power without any wheel-locking tendencies. The rider has to turn in his toe to apply the brake pedal, but, like many other things on motor cycles, its very operation is very largely a matter of habit and usage. Both brakes can be adjusted very simply by hand, but the shoes are of such ample dimensions that little wear should take place. Petrol consumption at fairly high touring speeds lay between 83 and 85mpg, but no check was taken of the oil consumption, which was made fairly high owing to the fact that the engine was new. Although it is impossible to view the oil sight feed while riding, the adjustment can be turned, and by watching the exhaust at regular intervals it would be possible to get a very accurate and economical setting. The engine is easy to start, quite silent, and does not tend to ‘fry’ plugs however hard it is driven. The position of the ignition control beside the engine might be considered very inaccessible—and so it is; but it is seldom, if ever, used. Its position, therefore, is of little importance. The machine is treated as one with fixed ignition, but if the rider simply must tinker with the control it is always possible to alter the setting with a little manual contortion. For a 350cc machine the Francis-Barnett is both very compact and very light

in weight, and its lines are most pleasing in a symmetrical way. In a word, it looks right, and a mechanical thing that looks right usually is right. Both wheels have knock-out spindles, and the pannier-tool-bags are really roomy. The 342cc Francis-Barnett has three outstanding qualities: pulling power at low speeds, smooth and progressive braking, and good road manners. Its maximum speed is not high as speeds are spoken of nowadays, but it will cruise only a knot or two less fast than its maximum over give-and-take roads, and will hold it comfortably and smoothly. High averages are possible and really pleasant, and this often forms the crux of a machine's road performance .”



“The controls of the Francis-Barnett. (Right) The Francis-Barnett under wet-weather conditions.”

THE ROAD TRAFFIC ACT did away with the 20mph national speed limit but increased the minimum riding age from 14 to 16. The first Highway Code was published. UK traffic fatalities topped 7,300.

“DURING MARCH this year 11,727 motor cycles and 18,848 cars were registered, compared with 16,649 and 21,112 respectively for the same month last year.”

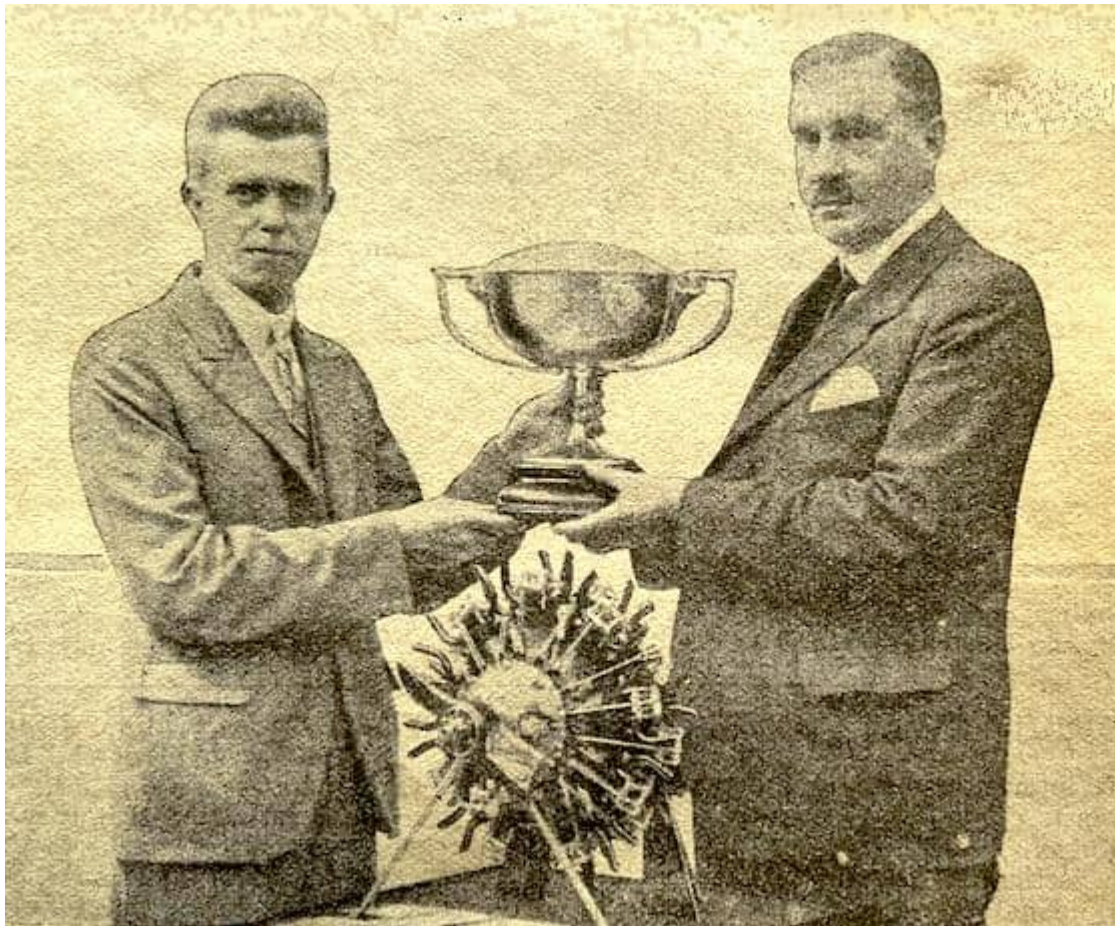
ACCORDING TO *THE MOTOR CYCLE* Buyers' Guide British motor cycle manufacturers produced an average five model apiece, priced from £20-160 (when deflation was running at 2.81%). That equates to £1,670-13,220 today.

“A READER WARNS ALL visitors to avoid breaking the law in any shape or form when driving through the narrow streets of Matlock.”

THREE YEARS AFTER the revival of the veteran car run the Sunbeam MCC staged the first Pioneer Run from London to Brighton.

KILLEN TIRE WAS granted a British patent for tubeless tires.





“This

model 18-cylinder radial aero engine, composed of over 3,000 parts, developed 15bhp at 4,000rpm. It occupied six years of spare-time work on the part of Mr Gerald Smith of Nuneaton, who exhibited it at the model engineering exhibition at the Horticultural Hall, Westminster. Mr Percival Marshall (right) is seen presenting the model-making championship cup to Mr Smith.”

“ROAD-USERS RETURNING from the West Country to London via the Andover-Basingstoke road should use great caution when passing through the little village of Overton; the entire inhabitants turn out to watch the ‘fun, says a reader.”

THE INVENTION OF Nylon paved the way to waterproof (but sweaty) wet-weather gear.

“WHEN A NORTH COUNTRY motor cyclist was convicted at a West Riding police-court for riding without a rear light he was fined 15s and had his licence suspended for three months. There were only two previous convictions.”

“ON THE OCCASION OF the recent opening of the International Exhibition in Liege by the King of the Belgians a procession of no fewer than 1,800 motor cyclists was held to demonstrate the prosperity of the motor cycle industry in the Liege district.”

“””FROM A LOCAL PAPER report of a council meeting: ‘...the amenities of the village of Welham Green are sadly marred by motor cycle “paperchases” on Sundays. Instead of paper however, the cyclists blow out a lot of yellow ochre or blue powder...’”





“Tink Bryant (aged 6), the world’s youngest grasstrack rider, who is to give an exhibition at the Barnet Grass Speedway on Saturday afternoon. This young speedman is the mascot of the Ringwood MC&LCC, which is sending a team of riders to compete against the Barnet riders. Tink is seen with his ‘mechanic’.”

“AN AMERICAN PROFESSOR has developed a chemical device to replace the silencer; it is said that it will eliminate the dangerous carbon monoxide contained in exhaust gases.”

RELIABILITY TRIALS, IN WHICH the main thing was to finish, were the earliest of all motorcycle competitions. But trials had evolved into specialist events and the sport had grown so much that the Manufacturers and Traders Union decided to restrict its support to a dozen events a year, not least to put a financial cap on spiralling riders’ bonus payments.

A PETROL PUMP was put on display in the Science Museum at South Kensington.

FOLLOWING THE INSTALLATION of automatic traffic lights at Ludgate Circus Londoners were promised more lights at the junctions of Cannon and Queen Victoria Streets and Moorgate and London Wall.

NEGOTIATIONS WERE UNDER way to remove Lancashire's one remaining tollbridge, at Warburton.

OLEAGINOUS SPANISH BOFFINS ('hatto numero octo' in local parlance) were experimenting with olive oil as an alternative to imported mineral oil.

RELIEVED LEGISLATORS in the state of Pennsylvania reported no increase in traffic accidents despite raising the speed limit to a heady 40mph.



“That greyhounds may see motor cycles at places other than cinder-and-dog tracks is proved by this picture from kennels at New Barnet, where an elderly Triumph provides motive-power for a dummy hare.”

“ONE SEPTEMBER EVENING Aloysius (the bike) being somewhat out of sorts, I took him out for a gentle spin in order to locate a certain mysterious roughness he had developed: So it happened that, without any particular object in view, we found ourselves, near sunset, upon Ashdown Forest in Sussex; not ‘in the forest’, but ‘on the forest’, for here the land lies close to the sky, and the forest is a great stretch of heather, bracken and furze, broken only in its rolling contours by an occasional ring of pines. A pipe was clearly indicated, and Aloysius was duly parked by the roadside. Miles away the South Downs marched along the horizon until, with Chanctonbury Ring just visible, they disappeared in the sunset. How quickly the light was fading! The pale mauve of the heather slopes grew steadily a darker purple, and the pine-boles stood out blackly on the ridges. A little wind sprang up out of nowhere, bringing a faint scent of autumn. It sang plaintively in the telegraph wires along the high road, and just stirred the leaves upon the thorn bushes. And it was cold. In the folds of the weald below tiny sparks of light sprang out and twinkled; while far away the midget head lamps of a car breasted a toy hill and vanished. Darker and colder still, till the moon climbed like a paper lantern among the pine branches, and bewitched the world. A solitary car swooped along the road towards Forest Row, and, having passed, left the stillness more intense. A big bird, late home doubtless, went to rest clumsily in

the bracken, and made me jump...Somehow the thorn bushes looked different...what was that? After all, it was getting late and cold. Perhaps I had better be going. No, it wasn't really creepy! Back at home once more, I realised that the mysterious ailments of Aloysius had been completely forgotten." ALT



WITHOUT DOUBT, OF ALL THE 'Edinburghs' that have ever been run—they number twenty-three—that of last week-end was the most glorious. From beginning to end it was one long, wonderful ride; there was not a cloud in the sky for a minute of the time; there was the moon at night and the sun during the day, shining without interruption. With the exception of one hill the going was easier than ever. The start, in the picturesque grounds of the Earl of Strafford at Wrotham Park, near Barnet, saw many competitors greet one-another for the first time since last year. Seemingly the Edinburgh is still a reunion trial for the old school, for, besides the irrepressible George Brough on a 1931 model, there was Harold Karlake not, as many thought, on a new Brough four, but on his 1,500cc Brough Special; it has a giant ohv vee-twin engine and Castle-type forks. J McBirnie was on his fifteen-year-old Indian, which has now seen eleven Edinburghs. From 7 o'clock onwards the procession started off on its trek up the Great North Road. At Stamford an excellent cup of piping hot coffee awaited the riders, as guests of the Stamford Club. Twenty miles farther on was Grantham and The George Hotel, with breakfast number one. From Grantham onwards lay what was perhaps the only monotonous part of the run; there was not even any fog between Newark and Retford to liven things up, but a certain amount of trouble was caused by those ships that pass in the night—the long-distance coaches, with their blinding head lights; one unfortunate scraped the entire length of one bus with his offside handlebar through being dazzled—but didn't come off! By 3.30am the Doncaster control was reached, and welcome refreshments were obtainable, while two and a half hours later the first men were at Ilkley for breakfast No 2 at Listers Arms. After breakfast, all were set for the first, and the worst, hill, Park Rash, reached by one of the prettiest routes in Yorkshire—via Bolton Abbey and Kettlewell. Park Rash is not so difficult as it was in pre-War days, for the three gullies have been filled in. Nevertheless, the lower section of 1 in 5 is thickly covered with loose stones and the acute left-hand bend which marks the completion of the stiffest part is thick with loose earth. The leaders were rather late, giving a chance for the thousands of spectators to take up vantage points on the hillsides, their motor cycles and cars forming a long line almost the whole way to Kettlewell. At 8.15am Harold Karlake led the way on his 1,500cc Brough Superior. He approached slowly, footed, and, after anxious moments, finally stopped. JR Watkins (346cc LGC), who followed, made a splendid climb with feet on rests. A 172cc Francis-Barnett, ridden by LC Christensen, stopped in the middle of the steep section, but restarted with assistance. Then FW Stevenson earned the plaudits of the onlookers by making a clean ascent on his 980cc Brough Superior. JF Fowler Dixon (499cc Rudge) dry-skidded at the first attempt, descended the hill, and made a splendid climb. Whereas A. Edwards (490cc Norton) failed, George Brough came up ever so gingerly on his Superior Brough with much plating gleaming in the sunlight, but the spectators applauded him for a cool, neat climb. CM Needham, similarly mounted, was much faster. Quite low down PR Collins (248cc Ariel) met his Waterloo, but EN Adlington (980cc Brough Superior) went up well with feet aloft.



One of the most meritorious climbs on the 'dried-up river-bed' surface was by AG Briginshaw (488cc Royal Enfield), who rode feet up, and was clapped heartily. GD Riley (497cc Ariel) stopped low down, E Cross (596cc Douglas) was particularly good, and two others in close order stopped—AV Lowe (596cc James) and RH Mintle (347cc Sunbeam). FT Hallett (498cc Scott) roared over the hill at speed, rounded the bend, and then stopped. He returned later, but was not nearly so good. LC Ottley's 748cc FN dry-skidded, and, to every-one's amusement, he sounded a blast on his electric horn as he lay prostrate. Only once did ATK Debenham (499cc Rudge) touch with one foot, but really the crowd of spectators hardly gave the solo men a chance. A nice, cool climb was registered by LW Turner (340cc Rudge), but CF Armstrong (400cc Matchless) stopped among the stones, and FB Turpin (493cc BSA) followed suit. JA Leyland's P&M Panther scored an easy ascent, quiet withal, and A Fox (493cc Sunbeam) was fast till the apex of the bend, and then dry-skidded as the crowd forced him off the best course. There were angry appeals to clear the roadway after that incident. Though AH Saunders (490cc Norton) footed he had ample power, while HW Littleton (348cc Rex-Acme) skidded at the hill foot, restarted, but stopped again on the crest of the 1-in-5 section. When CF Johns (1,301cc Henderson) skidded he raised a huge cloud of dust. WA Ashton (497cc Ariel) made a sure climb with trailing feet, but RG Soward (348cc Velocette) footed all the way. J McBirnie on his old red Indian made a sporting effort, but found Park



"Georgew Brough (986cc Brough Superior) makes a cautious climb of Park Rash."

Rash too much for him, and JM Barnicot (498cc Scott) climbed splendidly to the very crest of the hill and suddenly skidded. GN Gamble (499cc P&M) pushed, but JJ Boyd-Harvey (400cc Matchless) made no mistake. RB Chick (498cc Gillet) was also excellent. Then came the sidecars, and soon it was evident that as a class they were to outshine the solo men. VL Freeman (495cc Matchless sc) simply streaked up the hill, and TJ Ross (990cc Matchless sc) was only a trifle slower. AV Hudson (493cc BSA sc) halted half-way up, but the 976cc Brough

Superior of WC Smith was quiet, if slow. W Allan (980cc Brough Superior) was fast until near the summit, when his gear seized temporarily. Another Brough Superior sidecarist, CM King, bumped on the saddle and succeeded, but JF Kelleher (495cc Matchless sc) and CD Marrows (990cc Matchless sc) were notably good. A magnificent climb was achieved by HJ Finden (498cc James sc); JW. Hurst (990cc Matchless sc) had rather a struggle. Two Rudge outfits, WJ Cullington and FV Garrett up, got up well, the palm going to Cullington... In the tricky section between Askrigg and West Stonesdale—the next hill—RB Clark managed to find a puncture in the front wheel of his Gillet, while AH Saunders (490cc Norton) had such a large gash—some nine inches—in his rear tyre that he was compelled to use a his leather route-card holder as a gaiter—and it took him 27 miles of really hard going to Brough! At West Stonesdale, an easy hill with two rather sharp bends, there was scarcely any fun. AC Brigginahaw (488cc Royal Enfield) ran into the ditch on the second bend, while J McBirnie (988cc Indian) footed unnecessarily on the first bend; JJ Boyd-Harvey (400cc Matchless) took the hill, including the Motor Cycle man, in his stride. HJ Finden (498cc James sc) and CD Marrows (990cc Matchless sc) both took the last bend on the inside and roared up, while FV Garrett (499cc Rudge sc) appeared bouncing hard, for absolutely no apparent reason. GH Goodall (1,096cc Morgan) cleverly passed FC Disher (493cc BSA sc), who was suffering from some disability in the gear box. DF Welch (1,096cc Morgan) gained such velocity in between the bends that he slid badly on the last one and just got round. KFA Walker, BC Cannon and FH Moss made a perfect trio of excellent ‘Morganic’ climbs. Some more moorland going to Tan Hill, where an easy stop and restart test was conducted, and eventually, after a very dusty trip, the main Carlisle road was reached at Brough. After lunch at Carlisle the competitors set out on the last and perhaps most beautiful lap of the trial. From Moffat via St Mary’s Loch the country was glorious, the road passing as it does through a pass similar to the Pass of Glencoe, and coming to a wonderful climax in the shape of a superb view of Edinburgh, twenty miles away. Then on through the control of Eskbank and so to the finish of a marvellous run in the Waverley Market House at Edinburgh, where JR Watkins (346cc LGC) and VL Freeman (495cc Matchless sc) were congratulated on being the only solo and sidecar men able to lay claim to ‘triple awards—Exeter, Land’s End, and Edinburgh trials.



“VL Freeman (495cc Matchless) blazes a smoke trail up Park Rash.”

THE FIRST JUNIOR MANX GRAND PRIX will go down in history as one of the most gruelling races that have ever been run. Worse weather conditions than those that prevailed could hardly be imagined, and those competitors whose rides were not absolutely trouble-free must have been sorely tempted to retire. However, such was their pluck that until there was definitely no hope of carrying on they stuck manfully to their self-imposed tasks. That the winner—DJ Pirie (348cc Velocette)—averaged 61.63mph over the six laps speaks volumes for his ability as a rider, an observation which applies almost equally to W Harding, on a similar machine, who was only 28 seconds behind Pirie. These figures indicate the tremendous battle that these two men fought, and their progress was watched with ever-growing excitement as they raced almost neck-and-neck round the Isle of Man course. Rain set in on the previous night, but no one could have guessed that the morning would bring such awful conditions. The whole of the Island was enveloped in a thick mist, which dripped moisture that saturated everything within a few minutes. Billow after billow of murky mist rolled over Manxland's fields, blanking out everything, so that visibility rarely extended more than a hundred yards at any point; generally it was limited to half, or even less than half, that distance. And all the time the pelting rain lashed the faces of the riders, soaked their clothing and rendered their grip on the controls treacherous in the extreme. The roads, too, were running rivers of water, looking like black mirrors polished into a wicked slipperiness, and holding a snare in almost every yard. Cruel, evil conditions; the Island in its most ferocious mood...As the hour approached, the riders came in massed parade out of the mist along the road to the pits, the note of their exhausts muffled, but vibrant with power. People who had braved the elements took up their positions on the stands; the sodden flags flapped dismally at the tops of their poles; marshals, police, and firemen busied themselves



with their several duties. The riders went to their places on the painted grid, a dispassionate figure stood beside the man who was out in front of his fellows, waiting patiently as the minutes ticked slowly by. Then, with a slight gesture, the starter bade the man be gone; there came the crash of the maroon as the straining, black-clad man heaved his machine forward. He vaulted into the saddle as his engine came to life; and so began the wild procession, vanishing quickly to drop into the gloom of Bray Hill. The first man away was FL Frith (348cc Velocette), and he was to prove a hare that the hounds were going to have difficulty in catching. One after another, the riders went away, most of the engines responding readily, though JA Fleet's 346cc AJS was a little sluggish and JH Carr (348cc Velocette) had to make an adjustment before he could get his engine to fire. The clocks moved regularly on the score-board, and it was soon evident that Frith was setting a hot pace and was gaining on those immediately in his rear F Nichols and JW Potts, both on AJS machines, passed GH Lennie (348cc Velocette) and B Parrish on a similar mount before Kirkmichael. As Number 10 got to Kirkmichael Frith reached Ramsey, but he was being hotly chased by Potts. In a little while it could be seen that JM Muir was riding, his Velocette like a master; his pointer clicked steadily round and he must have had quite a busy time overtaking other and slower men. W Harding (348cc Velocette), too, was wasting no time. He is a Manxman and his knowledge of the course was helping him. Meanwhile, Nichol's pointer stuck at Kirkmichael while everyone else went by. Later it was announced that he had retired at Sulky with some form of mechanical trouble. Carrying the number 13, RD Armytage (348cc Velocette) rode splendidly, passing several riders out at the back of the Island. Just as the spectators began to settle down to make the best of a bad job, their spirits were roused by the hanging out of Frith's disc; he got a rousing cheer as he emerged from the mist and flashed by the stands. Nobody had caught him, and he was well ahead of the next man round, W Whitehead (346cc Sunbeam). Soon there came a surprise, for Muir was signalled to arrive. He shot past, having passed no fewer than 13 others. Harding, too, passed, riding a great race on his 1928 Velocette, and the crowd began to look for Pirie, who was a hot favourite. He, apparently, was content to take it steadily, much like Alec Bennett, and he pulled up at the pits as he came in. Practice form was repeating itself, just those people who were expected being in the lead, though Frith had sprung a surprise by taking first position. Here was a close race—and what a speed for such a day! The



“DJ Pirie (Velocette), the winner.” (Right) “Another picture that gives some idea of the wretched conditions. JH Cave (Velocette) is seen leading E Forman (Velocette) round Signpost Corner.”

rain now was coming down in sheets and a tale of trouble began. A crash put poor WJ Hewstone (348cc Velocette) in Ramsey Hospital with a broken leg; later reports stated that he was going on well...Visibility was worse than ever, and at Signpost Corner was limited to less than 20 yards. GA Kilburn (348cc Rex-Ame) was reported to have passed Craig-ny-Baa with a flat front tyre, and Potts' pointer had stock at Kirkmichael, and remained there for the rest of the race. The strain on

men and machines was beginning to tell, and no fewer than ten retired before the second lap had been completed. It seemed amazing that Muir could achieve such a speed under the prevailing conditions, yet he was absolutely sure of himself, and those who saw him at various parts of the course gasped at his unerring skill. Pirie seemed a little disappointing, but he was obviously warming up a little and increasing his speed. Muir and Harding were now riding almost neck-and-neck, with only a few yards separating them. Then Muir struck a patch of trouble and was delayed, but he went after Harding for all he was worth, and at the end of the third lap both discs were hung out almost together; the crowd craned forward to see Harding flat on his tank, going like one possessed, with Muir right on his heels. The latter stopped, however, at his pit; and got a great cheer as he set off again to pursue his rival. Meanwhile, there were a number of riders all doing splendidly though not appearing in the picture. Indeed, anyone who rode at all in weather like that was deserving of the highest praise. By this time they were soaked, and their plight must have been miserable in the extreme. Frith was beginning to feel the strain; he was slowing, and passed through to begin his fourth lap riding with one hand and shielding his eyes with the other. Wonderful Muir! Nothing could have been finer than this rider's display. He toyed with the course and laughed at the weather and rode on, supreme, dominating. And Forbes, too, had come up on to the leader board—a fine effort by a man who had been badly shaken by a crash during practice. Had he had an other week in which to regain his composure, who knows whether Muir would have had it so much all his own way? Then, observe Pirie. Isn't he behaving just like Alec Bennett? Just a slight increase, but a gradual creeping towards first place. Harding was showing wonderful consistency, his lap times varying only slightly. Came news of spills, though fortunately nothing very serious. W Hill (Levis) hit the kerb at Quarter Bridge and came down, and LR Reynolds (346cc OK Supreme-JAP) hit the same place, but by superb riding regained control and carried on without stopping. There were seven more retirements in the third lap, mostly due to minor tumbles and mechanical failures. Then came black, disappointing news. Muir had tried his machine further than it would go, and engine trouble at the 13th milestone had put an end to a gallant effort. This let Harding up into first place and Pirie into second, and



Here's Foreman, passing through a wet Parliament Square; he went on to finish 7th.

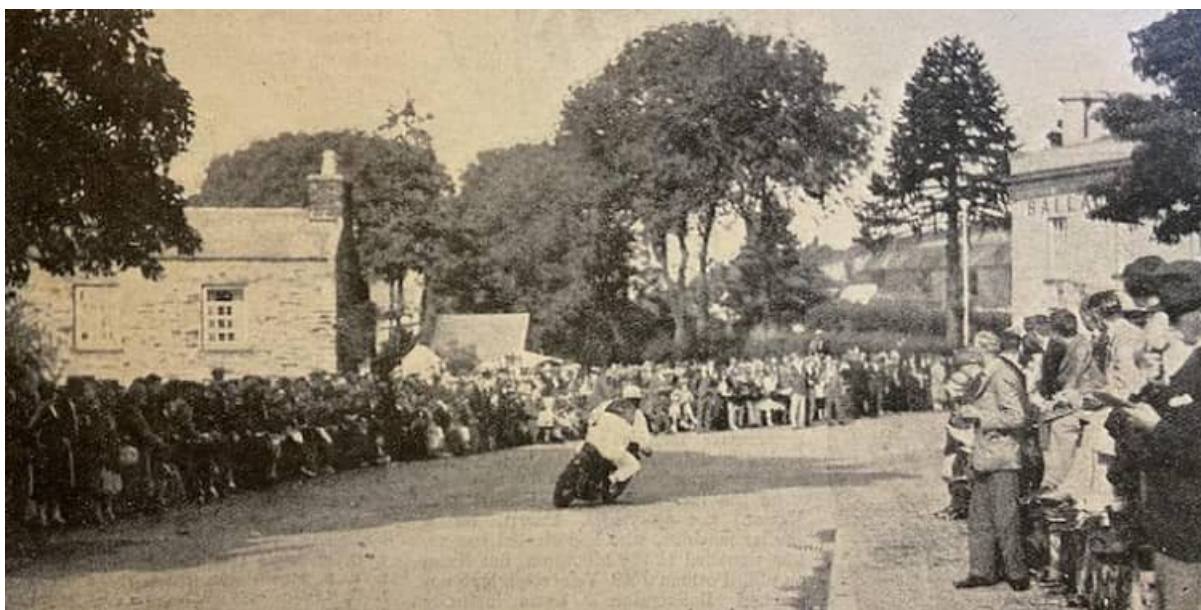
Harding began to carry on the fight with another opponent. There were a number like Bookless who were battling along in the fifty-sevens, which was quite a good show considering the difficulties. There was now no possible hope of a change in the weather—except one for the worse—and people began to drift from the stands to the refreshment tent in order to get damp inside as well as out. W Cornes (348cc Rex-Acme) was reported touring through Ramsey. G Smith (350cc Montgomery) came in to his pit, said he had lost count of the number of times he had fallen off, and went on to pile up the total still further. The lead that Harding had over Pirie was just 30 seconds at the end of the fifth lap, and Pirie didn't know it. Harding seemed absolutely invincible, and his riding was like clockwork. He was reported to be controlling his machine wonderfully on all parts of the course. Frith was putting up a fine show, making no fuss, but keeping on steadily pegging away. There were four more retirements in the fourth lap, but this toll was nothing like what might have been expected. Thus the final lap began. Could Pirie gain half a minute on anyone so consistently good as Harding? Would Harding make some mistake that would rob him of victory? Could Frith pull out a little extra—enough to challenge the two leaders? The clocks clicked round, and when Pirie was at Ramsey, Harding was at Craig-ny-Baa. Only a few minutes, and, barring accidents, he would be home. The boy in charge of the leader's clock listened tensely at the telephones; the crowd glued its eyes on to him; saw his hand reach out and swing over the disc signalling Harding's finish. Down the road came the rider, cheered to the echo. And then they waited for Pirie; he passed the mountain and the more imaginative pictured him dropping down to the Craig. Meanwhile, Frith had come in almost unnoticed in the general excitement. Pirie's pointer moved; in the mind's eye you could see him swooping down the straight, past Brandish Corner, swinging round Hillberry, and up to Signpost; then through the twisting curves to Governor's Bridge, and his disc went up. He came hurtling down the Glencrutchery Road for the last time; the crowd rose to welcome him. Then, in a few minutes, the announcer thrilled everybody by saying that Pirie had completed the course in 28 fewer seconds than Harding took. Others came in; eight out the first eight were Velocettes—indeed a wonderful performance.” **Results:** 1, DJ Pirie (348cc Velocette); 2, W Harding (348cc Velocette); 3, FL Frith (348cc Velocette); 4, H Levings (348cc Velocette); 5, JW Forbes (348cc Velocette); 6, TL Forbes (348cc Velocette); 7, E Forman (348cc Velocette); 8, RD Armytage (348cc Velocette); 9, RA Macdermid (348cc Cotton-Blackburne); 10, WN Jordan (346cc AJS); 11, W Cornes (348cc Rex-Acme-Blackburne); 12, RS Moorhouse (348cc Norton); 13, JH Carr (348cc Velocette); 14, W Riley (346cc Sunbeam); 15, W Whitehead (346cc Sunbeam); 16, 'A Macintosh' (348cc Velocette); 17, JA Fleet (346cc AJS); 18, N Robson (346cc New Hudson).

“AT THE END OF HIS great ride DJ Pirie was remarkably fresh and exceedingly happy. He had a no-trouble run and nursed his machine carefully, easing up on the Mountain. He rides at 14 stone, which is a good load for a small machine. He said that the chief difficulty was that of seeing ahead through the fog, which was unbelievably thick...The roads, he said, were shocking, and very treacherous...Pirie, who is twenty-three years of age, is a Londoner, and an architect and surveyor. He rode last year in the Amateur Road Race, taking fifth and seventh places in the Senior and Junior respectively. W Harding stated that he had thoroughly enjoyed himself, except when he oiled a plug on the second lap...He had no complaints to make at being beaten by so small a margin, and laughingly handed the credit to Pirie for keeping him down to second place.”

“FORTY-SIX COMPETITORS RODE up to the start of the Senior Manx grand Prix, some with full knowledge that, given luck, success would be theirs; others hopeful that the 'stars' would not set too hot a pace for them, and some who must have realised that their chances were but slender ones. But every man was determined to do his best, and, as the race progressed, it was



impossible not to admire the pluck of those who played a losing game with adversity. Ten o'clock approached, and a hush fell over the stands. No 1, J Swan (490cc Norton), gently rocked his machine to and fro; a whispered word from the time-keeper; the thunder of the maroon; a push, a run, a vault, and Swan was in the saddle, and, with a crashing acceleration, his machine shot away—only to cut right out before Bray Hill. FL Frith (348cc Velocette), was cheered lustily; MN Mavrogordato pushed his Scott a long way before it woke the echoes with its scream; BW Swabey (499cc Rudge) waved cheerily to friends; GW Wood (499cc Rudge) rode hands-off at a great speed while adjusting his goggles; and WN Jordan pushed his New Hudson all the way to Bray Hill...Obviously out for blood, Frith passed five men on his first lap, and was followed by Mavrogordato, riding beautifully. V Jackson (496cc Cotton), stuck at Kirkmichael long enough to allow fifteen others to reach the Mountain; he retired eventually at Ramsey with a broken rocker. Broken rockers were far too prevalent, the same trouble putting out N Croft (Norton) and Jordan (New Hudson), who went to form a group of 11 riders who completed no more than one lap. Pirie and Harding were fighting out their own little battle, the latter gaining 11sec on his rival. Neither, however, could catch Frith or Muir, but all these Velocette riders, except Hale, got themselves on the leader board at the end of the first lap. Meanwhile, HL Daniell (490cc Norton), who had made the fastest practice lap, retired at the Bungalow with a burst tank, and RA Macdermid, on his Junior Cotton, with a lighting-up time-table glued to the tank, also went out after doing a lap in 1hr 43min 18sec—that time-table did not seem so unnecessary after all! Broken chains transformed Hilbert and JA Fletcher (493cc Sunbeam) from riders into spectators, and R Rogerson (499cc Rudge) struck engine trouble, which brought him to rest at Quarter Bridge...Should the luck of the leaders fail there were several who were battling along just behind that were ready to spring forward. Jack Williams (499cc Rudge), for instance, riding an International Six Days machine complete with kick-starter, was touring along at about 67mph, and D Kenyon (493cc Sunbeam), A Ashley and A Brewin on Ridges, members of the Crewe club team, were showing that motor cycles could run just as regularly as the locomotives of their home town. Engine trouble at Hillberry eliminated BW Swabey (499cc Rudge), and a fall at Governor's Bridge was suffered by SC Vince (490cc Norton). On this lap Merrill seemed to be settling down well and was obviously intent on making his position secure...The fifth lap was one of disappointment, for Frith...was compelled to retire, thus putting an end to a superb effort on a junior machine that had already been sorely tried. Then Merrill caused consternation by allowing the gap between him and Wood to disappear almost to vanishing point. Was anything the matter with him? Was he getting too tired? Was his machine cracking up? But he finished the lap seemingly going as well as ever, and nobody guessed that he had only third gear left in his four-speed box, that his engine was screaming its heart out on the straights, and that he had to paddle up the mountain both on this and on the last lap. Yet another bit of anxiety was felt



“Big crowds were everywhere round the course. This is a scene at Ballacraigne, and the rider is A Ashley (499cc Rudge).”

when Price was seen to have passed Harding at Kirkmichael. Poor Harding was in trouble, but doggedly stuck to his task, though his disappointment must have been intense at being compelled to lap in the miserable time of 55 minutes. Such is Fate, however, and similar disaster may overtake anyone, who takes up the racing game...At the beginning of the sixth, and final, lap the excitement was intense. Wood was out ahead of Merrill, going as well as ever with a good chance of beating him on time. With only one gear to use Merrill must have had a very anxious ride; every falter that his machine made must have magnified itself in his mind. Then there was the mountain in front of him, a joy to conquer in the ordinary way but now an ominous, mocking thing. But old Snaefell was not to claim this man as a victim, for on he went, assisting his crippled machine with tired limbs. He and Gledhill were now racing almost together, and the loud speaker traced their course, each announcement bringing a thrill to the waiting spectators. Suddenly Wood was signalled past the Bungalow; his clock clicked over to Craig-ny-baa, and in the smallest possible time, it seemed, he came screaming down to the stands amid tremendous applause. In the meantime Harding had really got going again, and flashed by on his last lap defeated but undismayed. Then came Merrill, cheered to the echo. He had led the field throughout the last five laps; he had dared to encircle the Island course for one hectic lap at over 71mph, thus placing himself in an unassailable position. His victory had been right nobly won, his foes had been most worthy of his steel. So ended the first Manx Grand Prix, with a promise of a future as bright as that of anything in the racing firmament. At the end of the Senior Manx Grand Prix 19 seconds separated the winner from the second man. ER Merrill (499cc Rudge) rode a wonderful race, during the course of which he broke the lap record with a circuit that occupied 31min 50sec, giving a speed of 71.13mph. This record...was previously held by P Hunt on a Norton. Merrill was chased every inch of the way by GW Wood, also, on a Rudge, and came near to losing the race. After the race ER Merrill was naturally the most satisfied man in Manxland. He had begun to despair after having paddled once up the Mountain, and said that he never expected to reach the top without getting off the saddle. However, the engine worked willingly on the rest of the lap, and stood up to the terrific strain imposed upon it. Naturally, Merrill was rather tired at the end, and very glad it was all over, especially as his efforts had been greeted with success. He knew he had to press his mount for

all it was worth in order to shake off Wood. Merrill is 23 years of age, a native of Didsbury, Manchester, and is a wine and spirit merchant by trade.”



“JM Muir (348cc Velocette) watched by an interested crowd as he straightens up after Bradon Bridge.” He finished fourth, one place behind DJ Pirie on another KTT Velo.

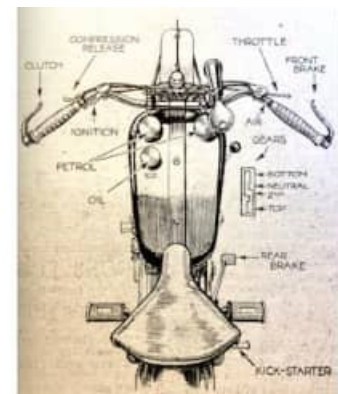
“THE MANX GRAND PRIX, the first of what is to be hoped will be a long series of annual races, was a great success...Its predecessor, the Amateur Road Race, was always an outstanding event, for it had an atmosphere of healthy rivalry and good spirits that is necessarily rather lacking in trade events; but the Manx Grand Prix bids fair to be even more enjoyable, for with the elimination of the ‘amateur’ definition there is no longer any bickering regarding the status of competitors, nor any undercurrent of ill-feeling.”

## 1930 MODELS ON THE ROAD.

WHEN the 300cc air-cooled single-cylinder Scott motor cycle was introduced over a year ago...it naturally created a good deal of interest. because up to that time the name Scott had been exclusively associated with water-cooled twin-cylinder engines It would be an exaggeration to say that when the Squirrel, as the new model was called, was being planned the question of weight was not considered; it was, of course, taken into account, but as there was practically no chance of getting below the then 200lb limit (for the 30s tax) no attempt at weight paring was made. The weight of the original Squirrel came out at about 228lb, so that when the tax limit of 200lb was pushed up to 224lb (rebates on existing 200-224lb machines are now being made) it became imperative that something should be done to bring the new model down a few pounds in weight. Instead of merely paring down the weight here and there the makers decided to carry out at the same time several alterations with a view to increasing the efficiency of the machine and adding to its general appearance. No further modifications are to be made for 1931, so the machine under review is in every way a 1931 model...the engine can be conveniently termed ‘a half’ of the present 596cc Scott. It is housed in a modified Scott frame



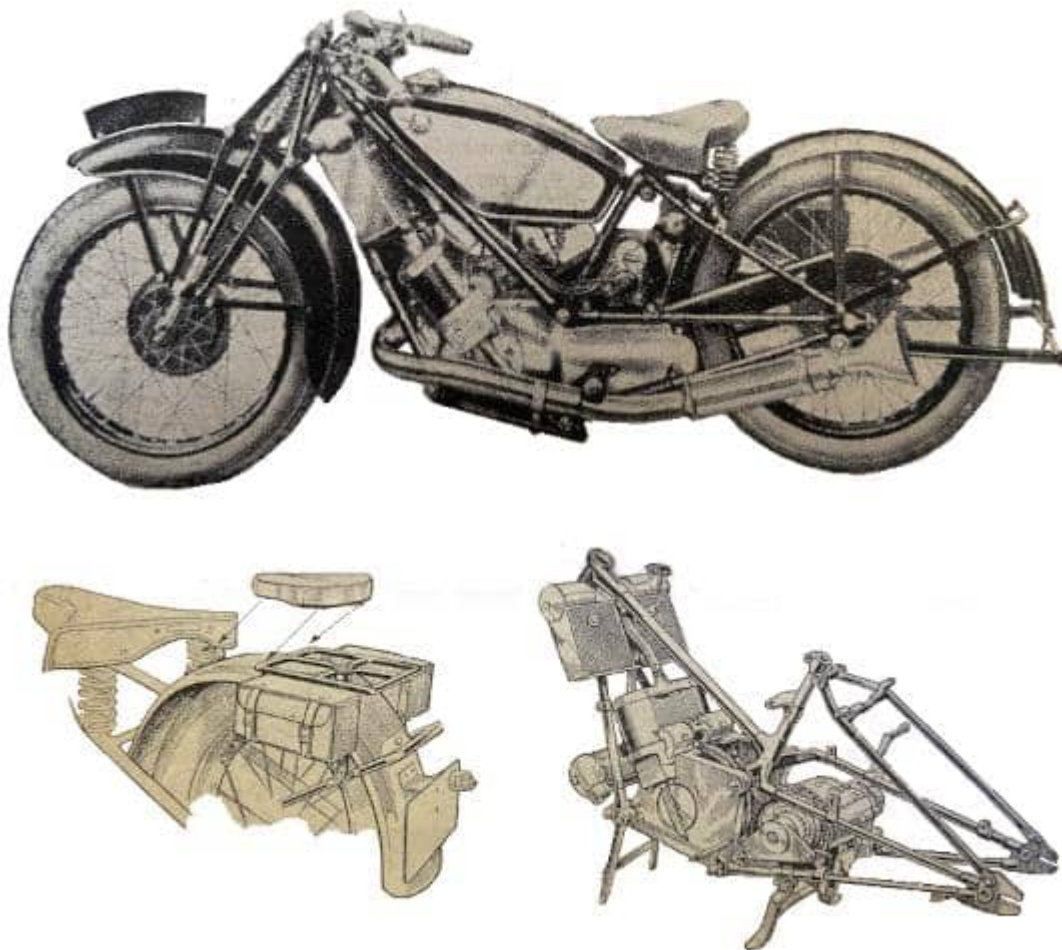
incorporating a saddle tank. The alterations that have been made principally to reduce weight are as follows: shortened wheelbase and replacement of the Scott forks by those of the Webb type, incorporating shock absorbers; wide-section plain mudguards instead of the valanced pattern; new exhaust system and chain guards; and a low-lift stand. The improvements relate particularly to the engine, the balance of which has been very distinctly improved. An additional oil feed from the pump now affords direct cylinder lubrication, while the cylinder head is larger, more deeply finned, and is secured by six bolts. Tyre sizes have been increased from 23x3in. to 26x3.25in, while for reasons of weight the brake drum dimensions have been decreased to 6in at the rear and 5in at the front. The weight of the machine is now 220lb, including M-L four-volt lighting. The shortened wheelbase has given the Squirrel a more compact appearance, while the new exhaust system, which does away with the transverse cylindrical silencer—better known as the ‘pepper-box’ type—is a great improvement. It is rather a pity that the valanced mudguards had to be replaced by plain guards, but in this it was simply a question of saving weight. On the road the first thing noticed about the improved machine was that the engine was more lively. There was probably slightly more exhaust noise due to the new silencing system, but it was not in any way objectionable. In action the Webb forks seemed to be as good as the Scott type originally fitted. They nicely damped out the shocks caused by rough roads, without any sharp rebound or vibration. However, owing to the larger tyres a true comparison between the old forks and the new was hardly possible. The riding position was extremely comfortable, and a word of praise must be accorded to the layout of the gear control, which is mounted on the right-hand-side duplex front down-tube, some inches below the level of the bottom of the tank. At first this position seemed rather low, but after a few miles the convenience of the arrangement was obvious; a change could be made



“The latest 300cc Scott.” (Right) “The controls of the 300cc Scott.”

quietly and easily without the slightest alteration of balance, the right hand dropping from the handlebar to the gear lever with great facility. When the machine was taken over it had already been run in, so an early opportunity was taken to try it out over some stiff gradients. A long, winding hill of 1 in 12 called for second gear, but nevertheless the climb was fast and sure, with plenty of power in hand. Like the original model, the new Squirrel would take corners at extraordinary angles, so the rider soon Possessed a feeling of complete ‘unity’ with the machine. A gradient of approximately 1 in 5 with several bad hairpins was successfully tackled, and then an exhilarating sprint along a moor-top brought what might be termed the ‘preliminary trials’ to an end. A speed of between 55 and 60mph was attained during the sprint, and the rider had the impression that the engine was capable of a little more. For several days the machine was used for general ‘about town’ work, a circumstance which demonstrated its extreme handiness in traffic, where good acceleration in second gear is desirable. The Squirrel was exceptionally good

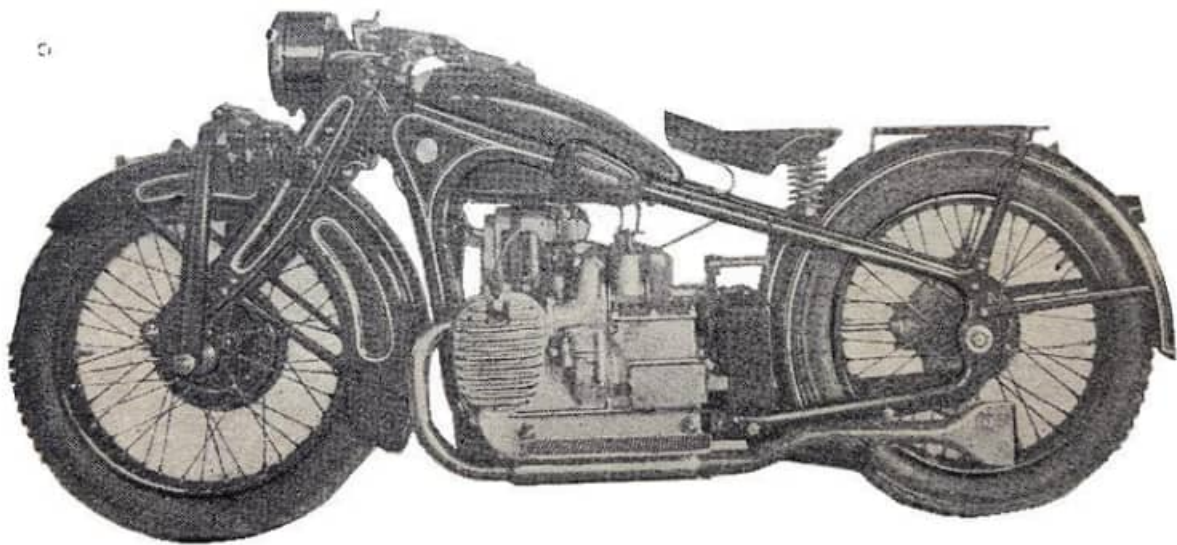
on grease, and when handled with the ordinary care necessary on roads that are coated with slime, the machine never gave a moment's anxiety. The decrease in the size of the brake drums did not appear to have affected the braking efficiency, for a touch on the sensible-sized toe pedal which operates the back brake produced a steady retarding action which was equal to all the calls made upon it. The front brake was quite good, and smooth in its action. For ease of starting the Squirrel must take full marks; it was always a first-kick job, whether the engine was hot or cold. Indeed, the only criticism that can be made against the engine is that it did not idle very well, there being a certain amount of spitting and four-stroking. No real test of petrol consumption over a long run was made, but in the course of a week's driving over give-and-take roads a consumption of slightly over 80mpg was recorded. The original Scott Squirrel was a worthy product of the Scott works, but the new one represents an improvement in number of ways. Its starting, ease of handling—especially its cornering—and general all-round performance, are such as to make the machine of very real interest to those on the look-out for a powerful, well-made two-stroke lightweight.



“Novelties from Saltaire: (Top) The ‘Power-Plus TT Replica’ for 1931. With a 498cc engine it is priced at £84, and at £86 with a 596cc engine. (Above left) A neat pillion seat is standardised on the Scott Flyer. The pressed-steel carrier is quickly detachable. (Above right) The general layout of the new Scott Flyer. The tank and gear box mountings have been redesigned.”

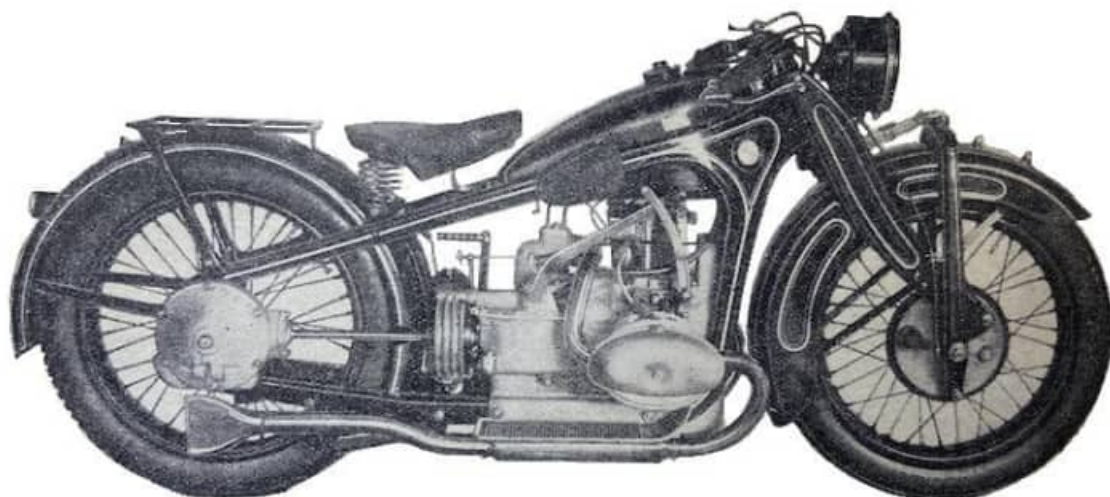
“THE new models of the 750cc BMW are just being introduced in Germany. They are now being provided with a new pressed-steel frame, which, the makers claim, has been thoroughly well tried in numerous experimental machines over the worst roads of Europe, and been found

exceedingly rigid. Also, the front forks have pressed-steel blades. The frame is built up of two halves, which are welded together at the steering head, all other connections being riveted, as in car frames. The frame is of U-section in all parts, with broad flanges. Gusset plates are fitted to the top and bottom flanges at the steering head, thus reinforcing the welded joints. The short cross-members consist of pressed-steel struts of U-section with flat ends, to give a firm seating for the rivets. There are two models offered in this size, one a sports and the other a touring model; while the transmission is identical, the engines differ considerably. The unit of the sports model, which, of course, has overhead valves, has a bore of 83mm and a very short stroke of 68mm, giving a capacity of 735cc. This short stroke is necessary, since with a longer stroke the cylinder heads would have projected too far on either side, thus rendering them liable to receive damage should the machine fall on its side. The short stroke, though undoubtedly meaning a loss in thermal efficiency, is compensated by the higher compression ratio, which is fixed at 6.2 to 1. At 5,000rpm the engine develops 28hp. The engine of the touring model has side valves and a bore and stroke of 78mm, the piston displacement, therefore, being 745cc. The transmission remains as before; that is to say, the crank case, clutch housing and gear box form one casting of aluminium alloy, of which also the cylinder heads of the engines are formed. Both models have three-speed gears, the ratios of which, however, differ in the two models. The final drive by shaft and spiral bevels also remains the same. To admit of the quick removal of the rear wheel the mudguard has a hinged flap. The wheelbase of both machines is 55.11in [1399.794mm; no doubt the Beemer had a wheelbase of 1.4m—Ed], and the weight of the touring model is 341lb, while the sports mount weighs 335lb. New tanks, which lie inside the frame, help to give the 1931 models their altered appearance.”



“The side-valve touring model.”





“Distinctive and sturdy in appearance—the 1931 ohv 750cc BMW.”

“THE 200 MILES SOLO RACES, the most important Brooklands motor cycle event of the year, rained out! That was the sad tale last Saturday. The clerk of the weather had evidently decided that last year he had been much too kind to the BMCRC, and had, therefore, resolved to extort repayment on this day of all days. He miscalculated to the extent of allowing the morning races, though he made them miserable enough for the riders. At lunch-time Mr Secretary Reynolds rang up the Air Ministry, and they spoke gloomily of a very deep and very wide depression; so there was nothing for it but to postpone the 500cc and 1,000cc races—until 3 p.m. next Wednesday, as it was later announced. It was a great pity, for the 500cc entry, though small, promised one of the finest fights ever seen in a ‘200’! There were, too, a trio of 500cc twins ready to make a ferocious spring at The Motor Cycle Cup for the first 500cc twin to make a century in the hour.” The 175s, 250s and 350s raced during the morning, “though the mechanical mortality was appalling, thanks in large degree to the vile weather conditions...though there was some good pit-work—notably by the Rudge personnel with its long road-racing experience—the majority was, as always, not too good. There was too much fumbling, too much forgetfulness, too much splashing of oil and fuel, too much more-haste-less-speed. This is in one respect in which we could take a leaf from the book of the car people, who, before a big race, spend hours actually practising pit-work alone.”



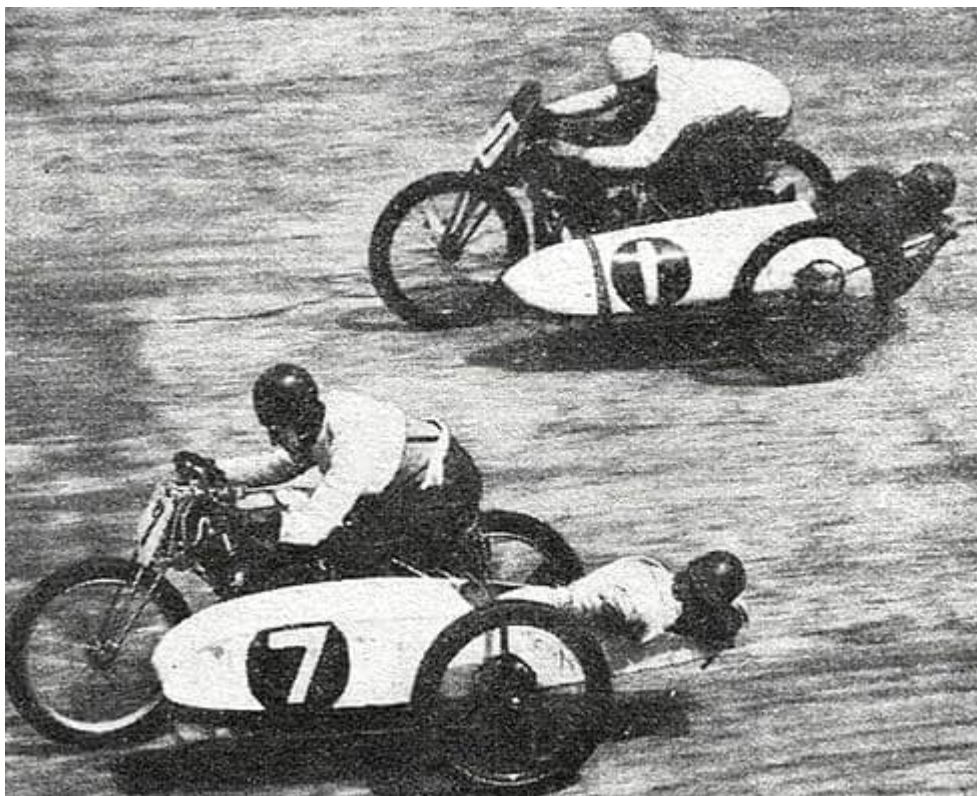
“JA Baker (AJS) and HG Tyrell-Smith (Rudge) make simultaneous pit-stops in the course of their duel.” (Right) “The gentle art of ‘grass-cutting’ as exemplified by a fast 250cc quartette consisting of FA Longman (OK Supreme-JAP), LJ Archer (New Imperial), CS Staniland (Rex-



Acme-Blackburne) and CT Atkins (Excelsior-JAP).” [*“LJ Archer”, Les Archer to his mates, Les Archer, was about to join the Velocette works team, where he immediately won the third ever Brooklands Gold Star to be earned on a 350. He had sisters who also rode motor cycles...*]



Fifteen-year-old twins Thelma and Joan Archer, who rode to school on Ariel Colts, went to Brooklands with a 98cc Atom-JAP to set world records from 50km at averages of 46.91-48.57mph. Les must have been proud as Punch.



This striking image, of an AJS combo overtaking an Excelsior, was taken during a Brookland 200-mile sidecar handicap race.

“THERE ARE A NUMBER of firms who are only too pleased to receive visits from parties of clubmen and to conduct them round their works; among them are AJ Stevens and Co (1914), Ariel Works, BSA Cycles, Douglas Motors, Rudge-Whitworth, and the Triumph Cycle Co...The BSA concern can accept parties in any numbers up to five-hundred.”

“A RALLY, PROMOTED BY the Watsonian Sidecar Co, and open to all owners of sidecar outfits, is to be held next Sunday at the Killarney Tea Gardens, Box Hill, Surrey. Cups will be given for the smartest Watsonian outfit, the smartest outfit of any other make, and the most ancient sidecar.”

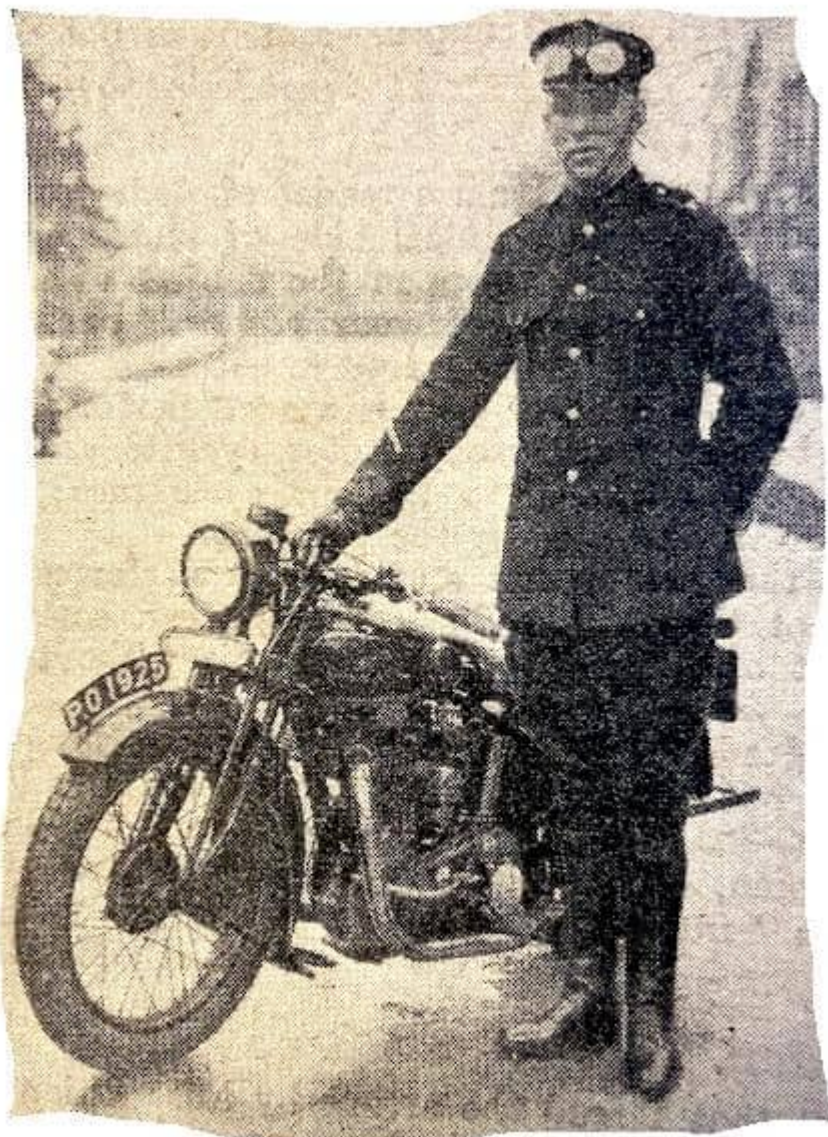
“‘IF I AM NOT ALLOWED to contradict the policeman I cannot say anything,’ said a woman motorist summoned at Woburn, Bedfordshire.”

“A SUNBURY MAN is to be given the privilege of riding his motor cycle through some Council land at the end of his garden, subject to payment of 1s a year.”

“A SPECIAL SUB-COMMITTEE has been formed by Mr Morrison, the Minister of Transport, to consider the use of rubber for road paving.”

‘ON JANUARY 1ST 1931, that part of the Road Traffic Act relating to compulsory third-party insurance will come into force, and all motor cyclists wishing to licence their machines for the next quarter will have to produce evidence that they are insured.’





“NB! Before trying to qualify for new ‘averages’ with which to embellish these Correspondence columns, readers should look long and earnestly at this photograph from Crawley, Sussex. The machine is a Model 90 Sunbeam, and the word ‘Police’ appears on a sign fore and aft.”



“Competitions through an artist’s eyes. No 3—The reliability Trial. Trials riding, a sport that appeals equally to the amateur and the professional, may form a comparatively slight or very stringent test of riding skill, according to the difficulty of the course. Though not all trials hill are so ferocious as that depicted above, it is a good specimen of the type of going encountered in a big one-day trial in a mountainous district.”

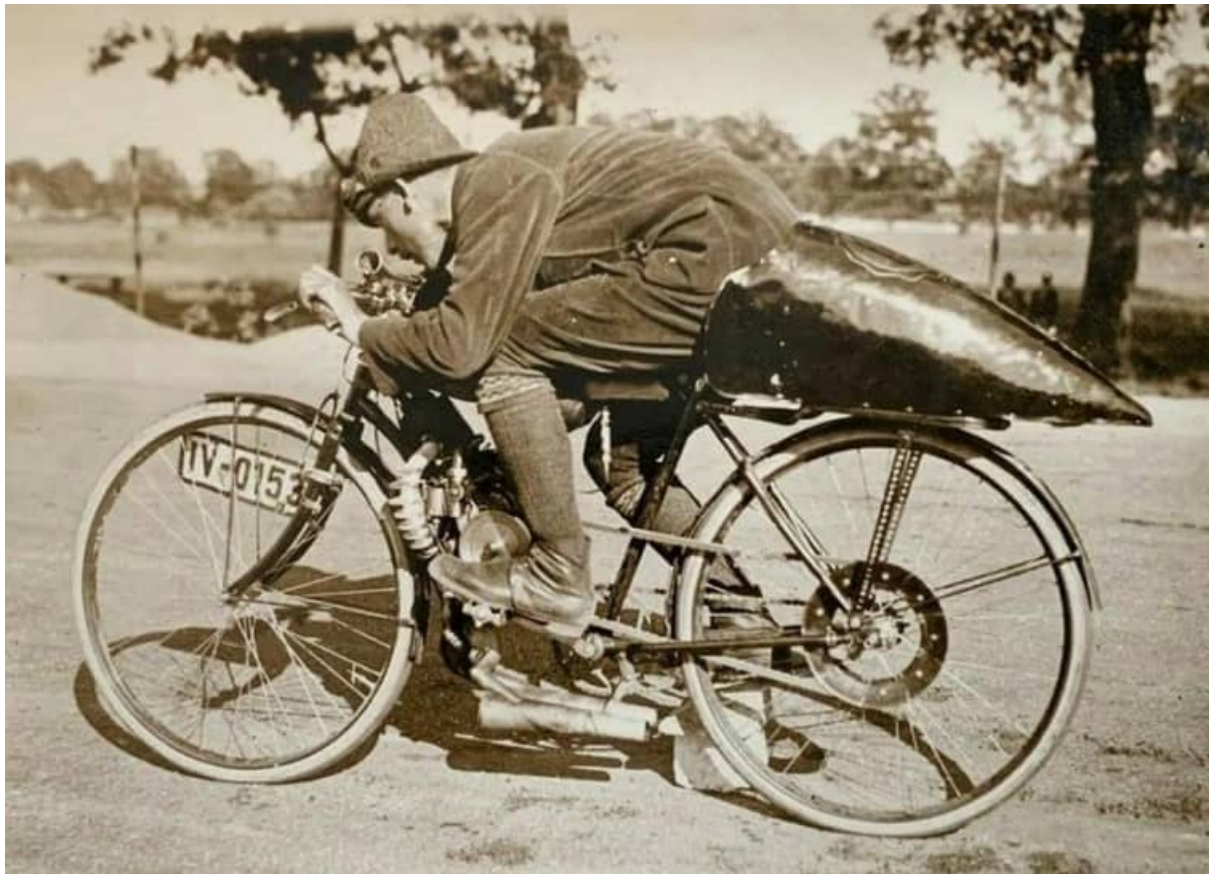




“Competitions through an artist’s eyes. No 4—American hill climbs. The ‘American’ hill climb, now becoming popular with clubs in this country that are lucky enough to obtain a suitable venue, is held on an ‘impossible’ hill, and is run on the principle that the ‘highest-up wins’. The Americans, with their powerful, heavy machines, make it a very lurid business.”

*To conclude this review of 1930, some assorted contemporary snapshots:*





This pic, from the extensive archive of my esteemed ami Francois, came with a press-agency caption: "Wonderful new motor cycle seen at Berlin Motor Races. The 'Avus', a new type of racing motor cycle. The power is derived from the prtools [sic] electric system. Note the streamline idea of the rider."



This is one Don McPherson, pictured at Townville, Queensland aboard a Harley 'Peashooter'.



NV was a small Swedish manufacturer that was taken over by Monark. This example is an ohv unit-construction 250 that was said to be fast for its size.



These chaps are members of the Cairns MCC pictured at the Woree Speedway in Queensland which was administered by the club.



The German-made Standard used MAG engines from 347-998cc; this BT1000 big twin was aimed at the luxury end of the market.

...and, as usual, let's conclude with a review of contemporary ads.



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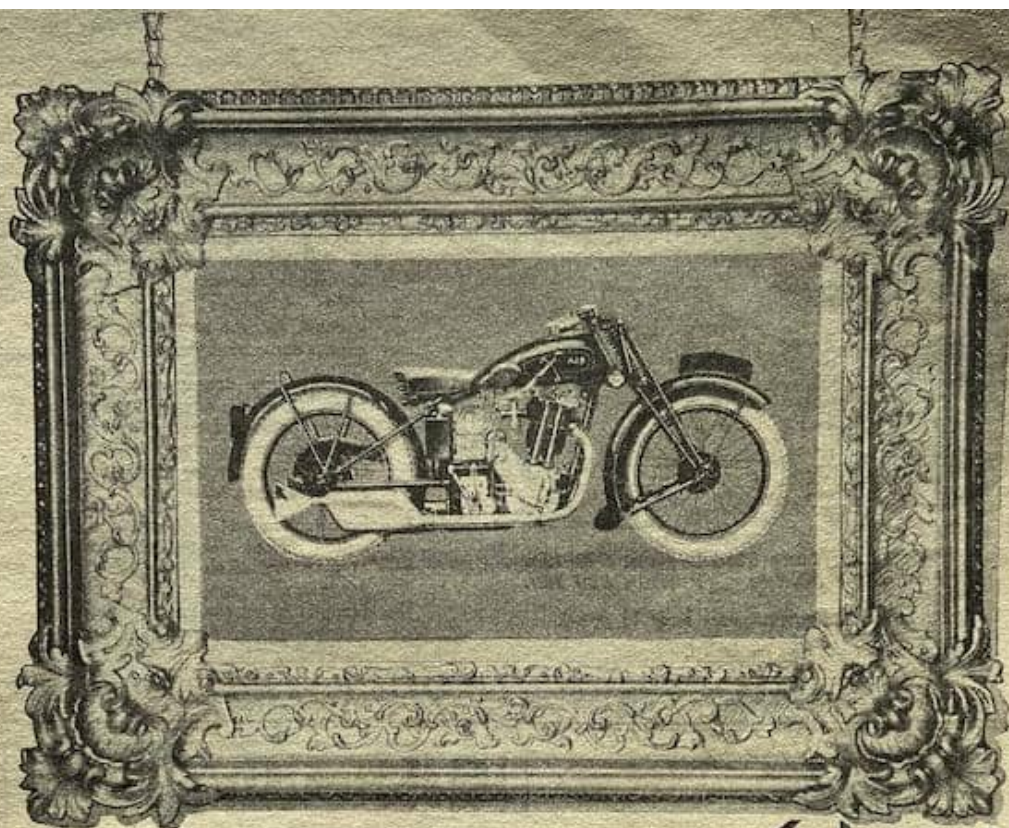
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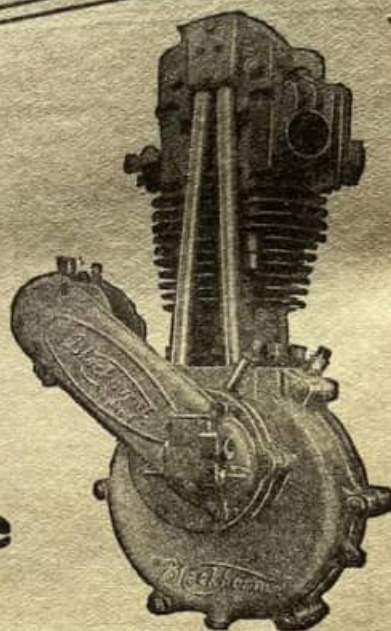
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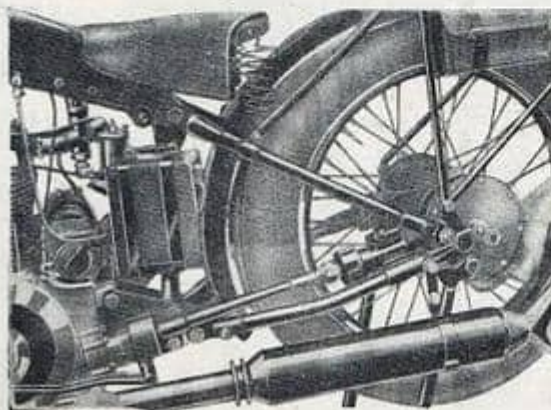
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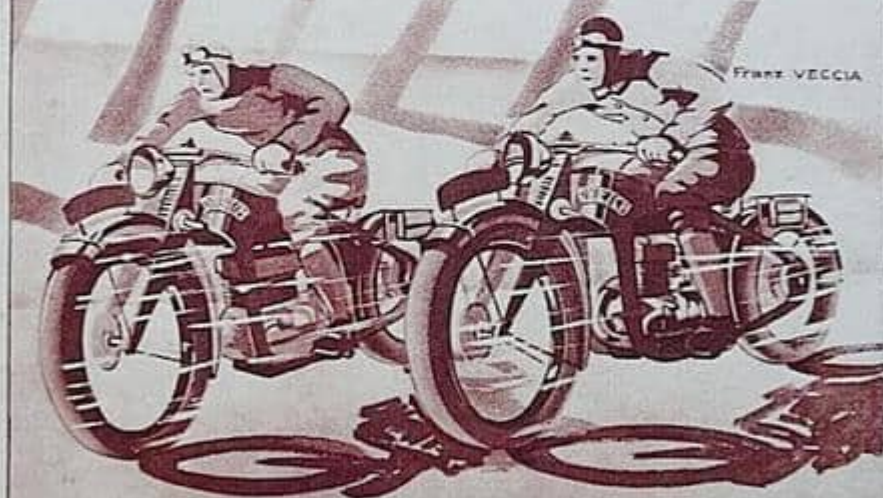
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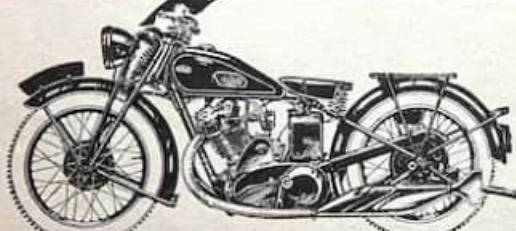


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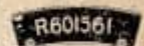
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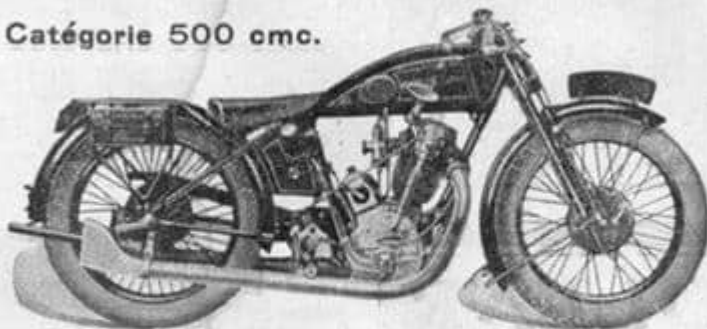
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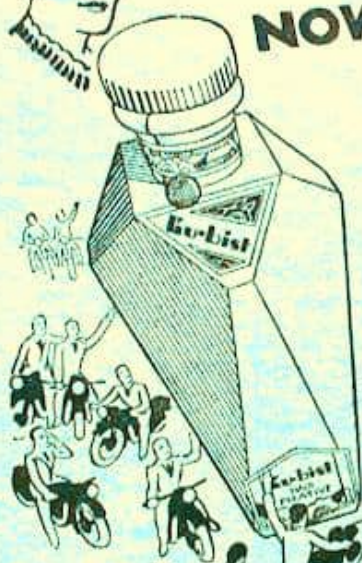


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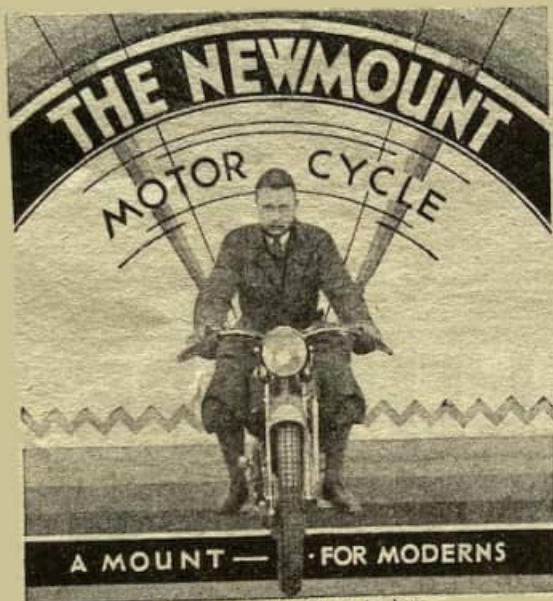
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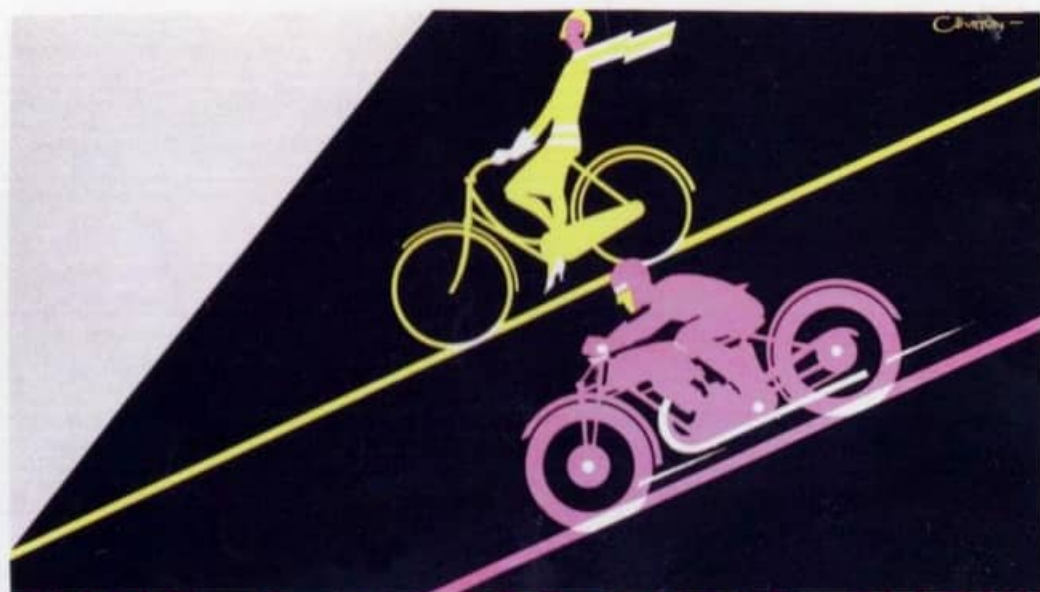
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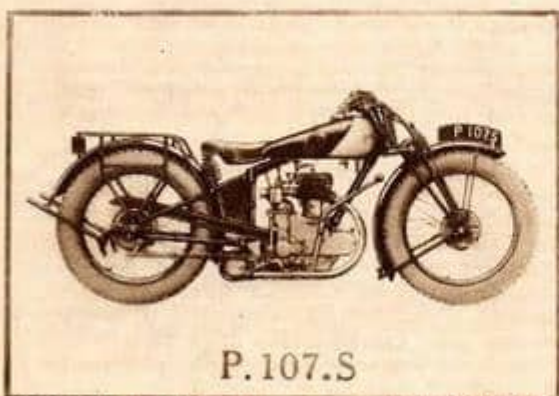
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5 km. départ lancé . . . 130 k. 170  
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**1<sup>ER</sup>**  
ex æquo

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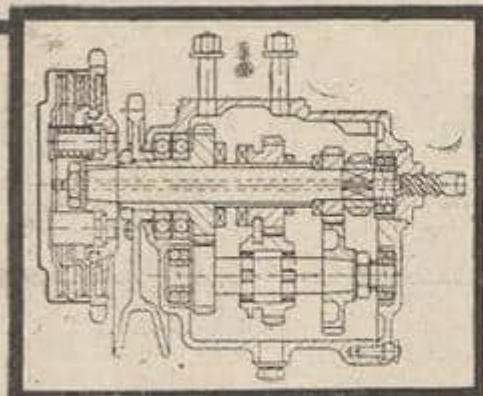
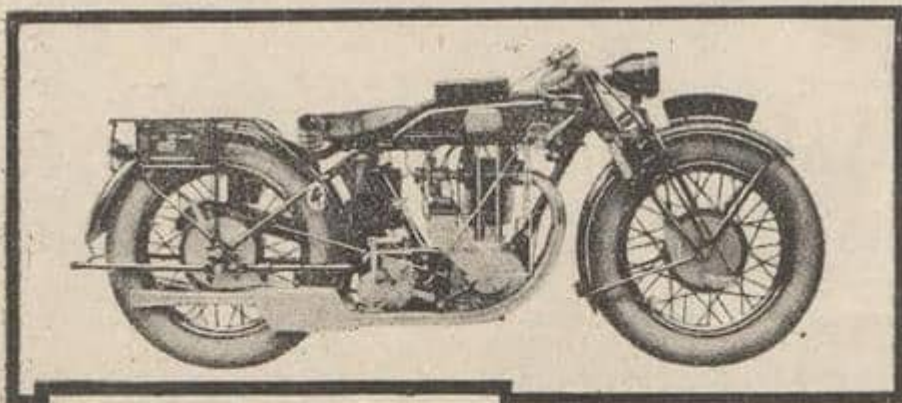


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*Grâce à leurs qualités  
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équipent  
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FIXED PERFECTLY AND PERMANENTLY  
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Packet of 2 Standard Nipples 3d.

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for every emergency, with a  
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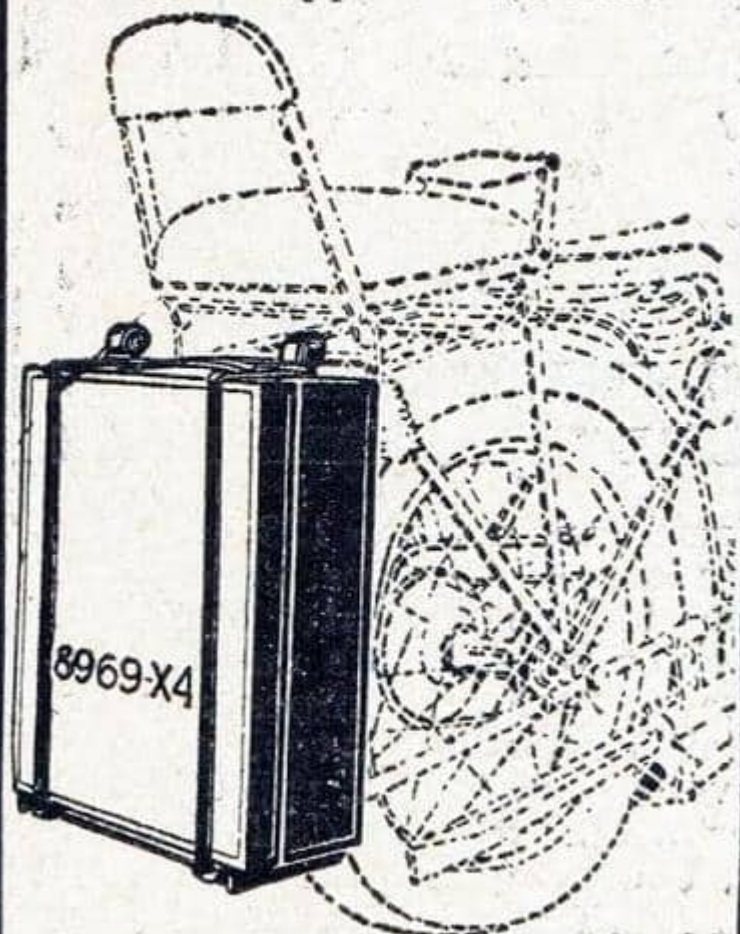
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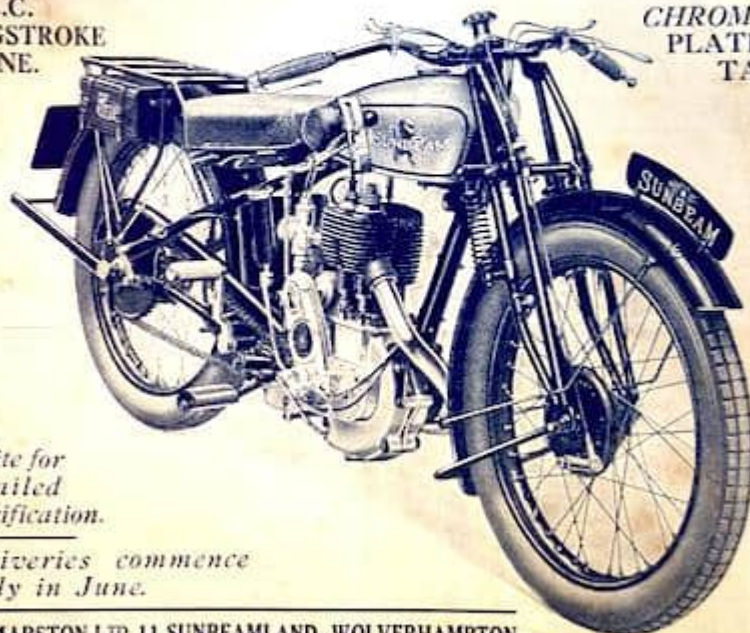
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**Terrot**  
 Type HST standard

véritable prototype  
 de la moto utilitaire  
 pour tous les usages et  
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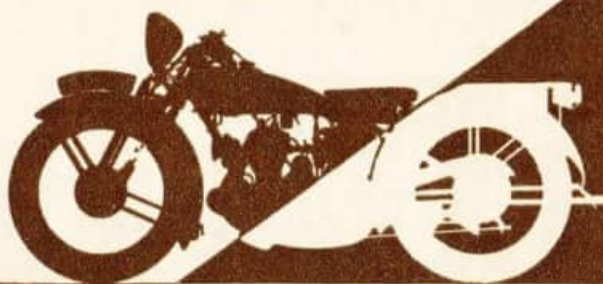
Les grosses séries mises  
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 Un outillage d'une grande  
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La mise au point parfaite  
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 ont permis à :

**TERROT**  
 de sortir cette remarquable  
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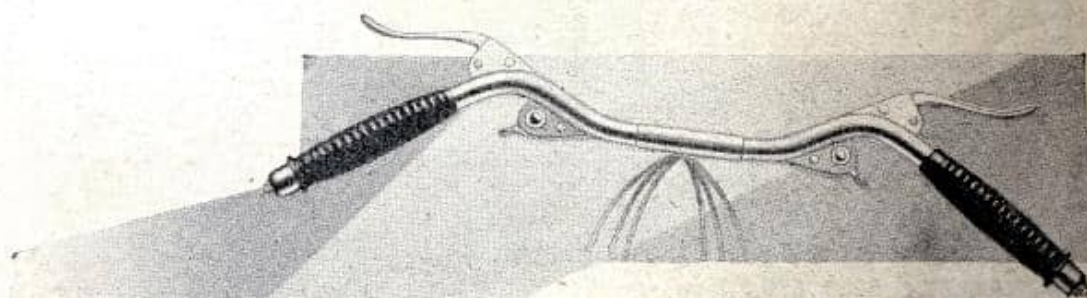
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PARTICULARITÉS : Moteur 4 Temps à soupapes latérales - Puissance fiscale 4 CV - Graissage automatique par pompe "MIKRO" envoyant l'huile à la tête de bielle - Viseur d'huile - Réglage du débit par bouton moleté - Réservoir d'huile séparé de 2 litres 700 - Graissage automatique des chaînes "RENOLD" par le reniflard du moteur - Boîte 3 vitesses avec commande sur le côté du réservoir - Pédale de kick orientable - Freins de 170 mm - Pneus de 26 x 3,5 - Cadre et Fourche brasés - Equipement "TECALEMIT" (Graisseurs et Filtre d'air) - Silencieux aluminium avec queue de poisson - Amortisseurs - Frein de direction - Genouillères etc...



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 Etablissements TERROT, 2, rue André Colombar, 2 - DIJON

This unique  
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only obtainable on  
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**ARIEL**

1 & 2 CIL.

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3 HP 2 CIL.

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*The Safety Celluloid*

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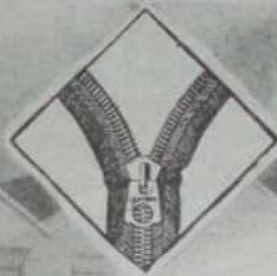
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It's Open!  
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## THE LIGHTNING ZIPP FASTENER



*Cold days demand  
equipment fitted with the*  
**LIGHTNING ZIPP FASTENER**

**B**ECAUSE it saves the motor cyclist time and trouble the Lightning Zipp Fastener is becoming increasingly popular for motor cycling equipment.

Quick and easy action, neat appearance and perfect security combine to make it the most suitable fastener for gaiters, leather jackets, tool bags, overalls and hundreds of other articles, all of which can be obtained from any good store.

### LIGHTNING FASTENERS LTD.

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The tag shows that it is  
the genuine Lightning  
Zipp Fastener.



Write for the free booklet describing in detail  
the Lightning Zipp Fastener. Post free from  
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**Spend 1930  
'BEAMING!'**

**SUNBEAMS**  
For Quality

With enclosed oil-bath chain drive

By Courtesy of  
'MOTOR CYCLING'

1931

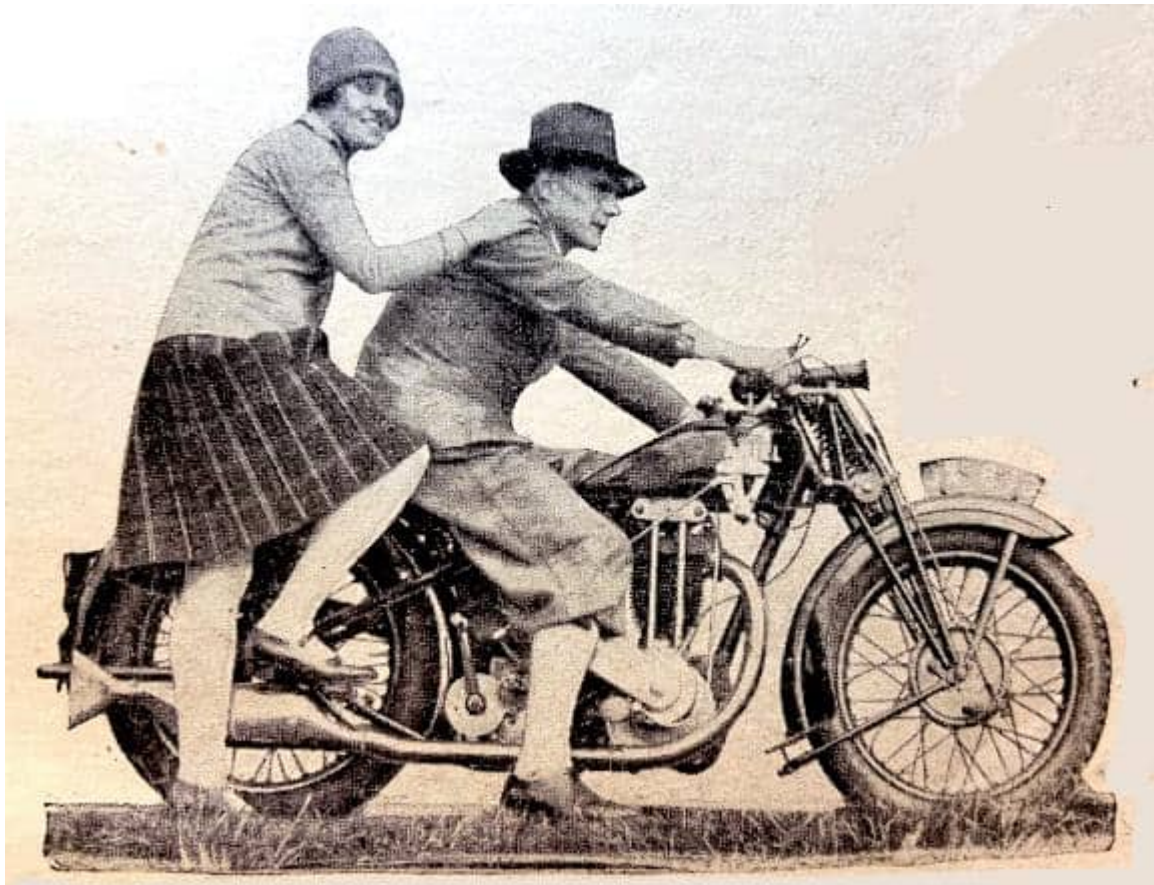
IXION'S USE OF ENGLISH, bless his memory, is a delight. Here he is responding to a correspondent working far afield and yearning for home comforts: "For his next place of exile he plans to choose a land which manufactures its own motor cycles, instead of importing them across parasangs of sea and railway...*[the parasang, of course, was an ancient Persian measure of length—about 3.25 miles—which came down to us via classical Greek usage, and Ixion, of course, was a classics scholar]*...He does not mind London traffic, as the busmen, and most of the others, are such superb drivers. But his spine waves in incessant cold shivers on the Brighton road at weekends." Another correspondent was simply brassic or, as Ixion might have said, in a state of penury: "He has no machine and at the moment sees no chance of getting one. Makes one inclined to put one's snout in the air and howl like a dog, doesn't it? Well, he is only 23, and one never knows what will happen. I wasn't much younger when my father caught me reading one of those naive publications which represented the peak of the motor press at that date. He demanded angrily why I was wasting my time and money on such rubbish: I should never have a motor of any sort, and I should be well advised to read something useful. I have made a living out of motoring ever since, and ridden many hundreds of petrol-driven objects on land and water, and upstairs as well. So here's hoping for you, too, Sandy. Perhaps the Government will one day license sweepstakes, and then somebody is sure to start raffling super fours for threepenny tickets."

BY YEAR'S END 440 miles of concrete road had been laid in the British Isles, and some stretches were coloured buff, red or green.

ZENITH WAS RELAUNCHED by London-based Writer Motor and Cycle Works, using JAP engines from 350-750cc.

ALTHOUGH THE MINIMUM RIDING AGE had risen from 14 to 16, anyone under 16 who had held a licence for more than six months was allowed to keep it. Every motorcyclist was required to take out third-party insurance and pillion riders would no longer be allowed to ride side saddle. Talking of pillioning...





“THE CHAOS WHICH EXISTS at the present time in regard to pillion seats has already been dealt with at some length by *The Motor Cycle*. Briefly, the facts are these: The Road Traffic Act specifies that a pillion rider must sit astride ‘upon a proper seat securely fixed to the cycle behind the driver’s seat’. No definition is given as to the exact meaning of ‘proper seat’ or ‘securely fixed’, and there is no way in which any particular type or make of seat can be ‘officially’ approved as conforming to the Act. The whole matter is left to the discretion of the courts, and here again decisions may vary; the police in one area may take exception to a type of seat which will be considered altogether proper in another part of the country. But the outlook is by no means as black as it would at first appear. For as long as the rider has a seat designed expressly for pillion riding, and is satisfied in his own mind that it is properly fitted, he has just as good a chance (better, in fact) of proving to police or bench that his seat is a ‘proper’ one and securely fixed, as the police have of proving that it is not. In addition to this, almost all the leading pillion manufacturers have now stated definitely that their seats, when properly fitted, conform to the requirements of the Act, and users of their seats are asked to communicate with them should they at any time be summoned on that account.” Fortunately there was no lack of flapper brackets from which to choose.



L-R: “When folded back this Mosely pillion seat not only keeps itself dry, but also the motor cyclist’s saddle. The ‘Safeway’ attachment for fixing an ordinary saddle to the carrier; it is made

by Cundles. The Terry pillion is built on Terry spring-saddle lines. The Weathershields seat has a very secure method of attachment to the mudguard.”



“A neat appearance is a feature of the Halford mudguard seat. The Atlas pillion consists of a well-padded seat mounted on coil springs. A lightning fastener attachment gives quick access to the inflator-valve of the P&H pneumatic seat. On a Dunlop seat the saddle is composed of a resilient composition: coil springs do the rest.”



A saddle-type pillion seat at a very low price—one of the James Grose models. Real hide forms a stout covering for this well-padded Ashby sports pillion seat. The Sandham sports seat is stuffed with a mixture of wool, hair and fibre. A combination of air, springs and sponge rubber for the ‘padding’ in the Saxess seat.”

WHEN A CLUB HAS its annual dance, the affair is usually well supported and a great success; and when twenty-three clubs get together and hold one big fancy-drew ball—well, it takes Covent -Garden Opera House to hold all the dancers, and even then it’s a tight squeeze. The Combined Motor Clubs’ Ball, held last Saturday at this famous venue, in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind, was a positive 2,000cc record-breaker among dances. There were two cabaret shows, Miss Violet Lorraine to present the prizes for the best fancy dresses, Miss Ivy Tresmand and Mr Gene Gerrard to make the draw in the charity raffle, and Herman Darewski’s and Alan Green’s bands. The clubs hung out banners in front of their private boxes, reminding one of the hotels on Douglas front at TT-time. It was a good show, and to judge by the huge attendance, the charity should benefit considerably. Mr AE Cooke, of the London MC, deserves praise for the heavy work he put in to organise the affair.”

THE FIRST EDITION OF *The Highway Code* was distributed free to every household in the land so, in theory, pedestrians and motorists alike would know and, presumably, follow the rules of the road. Fat chance.

“IN CONVERSATION WITH an agent in a large provincial town recently I learned that one of the first effects of the new Road Traffic Act in his district was to interfere with its own working. In this town there had been for some time past a form of flying squad, or police road patrols mounted on motor cycles; but to meet the requirements of the Act, this force was to be strengthened as well as tuned-up in general efficiency. A number of really hot-stuff solos had, therefore, been ordered through this agent for delivery all ready for the road on January 1st. Intending to license the machines in the usual way, the agent made the interesting discovery on December 31st that several of the prospective riders did not possess the necessary insurance certificates! The mighty mechanism of the Law, therefore, said: ‘No insurance, no licences,’ and some rattier crestfallen traffic patrols thus began their new duties on foot!”

LOCAL SPEED LIMITS still applied but following the withdrawal of the national 20mph speed limit it was theoretically OK to go as fast as you dared on the open road. To prevent chaos

offences of 'careless' and 'dangerous' driving were introduced, empowering the police to prosecute motoring malefactors in Police Courts. The new Pedestrian's League called for all motorcycles to be banned and a national speed limit to be reintroduced and reduced to 12mph, falling to 6mph in towns. Responding to a police crackdown on 'technical offences', a correspondent in the *Yorkshire Evening News* warned motorcyclists: "Ride clear of the West Riding if you value a clean slate. It is no place for innocents."

"ONE OF THE MORE POPULAR grumbles emanating from the prospective purchaser to-day is that in many cases he is unable to try out his selections on the road. He must, consequently, either trust in the knowledge that all machines are good machines, or else await a published road test. Obviously, even if it were desirable, it is impossible for a works to organise a colossal test run for everybody, but Ariels did the next best thing a short time ago. Club secretaries from all over the country were invited to a lunch preceded by a tour round the works and followed by a 'try-out' of the varied Ariel models. This firm can always be relied upon to do things well, and the guests must have returned to their native heaths with much useful knowledge and some rosy recollections!"

## 1931 MODELS ON THE ROAD.

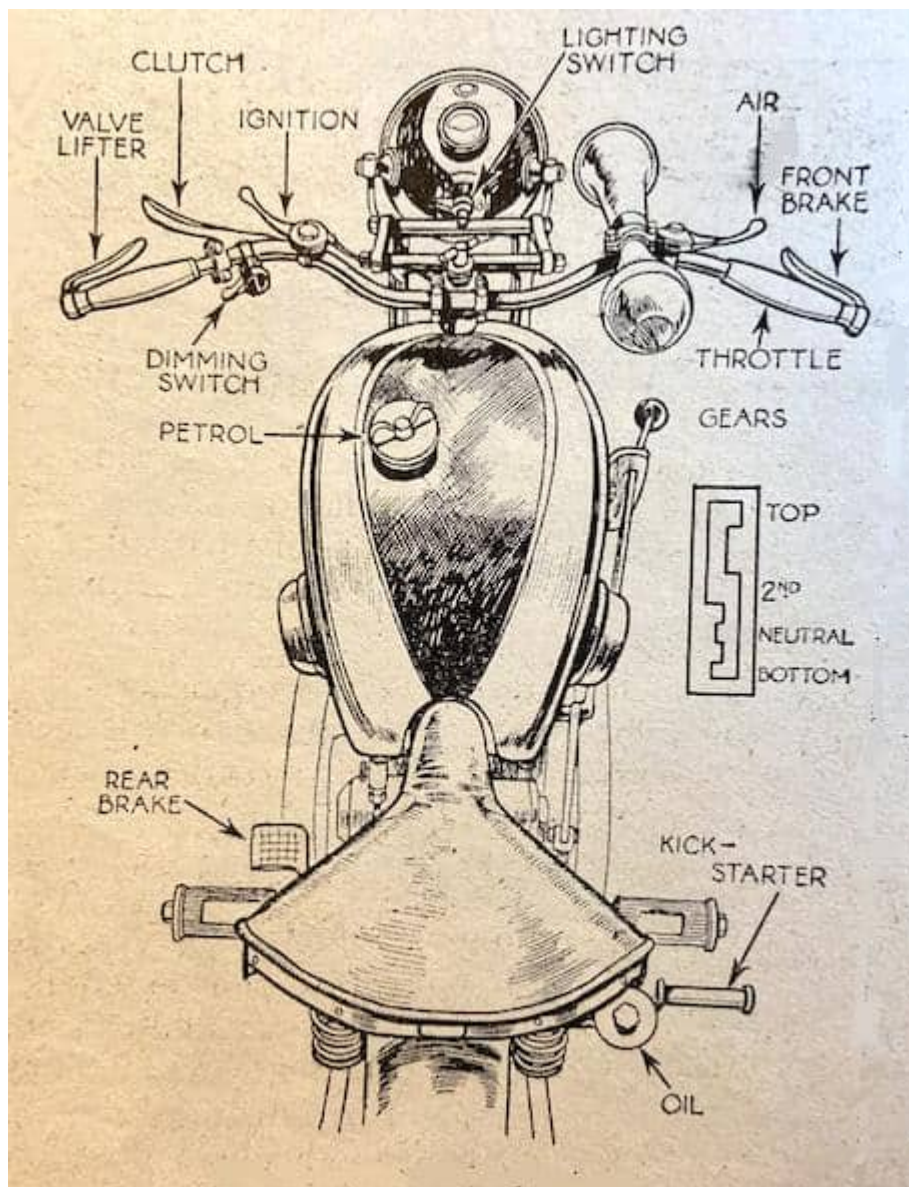


### *The 490 c.c. Two-port NORTON.*

NO MACHINE IS BETTER KNOWN the world of motor cycle sport than the Norton. Right from the earliest days this make of machine has enjoyed a reputation which has been maintained in the face of fierce competition. A feature of the Norton machines has always been that speed and reliability have been combined remarkably successfully. When the Norton name is mentioned, the motor cyclist instinctively thinks of speed, but it should not be assumed that this is the only



point the makers bear in mind. For instance, the 490cc two-port machine is produced not only as a fast mount but as one that will fulfil all the conditions likely to be encountered in every kind of road work. A road test of this model places the rider in a position to be able to answer many of the questions that may be asked by an interested person. Is it a touring machine? Yes. Is it suitable for trials work? Yes. Can it be used for racing? Suitably tuned and stripped. yes. Does it handle well in traffic? Yes. The answers given to all these questions may lead the reader to believe that here is the ideal machine; and without exaggeration, it can be said that it is the ideal machine for many people. It performs a variety of tasks in an exemplary manner, and there are but few faults worth remarking upon. The recent cold weather has provided the worst possible conditions under which to try the engine-starting. So severe was the frost during the test that the oil in the gear box reached a consistency that prevented a quick return of the kick-starter pedal to the normal position until the box has warmed up. Yet the engine remained free, so that it could be spun freely, and a response was forthcoming at the third kick. A noticeable point was that the engine did not often kick back, so that almost full advance could be used when attempting to start. In starting, it was found important to use the throttle carefully; the engine seemed not to mind flooding, but it objected to anything more than the merest opening of the throttle slide until it was on the move. Idling was good, though not phenomenal, when the engine was cold. When warm, it was well up to standard, and would compare with that of most average, and would compare with that of most side-valve engines. Mechanical noise was not in any way pronounced if piston slap be excepted. This was rather noticeable for the first mile or two, but disappeared as the temperature of the engine rose. The valve gear was on the quiet side, and remained so over the length of the test, and remained so over the length of the test—about 600 miles. No adjustment of the tappets was carried out at all, and the clearances remained correct throughout the test. A source of mechanical noise may sometimes be found in the gear box of a machine, but the Norton did not offend in this respect. All the gears were quiet, and it was impossible to detect ringing or hum at any time. Chain noise, also, was practically non-existent. Both chains stretched a little in the first 150 miles; but after adjustment—a fifteen-minute job—no further stretch developed. The twin silencers were well up to their work, and cut exhaust noise down to a minimum. It can truthfully be stated that, even on full throttle, the exhaust note had nothing offensive about it, and the rider never felt that the public was being annoyed. Norton have paid considerable attention to this matter in recent years, and their 1931 silencing system certainly does not lag behind the times. Until a rider comes across a particularly stiff clutch he does

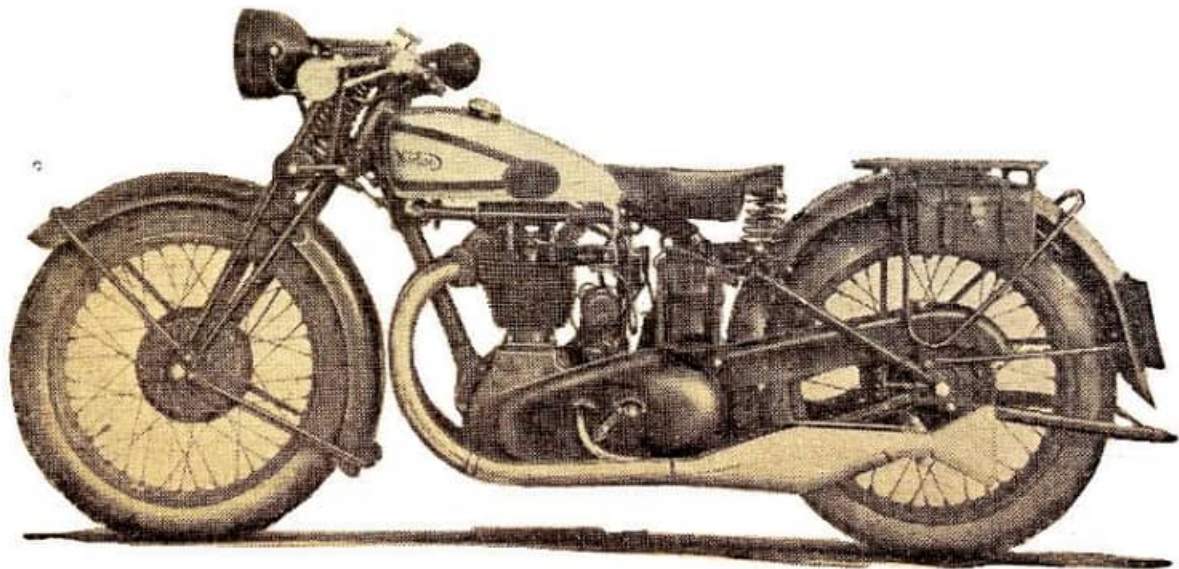


"The controls of the

Norton."

not realise how often the lever is operated; and then he most earnestly covets a light clutch. It will be sufficient to say that the test of the Norton did not give rise to any such thought, for the clutch was a light one, and it took up the drive as a clutch should. In changing gear a slight difficulty—and an unusual one—was occasionally experienced in engaging top gear. There was no noticeable clutch-drag, but the engine speed had to be judged nicely if a certain, quick change was to be made. The other changes were perfectly simple, and the lever could be flicked from one position to the other with the utmost ease. With the engine at its proper working temperature, the flexibility on top gear was very good indeed. At first there was a little harshness in the transmission, but this wore away as the test proceeded, and eventually it was found possible to travel on the level on top gear at about 10mph without snatch. Certainly, there was no need to reach a high road speed before changing up into top, unless the rider was in a definite hurry. This was found particularly useful in town work. If an engine is badly balanced, the fault will surely be detected at some part of its speed range. On several occasions the Norton throttle was moved through its entire range, but the only noticeable difference was the increase in road speed. Vibration was never felt, even momentarily, and the smoothness of the

engine was a point that added greatly to the feeling of comfort when travelling at high speed on long runs. Before testing for all-out speed it is desirable to know something about the machine. True, its behaviour at really high speed may differ from its low-speed manners, but a rider can generally tell 'by the feel of things' what to expect. Right from the outset, the steering was perfect. Heavy traffic proved the Norton's controllability at crawling pace, and by the time a mile had been covered all trace of strangeness had gone. Almost immediately a run of 160 miles was undertaken, mostly on main roads, but with about 20 miles of rather rough secondary roads. All the roads were damp and unusually greasy, but no difficulty was experienced in averaging just short of 35mph, in spite of the fact that the entire run was done in the dark. One fault only came to light during this trip, namely, that there was too much up-and-down movement of the front forks, which bottomed' on the return. An adjustment was made to the shock absorbers, however, and better results were obtained. The back wheel sat on the road well, and there was no tail-wagging. The same trip was done on two further occasions, and the fuel consumption worked out at approximately 95mpg, a remarkable figure, due, no doubt to the fact that the engine was working all the time well within its limits, and was scarcely ever extended. Oil was used at an almost unmeasurable rate, the mileage per gallon being more than 2,500, and probably over 3,000. Acceleration was what is expected from a Norton, that is, exceptionally lively and smooth, with no 'flat spots' in the carburation. Maximum speed was judged to be in the region of 80mph. The rear brake pedal comes just in front of, and below, the left footrest, in an ideal position for operation by the toe. Very little pressure was needed in order to transmit full braking power, and retardation was positive, sensitive and smooth. The front brake was equally effective, and either brake would stop the machine on a gradient of 1 in 6 from a coasting speed of about 20mph. A good machine, and worthy of its makers' reputation, which it can only enhance."



"The two-port Norton has a performance which does not belie its appearance."

MONET & GOYON WAS SET up during the Great War, initially procuring tricycles powered by Wall Auto-Wheels as transport for disabled servicemen. After the war they branched out with a range of Villiers-powered bikes and trikes; notably the three-wheeled Automouche ["mouche" translates as "fly"]—not only for disabled riders but also for clerics, other nervous souls and elderly persons who felt more confident on three wheels than on two. In 1931 they started to produce their own Villiers lumps under licence.





While the Automouche was built for gentle souls, the M&G logo reflects the firm's racing prowess (it won the French championship races in 1924, 5, 6 and 7. (Right) this restored 1931 model, complete with retrofitted electric start, bears an uncanny resemblance to a modern mobility trike.

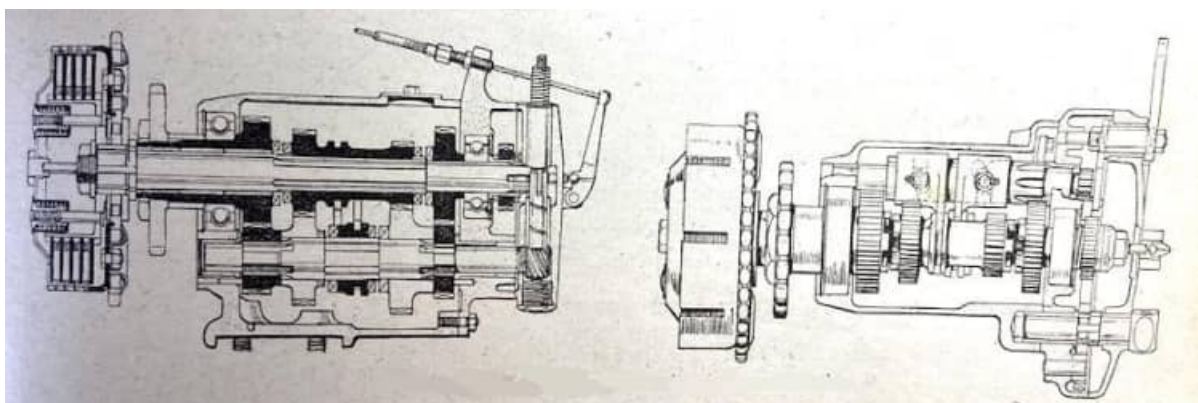
"ONE OF THE MORE POPULAR grumbles emanating from the prospective purchaser to-day is that in many cases he is unable to try out his selections on the road. He must, consequently, either trust in the knowledge that all machines are good machines, or else await a published road test. Obviously, even if it were desirable, it is impossible for a works to organise a colossal test run for everybody, but Ariels did the next best thing a short time ago. Club secretaries from all over the country were invited to a lunch preceded by a tour round the works and followed by a 'try-out' of the varied Ariel models. This firm can always be relied upon to do things well, and the guests must have returned to their native heaths with much useful knowledge and some rosy recollections!"

FRANCE ALLOWED 'VELOMOTEURS' (powered bicycles) to be used without roadtax or even registration. More than 20 factories were soon churning them out; production hit 35,000 a year. They did 25mph/120mpg and were light enough to be 'girl-handleable'. But one carried a 14-stone rider up Shap Fell, with a little LPA near the top.

GERMANY EXTENDED motor cycle road-tax exemption up to 200cc.

THE BRITISH INDUSTRY lobbied the government to follow suit and the possibility of road-tax exemption for lightweights led to a surge in demand for the 98cc Villiers Midget two-stroke which had previously primarily powered lawnmowers. Sun, Dot, Wolf and Coventry-Eagle fitted Midgets as did Triumph. However, presumably embarrassed by its venture into the utility market, Triumph sold its tiddler under the Gloria trademark which it had previously used for bicycles.

THE SUNBEAM MCC's Pioneer Run was restricted to bikes made before 31 December 1909; nowadays it's 1914.



Burman had been supplying four-speed boxes for competition bikes for some time; now they became readily available for roadsters. My beloved Panther has one, though at the time of writing 4th gear's on strike.

FROM A FULL-PAGE AD in the trade press: "Matchless Motorcycles (Colliers Ltd) beg to announce that they have been favoured by a contract from the War Office to supply a considerable number of Matchless 'Silver Arrow' motorcycles for Army purposes. This contract has been placed after 15 months of the most strenuous testing to which any motorcycle can be subjected." Matchless also supplied the London Mobile Police with big-twin X/3 combos.

AN RAC GUIDE (as patrolmen were known) leapt into action when he spotted a bolting horse dragging a milk float along the Great North Road near Grantham at a full gallop. He gave chase on his motor cycle, managed to take hold of its bridle and kept the horse to the left of the road for more than half a mile, avoiding oncoming traffic, before bringing it to a halt and handing the uninjured beast back to its owner, who had followed in a car.

THE INDUSTRY DESPERATELY needed a boost—Dot was in such dire straits that salesmen was flogging handfuls of tiddlers to dealers off the back of a trailer to pay the company's weekly wage bill. Ironically, its 98cc Special was one of the best of the new breed, sporting a saddle tank and electric lights as standard.

THE ACU ASKED the press to refer to speedway as speedway, rather than dirt track.

ENCOURAGING RIDERS TO EXPLORE the Continent, *The Motor Cycle's* Wharfedale reassured enthusiasts: "Food is varied and cheap. So are wines and cigarettes. Essentials, in fact, are low in cost..." Anyone wanting to ride overseas had to join the AA or RAC and take a special test before being issued with an international licence. And in those pre-MoT days the bike had to pass a roadworthiness test too.

IN SOUTH LONDON the Mobile Police were prosecuting riders of leaky exhausts—a trace of soot at a joint was enough evidence to attract a fine. One unfortunate rider stopped on Clapham Common was warned that a slack exhaust tappet made his bike "excessively noisy".

AUTOMATIC 'ROBOT' traffic lights were in use in more than 120 towns in England and Wales.

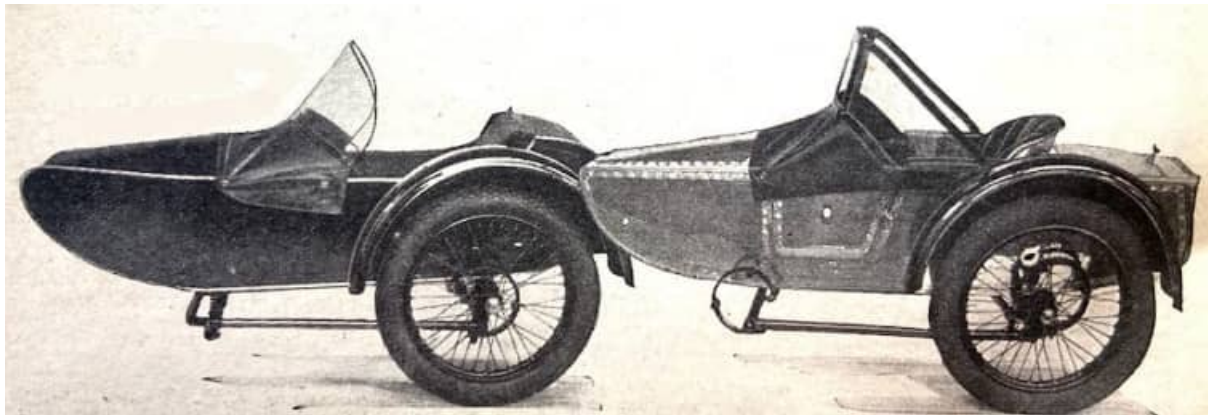
THERE WERE 3,370 MOTOR CYCLES in Ceylon (which we now have to call Sri Lanka); all but 34 of them were made in Britain.

ALL VEHICLES BUILT after 1 June had to have springs between the wheels and the frame – except for mobile cranes and motor cycles.

*THE TIMES PUBLISHED* a series of letters suggesting a more elegant term for passengers than 'pillion riders' Popular choices included 'pillionettes' and 'pillionaires'.

DURING AUGUST MOTOR CYCLE and component imports were valued at exactly £688. Exports were worth £80,386.

A 196CC VILLIERS TWO-STROKE converted to run on diesel was displayed at the Shipping and Engineering exhibition in Olympia. A major advantage of the conversion was that diesel cost less than petrol...



Pioneering sidecar manufacturer Mills-Fulford came up with some new models including the Junior and (right) the Super-Sports.

A GERMAN ENGINEER DESIGNED a hydraulic torque converter and fitted it to a 500cc ohv Horex. Replacing the clutch and gearbox, the converter was said to offer improved smoothness and acceleration.

PHIL IRVING moved from Velocette to Vincent-HRD. But while Irving was to make history with Vincent, Velocette wasn't short of inspired designers—they fitted a supercharger to the 350cc ohc single. A distinctive induction note inspired racing workshop boss Harold Willis to dub her Whiffing Clara.

"SIX BARROW MOTOR cyclists have been fined for not having 'proper pillion seats' when carrying a passenger. The chairman of the Bench emphasised that the passengers were liable to be fined for aiding and abetting."

"A PENRITH MOTOR CYCLIST, stopped by the police for carrying a passenger on the saddle while he himself rode on the tank, said that he knew he was required to have a seat for a pillion passenger, but pleaded that his passenger was not a pillion passenger, since he was sitting on the saddle!"

"AFTER 'CUTTING IN' COMES 'creeping up", defined by Bolton's Chief Constable as 'a habit of motor cyclists to creep up either between stationary vehicles in a traffic block or between vehicles and the kerb.' He says it is dangerous."

"PROVISION FOR HOSPITALS treating motoring cases is made in the Road Traffic Act."





This beauty is a T100—no, not that T100, this T100 is an OD (Wilhelm Ostner built his bikes in Dresden). The Swiss MAG1,000cc IOE twin, rated at 22hp, drove through a four-speed Hurth box (with reverse) and was claimed to be as smooth as a six-cylinder car.

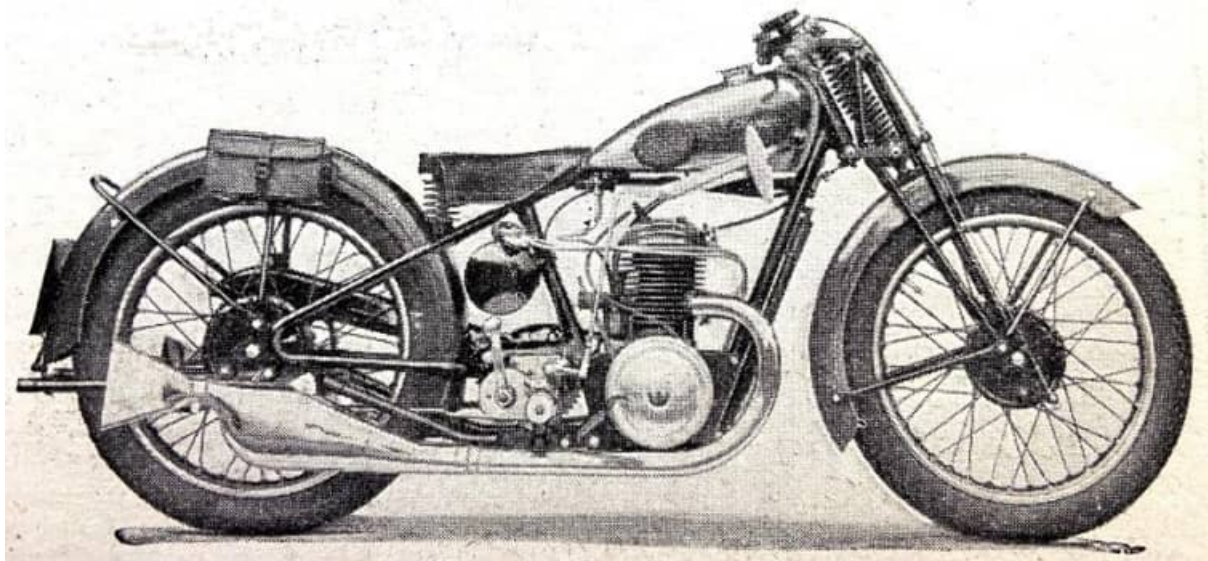
“IF YOU SEE WHAT appears to be a parcel lying on a deserted stretch of road don’t stop to pick it up! According to a warning recently issued, this new way of getting motorists to stop is being adopted by modern highwaymen.”

‘THE BBC HAS DECIDED that the word ‘garage’ should be pronounced as if it rhymed with ‘marriage’ or ‘carriage’.”

“A CONTRACT HAS BEEN arranged between a French concern and the Soviet government for the importation into France of 300,000 tons of Russian petrol yearly.”

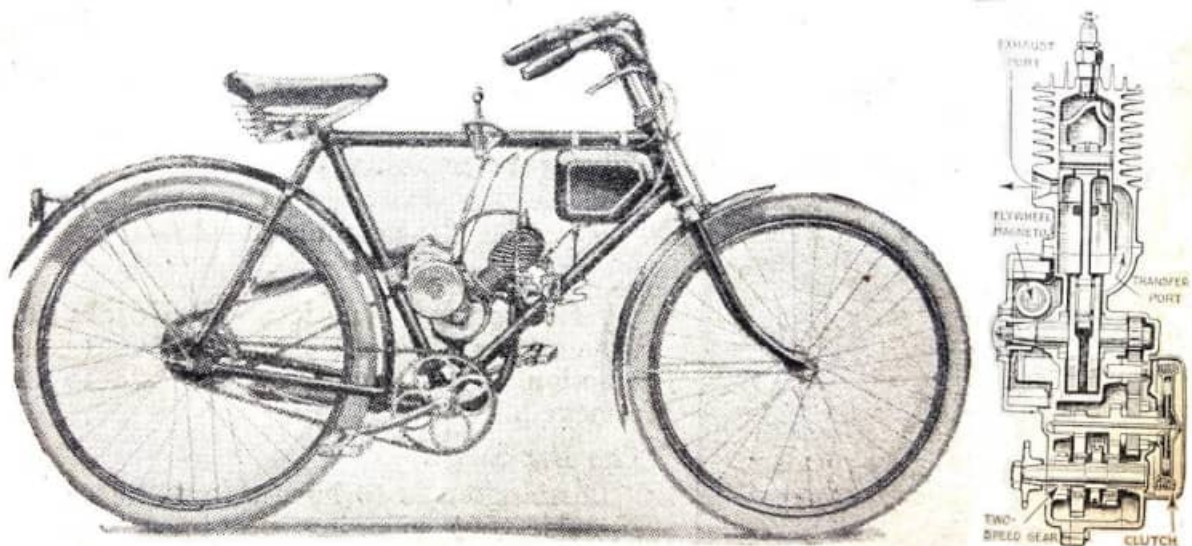
“POMADED PROMENADE PERCY? ‘I don’t think we should be too hard on the motor cycling youth with his flying scarf and well-pomaded hair and his girl friend on the pillion. He, too, will learn from example and precept.’—Mr R Yarnell Davies, Chief Constable of Flintshire, in a Manchester Guardian interview.”

“A NEW 350CC ROYAL RUBY two-stroke model known as the ‘Blue Diamond’ has been introduced by Diamond Motors, St James’ Square, Wolverhampton. The power unit is the well-known 342cc Villiers engine with the usual Villiers automatic lubrication and flywheel magneto. This is housed in a sturdy loop frame which passes under the engine, forming a cradle; in addition, detachable torque tubes are fitted, extending from the bottom of the rear engine plates to the rear fork-ends. Transmission is by roller chain via a Burman three-speed gear box. Druid forks are fitted, incorporating both steering and shock dampers, and both wheels carry six-inch internal-expanding brakes. Finished with dark-blue panels and gold lines, the chromium-plated saddle tank has a fuel capacity of approximately two gallons; a separate oil tank...is fitted to the seat pillar. The wheels are finished to match the tank, having chromium-plated rims with blue centres and gold lines.”



“An addition to the Royal Ruby range—the 342cc ‘Blue Diamond’.”

“THERE HAS BEEN much discussion of late as to whether the ultra-light-weight will return to favour in this country and become as popular as it is on the Continent. Undoubtedly one of the chief reasons against its success has been its lack of dependability, but in recent years vast strides have been made in motor engineering; motor cycle engines, for example, have been improved out of all recognition in the matter of reliability, and the small-capacity engine of to-day is a real power unit, in the full sense of the words, as compared with the rather delicate and uncertain toy it was some ten or twelve years ago. And now from Germany comes a very interesting motor unit designed for attachment to pedal cycles; it is known as the Sachs engine for bicycles, and consists of an air-cooled two-stroke built in unit with a two-speed gear and incorporating a single-plate dry clutch. The cylinder has a bore and stroke of 42x54mm, giving a capacity of 74cc, and the engine is said to develop 1½hp at 3,000rpm. The crankshaft is mounted on a plain bronze bearing of ample dimensions on the driving side, with a roller bearing on the opposite side. Lubrication is by the petroil system, and ignition is provided by a flywheel magneto. A decompressor is situated at the top of the cylinder, and is operated from the left handlebar; the control is so arranged that it can be used in conjunction with the clutch lever for starting purposes. The gear control and petrol tank are, of course, clipped to the top tube, and transmission to the rear wheel is by roller chain. The weight of the power unit is 18lb. Naturally, the Sachs engine is intended for use with a strengthened cycle frame fitted with wheels carrying low-pressure tyres. The engine, it is said, gives a speed of 20mph on the level, while gradients of 1 in 12 can be taken in top gear, and on low gear a climb of 1 in 7 can be surmounted without any necessity for pedalling. Fuel consumption is something like 135mpg, and the entire machine weighs approximately 77lb. An interesting extra is a small dynamo designed to work in conjunction with the flywheel magneto; even at speeds as low as 6mph it is claimed that enough current is generated to throw a good light. The Sachs engine unit is distributed in the United Kingdom by Tome, 57, Old Street, London, EC1.”



“A pedal cycle fitted with the Sachs engine; note the gear control on the top tube. (Right) A sectional view of the 74cc engine-gear unit.”

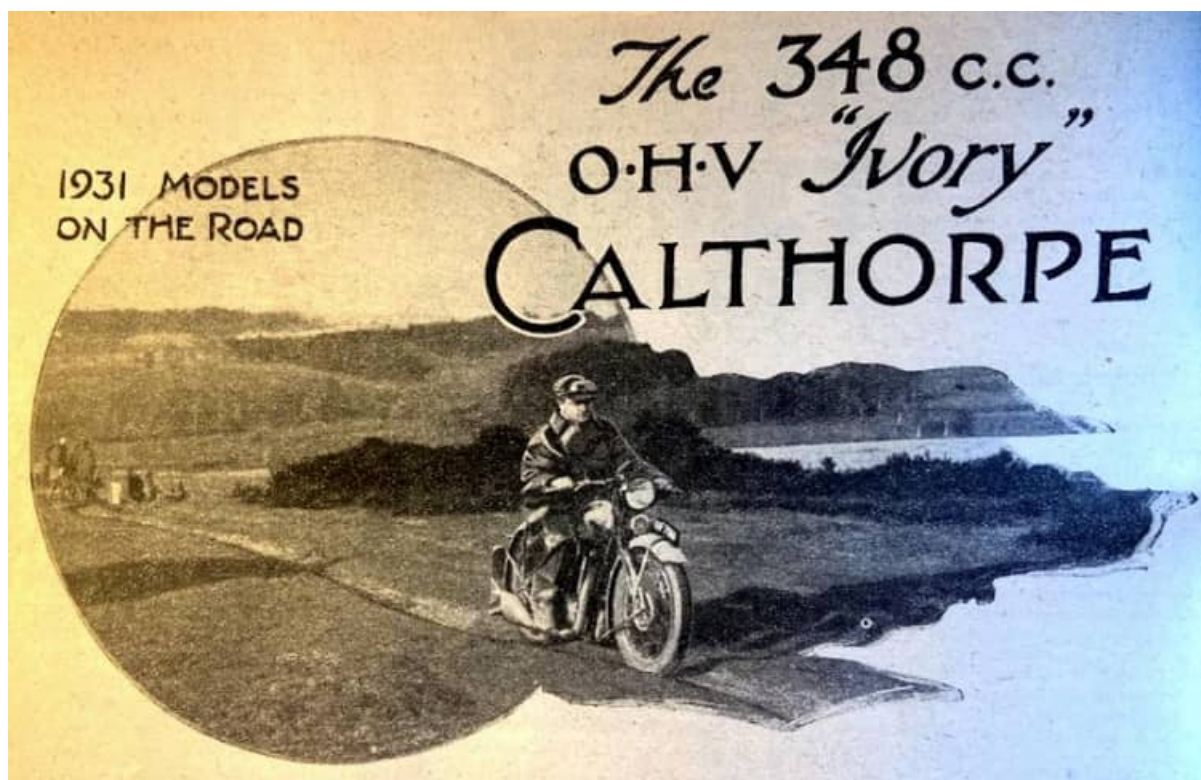
“STANLEY WOODS, THE IRISH HERO of many a road race, has gone into partnership with CHW Menders, who opened a motor cycle depot about eighteen months ago.”

“DRAKE AND GORHAM WHOLESALE, 77, Long Acre, London, WC2, have been appointed sole distributing agents to the electrical trade for the Runbaken ‘Vest-pocket Detectoscope’ which will be known in future as the ‘Testoscope’.”

“THE PRICE OF ‘REGENT’ Empire spirit has been reduced to 1s 1½d a gallon for the ‘Super’ grade, and to 1s 11½d for the ‘Commercial’ grade.”

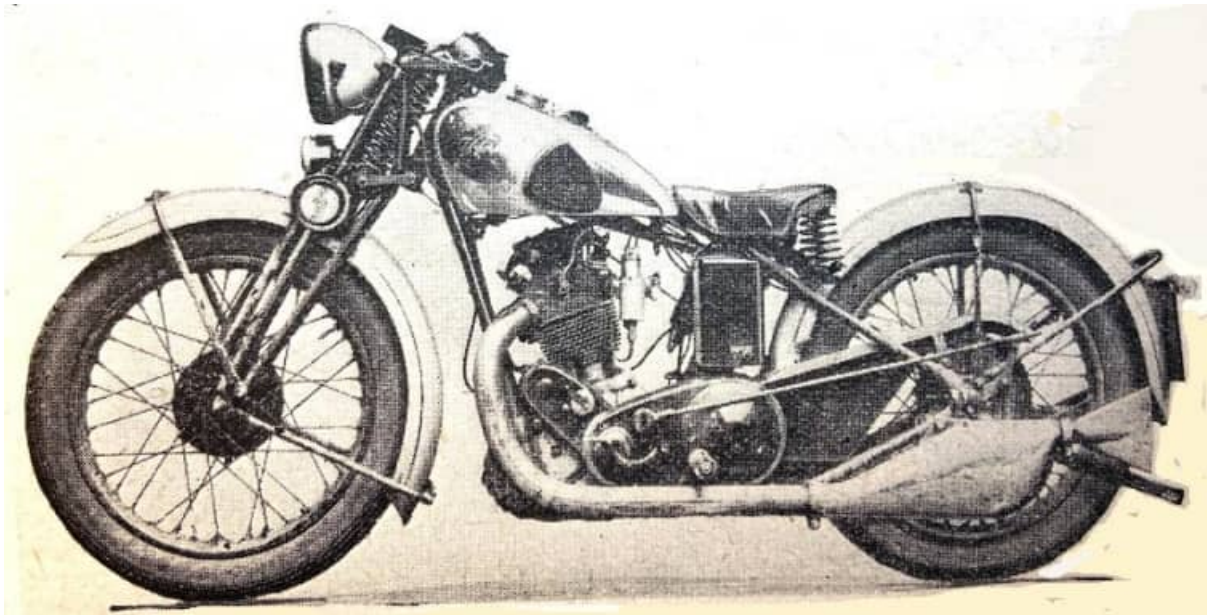
“NATIONAL BENZOLE MIXTURE has been reduced in price to 1s 2½d a gallon through pumps, throughout the country, 1s 3½d in cans in the LCC area, and 1s 5d in cans for the rest of England and Wales. The price of National Benzole has also been reduced to 1s 8d through pumps, and 1s 10d in cans. Prices in Northern Scotland are 1d a gallon more in each case.”





MORE THAN TWO YEARS of specialisation have gone to the making of the third 'Ivory' Calthorpe. The concentration upon this one model has simplified production to a remarkable degree, and facilitated that attention to important details that is so desirable. The machine has several commendable features, not least of which are its price and its handsome appearance. Its performance, too, is such as to command respectful attention. The machine tested was fitted with coil ignition, a system which is still something of a novelty on motor cycles. Throughout 600 miles no ignition fault developed, and, so far as can be remembered, not a single misfire occurred. Starting was ridiculously easy, and in this respect the machine represented a vast improvement on former types. The engine was free, and could be spun well by the kick-starter; generally, two kicks only were necessary, while on numerous occasions the first kick was effective. It was not necessary to retard the ignition in order to obtain excellent idling, but, with the spark fully retarded, idling was more than usually good and the sparking absolutely regular. Mechanical noise was present, though never really obtrusive; it did not increase as the test proceeded. There appeared to be no piston slap, but the valve gear, while it did not hammer, gave off a certain amount of confused rattle. Perhaps the chief noise came from the gear box, which was rather too audible on the third ratio. On the other hand, exhaust noise was very slight indeed; there are two large silencers, and they perform their duties admirably. No clutch slip was experienced, and the clutch, which was light to operate, took up the drive smoothly. On two occasions the operating cable needed adjustment, due either to stretching of the wire or bedding down of the plates. The adjusting screw is very accessible, so that the work occupied but a few moments. Gear changing, either up or down, was a matter of the utmost ease. The third ratio was found very convenient for town work, and, on this gear, the machine was capable of a speed of about 45mph. On top gear the engine was fairly flexible, but, as indicated above, the suitability of third gear eliminated the temptation to hang on to top. At very slow speeds on the high ratio the transmission was inclined to be a little harsh, but, by using the gear box as the makers intend it should be used, harshness was rarely felt. Steering and general control were

above reproach. a very comfortable riding position is provided, which allows the rider to shift the weight instantly to the footrests should it be desired to do so. At seven miles an hour the

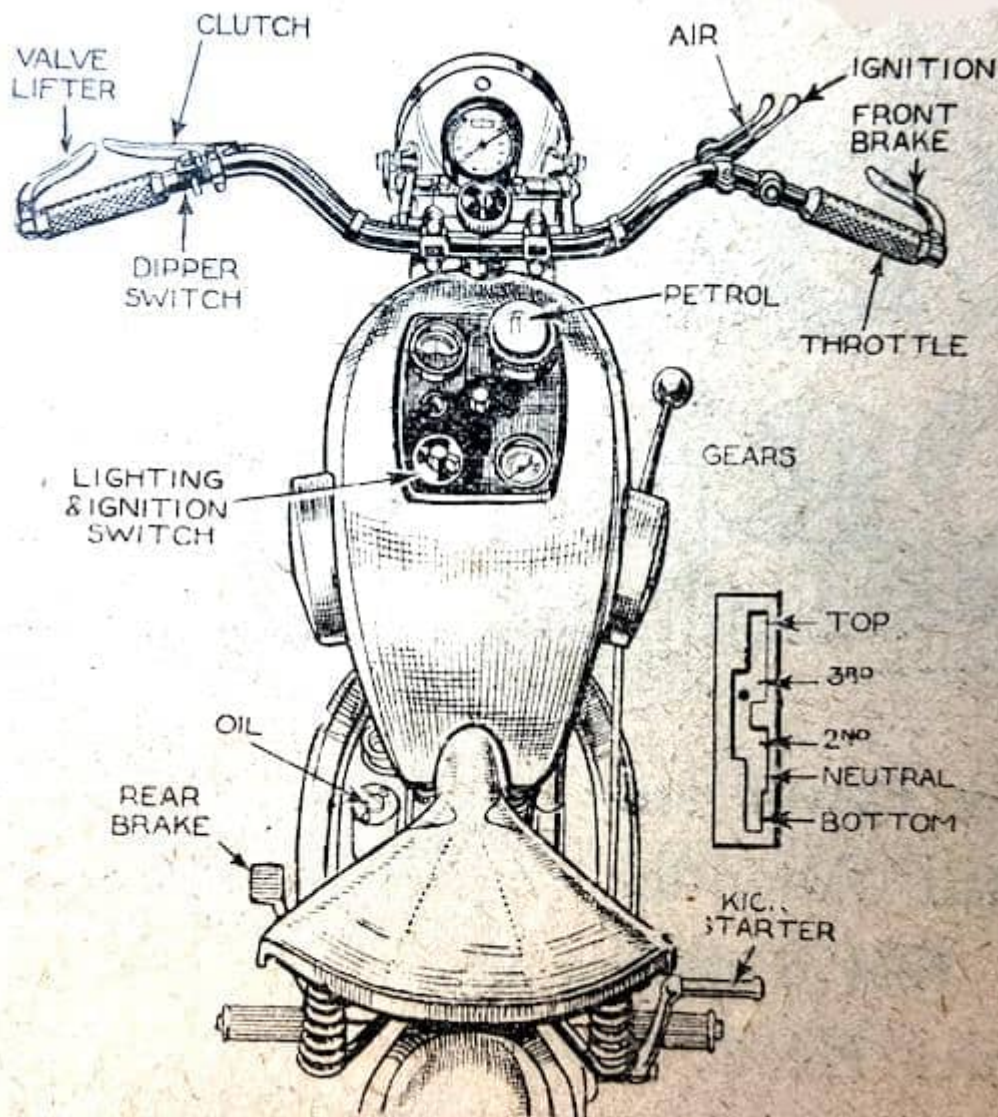


“The ‘Ivory’ Calthorpe is a really good looking machine.”

machine could be steered comfortably ‘hands off’, and the same sort of riding could be accomplished at 50mph without lack of safety. Cornering was good, provided that the tyres were inflated correctly. Over bumpy surfaces it was found that the machine behaved very well indeed, and never became ‘skittish’ or prone to tail-wag. The front forks were well up to their work. So satisfactory was the steering that the damper was never used. Both the brakes were excellent, and were not of the type that requires frequent adjustment. Half a turn of the adjusting nut on the rear brake rod was all the attention that was given, and each brake remained most effective throughout. That in the rear wheel is applied by a toe pedal in front of the left footrest. Practically no effort was required to exert full braking power, and the pedal was well placed for ease in operation. The usual handlebar lever applied the front brake, which, like the rear one, was both smooth and powerful in action. All the controls were conveniently situated, and it was found that the ignition and air controls were almost superfluous. Maximum speed was slightly over 65mph—not an ultra-high figure perhaps, but it should be remembered that the machine would maintain 50mph for as long as the rider wished, so that a high average was possible. The highest average speed over a long distance was just over 34mph, accomplished without making any attempt at a speedy journey. Hill climbing was good; it was difficult to make the engine pink, and the pulling power was excellent. Here, again, the third ratio was found handy, and fast ascents of steep main-road hills were always possible. Although the Calthorpe was not a light machine, it was by no means heavy on petrol. Straight petrol was used all the time, and the consumption figure of more than 90mpg was registered on the run mentioned above, which was over a mileage of 160. Oil, at first, was being delivered to the engine in large quantities, but the supply was gradually diminished until about 2,300mpg were being covered. At this rate of consumption the exhaust was slightly smoky. Almost as much night work as day work was done on the machine in order to obtain an idea of the efficiency of the electrical equipment. The battery showed a full charge at the end of the test, and the only failure in the system was the burning out of a tail lamp bulb. At about 28mph, with the full head-lamp beam in use, the ammeter showed a steady charge of nearly 2 amps, so that the fear of being stranded with a dead battery would appear to be so remote as to be negligible. It was



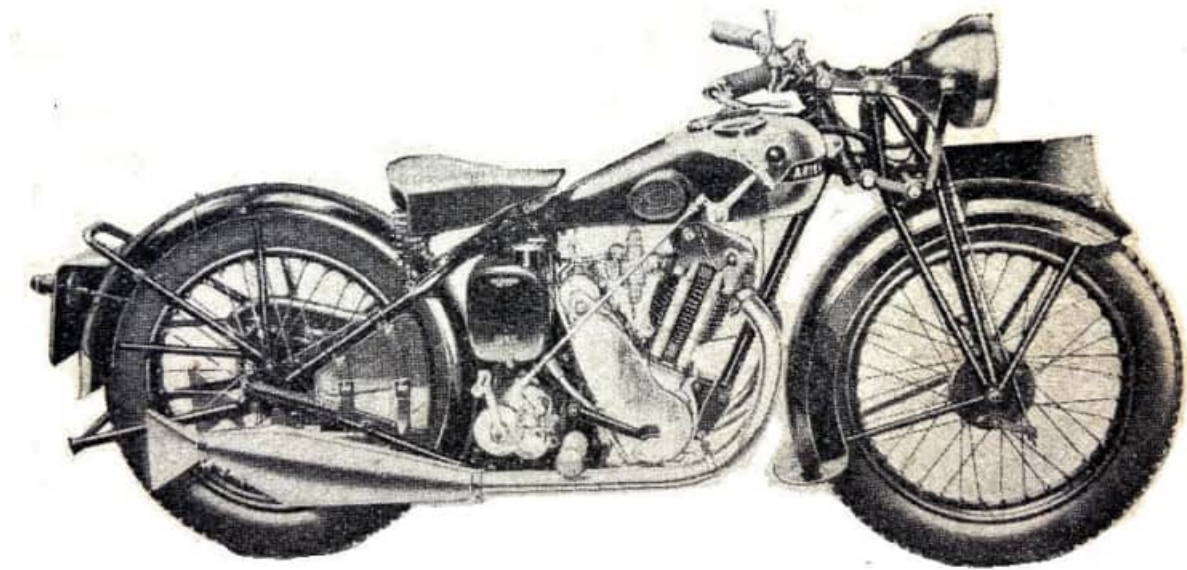
found that some of the detail parts, such as handlebar fittings, showed traces of rust rather quickly. On the other hand, the chromium-sided tank, as well as its top ivory panel, remained in perfect condition, in spite of the fact that the machine had some very rough usage. None of the chains seemed to stretch at all, and no adjustment requiring the aid of tools had to be carried out. A good point was the fact that the engine and gear box exuded practically no oil, the exteriors remaining clean except for mud. It should not be assumed from this that the mudguarding was poor. The guards are of deep section, and cover a good part of the circumference of the wheels, and stop much of the mud met with in ordinary riding. On several occasions the machine was used on Midland trials courses, and it was found that on the colonial sections, some of which were exceptionally slippery, the model behaved admirably; feet-up performances were made matters of comparative ease, and this with standard tyre treads. Speaking generally, it can be said that the third Ivory Calthorpe is a good example of the modern single-cylinder. Its design is interesting and sound; its appearance is praiseworthy; and its performance very pleasing.



The controls of "Ivory III."



PUBLIC DEMAND HAS INDUCED the makers of the Ariel to add a new model to their range. The little 250cc ohv machine has earned a splendid reputation, but there are those who desire slightly more power without the extra weight and full power capabilities of a 500cc engine. It is with this in view that the makers have decided to introduce a new 350cc model following closely on the lines which have proved so satisfactory in the small size, though in order to take the larger engine the machine has been stiffened up in many directions. With a bore and stroke of 72x85mm (348cc), the inclined cylinder has a two-port detachable head, and the ohv mechanism is enclosed. In contrast to the normal Ariel practice of carrying the push-rod covers to a box cast with the base of the cylinder, the covering tubes extend down to the timing-gear casing. Lubrication is by twin plunger pumps, and operates on the dry-sump system. The Ariel centrifugal oil purifier is, of course, incorporated in the flywheels. Transmission is from a pivot type three-speed Burman gear box, and the primary



“A smart newcomer—the 348cc two-port Ariel.”

“A SHORT COURSE and a start at one o’clock after an early lunch created a new atmosphere for the Bemrose Trial. No doubt its change from a full-day to a half-day event had assisted in getting the increased entry of 43, of which all but four solos started. The course was not unlike last year’s in general ‘design’, although Hunger Hill was omitted, which was a matter raising no objection from the eight sidecar entrants. As a matter of fact, the general anxiety was mostly concerned with the state of country in the Longnor-Axe Edge district, which had been under snow for a week or more, and was in the throes of a slow thaw. The trial started from Alvaston, Derby, and the condition of things was quickly appreciated. Jackson’s Lane, near Duffield, served as the example. It was going to be a day of mud. More than half of the solo men used their feet, either at Jackson’s Lane or Lapidosa, the second hill, and by the time the second check was reached, at Foxholes, only 23 miles from the start, the competitors were already well sorted out. A run over higher country brought the riders into the dreaded snow area; moreover, the weather showed signs of changing. Taddington Moor was the location of the extraordinary time check of about five miles, used to decide winners in case of ties. The route-markers had had to clear the remains of snow drifts to make a way. Three-ply, boulders, mud and slush were the obstacles, and even Goodman confessed to wondering if the five miles were endless! Retirements were many. The struggle against mud was too much, and barely half the starters emerged to reach the Hind Low check, fifty miles from the start. This left only 23 competitors to

face what may be called the real climbing obstacles (Cheeks Hill and Hollinsclough) as contrasted with all the previous mud-wallowing. Cheeks Hill is short, sharp and snorty, as all who favour the Buxton area for their sport well know. But it is in a little sheltered cleft, and was filled with drifts that resisted the prevalent thaw. Its rocks, boulders, and deep ruts were hidden under knee-deep snow. Graham Goodman (Norton), far in advance of anyone else, made a fast climb, jabbing down a foot once or twice and sticking momentarily in the deep drift at the summit. But his climb was unaided. Next came J Beck (348cc Norton), but he stuck completely in the drift at the top, and could not get out until JH Jenkinson (346cc Levis) came up, got into the same predicament, and then they helped each other. MG Lund (348cc Calthorpe), AR



“DK Mansell (490cc Norton sc) and W Harrison (346cc Levis) battling through the drifts on Cheeks Hill.”

Edwards (348cc Velocette), and G Littleford (348cc AJS) all needed help, but Edwards was the only one, apart from Goodman and Beck, who was anything like in the running on time. Next F Williamson (248cc Ariel) made a wonderful effort, and actually made the first non-stop crossing of the topmost drifts. L Thompson (348cc Velocette) and A Tyler (346cc Levis) both stopped, as did the hail and sleet which had been blowing across the hills to everyone's great discomfort. There was a long interval; then N Hooton (348cc Norton) failed, and just as he got out of the way DK Mansell (490cc Norton sc) came ploughing up. Could he succeed? He hit the deep drifts with a thud! No! But a little help and he was away, the eleventh competitor to make the ascent. What of the 38 solos who should have been in front? V Harrison (346cc Levis) added to the list of failures, while HB Macmillan (496cc James), who has been a Bemrose winner in the past, lay on his back and for a few moments wondered where he was. Then FW Harmston (497cc Ariel) stopped, while RF Tingle (490cc Vincent-HRD) did more; he lay down in the drifts and wallowed. This was winter sport with a vengeance...The second sidecar, EF Coope (348cc Velocette sc) made a fast and thoroughly 'fierce' climb. SB Storey (349cc BSA), JC Bailey (346cc New Imperial) and W Cole (499cc Ariel) made somewhat ragged climbs. After Hollinsclough came Hopedale, which caused considerably more bother than had been anticipated—boulders and mud were the principal obstacles—the out-standing efforts being made by Goodman, Edwards, Mansell, Beck and Cope. It was with relief that the survivors reached the final check and a well earned tea at the Black Boy's Head and Green Man at Ashbourne Only 76½ miles. But what a day! Those who got there, including the fourteen who completed the course for no reward at all, agreed that it was a good trial, except that the ETC section was rather too much of a good thing

in view of the prevailing difficulty of the course. Outside the principal awards no one qualified for a 'gold', and there were only two 'silvers'. Results. Bemrose Trophy (for best performance), GB Goodman (348cc Norton), 2 marks; News of the World Cup, DK Mansell (490cc Norton), 7 marks; best 500cc solo, FW Harmston (499cc Ariel); 350cc solo, A Tyler (346cc Levis); best 350cc sidecar, EF Cope (348cc Velocette sc); best 250cc solo, F Williamson (248cc Ariel); 175cc solo, L Vale-Onslow (172c SOS); team award, N Hooton (348cc Norton), GB Goodman (348cc Norton) and DK Mansell (490cc Norton sc); best performance by a Leicester club member, A Tyler (346cc Levis); Derby, DK Mansell (490cc Norton sc); Lincoln, GB Goodman (348cc Norton); silvers, J Beck (348cc Norton) and AR Edwards (348cc Norton)."



"Ploughing through the deep snow on Cheeks Hill. The riders are AR Edwards (348cc Velocette) and G Littleford (348cc AJS)."

READER'S EXPERIENCE: 1927 349cc OHV BSA. "I purchased my 349cc ohv BSA second-hand in February, 1929; it had previously had only one owner and very little use. The machine holds the road beautifully at all speeds, and has no tendency to wobble at speed over bumpy roads, even with the steering damper slackened right off. The maximum speed I have obtained is just in excess of 73mph, but I think that with more careful tuning and a slightly higher top gear 75 or 76mph could be reached; the gear I use is rather low, as I use the machine for grass-track racing. The most comfortable touring speed is round about the fifty-five mark. Acceleration is good; I have tried it out favourably against several 500cc machines. The engine keeps its tune well if the tappets are watched carefully. The most suitable fuel to use with the high-compression piston is a fifty-fifty petrol-benzole mixture, with a No 41 jet in the carburetter (TT Amac); the consumption works out at about 70mpg. The oil consumption is fairly high, being about 100 miles per pint, but that I do not mind. I have used the machine for various events, such as trial riding, grass-track racing, scrambles, practice on a dirt track, and motor cycle football matches, and only once has it let me down; that was in a scramble when the throttle



wire broke. Taking the machine all round I think it is an ideal clubman's mount, with which I am very pleased.—**JEB.**"



"Journey's beginning. Edward Farrell and W Johnson, of Widnes, Lancs, are setting out on a world tour via Turkey, the Sahara, Capetown, India, Australia and America. Their machine is a 'Sloper Ariel', and they are seen receiving a send-off from the makers' works at Birmingham."



“Just a run down to Capetown: The whole world is indeed the motor cyclist’s playground. Here is still another expedition starting from Berlin to traverse the 6,000 odd miles from Cairo to Capetown.”

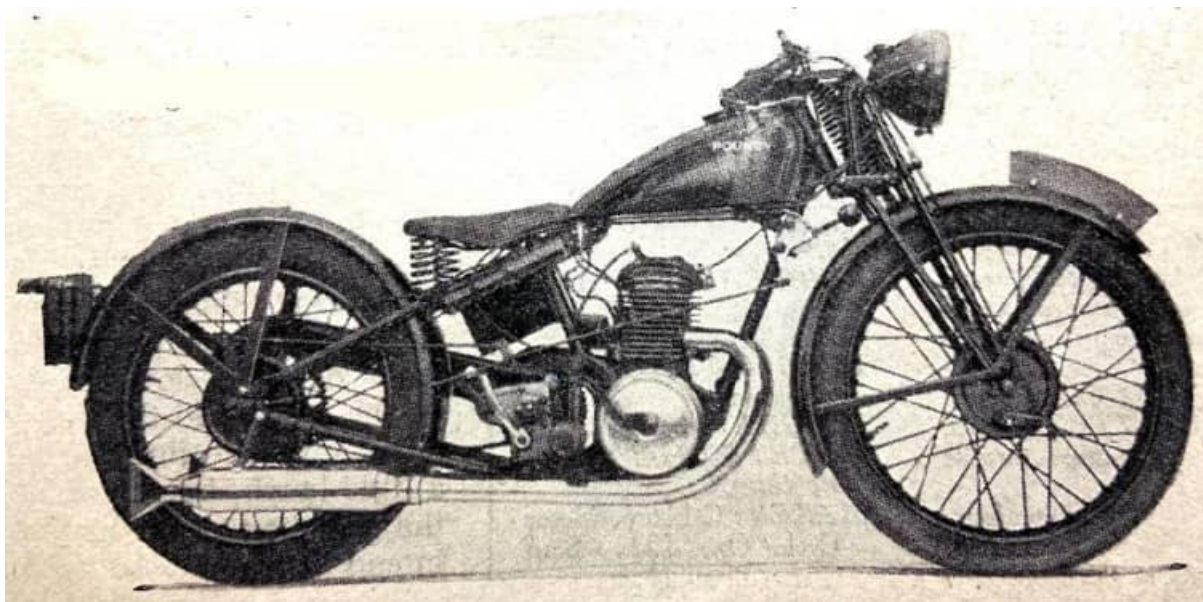




Elsewhere in Berlin, these nippers were competitors in a sidecar race.

“SOME TIME AGO MENTION was made in these pages of a new lightweight two-stroke machine, the 346cc Pouncy, made by AJ Pouncy at Owermoigne, Dorchester, Dorset. The experimental models made their first appearance in the 1930 London-Exeter Trial, and now delivery is in full swing. This new machine has the well-known 346cc long-stroke Villiers engine with flywheel magneto and two-lever carburetter. Petroil lubrication is used as standard, although the Villiers pressure system can be obtained for an extra 15s. To obviate settling of the oil, the all-steel welded tank is fitted with a two-way tap and filter. The frame is of straight-forward design with brazed joints. Brampton forks with 6in brakes, 25x3in heavy Avon tyres and 5in D-section mudguards add to the sturdy appearance of this lightweight, which weighs 219lb, complete with Villiers direct lighting system and parking lights. This model, to be known as the ‘Cob’ is finished in black, with a red panel on the nose of the tank, and is priced at £38 17s. The price includes a 3-speed Albion gear box; a foot-change costs an extra 10s. At a later date it is hoped to produce a more expensive and faster model (a speed of 70mph is anticipated).”





“The 346cc Pouncy is fitted with the long-stroke Villiers engine.”

IXION HAD A NIGHT OUT at Stamford Bridge, and decided: “Dirt-track racing at its best is probably the most thrilling spectacle which the world of sport affords. At the Bridge four riders effect a rolling start halfway down the grandstand straight. The lucky spectator in the next bend—if he isn’t blinded or smothered by the cinders which their scrabbling wheels heave at him in great swathes—gets a thrill not to be matched in the Targa Florio mountain car race. Atmosphere Within a few feet of his nose he beholds four gnome-like troglodytes, masked and armoured, skidding at high speed round an untakable bend at angles which nullify gravity and centrifugal force. Their speeds and their attitudes are like mechanical impossibilities—yet they occur! The noise is hellish! The atmosphere is compounded of solid dirt, burnt dope, blue castor fumes, and the screeching of 40,000 frenzied fans. If this inferno lasted for four full laps the entire ‘gate’ would expire from heart failure. But of course it does not last. Half-way round the first ‘U’ somebody—on Saturday it was usually Wal Phillips—establishes a nice little lead, partly by superior engine pep, partly by sliding that is a shade more devilish than any his rivals can produce. This lead he usually keeps, with small additions, for four laps. Behind the victorious Triton a couple of minnows may or may not fight an exciting battle for the honour of second place. Frequently one or two of the riders fall off—occasionally three of them stop in a single heat; sometimes one gets on again and carries on, and the race becomes confusing...Why do so many motor cyclists neglect the speedways? At its best no spectacle can stop your heart so completely and so suddenly. I would go every week if I could reasonably expect to see such a devilish duel as that in which Bill Stanley and Tommy Croombs put up for second place in Heat 3 of the League Match; or Con Cantwell dragging a fallen rival’s bike for 50 yards with his footrest, and never coming off; or Ron Johnson’s lightning streak through the field in 50 yards...”



“A new short-wheelbase Douglas with a specially low engine mounting and new cylinder-head

design. (Right) A long-wheelbase Rudge designed for the coming dirt-track season—the engine is of the 1930 TT type, but with wet-sump lubrication and a higher compression ratio to suit alcohol fuel.”

H QUINN, ON A THREE-YEAR-OLD 348cc Calthorpe, won the International Leinster ‘200’ which was run on Saturday on the Skerries-Rush-Lusk circuit in Co Dublin. The nominal distance of the race was 208 miles, but, owing to the system of handicapping employed, in which riders received credit laps as well as time allowances, Quinn had to cover only 169 miles. He covered that distance in 28hr 44min 22sec—a speed of 61.75mph. WHT Meageen (348cc Velocette) was second at 73.77mph. He made fastest actual speed of the race and won the 350cc class cup. JG Burney (346cc Royal Enfield-JAP) was third at 67.76mph; PT Walls (499cc Rudge) was fourth, at 72.72mph. Walls won the 500cc cup, and he was the only finisher who had to complete the full distance of the race. LH Davenport (246cc New Imperial) won the 250cc Class cup at 67.12mph. This was the third Leinster race in which Quinn and his Calthorpe had figured. In 1929 they were 16th at 60mph; in 1930 they were 8th at 58mph. The handicappers must have imagined that the Calthorpe would be still slower this year, but it was much faster. By tuning efforts Quinn had added seven or eight. mph to the engine’s normal speed.”



“HV Quinn, the winner, with his three-year-old 348cc Calthorpe.”

FROM 1 JANUARY 1932 tax on bikes under 150cc was to be cut to 15 bob a year—manufacturers immediately began to develop a class of 150s. The Blue ‘Un noted: “...the value of the concession...is immense, as it should be the means of bringing into the motor cycle movement many new recruits...the insurance question is the stumbling block...reduced rates [must] be instituted to cover these light-weight, low-powered miniatures of modest cost...The future possibilities for light motor cycles are enormous. What is needed is a special trial organised by the Auto Cycle Union to demonstrate to the public at large the handiness, reliability and economy of the new series of miniature motor cycles....The 98cc Excelsior-Villiers...is already on the market and a new arrival is the 989cc Coventry Eagle-Villiers...A 98cc Sun is also announced, a 98cc Wolf is soon to appear, while...a 98cc Dot-Villiers will be in production...this machine will have a two-speed Albion gear box, 4in internal-expanding brakes, a saddle tank, and the Dot cerise finish.”

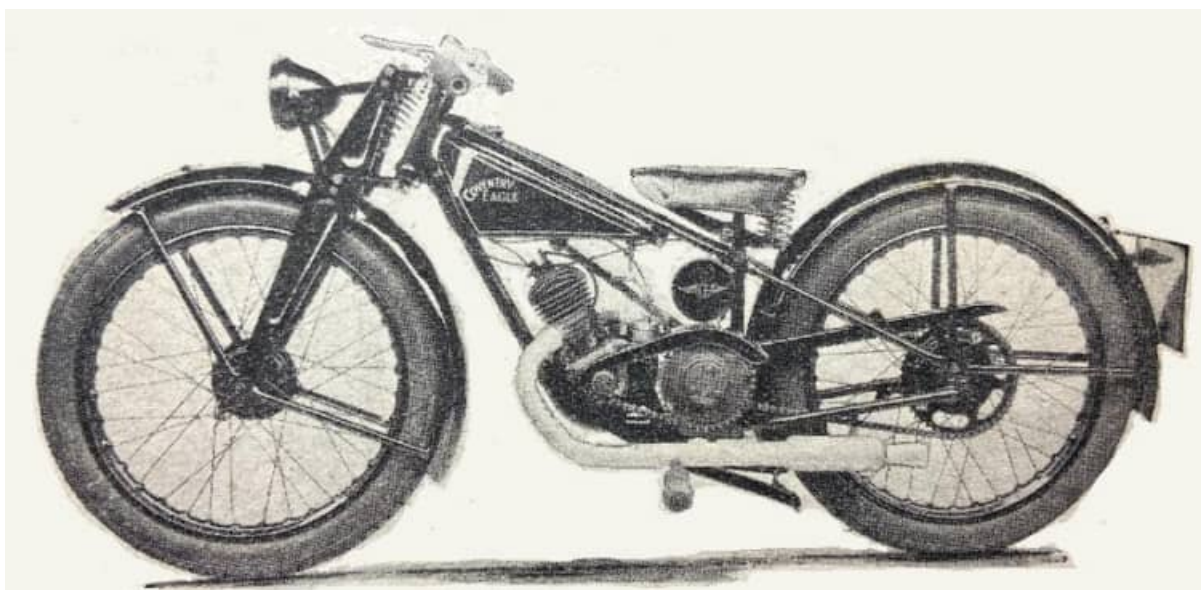


“INTENSE INTEREST IS NOW centred around the future of the light, low-priced motor cycle, which, thanks to [Chancellor of the Exchequer] Mr Snowden’s concession, seems likely to get a firm hold on the market. If the British industry is to establish a supremacy in this line against foreign competitors it is essential that the quality of the products shall be high, even if the specification includes little more than bare necessities. This point has been fully realised by those of our manufacturers who have considered the question, and the Coventry Eagle ‘Marvel’ is no exception. Encouraged by the concession—though the decision to market the machine was made before the Budget announcement—the company will have this very attractive little proposition in full production about Whitsuntide. The new model is a real motor cycle, small indeed, but not a toy. It has been thought out with the greatest care, and though its price of £16 16s is modest, all the essential features of motor cycle construction and some luxuries have been included. For instance, electric lighting by the Villiers direct system with a battery for parking purposes is included in the price, there are lock-stops for the steering head, the brake pedal is mounted separately from the footrests, and a soft-top Lycett saddle has been standardised. As a power unit, the 98cc Villiers two-stroke is employed, and transmission is through a two-speed Albion gear box, which, with the reduction in the two chain drives, gives ratios of 9.7 and 16.4 to 1. These two units are attached in a most rigid manner, the former by very sturdy engine plates, and the latter by a strong underslung lug in a frame of simple but interesting construction.



L-R: “With the exception of the throttle lever, the controls are brazed on. The blades of the pressed-steel forks. Alignment of the gear-box is assured by a groove in the mounting. Note the separately mounted brake pedal. This drawing clearly shows the frame layout.”

From the head to the rear spindle there are two straight tubes, bolted in position and trapped and bolted to the vertical seat post. Brazed to the bottom of the head lug is a single tube which passes round the crank case and joins the gear box mounting lug, making, with the seat tube, a main frame of loop construction. Footrests, brake pedal and central stand are all mounted on extensions of the engine plates, and the stand is so positioned that the machine can be balanced with either wheel off the ground. A welded-steel tank holding 1¼ gallons of petrol mixture is bolted to the frame, and is provided with an oil measure in the filler cap. Neatly filling a gap in the frame is a circular steel tool box, and the battery for the parking light is placed behind the saddle. Pressed-steel side-members are employed in the fork construction, with a barrel-type of compression spring between the blades. In each wheel is a four-inch-diameter internal expanding brake, and 25×2.75in. Avon tyres are standardised. With the exception of the single-lever carburettor control, all the remaining lever pivots are brazed to the bars, which have a very neat, clean and pleasant appearance. A hand-operated control has been chosen for the gearbox, and no kick starter is fitted as it is a simple matter to ‘paddle off’, even for a person, of small stature. The lines of the little machine are good, the detail work simple, clean and well designed, and the finish—black and gold—is attractive. Altogether, the Coventry-Eagle ‘Marvel’ is a most practical little job, light enough to be handled by anyone, and sturdy enough to stand up to plenty of hard work.”



"The machine has a pleasing appearance."

OVERCAST AND GREY was the Sunday morning of the Grand Prix of the Nations and the least weather-wise had no need of help from the Meteorological Department to guess what, was in store. This certainty, and perhaps the eleventh-hour withdrawal of the new 500cc Bianchi, kept away the people. Never has the Monza track been to desolate for such an important international event. At 9 o'clock the Fascist militiamen easily outnumbered the public. However, the few hardy motor cycle enthusiasts who did brave the terrors of the elements were well rewarded. The pits were occupied by wrinkle-browed riders and mechanics who, ever and anon, the while they put the last finishing touches to their mounts, cast furtive glances aloft at the grey pall that to threateningly overhung the park and appeared to mingle with the tree tops. Twenty-two riders responded to the electric warning 'buzzer'; seven one-seventy-fives and fifteen three-fifties, the former being required to do 20 laps (137.220km) and the latter 30 laps (205.830km). Of the one-seventy-fives, there were four Benellis, two Millers and one DKW. The three-fifties included five Velocettes (LH Davenport on one), three Ridges, one Miller, one Motosacoche and one Condor. When the field had got away Mario Gherzi (AJS)—Pietro Gherzi's brother—and a 175cc Miller were seen to be moving but slowly. The 175cc DKW just managed to crawl to the pits, and, after several stops, the rider withdrew on the 5th lap. Meanwhile, the rest were moving, the Velocettes coming well to the fore after the first lap, with Gherzi (AJS), and Cerrato and Lama on Ridges in hot pursuit. Then there came into sight the Benellis, and behind came Davenport and Turreni (AJS), who was having plug trouble. Every lap brought Gherzi nearer the leaders, and on the fifth he was first, his time being 17min 48sec—an average of 71.85mph—with a Rudge pressing him closely. In the baby class, Tony Benelli, on his newly designed Benelli, had nothing to beat, and won as he liked. One surprise, however, was sprang—Moldini's Miller was too fast for the standard Benelli model. The sixth lap was fatal for one of the Ridges, the rider of which retired. Gherzi (AJS) was not having things quite all his own way, for, at the completion of the tenth lap, there was not much light between him and the three Velocettes, which were going magnificently. The Motosacoche had retired with engine trouble after four laps. Gherzi's average for the fifteen laps was 74.25mph, or 27sec better than Landi's Velocette. At this point Gherzi visited the pits to refill; their tank capacity being greater, the Velocettes had no need to stop. When the AJS rider got away he was 16sec to the bad, but, after a thrilling struggle, he regained his former position in the 19th lap, only to lose it again a lap later. What a grand battle! The public could not sit still in the stands, but rushed out into the rain to stand by

the railings and cheer. The riders passed and repassed each other time and again, but eventually Landi had the honour of being first in. His average speed for the 25 laps was 74.72mph. The exciting duel was abruptly and disappointingly brought to an end before the finish by Gherzi crashing on an awkward 'S' bend, and, though he and his mount miraculously escaped damage, he was never able to regain the time lost. Nevertheless, he had the satisfaction of finishing second and also of making the fastest lap. At 2 o'clock, under a vertical deluge, thirteen five-hundreds and seven two-fifties lined up. The Seniors were: f NSUs (known locally as 'the League of Nations', for the company is Italian, the make German, and the riders English and Italian!), three Rudges, two Nortons, two Motosacoches (with Charlie Dodson riding one), one Sunbeam, and last, but not least, an AJS, with Freddie. Hicks up. There were six Guzzis and one Swiss Condor in the lightweights. Of the latter class nothing need be said, save that Corday on the Condor ran as regularly as a clock, while the winning

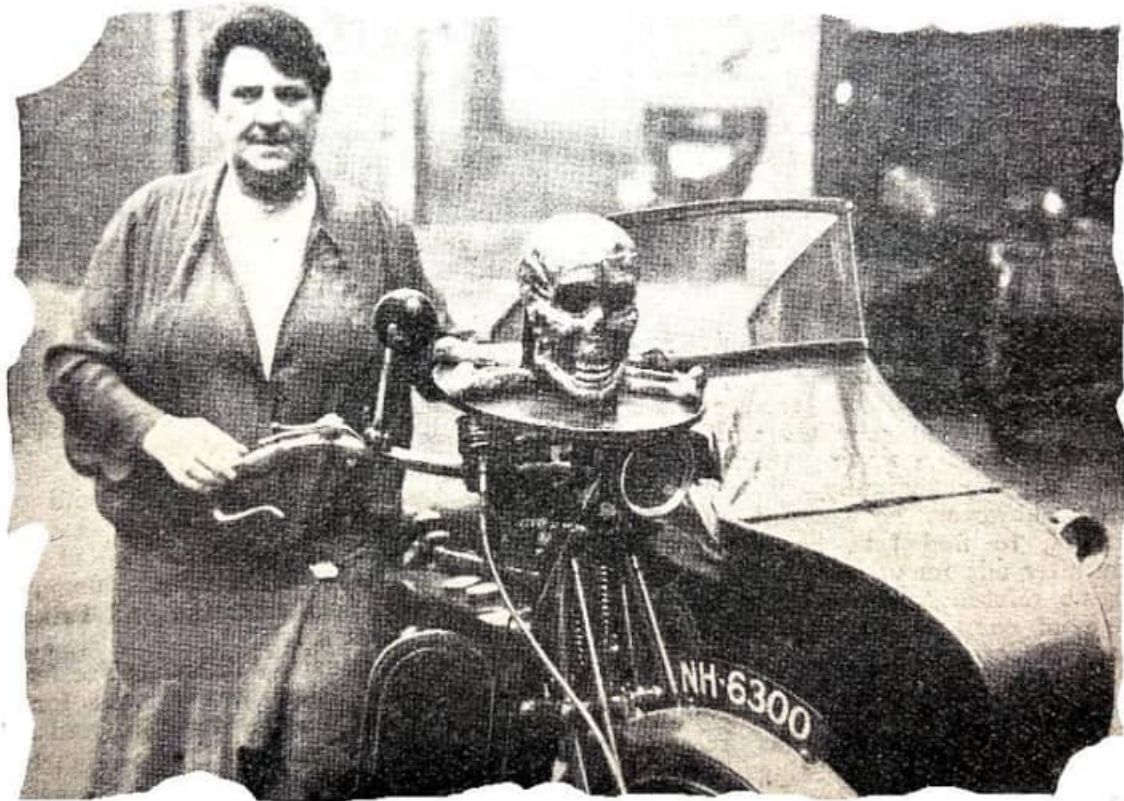


"The start of the 175cc and 350cc classes."

Guzzi put up an average lower, than that of the one-seventy-fives. The five-hundreds suggested speed-boats as they screamed along the flooded track, leaving whirling white spray in their train. Two Rudges were leading the first time round, with Hicks lying some-what behind. Dodson pushed to first place on the third lap. Landi (Rudge) skidded, damaging his carburetter. Then Hicks (AJS) began to take an ominous interest in affairs, and by the fifth lap was already third. Dodson (Motosacoche) lay 15sec ahead of Bandini (Rudge). Bullus (NSU) appeared to be going at a terrific speed as he threaded his way through the two-fifties. Dodson was not too happy, and was in two minds whether to visit the pits, but apparently decided that 'he who stops is lost'. Soon after, Hicks caught and passed Dodson, only to lose the lead again a few minutes later. On the unlucky thirteenth round Bandini had to stop at the pits because of 'goggle trouble'; this stop he repeated on the next lap. Dodson's speed for the fifteen laps was 76.98mph, and Hicks was 23sec down. Till now, Bullus (NSU) had been getting along steadily in third position, and seemed quite happy; then Jimmie Simpson (Norton) broke in upon his privacy and drew up alongside Hicks. Nevertheless, Dodson still held on, and, indeed, managed to increase his lead. At half-distance he was 47sec ahead of the AJS rider. And now came a reshuffling. First Simpson stopped and then Hicks, thus letting in Bullus. The twenty-fifth lap saw Dodson still in the lead, with Bullus only 31sec behind. Hicks lost 44sec in filling up, and now lay sixth. Another period of excitement such as the spectators had enjoyed in the morning now began. Hicks began to catch



up again, and on the thirtieth round was already third again. On the next lap Dodson began to experience lubrication trouble; he fell back to fourth, then to eighth, and finally to ninth; then a slight spill dislodged an oil pipe, and he retired. At the thirty-fifth lap Bullus, now in the lead, had averaged 76.55mph, and Hicks was 23sec behind. The AJS crack now began to gain 6sec a lap; and Simpson clung to him like a shadow, till he had a spill on the 'S' bend and spoiled a certain chance of being second, if not first, for the race clearly lay between these two famous riders. All eyes were glued on to the bend in the track to see whether Hicks's magnificent ride had borne fruit, and when his black form was sighted leading the way a big cheer went up. Hicks's average was 76.92mph, a really amazing speed when the terrible track conditions are taken into account. RESULTS. 175cc (20 laps=137.220km): 1, Benelli (Benelli), 67.35mph; 2, Moldini (Miller); 3, Alberti (Benelli). 250cc (25 laps=171.525km): 1, Brasi (Guzzi) 66.84mph; 2, Panella (Guzzi); 3, Truzzi (Guzzi). 350cc (33 laps=295.830km): 1, Landi (Velocette) 74.72mph; 2, Gherzi (AJS); 3, Bruni (Rudge). 500cc: 1, Hicks (AJS); 2, Bullus (NSU); 3, Simpson (Norton).



“This gruesome representation of the Northampton Pirates MCC graced the top of the table at their annual dinner. Mrs E Bell, the president of the club, is shown in the photograph.”

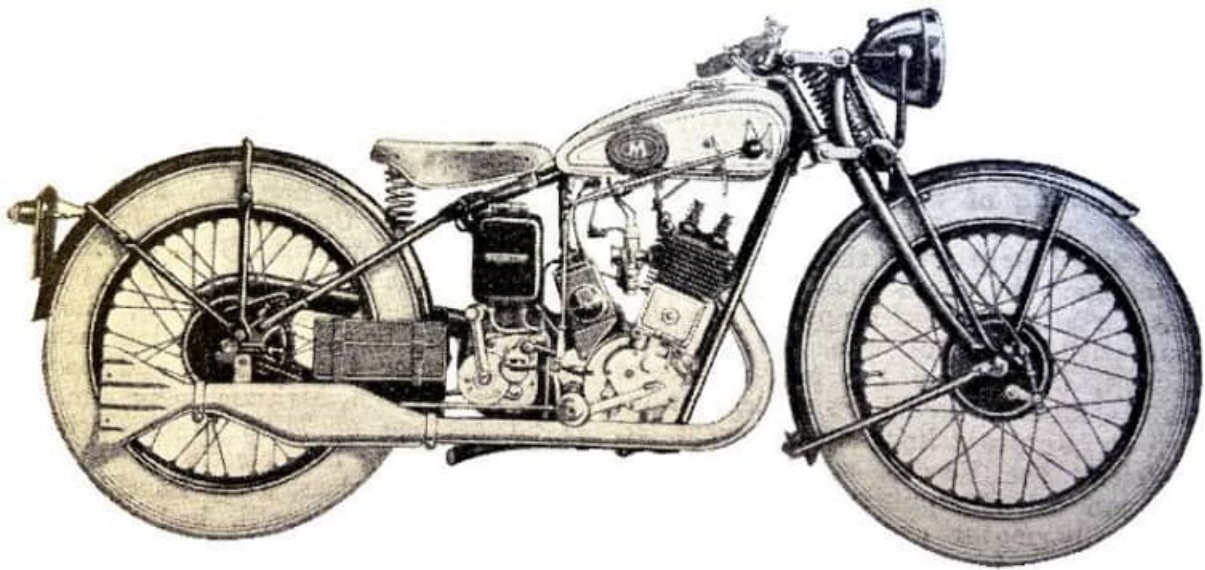


Mon ami

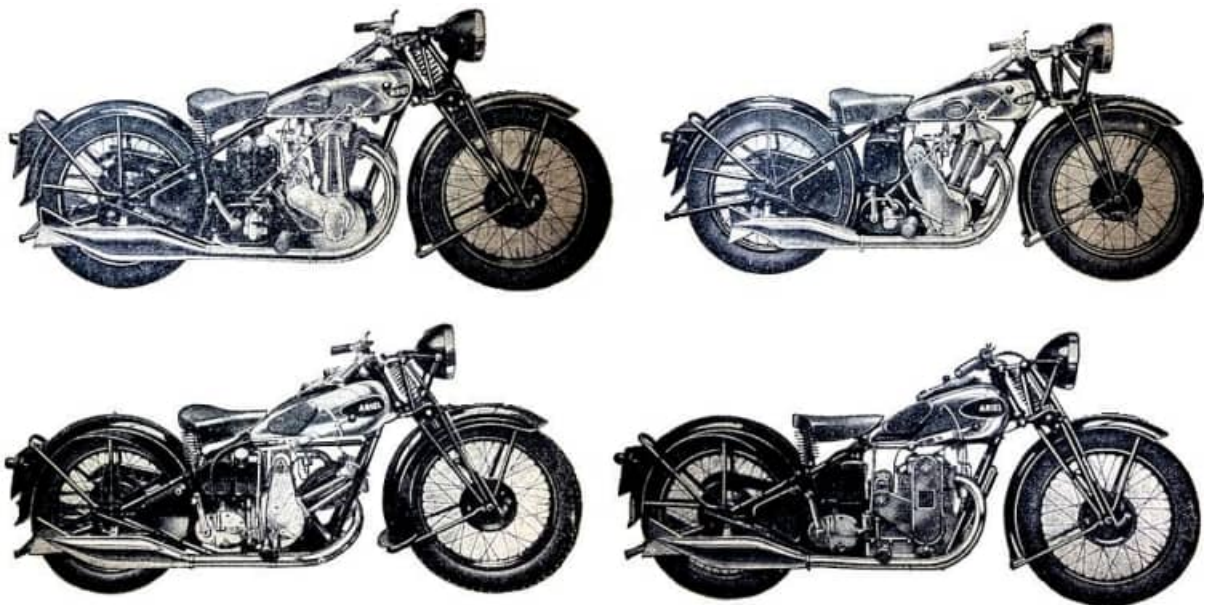
Francois spotted the Pirates pic and extracted this from his seemingly bottomless archive.

"A 'LIGHT 500' SIDE-VALVE machine weighing under 224lb [and thus eligible for reduced 30s tax] fully equipped with electric lighting and bulb horn is the latest addition to the Matchless range. The engine, which has a capacity of 498cc, is fitted with an aluminium piston, roller big-end bearing, floating gudgeon pin and similar parts usually associated with engines of the high-efficiency type. Furthermore, it is provided with a specially designed cylinder head which is claimed to give freedom from 'pinking' combined with a high power output. The actual figures claimed are 13bhp at 4,200rpm, equivalent to a road speed in the neighbourhood of 60mph. Lubrication is by the well-known Matchless dry-sump system, with an automatic device for lubricating the primary chain. The valves are totally enclosed, and starting is facilitated by means of a decompressor. An invar-strut piston is fitted in order to eliminate slap. Transmission is by means of a...three-speed pivot-mounted Burman gear box. In spite of the low weight of the machine, a remarkably sturdy frame of the duplex-cradle type is employed, allowing the engine to be inclined slightly forward and at the same time giving' a low saddle position. The petrol tank is of new design, and has a capacity of two gallons. It is finished in the usual Matchless colour of chromium with white side panels. A separate oil tank with a capacity of three pints is situated under the saddle. Additional refinements are a spring-up central prop stand, hand-adjusted front forks, 6½in brakes, a Dunlop waterproof saddle, and a detachable rear mudguard.





“The ‘Light 500’ Matchless.”



Ariel offered its 350 and 500cc singles with engines mounted vertically, ‘inclined’ (30°) or ‘sloping’ (60°). They were all available as side-valves; four models were below the 30s roadtax threshold; four-speed boxes were becoming common. Costs were held down by standardising the running gear; a practice extended to the new 500/600cc square four.

“JUST BY WAY OF A CHANGE, the sixth Pillion Trial, organised by the Carshalton MCC, was held over a type of going very different from that of previous years. Kentish chalk and slime were replaced last week by the deep sand to be found on the Surrey and Hampshire borders. According to the route card, there were to have been seven observed sections and two tests. Owing, however, to some observers losing the way and, secondly, to the last-minute discovery that another hill was a bridle path, the 103 competitors had to face only three sections, a simple stop and re-start test, and a brake test. The day turned out to be as bad as it could possibly have been. A steady drizzle, which very soon became an unrelenting downpour, had obviously kept many pillion riders of the gentler sex away; but, nevertheless, there were quite a large number ‘about’ at the start from the Victory Inn, on the Hog’s Back. Crooksbury, the first hill, possessed scarcely any gradient, but was covered with sand to the depth of some eight or ten inches. RCC



Palmer (348cc Cotton), JO Frogley (596cc Scott) and T Waken (346cc Levis) all arrived in a bunch, but, while the latter two roared through, Palmer came to an abrupt standstill. Miss BF Miller (499cc Rudge) romped along, roaring with laughter. ATK Debenham (499cc Rudge) was very good indeed, but the palm for one of the fastest and straightest climbs must go to M Riley (247cc Levis), although KP Jones (346cc Levis) was just as steady. TO Mutter (496cc James) was going great guns until his gear jumped out; his failure heralded three similar efforts on the part of PF Lucas (499cc Rudge), FC Brown (499cc Rudge) and Miss TE Wallack (349cc BSA). FL Dodridge (499cc Rudge) was clever in avoiding. VC Morris (249cc Dunelt), who had stopped through lack of power, while CE Nutman (346cc Royal Enfield) just collapsed in a heap at the feet of The Motor Cycle man. The next observed section was the splash at Little Pond, which was less than a foot deep. Nearly half the entry failed, simply and solely through taking it too fast. J Balchin (497cc Ariel) was lucky to get through, as was RE Sewell, on a similar machine. GW Hole (348cc Raleigh) showed his experience to advantage. Almost immediately after leaving the splash the riders entered the next section, known as Daytona Beach, a level stretch of deep sand. It caused absolute havoc. However, star performances were made by AH Collinson (346cc Levis), FW Clark (346cc Coventry-Eagle), FJ King (499cc Grindlay-Peerless), and, of course, L. Heath (497cc Ariel), in spite of the deeply rutted, waterlogged sand. The course then led to Thursley Common, which was tricky in parts, though unobserved, and the stop-and-restart test on Young Chalky. By this time the rain was making itself just about as unpleasant as it could be and so it was a great relief to everybody, on arriving at Haslemere, to learn that the last hill, 'The Lost Cup', had been abandoned, and that the finish was there and then, with an excellent tea waiting for the soaked competitors."



"At the start. The riders are K Pugh (490cc Norton), PF Lucas (499cc Rudge) and TOM Mutter (496cc James)."



“CE Macbeth (349cc BSA) in Little Pond Splash, which stopped many competitors who tackled it too hastily.”

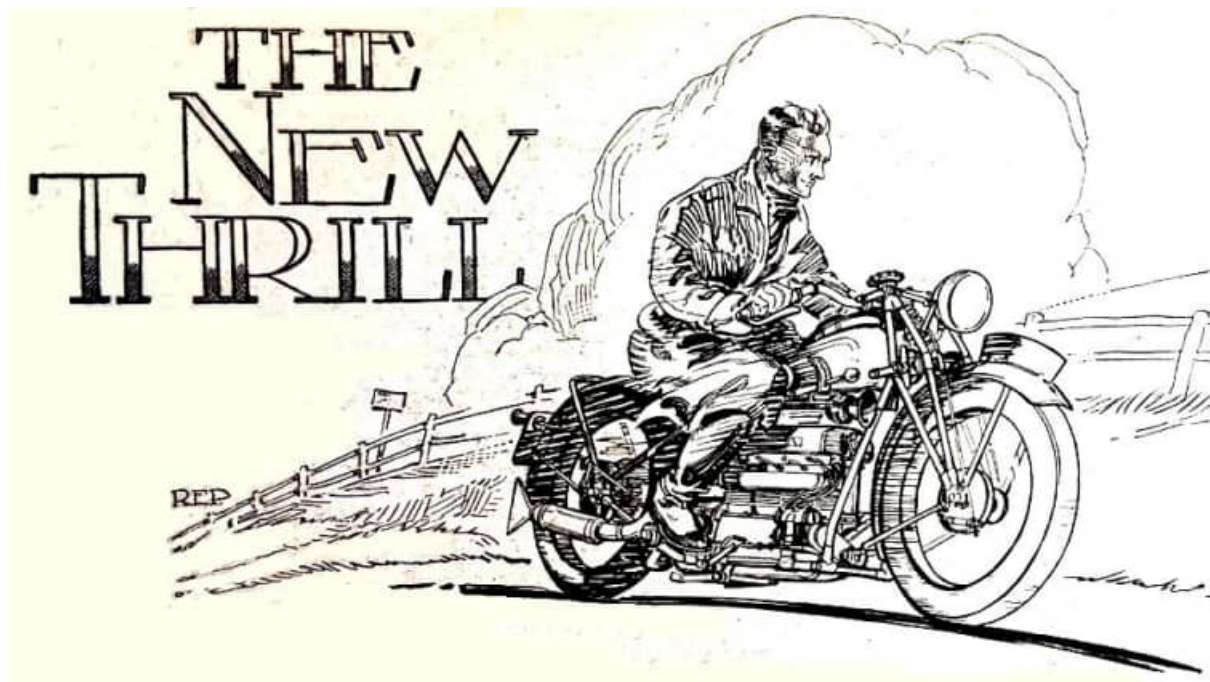
“ONLY 328 MOTOR CYCLES were exported from the United States during January last, as compared with 1,321 machines in the corresponding month of 1930....103 motor cycles were imported into the Irish Free State during January and February last, as compared with 113 in the corresponding period last year...Only 253 motor cycles were imported into Sweden during the two months ended February last, compared with 616 in the corresponding period a year ago.”

“THE SOUTH METROPOLITAN GAS Company has patented a device for utilising street lamps at cross-roads as highway lighthouses, by means of a beam of light of any desired colour.”

“BIRMINGHAM MAGISTRATES RECENTLY dismissed a case in which a motor cyclist was summoned for permitting a pillion rider to sit otherwise than astride, although he had pleaded guilty. It was explained that the pillion rider was a woman of 60, who probably did not fancy sitting as the Act demanded.:

“PETROL CAN NOW BE obtained in three colours—pink, blue and green.”

“AS LONG AGO AS 1897 a german engraver named Diesel designed an engine which, it was claimed, would run on oil, gas, or coal dust. The Diesel engine is now considered by many to be the internal-combustion engine of the future; it is firmly established in marine practice, and is coming into use on motor lorries.”



"THERE WAS ONCE A TIME when I used to laugh at the students of design who were always clamour-ing for multi-cylinder motor cycles. Who on earth wanted such machines, I asked myself, when the terrific acceleration and speed of the 500cc single was almost perfection itself? And, again, what could beat the simplicity of the single? Why bother to complicate matters by the addition of one or three more 'pots'? No, frankly, the idea never thrilled me in those days. But I was to be thrilled; so much so that the day on which I made my first acquaintance with a four will remain one of the most outstanding of my life. It all happened like this. One day last summer I was told that there was an experimental four-cylinder of 600cc outside the office, and it was suggested that I should take it for a three- or four-hours' spin. I was not excited at the prospect. Riding many makes of machines throughout the year is inclined to make one a wee bit blasé. In a few minutes, however, I was suitably clad and off on what I still call my 'revelation run'. I wish I could pass on to you the thrills that assailed me, one on top of another. The very first thing that struck me was the motor's smashing acceleration. A tweak of the throttle, and one was liable to slip on to the rear mudguard. Then there was the steering. That was amazing, too, thanks partly to the low and even weight distribution and partly to the even pull of the engine. The whole thing seemed a dream. One went cruising along in the sixties—simply without realising it. Only a soft, silky purr reminded one of the existence of an engine. After eight years of riding singles it was disconcerting, so utterly different; so different, in fact, that it hardly bore comparison. There was no waiting for the engine to wind-up its revs. They were there as soon as the throttle was opened. I caned the machine up and down a deserted stretch of road—70-80-85 and almost 90mph—time and again. Yet the engine showed not a sign of overheating. The long and short of it was that from that summer's day I simply longed to own such a machine, though at the same time I feared that the experimental was a tool-ooM job and that the production model might lose half its charm. After months and months (they seemed to me like years) the manufacture. announced that they had finally overcome some minor production difficulties, and that the fours were now coming through. In went my order, and in a very short time a wire arrived to say that the model was to be on a certain train. Needless to say, I was at the station hours before time, only to discover that the Easter holiday rush was making all trains nearly an hour late. I bided my time, and the train came in—without the model. A further two hours' wait for a later train only produced the same



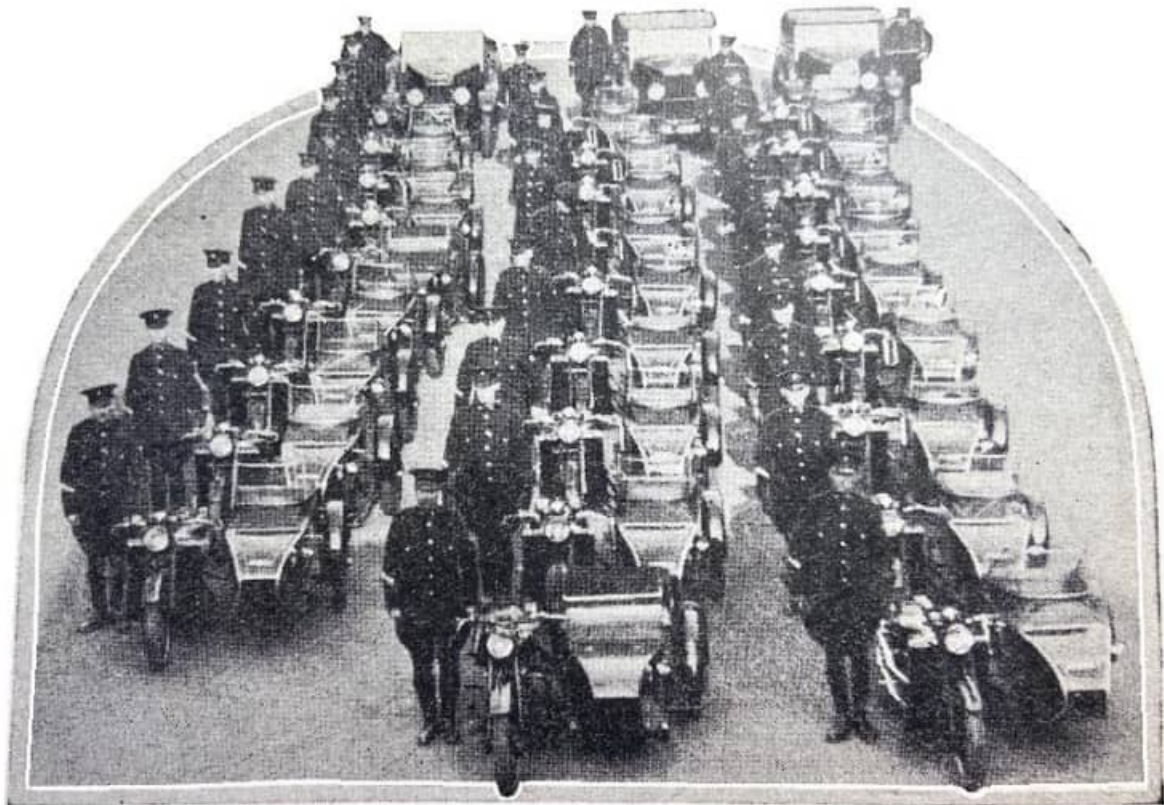
result. Thoroughly disconsolate, I set off home. After a sleepless night I wended my way back to the station and...there she stood, bright chromium peeping cheerfully through cloth and paper wrappings. Mine at last! Hastily tearing away wrappings, and emptying into the tank the bottle of petrol I had brought with me, I flooded the carburetter and pressed the kick-starter. The engine promptly screamed in protest, as I had forgotten that it was unnecessary to give it more than a tiny throttle setting. Hurriedly rectifying matters, I set off for home, the proudest motor cyclist in the I world. Outside the station I found it was pouring, but what did I care? In half an hour I was home, and hastily checking over nuts and bolts and making small adjustments here and there to suit my riding position, for in an hour's time I had to set off for the West Country and be in Lynmouth that night.



Ixion was entranced by a Squariel; Ambleside fell for the Silver Hawk—and who could blame him?

Very soon, with knapsack on my back, I was on my journey with that glorious feeling of having charge of a dead-quiet but immensely powerful living thing to bend to my will. The new engine was so free that I could maintain a steady 45mph without having a guilty conscience. What fun it was to steam through towns in top, with policemen looking round, open-mouthed, because of the four's absurd silence! And so to Porlock hi1l, which was carefully climbed on bottom and second, and thence down to Lynmouth. Nest day I had to be up early, for the Land's End competitors were due in round about 7am, and it was from here that I had to 'pick up' the trial and follow it down to the finish. Naturally, all the way down I drove with due consideration to the engine, and therefore could not form any idea as regards its hill-climbing abilities. In fact, I was rather doubtful, for it was so docile at low speeds. So I made a break on my journey back through North Devon, and, after changing the oil, let her have it up Beggars' Roost. And up this West Country terror, with its steepest portion of 1-in-3, she rocketed in bottom gear, venting a snarl like a supercharged car at speed on Brooklands. Then I put her at it in second gear, and once again she went over, almost as though the hill had not existed. It was all so absurdly easy, especially when I called to mind previous ascents of the Roost which I had made. Back home again. I changed the tyres for the competition type, preparatory to a little mud-larking. Believe me, or believe me not, that four-cylinder handled in sticky going like a two-fifty. One would have thought that wheelspin would have set in. But no, there was not a sign of it. I maintain that a

four—or, for that matter, any multi, be it flat-twin, vee-twin, or four-cylinder—can get off the mark with far less wheelspin than a single, chiefly because the clutch can be dropped almost immediately and the drive can then be controlled by the throttle only, thanks to the slow, even pull. This means, too, that a multi can accelerate smoothly and quickly on a steep and slimy gradient; the engine has plenty of power on a bottom-gear ratio; the rider is able to feel his rear wheel all the time. I have now ridden four different types of four-cylinder machines of varying horse-power, apart from many forms of twin, and feel almost a connoisseur on the subject, so enthusiastic am I. That gloriously smooth pull at low speeds, that smashing acceleration almost throughout the range of speed, and the amazingly high touring speeds that are possible without the rider realising the fact, make me think how slow we were in waiting until 1931 for the medium-size multi.”—**AMBLESIDE.**



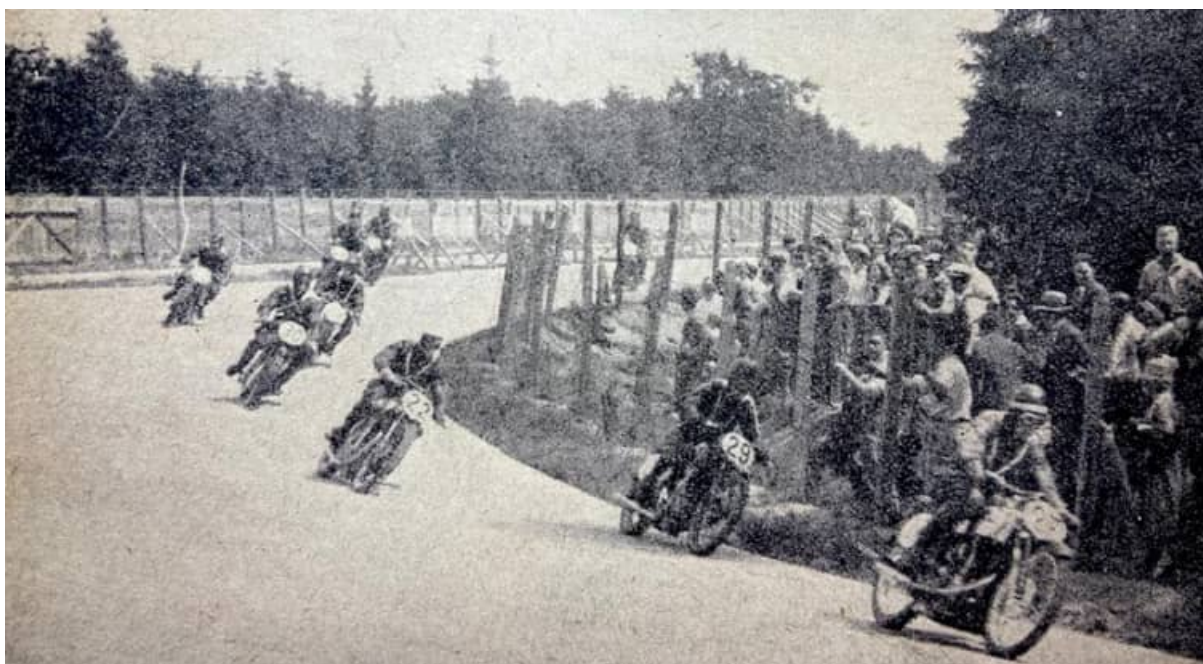
“We are familiar with pictures showing army-like formations of smart American ‘speed cops’, but this photograph of part of the West Riding mobile police force shows that the parade-ground tradition is spreading.”



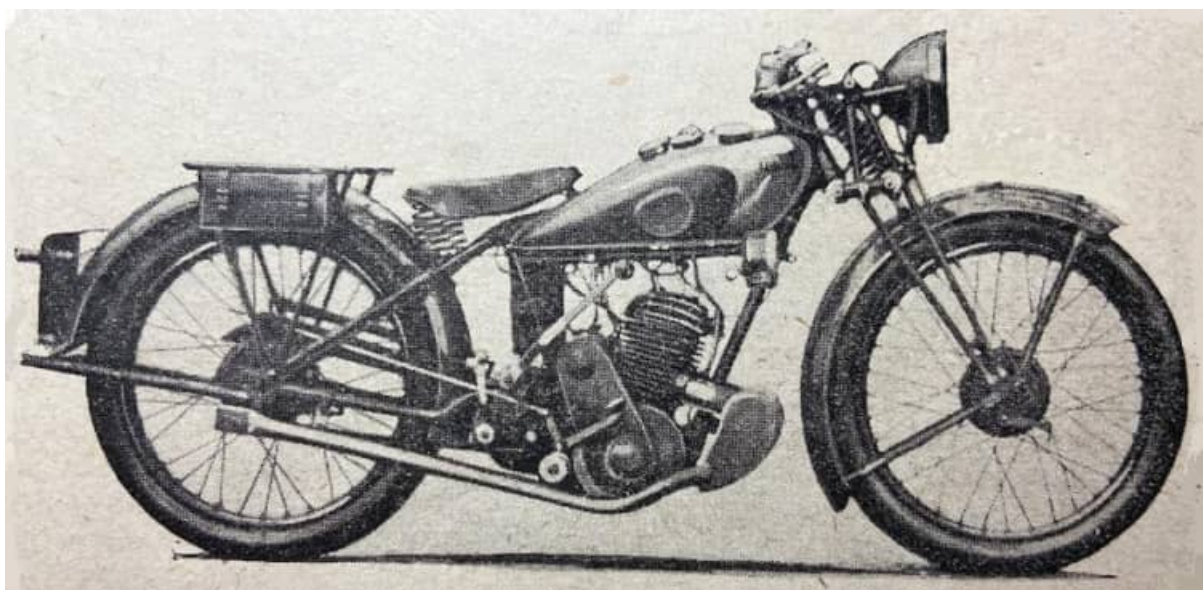
The Blue 'Un captioned this snap: "Not 'camouflage' for traffic patrols, but simply the vehicles used by a service of skilled house repairers in the States." The contemporary news agency caption read: "Los Angeles, Calif—Novel service just introduced at Los Angeles gives wings to 'Mr Fixit' in the person of WT Halliday who has organized a large staff of skilled workmen of all crafts and trades and equipped them with high-speed motor cars built on motorcycles in the form of miniature bungalows. By Halliday's plan, regardless of what goes wrong about the house from furnace to radio, a phone call brings the proper uniformed and bonded expert in a rush to repair the damage. A lineup of the novel houses on wheels which are attracting quite a lot of attention in Los Angeles."

STANLEY WOODS WON THE 500cc class in the German Grand Prix on a cammy Norton, just 0.4sec ahead of Tim Hunt on another Norton. Graham Walker was third on a Rudge; Harry Tyrell-Smith won the 350cc race aboard another Rudge. A rider named Toricelli won the 250cc class on a Puch, but he was followed home by EA Mellors (New Imperial), Ernie Nott (Rudge) and LC Crasbtree (Excelsior-JAP).





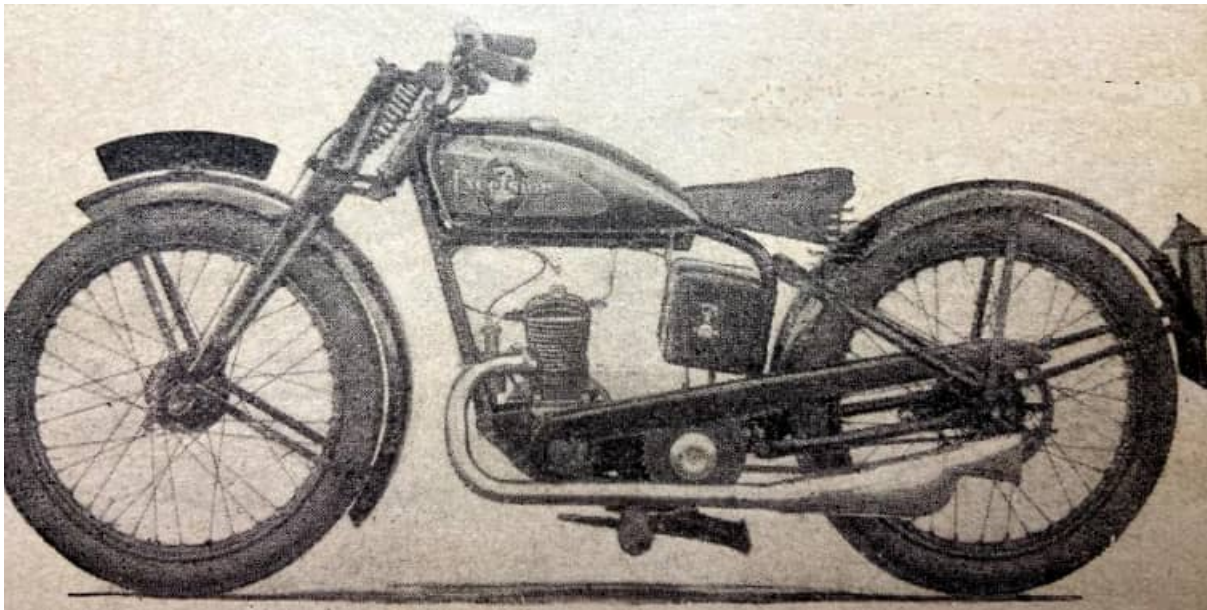
"The 500cc men entering the first bend after the massed start. Soenius (Motosacoche), Simcock (OK Supreme-JAP), Hunt (Norton), Heyer (AJS) and Dodson (Motosacoche) are the leaders."



Having dropped its 350cc two-stroke the previous year Dunelt plugged the hole in its range with a Villiers-powered 'Monarch' featuring Miller coil ignition in place of a flywheel mag. "Liveliness was an outstanding feature of the power unit," the Blue 'Un's man reported. "there was little or no hesitatio when it was called upon for extra rpm, and the power output was such as to render constant operation of the [Sturmey-Archer] gear lever by no means a necessity...Steering at all times was above reproach...'hand's off' riding was child's play at any speed above a crawl." Fuel consumption ranged from 85-100mpg with oil consumption of 1,000mpg.

"IN ORDER TO TAKE full advantage of the facilities offered by the latest taxation regulations, the Excelsior Motor Co will shortly market a new 147cc model. It is not intended that this machine shall replace the present 98cc model, which is already selling in large numbers, but that it should form a distinct type suitable for those who require somewhat higher performance and

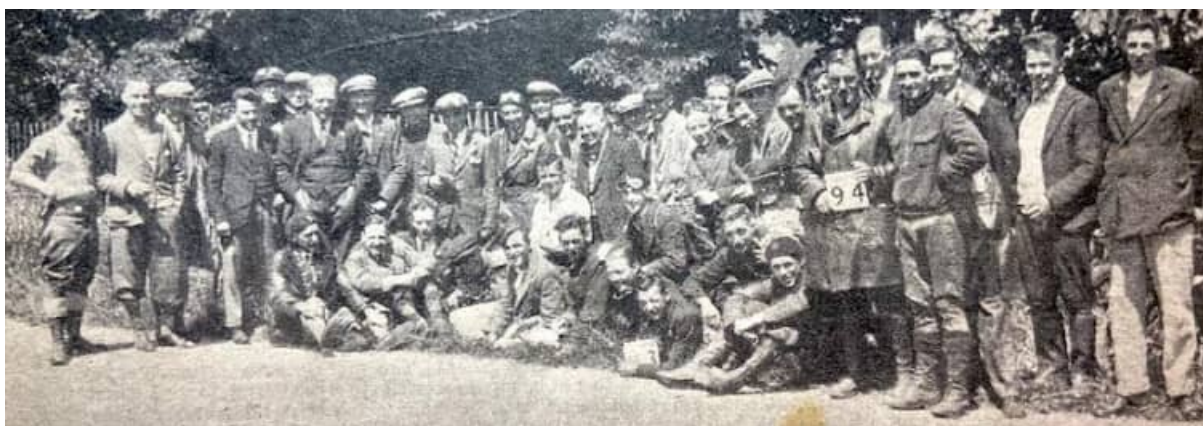
are prepared to pay a slightly greater sum for it. The 147cc Villiers engine is set vertically in the frame. The power is transmitted through an Albion two-speed gear box with clutch and kick-starter, and a single straight chain-guard protects both front and rear chains. Though the frame outwardly resembles that of the smaller model, it has been stiffened up to withstand the extra power, and is fitted with a lower tank rail. The two-speed gear box is operated by a pedal on the left footrest. Two-way adjustment is provided for the handlebars, and to them are brazed the fulcrums of all the control levers. The saddle tank is finished in black, with a red panel and gold line. Pressed-steel fork blades are employed, and the Dunlop tyres are of the 25x 2.75in. size. Both brakes are of 4in diameter, a Lycett saddle is fitted, and the silencer is large and effective. Lubrication is by petrol. The price will be announced in the near future, and it is likely to be extremely moderate. There will be also a de luxe edition fitted with direct lighting and battery parking light, legshields, bulb horn, and licence holder."



"The 147cc Excelsior is a well-finished little machine."

"LAND'S END-JOHN O' GROATS—Finishers in the MCC Event. Only one competitor in the motor cycle classes failed to complete the long distance from Land's End to John o' Groats in the MCC's classic 'holiday' run last week. The event started at 7am on the Monday and finished at mid-day last Thursday. There was one observed hill each day; Countisbury, Kirkstone Pass, and the Scottish hill, Drumnadochit, were included, but they caused very little bother. The weather was mainly fine until Moffat was reached, when it became less kind. The finishers were as follows: PF Lucas (499cc Rudge), RC Coles (596cc Douglas), LA Barrett (499cc Rudge), W Slee (347cc Matchless), AD Carnes (592cc Matchless), FC Berryman (247cc P&M), HP Casey (346cc Levis sc), TB Raban (1021cc BSA three-wheeler), H Laird (1096cc Morgan)."





“A cheery group—and a motley variety of riding kit—at the start of the MCC Team Trial for *The Motor Cycle Trophy*.” The trial was won by the Ilkley club.



“A clubman’s wedding. When Mr L Murray and Miss Eve Harris, of the Norbury Club, were married recently, this is how they left the church. The bridesmaids and guests were all soloists too!”





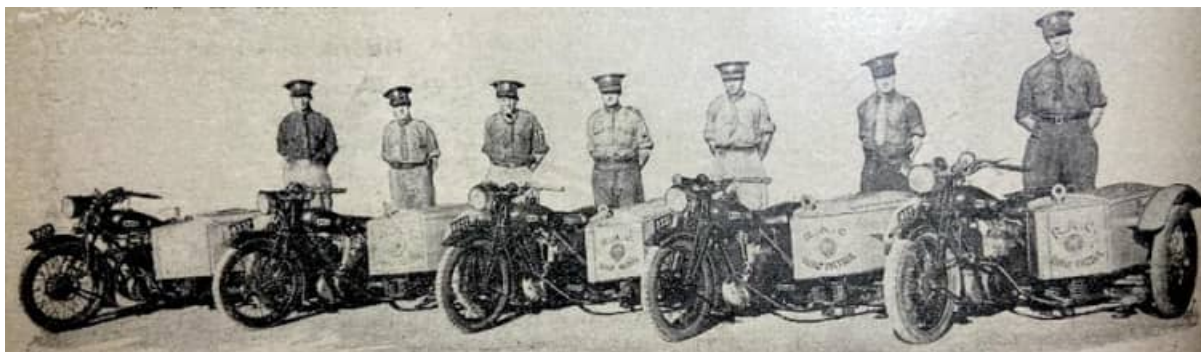
Despatch riders practising their act for the Tidworth Tattoo on Salisbury Plain. Panthers, let it be noted, were not always window-cleaners' bikes.

"HIED myself to the wild fringes of Salisbury Plain to see the opening performance of the Southern Command Tattoo at Tidworth last week. I had heard a lot about the motor cycle despatch riders' display, and seen the 'Blue Un's' many pictures taken at a special rehearsal, but I was quite un-prepared for the impressiveness of their performance. There were a couple of dozen P&Ms enamelled cream, and two Douglasses in bright red, while the riders wore light blue overalls and crash-helmets; you can imagine how effective they looked as they gyrated on the level green grass in the glare of the searchlights. They did some effective formation riding, in true parade-ground style, and then followed it up with trick-riding and some of the most amazing displays of over-loading that I have ever seen. The climax came when one soloist calmly rode round the ground with seven passengers draped on, in, or about his Panther!"

"IN CONNECTION WITH its Historical Pageant the City of Bradford has been staging various displays, and one of these included stunt riding by two local men on a P&M. Some very clever tricks were pulled off. One of these consisted of one man taking a running jump at the machine while it was being ridden at a moderate speed, and alighting standing on the carrier, with touching the model with his hands! Displays of this kind, like those presented at the Royal Tournament, must all help towards proving the docility of the modern motor cycle."

"NOT FOR CONTACT BREAKER POINTS! Seen recently at a ship-building yard: A nut being tightened by a spanner some ten feet in length, the handle of which, in turn, was being hauled upon by eight men; the nut, incidentally, measured nearly two feet across."

"ROBOT TAKEN ILL. The modern automatic traffic light is a great labour-saving device—until it fails. This happened in a Midland city recently, and the public were treated to the sight of one of the finest traffic muddles ever; eventually a cool and resourceful policeman arrived to sort things out."



“Ready to deal with any trouble. These patrols of the RAC of Western Australia are a conspicuous feature on the roads in the neighbourhood of Perth. Their mounts are BSAs.”

“ONLY 458 MOTOR CYCLES were imported into Sweden during April last, as compared with 832 machines in the corresponding month a year ago.”

“ONLY 703 MOTOR CYCLES were imported into Germany during the four months ended April last, compared with 2,107 in the similar period of 1930. Of the total Great Britain is credited with 344 machines (a drop from 1,053), the United States with 139 (a fall from 551), France 87, Belgium 44 and Switzerland 15.”

“IN FRANCE, LIGHTWEIGHTS of under 66lb and capable of no more than 18¾mph can be used tax-free and without a driving licence. A warning has lately been issued to the effect that in some cases ‘gadgets’ are being fitted to the machines, so adding both to their weight and speed and rendering the owners subject to the ordinary motor cycle taxation regulations.”



“Keeping the sport clean is evidently the aim of this fair visitor to the new North Herts Speedway.”

“THE SPEED CHAMPIONSHIPS OF SCOTLAND very nearly went to a ‘competitor’ who presumably has no ACU competition licence—the Clerk of the Weather! But enthusiasm and good sportsmanship won the day, and St Andrews beach saw some good, if not breath-taking, racing. The rain, which began in the morning and did not cease until evening, failed to deter spectators, and the course was well lined. In Scotland they don’t mind ‘a wee drap o’ rain’!...Jimmie Guthrie (490cc Norton) was an outstanding performer, his achievements including two championships—the medium-weight and the heavyweight. The lightweight event went to James K Swanston (348cc Velocette).”

“MRS IXION ASKS ME TO SAY that she is extremely flattered by the recent suggestion of a wag in the Correspondence columns that she should conduct a page in the Blue ‘Un for pillion



couples. But she did her courting in pre-pillion days, when carriers were made of Meccano strips, and so high up that you'd have needed a pair of steps to get on them. Anyhow, as there weren't any clutches, and the man mounted by a flying leap, I should have had to push her off and then vault over her toupée. So she did her courting in a trailer (early stages) and a forecar (later period), and knows nothing at all about pillions; and no salary which the Editor could offer would induce her to try a flapper bracket at her age and weight. Moreover—and here speaks the British matron, sound to the core—she thinks the modern maiden cannot really love her boy if she grumbles about pillions. Mrs Ixion, in her trailer days, took the liquid oil of my exhaust and the dust which my back wheel stirred up off an untarred road. In her forecar days she interposed her tender and shapely person as a buffer between me and- traction engines, barbed wire fences, and other obstacles. The modern girl must be a poor fish if she seriously objects to a slight spray of Castrol! on her stockings as a set-off to the company of her beloved."

**Ixion, at great personal risk, gives some Practical Advice to Motor Cyclists who Happen to be Living under the Authority of a She-who-must-be-Obedyed:** "AT INCREDIBLE PERSONAL RISK I have produced the following authoritative article on the art of managing the missus; or, for that matter, the mater; or the landlady; or one's sister; or one's fiancée; or, indeed, any female person who adopts a callous, brutal and unsympathetic attitude towards our hobby. I am not really sure that I am justified in writing it. If there are females in our ménage who object to motor cycling in any of its aspects it is probably our duty to shake the dust off our feet, and cut such people clean out of our lives. I have no sympathy with the man who selects his bride-to-be on the grounds that she looks like Greta Garbo, or has the dowry of a Coats or a Vanderbilt, or dances divinely, or can play the 'cello, or for any such fool reason as these. The he-motor-cyclist cottons to a girl because she prefers the reek of Castrol to Coty; because her balance on a pillion is perfect; because she will lend a hand at mending a burst tyre in the rain; because she know how to grind in a valve; and so forth. If she has beauty and wealth in addition, so much the better; but these latter are not essentials. Still, some of us, like myself, saddled our homes with an assortment of petticoats before we began to motor cycle; and such deserve sympathy. After all, none of us had a chance to choose our mothers or sisters. There isn't always an alternative landlady. To change fiancées may imply an action for breach of promise, and the resultant damages would mean selling the model. And it must be confessed that some of the sweet young things are awfully sly; they pose as fiercely interested in motor cycles until they've extracted a ring from us; and then, after being especially loving, they coo, 'Bert, dear, when are you going to sell that horrid, smelly, dirty bicycle, and buy the suite for the front room?' Of course, we put down our feet with a hang at this stage. But they do nag so; and even motor cycling loses some of its charm if pursued in a constant atmosphere of friction at the home end. You all know what I mean. You are overhauling the model, and you have to drain the crank case. You let it drip on the scullery floor. There's a row. Next time you let it drip on the garden path, and she steps in the puddle with her new lizard shoes. More rows. Next time you rush indoors, see a hefty bowl on the dresser, and use that. The bowl, of course, turns out to be the Sèvres, waiting to contain a super salad when the Plantagenets arrive for lunch. Or you want a bit of rag in a hurry, and you dive into the corner where she keeps her sewing dump, and see a square yard that'll just do; it turns out to be a bargain from the Great White Sale; she meant it for her summer beach-frock, and has been bragging to Mrs Smith next door about it. These small bothers are of daily occurrence in a household when the man is a motor cyclist and the woman isn't. Now, there are just two policies to meet this set of circumstances. The first is to be a cave-man. Go your way. Let her lump it. Most of us get ratty, and start like that. I did. Believe me, it doesn't pay. They have so many crafty feminine ways of getting their own back. They will talk and

talk, AND TALK when you are trying to get to sleep. Meals will be lain. Or underdone. They'll forget to order matches. Or, worse still, beer. They will surround themselves with a guard of other women before whom you cannot say what you think. They will let the radio spout talks on bi-metallism and turn it off when the variety starts. The second plan is to be tactful and considerate.



“...very quietly dump them behind the scullery door...”

Sounds weakish, but it makes for peace. By tact I mean two things. In the first place, don't annoy them more than you can help. Buy a cheap galvanised bowl for draining the crank case, and don't use the salad bowl. Keep your own private dump of rag in the toolshed, and don't rob their work-baskets. Don't wipe your hands on the curtains after decoking the cylinder. Don't spill oil about the house or garden, nor even in the back kitchen. Don't borrow their scissors for carving sheet-iron. Don't keep rubber solution in the drawing-room. All this demands constant forethought and self-restraint, and represents a considerable strain. But it may save you from getting a wet dish-cloth across your face, a female gambit which is apt to produce quite violent consequences in the home. Having got as far as this, don't leap to the conclusion that you can guarantee domestic peace. You cannot effect it by such simple means. You may be the tidiest, most thoughtful, and completely considerate son, lodger, or husband in the world. But sooner or later there will nevertheless be some frightful fracas, descending out of a clear sky without warning. For example, you arrive home after a filthy run, and your waders are in such a state that you could plant cabbages on them. You sit on the back doorstep, pull them off, and very quietly dump them behind the scullery door with the intention of brushing off the dried loam next morning. She comes in to prepare the supper and the tail of her eye sights the waders. She lets fly. Her standard opening is, of course 'What are those horrible things doing on the floor?' And it's no use answering brightly: 'Oh, just lying there.' The waders, of course, are doing no harm at all. But her sex isn't rational. The real reason of her ire is that she's bought a new hat which tickled her to death; and she's just discovered that Mrs Smith next door has got a similar model

for 1s 11d less. So it is useless to point out that the scullery floor is dirty anyhow; that it's due for a scrub to-morrow morning; and that your waders have not deposited one speck of loam on the floor. Your cue is to distract her thoughts from the hat into some pleasant channel. It is so much easier than it sounds when once you get the idea. Mine started in on me last night. I never said one single word about the scullery floor. I'm far too crafty to reason with women. I just drew myself up and stared at her. 'How is it,' I enquired of a hushed universe, 'that even a pretty woman never looks so handsome as when she is cross?' This opening took her completely by surprise, and she stared back at me incredulously. I developed the theme. 'You always were a looker,' I continued; and with that spot of crimson on each cheek and your eyes sparkling...' I gazed at her admiringly. She began to smile. 'Get those dirty things off quick,' she said suddenly; 'I've got such a jolly supper cooking for you.' Better than a wet dish-cloth, wasn't it?"



"You let it drip on the garden path and she steps in the puddle..."

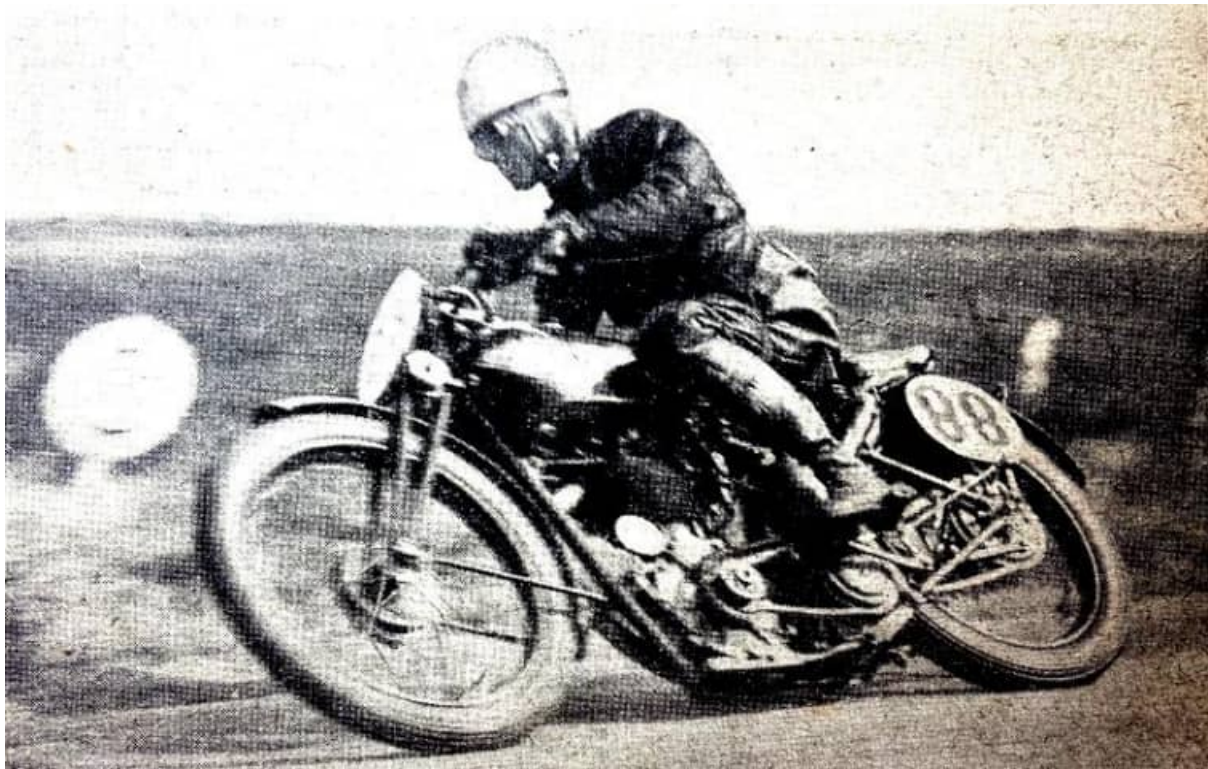
## PS

"OUR FAIR READERS will doubtless pretend astonishment that my recent article on 'Managing the Missus' provoked more (male) correspondence than anything I have written for years. The problem obviously over-shadows many home garages. Several sufferers put forward their own solutions. For example, a gentleman signing himself '5ft 3in' has a friend in the confectionery business. He can buy chocolates less 20% plus 2%. He gets in a large consignment, and a gross of small paper bags. Whenever he has to tackle a job which is likely to make a mess, he enters the house smiling, kisses the missus, slips a full bag into her hand, and reminds her that seven years ago to-day, and so on. You just wait, old man, till she finds your chocolate dump! Another



reader has a shorter way. He bluntly starts operations in the kitchen itself; before beginning to spread the dirt about he lays a 12in wrench on the table with a menacing air, and experiences no trouble at all. Personally, I am glad to report that my article escaped notice at home, and that so far all is quiet on the Benzole Villa front.”

“THE SEVENTH DUTCH TT, run on the Drente circuit in Northern Holland, saw a one 100% victory for British riders, who took the first three places in each of the three races. Tim Hunt (Norton) added yet another success to his dazzling list by winning the Senior race at the wonderful speed of 82.07mph—the highest average speed ever seen in a motor cycle road race. He put up a lap record at 84.99mph.” Ernie Nott (Rudge) was runner-up, ahead of Stanley Woods (Norton). Van Rijk (AJS) was the first Dutch rider home, in 6th place, “...and received huge cheers and the Dutch national anthem...The Drente circuit is an exceedingly fast one, and this year it was faster still, for nearly £9,000 had been spent on giving it a perfect non-skid surface and widening some of the especially narrow sections. It would have been difficult to find a loophole anywhere in the organisation of the event; for instance, no fewer than 234 police were posted round the course—which is a short one of 17km (10½ miles); and there were six first-aid posts, each with a qualified doctor. The circuit is roughly triangular in shape. In addition to the three ‘corner’ turns, there are three other sharp turns and a number of twists that call for nice judgment, especially when they have to be tackled after ‘flat-out’ sections of dead straight. All Holland. seemed to be at the start and there were big crowds at all the point of interest. Thirty thousand had paid for admission to the grandstand enclosures alone.” The 250s and 350s made a massed start: “...a total of 39 men pushed off when the flag fell; and the unmuffled voice of 39 healthy engines accelerating away rent the air like a long drawn-out explosion. By not having a massed start in the TT we miss the finest spectacle that road racing has to offer.” First three 250s home were Harry Tyrell-Smith (Rudge), EA Mellors (New Imperial) and CW Johnston (Guzzi). Stanley Woods (Norton) took 350cc honours, followed home by LH Davenport (New3 Imperial) and Graham Walker (Rudge). Dutch rider W van Gent finished fourth, but he was riding an Ajay.



“Tim Hunt (Norton), the winner, cornering. It was the first time he had ridden on this circuit, and

he told *The Motor Cycle* man that he enjoyed it immensely, though he 'could have done with a few more corners'."

"TESTS WERE CARRIED OUT last week of the new automatic traffic signals in Oxford Street, London, W. A bell rings at each change to warn pedestrians."

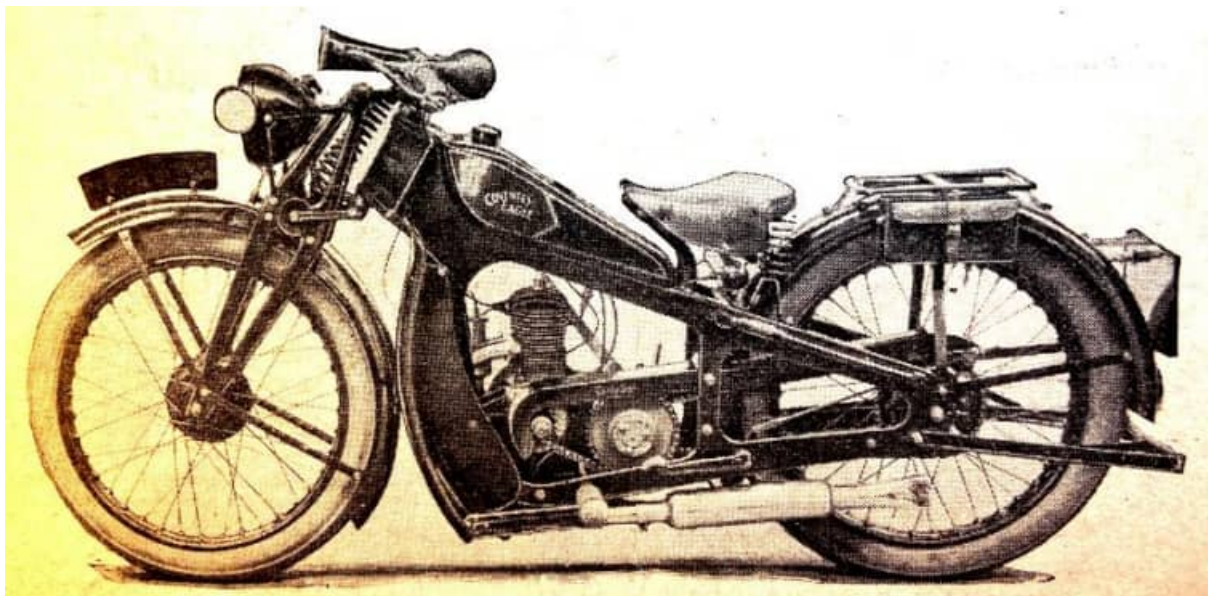
"GERMAN CHEMISTS ARE PERFECTING a gas, for use as a war weapon, which will effectually stop internal-combustion engines. It's chief constituent is ethylated iodine. Query: Would traffic patrols find a cylinder of the stuff more effective than the usual whistle?"

"MOTORISTS OF MACEIO (Brazil) who violate traffic regulations may have their fines halved if they use, instead of petrol, an alcohol fuel made locally."

"A FALLIN MAN bought a motor cycle for 25s. It cost him £13 in fines at Stirling Sheriff Court—£10 for not being insured, £2 for inefficient brakes, and £1 for having no number plate."

"IN BELGIUM DURING 1930, 52,856 motor cycles were registered, as compared with 45,814 in 1929 and 39,287 in 1928. "

"TROUBLE WITH AN HT CABLE! When a police constable was riding his motor cycle down Haydon's Road, Wimbledon, London, SW, an overhead tramway cable broke and fell on his machine. Luckily he escaped a shock, but the motor cycle caught fire and was burnt out."



At the 1930 show Coventry Eagle launched a 196cc Villiers-powered lightweight named the 'Wonder'. In response to the new 15s tax regime it added a 147cc version, the 'Little Wonder'. "The very complete specification," according to the Blue 'Un, "includes a three-speed gear, legshields, an undershield, carrier, 26x3in tyres, and chromium plating...this new model looks—and is—a very 'real' motor cycle."

"IT IS WITH DEEP REGRET that I have to record the death, in a road accident in Switzerland, of Herbert Le Vack, one of our greatest speedmen, who, as most readers know, retired from active racing only about three years ago. He came to the forefront in speed events shortly after the War, first on Duzmos, then on Indians, JAP-engined machines, and, finally, New Hudson. At Brooklands he was for years almost invincible, and, incidentally, was the first man to win a gold star by lapping at over a hundred. Speed trials, hill-climbs, and the TT also claimed him. He finished third in the 1921 Senior Race on an Indian, and second in the 1923 Lightweight Race on

a New Imperial, having a very successful year with the early ohv models of the latter make, at Brooklands and elsewhere; his tuning was as skilful as his riding. He was a brilliant engineer, and was largely responsible for the design of the New Hudson racing machines which he handled from 1926 onwards; in April 1927, he took the 500cc flying kilometre on one of these mounts at the then remarkable speed of 104.57mph. August 1928, saw him achieve still greater fame; riding a Brough Superior, he raised the world's motor cycle maximum speed record by 5mph to 129.07mph. His record stood for a year. In 1929 he joined the Swiss engine firm of MAG, where he was engaged until his untimely death last week. I cannot help feeling that it is particularly tragic when fate, in this guise, overtakes a man who has completed, unscathed, a long and venture-some career in the world of speed. Bert will be widely missed; he was a sportsman in the highest sense of the word, a worker, modest, and the most likeable of fellows."

"SCOTLAND YARD HAS placed an order for seven 'high-powered' motor cycles and sidecars, capable of 65mph."

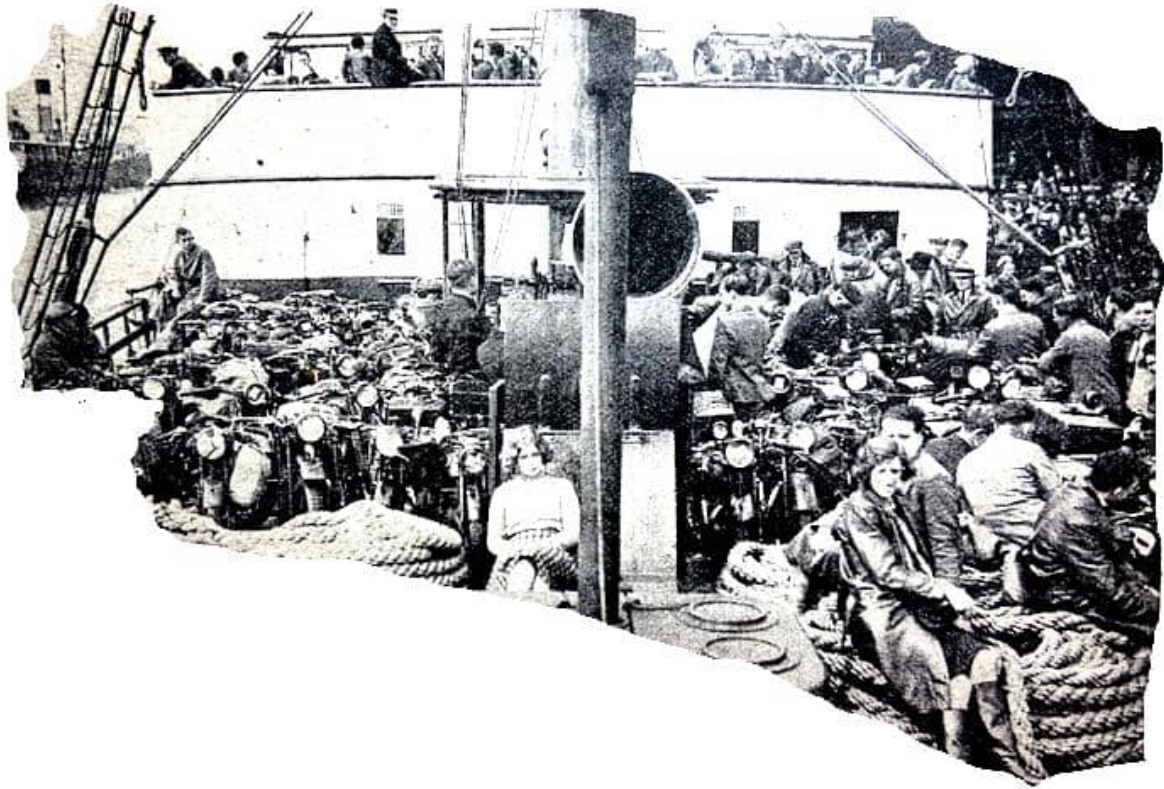
"ONLY 2,055 MOTOR CYCLES were exported from the United States during the three months ended March last, as contrasted with 4,565m in the corresponding quarter a year ago."

"THERE WERE 46,421 motor cycles registered in Switzerland at the beginning of the year. In 1924 the number was only 13,664, so that in seven years there has been nearly a four-fold advance in the movement."

"NOT ONLY HAS MOTOR CYCLING become one of the most popular pastimes in Czecho-Slovakia, but the riders in that country have probably a greater variety of choice of machine than those of any other nation. There are several popular machines of Czecho-Slovakian manufacture, and the products of all the principal British, German, French, Belgian, American and Austrian manufacturers are being handled in the country."

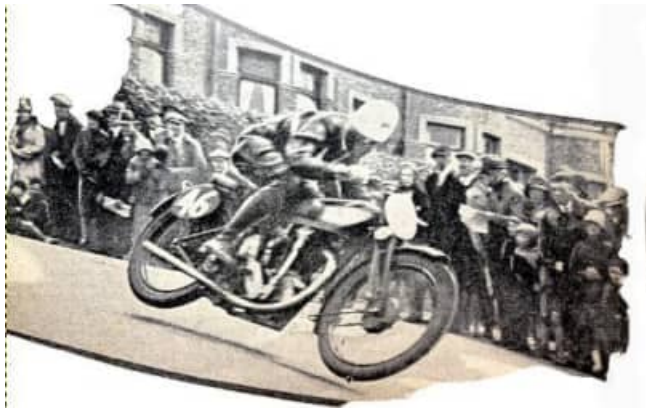
THE ACU, WHICH NOW LISTED almost 400 affiliated clubs throughout Britain, responded to the recession by halving the TT entry fee to £16.





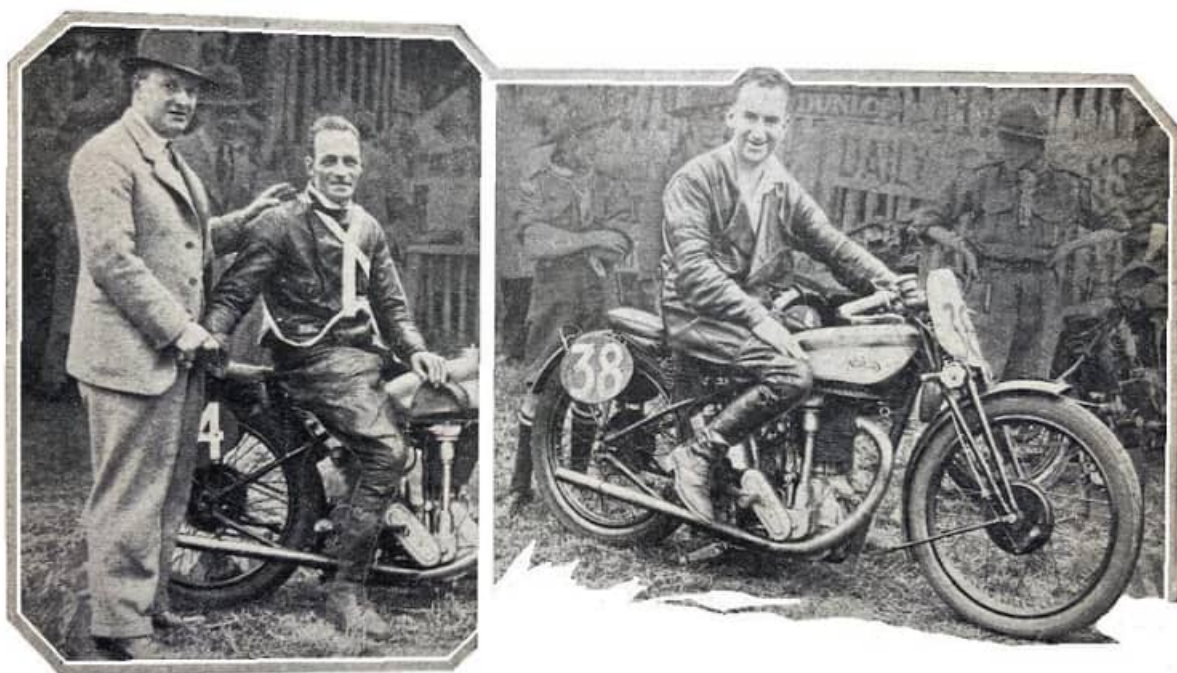
# *The* SENIOR TOURIST TROPHY RACE

THE TWELFTH POST-WAR SENIOR TT race bore an amazing resemblance to the Junior Race of the previous Monday. A tense Norton-Rudge duel, with Nortons in the ascendant throughout, ended in an even more convincing Norton victory, but on this occasion Nortons reproduced the Indian Senior precedent of 1911 by finishing first, second, and third. More amazing still, the very men who finished first and second in the Junior on the Monday were first and second on Friday also, Percy ('Tim') Hunt winning the Senior in 3hr 23min 28sec at a speed of 77.90mph, chased home once more by J Guthrie, on another 490cc Norton, in 3hr 24min 57sec at 77.34mph. On this occasion the Norton stable annexed third place also, with the aid of Stanley Woods, whose time was 3hr 27min 36sec (76.35mph). Ridges (G Nott and Graham Walker) fourth and fifth, and the sixth man was EA Mellors on an NSU. Tragic gloom was cast over the proceedings by the death of FG ('Freddie') Hicks. Hicks was fighting a lonely battle with the victorious Nortons on his AJS. On his fifth lap, lying some two minutes behind the leader, he approached Union Mills very fast, and nearly collided with a telegraph-pole. Fighting his machine in the resultant swerve, he



“The breath-taking drop down Bray Hill: Hunt with both wheels clear of the ground.” (Right)  
 “Guthrie (Norton), who finished second, gives a little dirt-track demonstration at Governor’s Bridge. The spill did not delay him for many moments.”

lost control and rode right at the door .of a small shop, smashing his helmet against the-door-post. He died in the ambulance on the way to hospital, and the mournful news had to be broken immediately to his wife, who was on the stands. The- roads were very nearly perfect after the opening lap; at the outset there were many greasy patches, for which early-morning rain was to blame...The roads are now dry along the open Stretches, and the grease is evaporating everywhere, except in the heavily shaded bends, but the wind is bitter. The men’s blood is up. The aces are due to pit stop. After this lap they will know how the race stands, and the crisis will be due on Lap 4, or as soon afterwards as somebody’s engine is asked to do a bit too much. In come the champions, and give the crowd at the stands their familiar thrill—the long, controlled slide up to the pit, the lightning motions of rather shaky hands, the clean goggles, the hasty drink, the staccato question, and the excited information in reply. One by one they are signalled. The filling is perhaps a shade slower than in 1930, as the official petrol containers now have a splashproof delivery vent, designed to minimise the risk of fires at the pits; anything under half a minute is good work for a pit-stop to-day, and those two breathless half minutes are all the relief the aces get in their crazy scrap that covers nearly 300 miles in less than 3½ hours. We watch their progress on the clocks. No champion has encountered disaster since Dodson paused for those fatal minutes, and Handley and his FN went right out. Here they all come—one after another—in their expected order. But surely Jimmie is on the early side? We should say so! The Midland flier has actualPy broken ‘80’ at last! He has lapped in 28min 13sec., which is speed of 80.82mph. And in this Titanic warfare he leads the entire field by 1min 34sec. Would that Handley were still running on another equally fast motor, to that Jimmie might have at least one opponent fully worthy of his steed!...A technical Pressman can hardly bring himself to write about the fifth lap. It was hardly begun before the news comes that Hicks has crashed at Union



“The second victorious rider, Guthrie, receives congratulations from RMN Spring, who entered him for the race. On the right is the ever-cheerful Stanley Woods, the third Norton man.”

Mills...the whole assembly is visibly moved by the fact that this gallant and brilliant lad is dead. Distressed by this frightful tragedy, we had no heart to study the struggles of the survivors for a while....At long last the leaders come round to commence their final lap...Woods has ridden a somewhat uneven race...we hear that he has lost his filler cap and jammed a glove in the hole to prevent further loss of fuel...Mitchell (Velocette) stops to fill up and is ordered by the stewards to retire as he has stripped a section of his back cover in a braking skid...And now the ominous red ‘R’ (retired) goes up opposite another ace—Tyrell-Smith and his Rudge are out...They’ll be home in two minutes. The red lamps signalling their arrival at Governor’s Bridge glow out—first 46, then 38, then 44; a few moments, and they roar past at close intervals; and Nortons have scored a smashing triple victory, which is an immense personal triumph for the three aces concerned. Woods third place is secured by the narrow margin of 5sec from Nott’s Rudge...There are now only 10 more men to wait for, seeing that 42 starters have retired...But these 10 finish full of running: Nott and Walker, outpaced again in the Rudge -Norton duel but likely to turn the tables any day; Mellors (NSU)—a made man, now acclaimed as an ace; Tyler (Raleigh)—his best show—nothing but pride for a 72.61mph average; Simcock (OK-Supreme-JAP), Lind (348cc Velocette) and Gleave (SGS-JAP) complete the tale of replicas, and it is good to see at least one Overseas man high up. The three finishers who just miss replicas are all Rudges; it is Jack Williams first Senior essay and he did over 70!...The catastrophe to Hicks naturally spoilt the day. But neither this lamentable fatality, or the dreariness of the long waits, nor the Octoberish weather, can blind us to the fact that some of our racing meed need fear no competition anywhere in the world.” **Senior result:** 1, P Hunt (490cc Norton); 2, J Guthrie (490cc Norton); 3, S Woods (490cc Norton); 4, GE Nott (499cc Rudge); 5, Graham Walker (499cc Rudge); 6, EA Mellors (498cc NSU); 7, A Tyler (495cc Raleigh); 8, EA Simcock (498cc OK Supreme-JAP); 9, JG Lind (348cc Velocette, South Africa); 10, S Gleave (498cc SGS-JAP); 11, J Williams (499cc Rudge); 12, LH Davenport (499cc Rudge); 13, GW Wood (499cc Rudge).

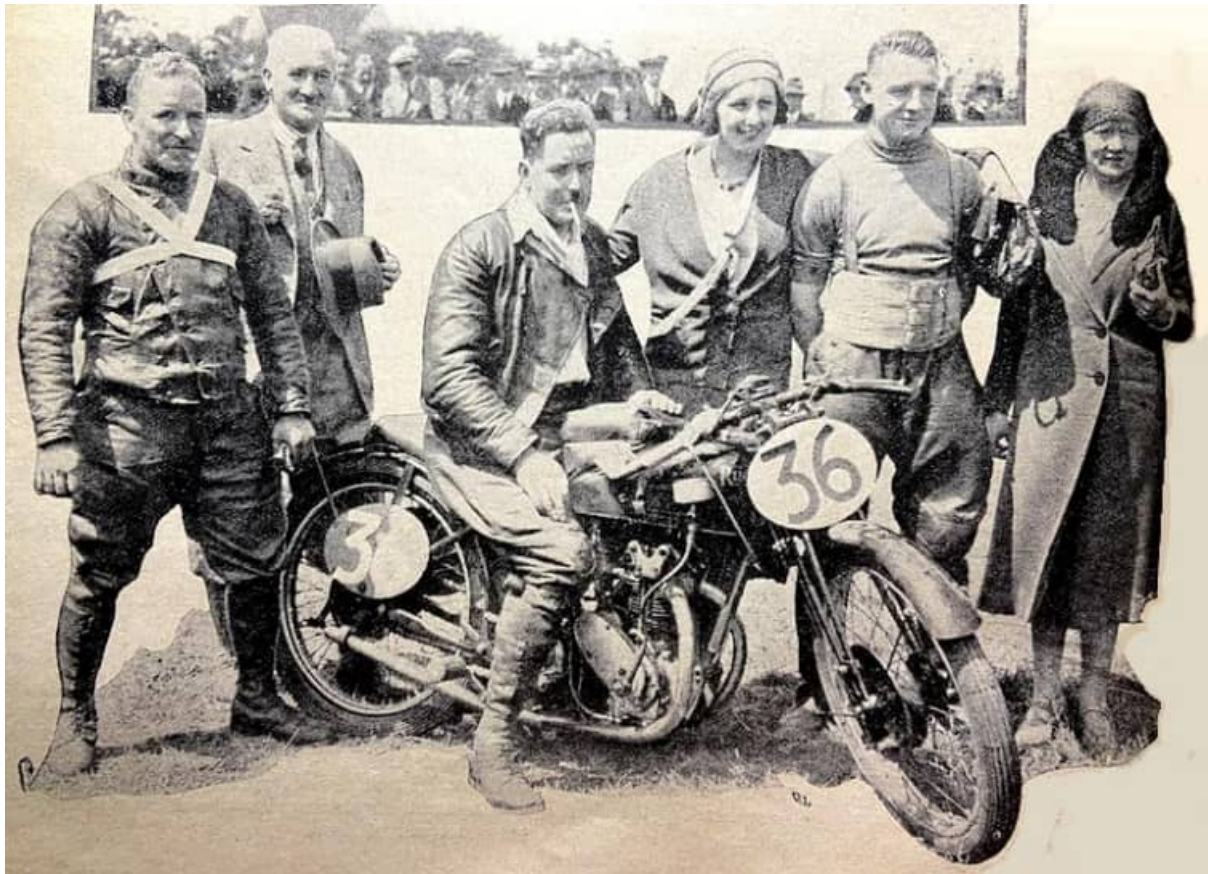




“A view of a TT rider that very few spectators got! Franconi, on a Montgomery-JAP. (Right) A fine speed impression of Jimmie Simpson (Norton) entering the Grandstand straight on his third lap. He is riding at about 60mph, with one hand, and releasing his filler-cap, preparatory to a pit-stop, with the other. Note the contour of the primary chain.”

## *The* **LIGHTWEIGHT** **TOURIST TROPHY** **RACE**

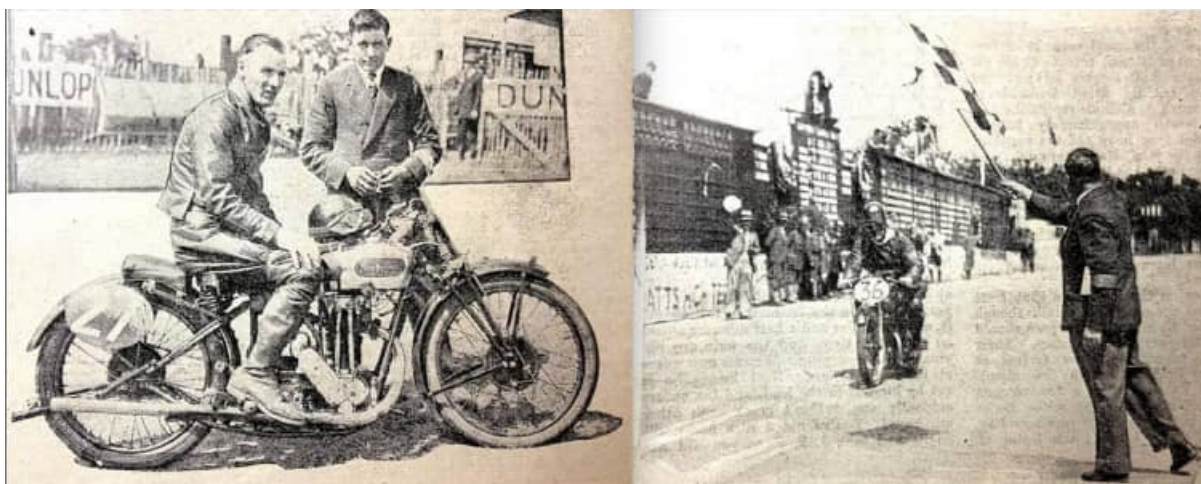
“THE LIGHTWEIGHT RACE WAS WON by Graham Walker (Rudge) in 3hr 49min 47sec (68.98mph)—over 4mph faster than the previous best: H Tyrell-Smith (Rudge) was second in 3hr 52min 13sec (68.26mph); and EA Mellors (New Imperial) was third in 3hr 57min 8sec (66.84mph). The lap record was broken by no fewer than nine men from a standing start in the first lap...The principal record- breaker was E Nott (Rudge). who experienced cruel luck. He led the field for the first six laps, and broke the lap record three times. On his last lap, when he was on the Mountain and nearly four minutes ahead of Walker, a push-rod came loose, and he had to hold it for the remainder of the course, damaging his hand considerably. This mishap let Graham Walker come up to win, and, incidentally, robbed Ridges of a repetition of their ‘1-2-3’ 1930 Junior performance.. The dreaded Guzzi’s did not display sufficient speed to be really formidable, and both their riders were unfortunate, P Gheresi changing a plug early on Lap 1 and Johnston riding several laps with his bottom gear out of action...FA Longman (OK-Supreme-JAP) rode a fine race to finish fifth, and a visitor, in the person of Mario Gheresi, rode a New imperial into sixth place. SM Williams (Australia) rode his



“The Rudge trio and friends (left to right): GE Nott, who broke the lap record but, but had trouble near the finish and came home fourth; Mr John V Pugh; Graham Walker (the winner) and Mrs Walker; and Tyrell-Smith (who took second place) and Mrs Pugh.”

New Imperial into seventh place at 65.49mph, making the third machine from this factory to finish in the first seven. Rudge won the team prize with their three entries...If proof were wanted that the TT develops engines, this wholesale shattering of records gives it to the hilt...Minor sensations are reported or seen. Dodson (Excelsior-JAP) retires at the Gooseneck with valve trouble—the first superman to drop out...J Beck passes with his stand trailing. Davenport is slowed by plug trouble and retires at Quarter Bridge...Beck creates excitement by overshooting his pit, and, after a cool glance towards Governor's Bridge to make sure no 90-miler is coming, he circles round in the road rather than push back. Great official pothole, which leaves Beck unmoved...Tyrell does a lovely pit-stop, unscrewing his petrol filler as he smoothly slows. He has green stuff on one handlebar—close cornering that!...Gleave and Warburton (Excelsior-JAPs) are reported to be 'adjusting' along the road...Fairweather (Cotton-JAP) appears minus helmet and signs off for the day; he has buckled his back wheel in a crash but has made a good Island debut, for after his three novice laps he is only 3min behind the great Nott...A solid block of JAP-engined machines is hunting the leaders...H Mitchell (OK Supreme) slows up at his pit and yells 'Is my back tyre flat?' Receiving reassuring shouts he

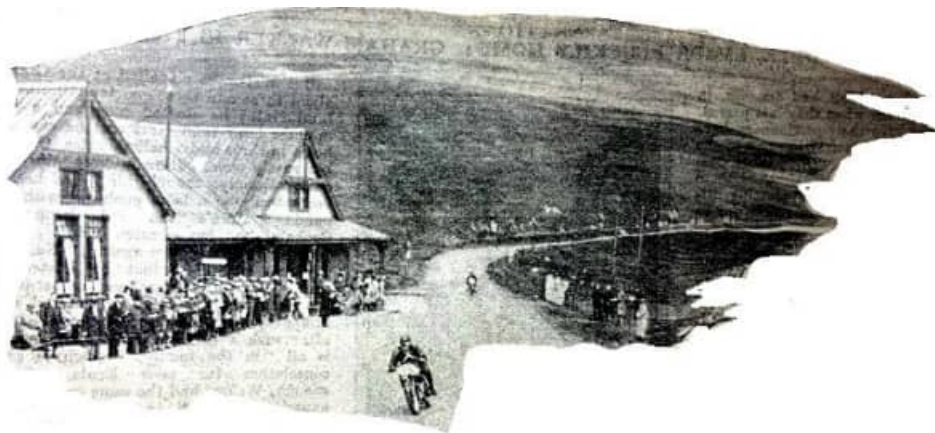




EA Mellors (Ne Imperial), who was third at 66.84mph.” (Right) “His reward. Graham Walker wins his first TT Race after many years at the Manx game and many victories missed by narrow margins or sheer bad luck.” Walker had been competing on the Island for 12 years, on Nortons, Sunbeams and Rudges. He had finished second in the 1923 Sidecar TT, third in the 1930 Junior and second in the 1930 Senior.

departs at speed...The board is freely blotched with the black letter ‘R’ on squares of red paper and the field is dwindling; and Brittain (Diamond-JAP) adds yet another ‘R’ from up on the Mountain. Hardly is this announced before that gallant trader, Himing, hits the Post Office at Union Mills and bends the forks of his OK-Supreme-JAP past all hope of straightening. Hard luck!. The proceedings are curiously anaemic for a TT, but Rudges are to blame for this. So far it is to be a soccer match, with one team leading 3-0 at half-time...Once more the loudspeakers announce trouble—Guthrie (OK Supreme), lying fifth, goes out with engine trouble...The Belgian Fondu (La Mondiale-JAP) retired at the pits after four laps, on the grounds that he was not fast enough to do any good...The haughty Rudge supremacy seems as invincible as the Arsenal or as an Australian eleven...Tyrell-Smith arrives at 80-90mph with Nott sitting fifteen yards astern on the Irishmen’s tail...Jock Porter, three laps behind, pulls in and goes into the paddock sadly—gear box trouble...SM Williams from Australia upholds Dominion honour nobly...The ‘phone reports that Tyrell and Nott are clinging together like leeches at Sulby...Suddenly, incredible, a raucous squawk from the speakers: ‘Number 17, Nott, is off his machine one miles on the Ramsey side of the mountain telephone box!’...Another squawk: ‘Number 17 is touring in!’...The speakers again: ‘No 36—Graham Walker—cannot be beaten on time! Huge applause and a most popular win if the joy were not watered with sympathy for Nott’s failure on the post after such a brilliant ride...Oddly enough, Walker had the same experience himself in the 1928 Senior, when he conked out in his seventh lap, coming off the mountain, for Dodson to snatch a lucky victory. But now comes the final blow. Mellors just thrusts the unlucky Nott out of third place by 26sec, and Rudge miss their famous 1,2,3 by so narrow a margin. Yet once more they have demonstrated an almost insolent superiority, and all chief honours are theirs. And even if Nott has to be content with fourth place, he holds all the lap records.” **Lightweight result:** 1, Graham Walker (249cc Rudge); 2, HG Tyrell-Smith (249cc Rudge); 3, EA Mellors (246cc New Imperial); 4, GE Nott (249cc Rudge); 5, FA Longman (246cc OK Supreme-JAP); 6, M Ghersi (246cc New Imperial), Italy; 7, SM Williams (246cc New Imperial), Australia; 8, CW Johnston (Guzzi); 9, CE Needham (248cc OK Supreme); 10, CB Taylor (248cc OK Supreme); 11, J Adams (246cc Montgomery-JAP); 12, GL Boudin (246cc CTS), Channel Isles; 13, R Duncan (246cc Excelsior-JAP).





“Speed! Nott (Rudge) at Union Mills during one of the record-breaking laps. Note how the back wheel has left the ground, and think what the engine and transmission have to endure at speeds like this!” (Right) “High up in the hills: Vic Anstice (Excelsior-JAP) and another rider passing the Bungalow.”



“WE ALL KNEW THAT any stable which meant to win the 1931 Junior had to unearth at least two or three sizeable ponies from somewhere. Ridges said in advance that they had done so. Velocettes were amazingly confident. Nortons, like Brer Rabbit, lay low and sed nuffin’; AJS, as represented by poor Hicks, feared nobody. But man proposes, and the model disposes. Ridges geared for a calm day, and up the mountain neither second nor third gear gave the requisite

knots; Graham Walker's windage stopped him horribly. Tyrell-Smith miscalculated his juice—a spasm of unperceived flooding, possibly? And Nott's gear ratios were too slow for Snaefell, against the wind, flat though he sits. The 'Cette champions were unlucky. Willis couldn't quite do it. Longman had the best engine in the race, he thought; but, as he modestly says, he can't corner like Handley. Meanwhile, Nortons had silently and unostentatiously collected just one Shetland more than anybody else. So the initial sparring suggested that unless Nott could core by dint of sheer reliability, Nortons might snatch 1, 2, 3, subject to Hicks dropping out or slowing. There was no noticeable, outward sign of team tactics in the Norton stable. Their four champions—Simpson, Woods, Hunt and Guthrie—seemed to the spectator to be playing lone hands, and just going hell for leather on full bore. But they didn't need any strategy as the issue went. Nott was just a few fatal seconds too slow to hold them. Hicks apparently had all the speed he needed, but a broken valve ended his challenge. Quite early in the bickering, what proved to be the kernel of the affair could be identified. Jimmie Simpson was all over a winner if he could stay the distance; but as soon as we knew that Hunt had suffered a brief stop on Lap 1, it was clear that he was just about Jimmie's equal. Hammer and tongs the pair went at it, with Nott seated firmly on their tails, praying for the extra forty seconds a lap which he couldn't snatch nohow. Hunt accelerated ferociously, riding as a speed-glutton out of the top drawer. This young man is certainly Handley's and Bennett's successor. He is definitely in their class. He won the Junior by no fluke in the allotment of engines, by no luck in tuning, by no accidental slaughter of formidable opponents. He rides magnificently with the true blend of devil and judgment which spells 'champion'. Probably he is not yet a fully developed Handley, but Walter cannot give him any rope to speak of, and Tim is only 22. He has still four or five of his best years to play with, and will worthily uphold Britain's honour on many a stricken field. But how all hearts bled for Jimmie! With the race in his pocket, it was cruel luck to be outed by a trivial stop. He stopped at the Bungalow with his engine loth to do more than crawl, changed a plug fruitlessly, and decided in his perplexity to retire. He had a drink, lit a cigarette, signed some autograph books, and suddenly had a brain wave. He took out his jet, found it almost sealed with dirt, cleared it, and all the lost homes returned. Quicker diagnosis could not have saved him the race, but it might have given him second place. And Jimmie was 34 on that day. He wears well. His corner work is as fearless and accurate as ever it was. He has still a few races left in him, and we all hope that the gods of speed are not going to be as harsh to him as they were to an earlier champion who never won a TT—I mean George Dance. Notice yet again how definitely a small handful of men tower head and shoulders above the ruck in this most exacting phase of athletics. The fastest 'new' man in the finishing list is no higher than seventh, in the person of AG Mitchell (Velocette) at 69.46mph; and he couldn't have finished so high if a few of the supermen had not fallen by the way. We who read and write as armchair critics, but could never ourselves lap at 50mph, ought modestly to reflect that the last finisher, Tommy Spann (Raleigh), averaged 62.20mph. In spite of such feats, thoughtless spectators regard the whippers-in as 'rabbits', and grumble that the roads are kept closed for them to finish! A great race, gentlemen. Salaams to that debonair musketeer, Hunt; salaams to Nott, who for once played tortoise to Hunt's hare; above all salaams to our one and only Jimmie—and may he win a Senior before he retires." **Junior result:** 1, P Hunt (348cc Norton); 2, J Guthrie (348cc Norton); 3, GE Nott (349cc Rudge); 4, S Woods (348cc Norton); 5, GW Walker (349cc Rudge); 6, CJP Dodson (346cc Excelsior-JAP); 7, AG Mitchell (348cc Velocette); 8, JH Simpson (348cc Norton); 9, GE Rowley (346cc AJS); 10, EA Mellors (346cc New Imperial); 11, HJ Willis (348cc Velocette); 12, ER Thomas (348cc Velocette); 13, M Gherzi (246cc New Imperial), Italy; 14, G Himing (346cc AJS); 15, T Simister (348cc Velocette); 16, EF Renier (348cc Velocette), Belgium; 17, L Higson

(349cc Rudge); 18, D Brewster (348cc Velocette), Australia; 19, Somerville Sikles (348cc Velocette); 20, WHT Meageen (348cc Velocette); 21 T Spann (348cc Raleigh).



“Caught by a camera—a happy snap of Alec Bennett and Murray Walker (Graham Walker’s son and harshest critic) playing with a glider in the grounds of the Castle Mona Hotel. after Graham’s win. In the background are (left) MrWM Mansell, the Norton managing director, and (right) DK Mansell, the famous competition rider.”

BOB HOLLIDAY MARKED GRAHAM Walker’s Lightweight TT win with a poem in the *TT Special*:

“You are old Father Walker,” his young son cried,  
 “And your hair has become almost white ;  
 Yet year after year round the Island you ride—  
 Do you think at your age it is right ? “

“In my youth,” Father Walker replied to his son,  
 “My wife said I’d not sound the strain.  
 But now that at last the Lightweight I’ve won,  
 Why, I’ll do it again and again !”

“You are old” said the youth, “as I mentioned before,  
 And have grown most uncommonly fat;  
 Yet you turned in a lap at 28.4—  
 Pray what is the reason for that ? “



“In my youth” said the sage as he shook his grey locks,  
“I kept all my bones very supple,  
By the use of this corset—a shilling a box—  
Allow me to sell you a couple.”

“You are old ” said the youth,” and your jaws are too weak  
For anything tougher than suet,  
Yet you argue the head off a Jury and Beak,  
How on earth do you manage to do it?”

“In my youth ” said his father, ” I took the name Walker,  
Now I argue each race with my wife,  
And the result is to-day that I’m known as ‘The Talker —  
G Walker—the prop of Club life’.”

“You are old ” said the youth, ” one would hardly suppose  
That your eye was as steady as ever,  
Yet you follow the course wherever it goes,  
What made you no awfully clever?”

“You’ve asked me three questions, pray ask me some more.”  
Said his father “Don’t think I am tired,  
I could talk all the day without being a bore,  
Come on! I have not yet retired!”

AS WE’LL SEE IN FUTURE TT reports, Graham Walker’s career was by no means over. And here’s an obscure literary footnote: Holliday was following a well trodden path with his exquisite parody of “*You are Old, Father William*” from *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland*—but Lewis Carroll’s poem was also a parody, of *The Old Man’s Comforts and How He Gained Them*, published by Poet Laureate Robert Southey in 1799 and popular in Victorian schoolrooms as an improving text.



“You are old, father William,” the young man said, “And your hair has become very white: And yet you incessantly stand on your head— Do you think, at your age, it is right?”

*Now here's a funny thing. As I was tapping in the 'father William' caption my chum Ken rang (to tell me about the amazing Imme R100 he'd just seen at the Kempton Park autojumble—it really is amazing; you'll find a pic in 1948) and I happened to mention the Graham Walker poem. Ken immediately recited part of the Lewis Carroll version which he knows by heart. Why? Because his graddad was also a William and when Ken was a nipper there was always a family party to celebrate graddad's birthday. The invariable highlight of the party was Granddad William's recital of the Lewis Carroll poem, after which, until his 75th year, he would stand on his head on a chair.*

“QUITE A LOT OF first-time visitors to the Island were perturbed at not seeing a single Manx cat. The truth is that most of them have been exported.”

“MENTION MUST BE MADE of the gallant attempts of that unlucky rider, JH Simpson. In both events [Junior and Senior] he took, the lead early, only to retire at half distance with, in the former case, a seized rear brake, and in the latter a choked jet, his one consolation being his amazing feat of raising the record for the twisty 37-mile course to 80.82mph.” Remarkably, Simpson had also made the first 60 and 70mph laps.

“MAGNIFICENT AS THE RACES were from the point of view of the speeds achieved, there was a sorry tale of retirements. In the Junior race only 15 of the 50 starters succeeded in finishing; in the Lightweight 13 out of 40; and in the Senior 13 out of 56. Thus, no less than 72% of the starters in the three races retired, which seems to show that much remains to be learned about engine design, and leads to questions as to whether the time has not come for designers to concentrate, for racing as well as touring, upon the multi-cylinder engine with its light

reciprocating parts. Another unsatisfactory feature was the way in which certain of the machines appeared to steer at speed.”

“THE TT IS A GREAT SPORTING event, but it is a moot point whether we need machines capable of such a colossal average speed as 80mph over so tortuous a course. It is, of course, true that our road-racing-mounts year after year uphold British supremacy in the Continental races, demonstrating the skill of our riders, designers and manufacturers, and that these machines bear a definite relationship to production models, but there is a tendency for too much specialisation in the TT type of machine, with its call for speed and still more speed. There are many lessons to be derived from the TT this year, but we repeat that the races must be the servant of design and not the master. May designers, therefore, take particular note of the lessons applicable to commercial design and use the knowledge acquired to improve the touring machine—to endow it with the good features of the racing mounts and eliminate the bad ones.”



The Lightweight, Junior and Senior races, as portrayed in a series of Ogden's cigarette cards.

“SO GRAHAM WALKER at last annexes a Trophy! The heaviest man on the lightest type of mount, too! It seems to be the habit these days to win in teams. Norton scored 1, 2 and 4 in the Junior, and Rudge similar positions in the Lightweight race. In the Senior event Nortons went one better by doing the hat trick.”

“THE PERFORMANCE OF EA Mellors during TT week deserves special mention. Though 10th on a New Imperial in the Junior event, he would have been higher up the list but for the Belgian, Renier accidentally cannoning him on the left side when taking a corner in Glen Helen; both fell. In the Lightweight Race Mellors got as high as third place, and on Friday he was sixth on an NSU—a mount that is strange to him.

“MARIO GHERSI, THE ITALIAN, won *The Motor Cycle Visitors' Cup* for the best performance by a visiting rider. Riding a New Imperial, he gained replicas in the Lightweight and Junior Races, finishing 6th and 13th respectively.”

“ADVICE TO ALL TT RIDERS: Take the price of your ‘bus or train fare home. Vic Brittain, who retired at Ramsey, was visualising a long walk home until, he met a friend who was able to loan him the needful.”

“CROSSING SULBY BRIDGE, nine out of ten riders wipe their nose with a quick dab. Is there a mystery in this or is it just the first place for some miles where the bar can be released for a moment?”

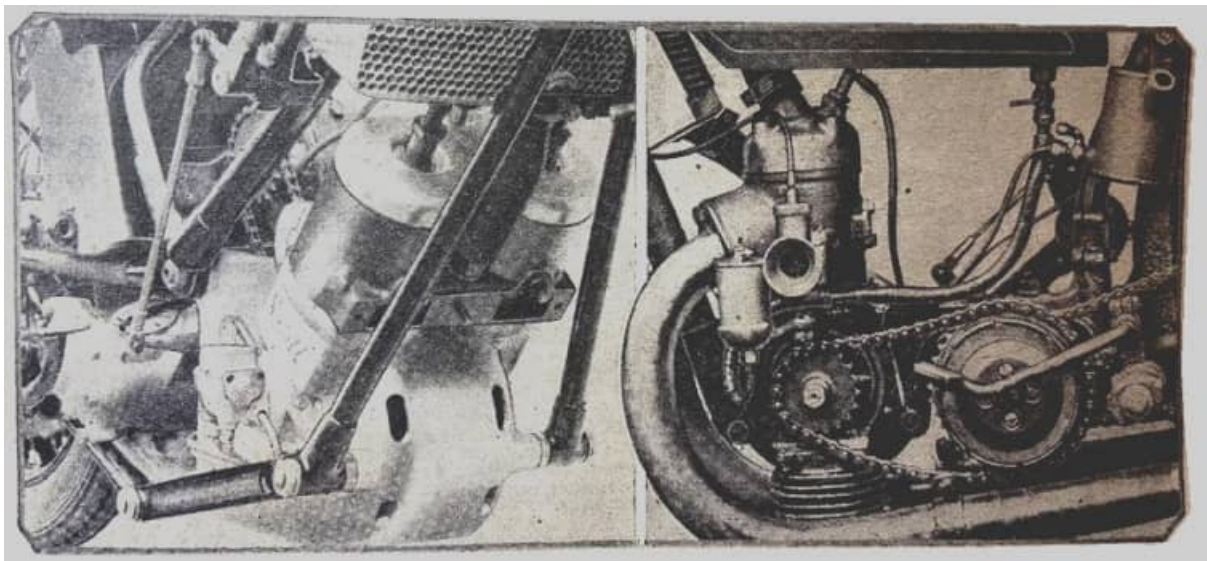
“IN THE JUNIOR RACE the Boy Scouts showed amazing efficiency and speed in putting-up and taking down the hundreds of figures and letters on the big scoreboards. The vast supplies of ‘TT Toffee’ brought over specially for them by its manufacturer, Stanley Woods, no doubt played an important part. Several members of The Motor Cycle staff had the pleasure of ‘road-testing’ this tasty accessory. It was found to have an attractive finish and excellent acceleration—downwards. Stanley is on a good line.”



IN THE PROCESS OF becoming the first rider to win the Junior and Senior TTs in the same year., Tim Hunt knocked 8min 30sec and 10min off the Junior and Senior records. It marked the beginning of Norton's golden era. The team went on to win 10 Continental grands prix that season. In the six years from 1931-36 Norton would win 11 out of 12 Junior and Senior TTs.

“A STRANGE FEATURE of the racing this year was that certain machines, instead of handling better than last year, were actually more difficult to hold, which goes to show that designers still have a lot to learn about the steering problem. With foot changes and four-speed gears practically universal on the TT mounts, it will be surprising if these are not the standard wear on production models for 1932.

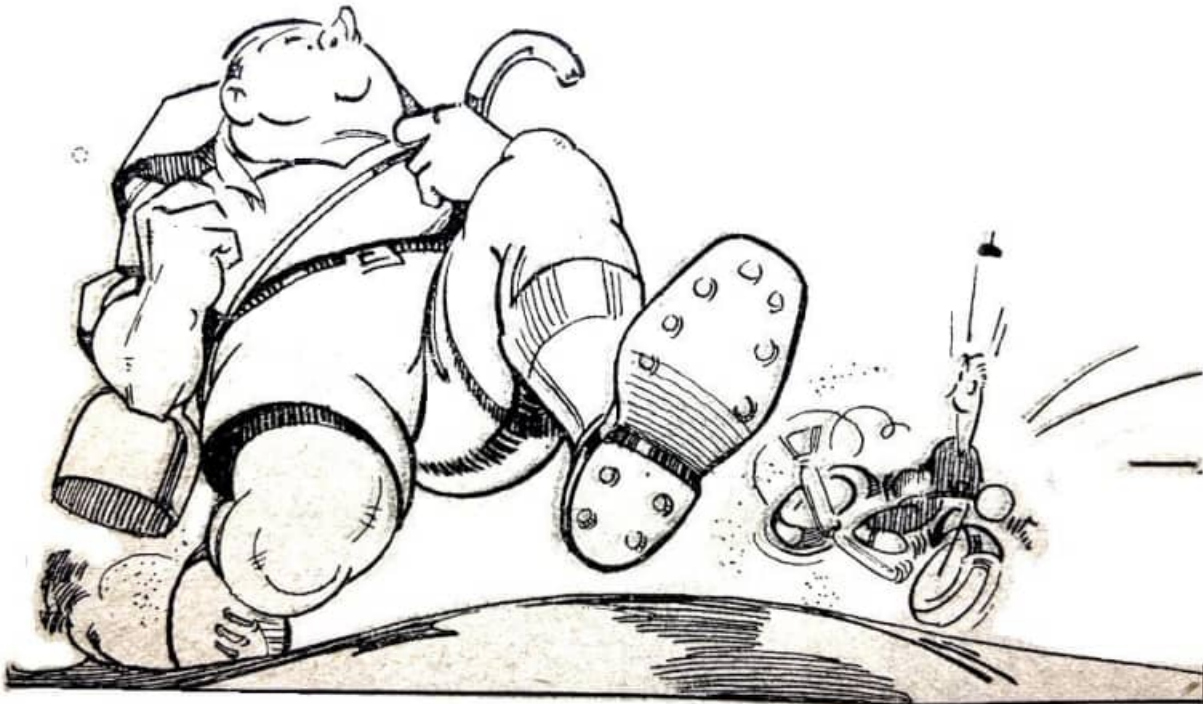
“THE AVERAGE MOTOR CYCLIST is apt to look upon water-cooling with suspicion, fearing its complication and the added weight. Yet for years there have been water-cooled designs on both British and Continental roads—motor cycles which, in spite of their cooling system, weigh perhaps no less, but certainly very little more, than the contemporary designs of the same capacity...Economy in oil consumption is far more pronounced with a water-cooled engine, and, moreover, a water-jacketed cylinder tends towards mechanical silence. Water-cooling is not the unmitigated nuisance many imagine it to be, and we suggest those with no experience of the system should keep an open mind upon the subject when—as is probable will be the case—it comes to the fore on multi-cylinder engines.”



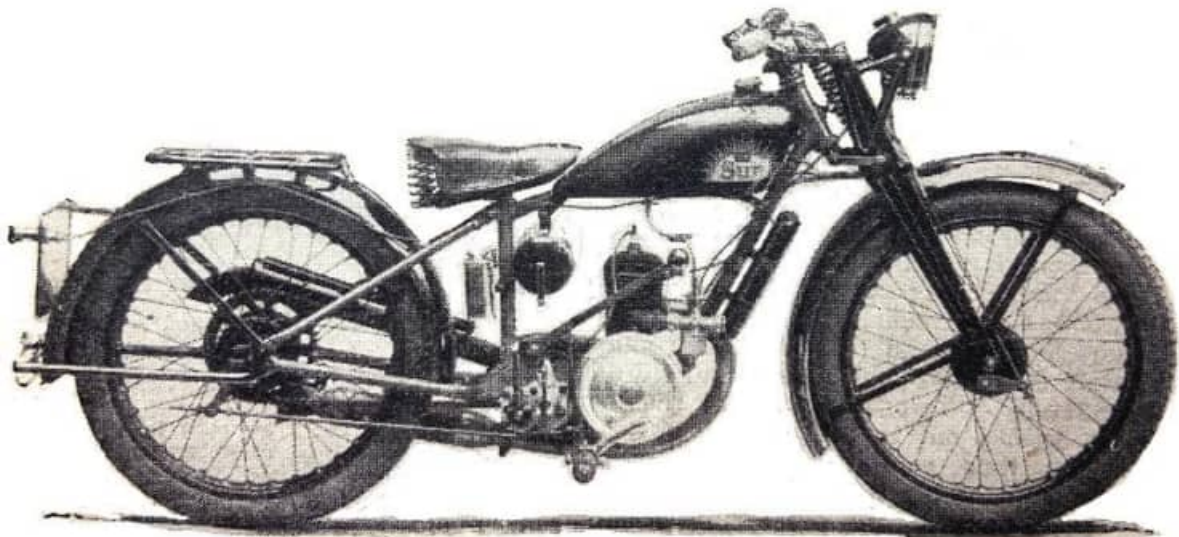
“Two well-established water-cooled two-stroke engines. On the left is the Scott and on the right the German DKW.”

“OYEZ! BANG! CLANG! TING-A-LING-A-LING!! You will gather from this, my brothers, that I am trying to tin-tinabulate the tocsin; in short, to sound a note of warning, for this England of ours is being threatened with something a trifle more disturbing than the Black Death and only a spot more welcome than a slow puncture—I refer, brothers, to the Hiking Menace. Something's got to be done about it, and that with no little speed and precision. Hitherto we motor cyclists have ever regarded the so-called sports of lesser men with an indulgent eye. No envious breath of ours has ever stickied the board o'er which the nimble ha'penny slides. Our kindly tact has ever restrained as from pointing out that polo would be easier if played on foot with shorter mallets. We have even shown a genial tolerance in the matter of pedestrianism; nay, sonic of us have walked ourselves —and see where our tolerance has led us. The cat's out of the bag, the wolf

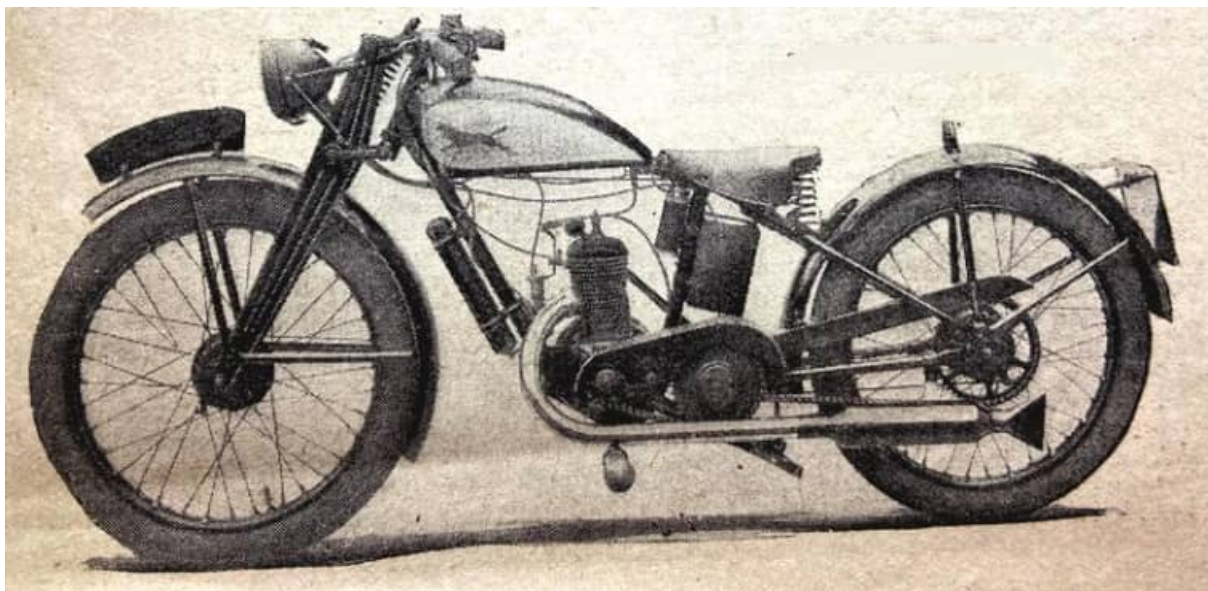
has shed its woollies, and this gentle thing, this pedestrianism, is revealed as a first' class menace, to wit, Hikery."



"THE LATEST RECRUIT to the growing ranks of 150cc lightweights is the Sun, a neat little machine of straight-forward design. Its engine is the 147cc Villiers, with flywheel magneto and Villiers single-lever carburetter. This unit is housed upright in a sturdy diamond frame, and. has a large-diameter exhaust pipe leading to a cylindrical silencer, at the end of which is a fishtail. Transmission is by chains through an Albion two-speed gear box, equipped with a clutch and kick-starter. The gear box is carried on a very substantial bracket, and the chains are protected along their top runs by metal guards. A front fork of Druid design is employed, with side-members of pressed steel. Four-inch internal-expanding brakes are included, and quick adjustment is provided on the operating rods. The wheels are fitted with 25×2.75in tyres, and the hubs are substantially built. A saddle tank of good appearance holds 1¾ gallons of fuel; lubrication is on the petroil system, and the filler cap in the tank forms a measure for the oil. An oil tin is clipped to the seat tube. A very comfortable riding position is provided, and a rider of more than normal stature is accommodated easily. There is a strong rear stand and a light carrier. A soft-top saddle is fitted, and is adjustable for height; the handlebars, too, are adjustable. There is a cylindrical metal tool box beneath the rear part of the tank. Villiers direct electric lighting is incorporated, and there is a battery providing current for parking. With this equipment the price will be under £20; the actual price has not yet been definitely fixed. The makers are the Sun Cycle and Fittings Co, Phoenix Works, Aston Brook Street, Birmingham. "



“The new 147cc Sun is a well-equipped little mount.”



“Wishing to take full advantage of the 150cc taxation concession the makers of the Wolf have produced a neat and inexpensive little 147cc model. An ordinary diamond frame houses a 147cc Villiers engine. Transmission is by chains through an Albion two-speed gear box, which is fitted with a clutch and kick-starter.. The Villiers direct system of electric lighting is employed, and there is a torch-type battery on the down tube for supplying current for parking purposes.”

“THE PEDESTRIAN-OPERATED signal lamps at Manchester are to be followed by an experiment which takes the form of bells for those who wish to cross the road.”

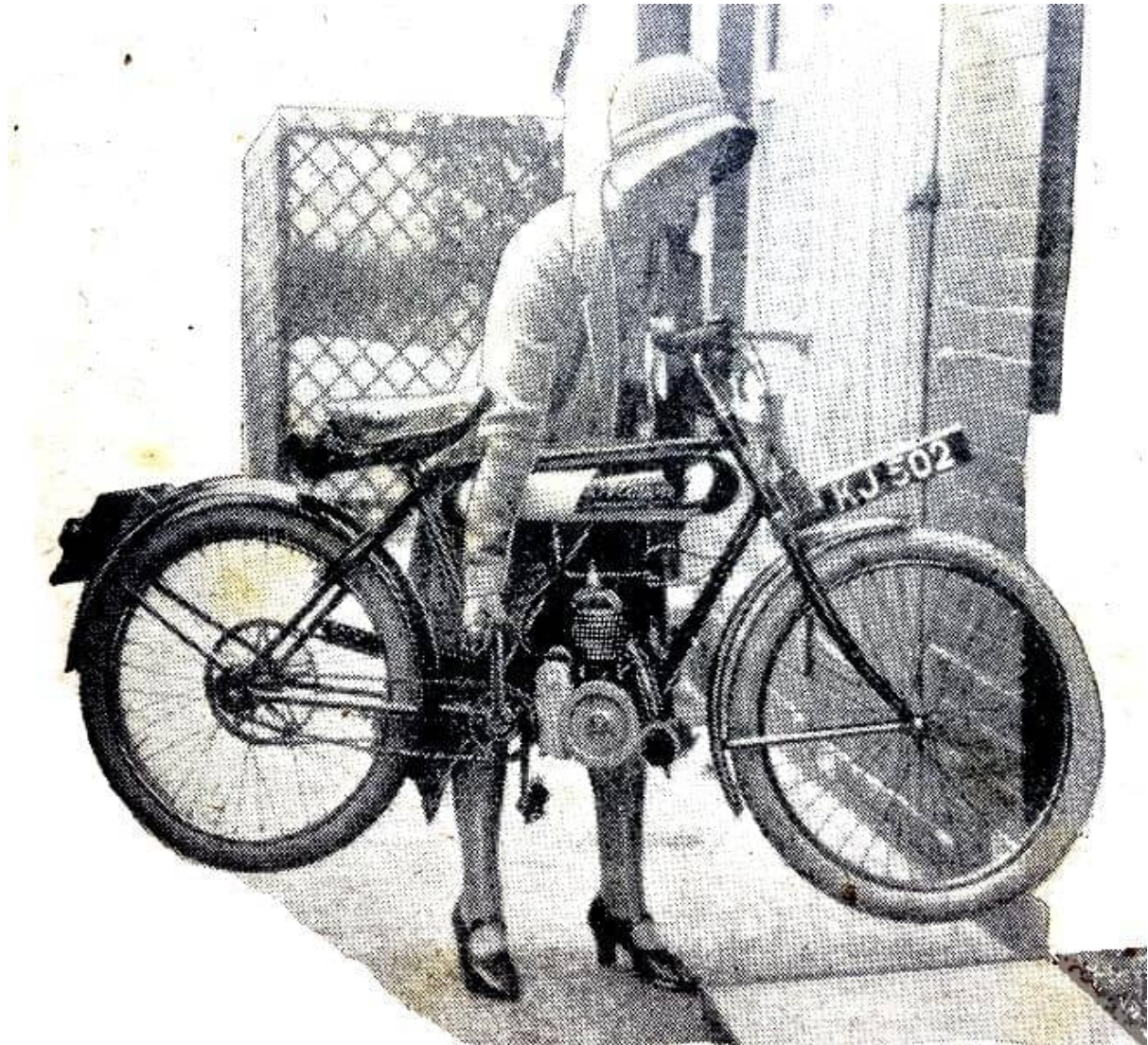




“Seeing where those two-stroke horses are born—A party of members of the British Two-Stroke Club who visited the Villiers works at Wolverhampton.”

A FRIEND OF MINE who is over seventy, but by no means as old as he sounds, has bought a velomotor, as the French call their motorised bicycles. Although a keen cyclist, he was beginning to find that he could not always cover as much country as he would like to. On a visit to France he was so impressed by the simplicity, reliability and, above all, by the light weight of the thousands of velomotors now on the roads in that country that he ordered one to be sent home. The machine is here and in ordinary daily use. As a so-called ‘expert’ on motor-cycling matters I was commissioned to get it into fighting trim. It arrived in a crate, beautifully wrapped in yards of paper, but, even so, the carrier and several errand boys spotted something out of the ordinary, and began that rain of questions which has since been the lot of anyone who takes the machine out. Perhaps the weight had something to do with it, for the crate, machine and all, could be lifted with ease by one man. I was straightway struck by the simplicity and practicability of the layout of the Alcyon, for such it is. It does not pretend to be what we should call a ‘proper motor bicycle’. It is a distinct type built to appeal to a public the majority of which will never become motor cyclists. Most of this public is a working one; factory hands, artisans, professional men and labourers of all sorts who have found public transport too inconvenient, too slow (in total time required from door to door) or too expensive for their needs. Constant use of an ordinary bicycle in all sorts of weather is too arduous an addition to the day’s work. All these people have found that the velomotor does all they wish at a cost of a little over a halfpenny a mile, including depreciation. Further, it does not confine its usefulness to working hours, but it is always there to take its owner down the town shopping or out into the country. The light motor cycle is mechanical transport in its simplest form. A 98cc two-stroke engine drives the back wheel through reduction gearing, a shock absorber and a chain. There is neither gear box nor clutch, so gear changing, that bug-bear of the uninitiated, is eliminated. The single gear ratio is so chosen that hills up to a gradient of 1 in 8 or 9, that is to say, all ordinary main road hills, can be climbed without pedal assistance. A spring fork, small balloon tyres (24×2¼in) and a spring-topped saddle give a degree of comfort which is really surprising and greatly superior to that of the ordinary bicycle. Controls are limited to a throttle, a decompressor, and the levers for the two cycle-type brakes, which, if they appear rather primitive at first sight, are entirely simple, cheap and easy to renew, and quite adequate to the light weight and low speed of the machine. Pedals are provided for starting and for assisting the engine on severe gradients. Strangely enough, these pedals, which incur the humorous contempt of the motor cyclist, appeal strongly to the cyclist and the man in the street. He sees in them something with which he is familiar and is reassured. Several people have said to me: ‘Now, I could handle one of those. It isn’t like a regular motor bike.’ Thanks to misrepresentation in the daily Press, there is, unfortunately, a very definite public distrust of the motor cycle. The velomotor, with its pedals and its general air of being something different, seems to escape this odium. In practice, the pedals very largely take the place of a clutch, for, when the decompressor is raised, the machine can be propelled at walking pace. This is a useful feature when riding in crowded city

streets, for which this handy little type of machine is primarily intended. The complete machine weighs 65lb, so it can be carried up and down steps and lifted round corners without effort. As the handlebars are narrow and the wheelbase short, it can be stowed anywhere that there is space for an ordinary bicycle. A garage, therefore, becomes unnecessary—a most important point. Difficulties of house or office insurance in this country could be overcome by making the petrol tank quickly detachable. The maximum speed (paced by a car) is 30mph, and the cruising speed 20-25mph. With a single gear of 13.4 to 1 the engine's revs are, of course, high,



“The 98cc miniature can be manhandled (or ‘girlhanded’! like a pedal cycle.”

but it does not seem to mind. Making a noise like an angry hornet, it buzzes merrily around without vibration and with no signs of drying up. Ball and roller races of adequate size are fitted to all engine and reduction gear bearings with the exception of the little end, so that when once the piston is run in there should be little chance of failure. Short runs on the Alcyon had given me so much confidence that, when the time came to hand it over to its owner, I determined to ride it from Barrow-in-Furness to Hexham, although the road between these places passes over two ranges of mountains. Leaving Barrow after lunch, I covered the thirty-four miles to Kendal in 96 minutes. The road is, of course, fairly flat, but I was not pressing the machine, as I wished her to arrive at the foot of Shap Fell in good trim. Shap is nothing to the modern car or motor cycle with its comparatively powerful engine and efficient gear boxes. Shap to me, on my tiny 98cc

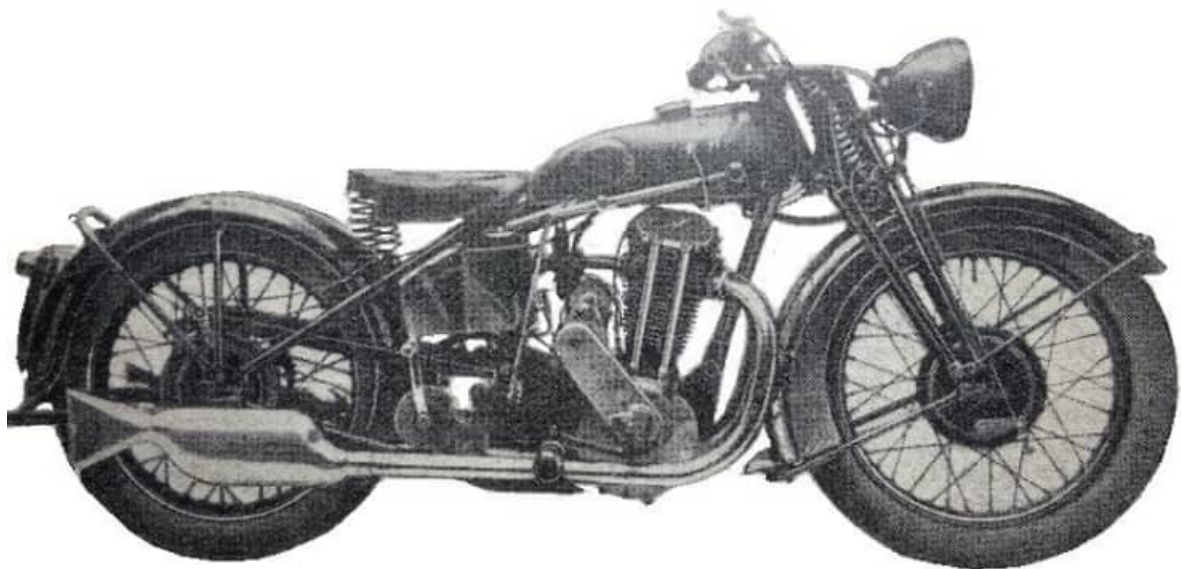
velo-motor, seemed as formidable an obstacle as the Atlantic to the lone flier. Near Kendal it began to rain. Great clouds hid the mountains from view and blotted out the sun. The machine seemed smaller than ever. I breasted the lower slopes, keeping plenty in hand. Gradually the fields gave way to bleak moorland, and I could see the shining, rain-washed road climbing up ahead of me into the clouds beside its line of telegraph wires. The velo-motor went on buzzing away underneath my 14 stones, and I began to wonder if I should have to use the pedals after all. However, near the summit the road dips sharply and then rises to the highest point of the climb above Shap Wells. On this rise I pedalled for three or four stretches of 20 to 25 yards to keep up the engine revolutions. Apart from this I reached the summit without adventure and stopped to take photographs in the rain as the proof which my friends would undoubtedly require! A cyclist whom I had passed lower down came up pushing his machine and stopped to admire the Alcyon. I gathered from his somewhat forcible remarks that I had had an easier ride up from Kendal than he had. Just outside Penrith the rain came on so heavily that I decided to stop for shelter and to fill up with petrol. I had covered 60 miles, but there was no room left for a pint of the half-gallon I ordered. Twenty miles a pint—160mpg. This was economical motoring with a vengeance! I can imagine the velomotorist on tour in a hilly district calling for 'A pint for me and a pint for my steed. The rain drew off and I set out to tackle Hartside, the second of the great obstacles which had lain between me and my destination. Hartside is four miles long and rises to over 2,000 feet above sea-level, so is considerably more formidable than Shap. However, the road is well graded, and my earlier success had given me a confidence in the Alcyon which was well deserved, for, except a short stretch of about 50 yards round a bend at the bottom of the hill, the pedals were not used at all. After dropping down into Alston, the highest market town in England, I tackled the last long climb to the borders of Cumberland and Northumberland. The Alcyon was going better than ever, and the pedals were not required again until near the end of my journey, when I, quite unjustifiably, turned up a steep moorland track 'just to see what would happen'. The gradient must have been 1 in 6, but, by our united efforts, we reached the summit and stopped to look back on the lovely panorama of bleak upland and fertile valley, of dark green fir-wood and bright green fields which is the special charm of this border country. At seven-fifteen I had passed through Hexham and reached my destination, having covered 103 miles at a cost in fuel of about 11d. If the lightweight is equal to a journey of such comparative severity, carrying a rider of more than average weight, I feel it is well up to the needs of the public which is likely to invest in such a machine. As I have indicated, the public interest in the machine whenever I took it out was extraordinary. Whenever I stopped passers-by would come up and ask questions. Of course, there are some people who will ridicule anything new, but even many of these were genuinely interested. I believe we are on the eve of a new era in ultra-cheap and simple mechanical transport, and that those manufacturers who remember that the Austin Seven was laughed at once upon a time, and do not sneer at the modest appearance and performance of the lightweight, will reap the benefit. It is said that 35,000 velomotors were sold in France in 1930, and there seems no reason why British machines of under 100cc or 150cc should not enjoy, at all events, some measure of this enormous success over here. —WSJ





This artwork illustrated a 'what to do on your hols' guide.

"WHEN IT WAS ANNOUNCED some time ago that the Zenith motor cycle would no longer be made there was general regret throughout the ranks of motor cyclists, for the name was a household word. Right from the pre-war days, when the Zenith trade-mark, 'barred', was born of the fact that the Gradua-geared models were barred from competing in hill-climbs, these handsome, speedy machines had been popular with the sporting rider. Then the welcome news came this year that manufacture was to be resumed. The business had been taken over by the well-known South London firm of Writers'. Reorganisation at the Hampton Court works has now been completed, and production has started. There are five standard models in the range—a 350cc overhead-valve machine, 500cc side-valve and overhead-valve models, and 680cc and 750cc side-valve twins, all of which have JAP engines."



"A sturdy sports mount—the new 500cc ohv Zenith."

"BEING an oxy-acetylene welder, with work that carries me all over Yorkshire on urgent repairs, it is necessary for me to move my plant and myself quickly from place to place. For convenience, speed and economy, I have found a motor cycle sidecar outfit the ideal vehicle. One day, recently, I left my home town early to do a job of work fifteen miles away. The work turned out to be next to the kitchens of a big hotel, and lasted to well past my usual dinner time. This long spell, added to the luscious smells with which I had been tortured all the morning, made me pretty ravenous. The wick was turned full up and I was making good time on the return journey. Then suddenly, a spasmodic stuttering brought me to a stop. Investigation was not needed beyond the petrol tank, where my fears were confirmed. Bone dry! Perhaps hunger had

sharpened my wits, or perhaps it was the sight of the cylinders of gas in the sidecar ; a question 1 had long entertained returned to my head. Would a motor cycle engine run on acetylene gas? To stop hopeful lads trying to run their bikes from their lamp generators I had better tell you now that the acetylene was of the variety that is compressed into cylinders. Turning the gas on to a nice steady flow, I led the rubber tube from the cylinder to the intake of the carburettor and gave the starter a gentle kick. Yes, it did start, first kick, and revved up well, too. Mounting the machine, I put it into gear and moved off. It had certainly revved well without a load, but I soon found its pulling power was practically nil. Only once in all that four miles did I get out of second gear. I had to stop every time the engine back-fired to put out the flame on the gas pipe, but beyond this I reached the garage without trouble. Though I have often heard engines labouring and knocking when hard-pressed I have never heard such an awful noise as that one made. When I did once try it in top gear it resembled nothing so much as a huge cascade of crockery. Starting was always a one-kick act, but the exhaust was the most overpowering I have ever smelt—dense black with smuts falling from it.—ARIEL

READERS' EXPERIENCES: 1929 498cc ohv Cotton-Blackburne. "I have owned, among other makes of motor cycles and cars, three Cottons—1924 and 1928 348cc ohv Blackburne models, and a 1929 498cc racing Blackburne model. This last machine has been ridden solo and has absolutely standard. Burman gears. In low gear the machine will, on all occasions, reach 45mph without undue revving; seventy can be attained in second in decent tune, while I have obtained 87mph in top gear under poor conditions. I have never found anything on the road which could live with this bus in the 20,000 miles' (ten months) experience I have had with it. These speeds were obtained with the compression washer in situ and fifty-fifty mixture was used. With regard to durability, my own impression is that the 500cc Blackburne engine, properly used and lubricated, will last a lifetime. The Cotton is like a rock throughout its speed range on dry roads, but on wet tarmac roads caution must be used on bends. I have tried various tyre pressures, fork settings, saddle positions, and naturally the frame and wheels are absolutely true; but unfortunately it is a fact that skidding propensities mar an otherwise almost unimpeachable mount. Both brakes are beyond criticism. Either (they are deep 8in brakes) will pull the machine up very quickly from speed, and used together they give exceptional stopping powers. The footrests are too far forward, in my opinion, for fast work; this cannot be remedied. Starting from hot or cold is a one-kick job. In conclusion, the machine has never let me down on the road. Incidentally, I recently had my engine bench tested, and it gave 27bhp at 4,500rpm.—HJFW"

"I CRAVE A LITTLE of your valuable space to recount an amusing, though somewhat disconcerting, experience which recently befell me. While cruising at about 30mph I advanced the magneto (a habit of mine). Instantly a loud report, resembling the mighty crash of Jupiter's thunderbolts, was heard. Noticing a sudden deceleration, it occurred to me that there might have been some connection between this and the aforementioned detonation, when, to my chagrin, what should meet my downcast gaze but an innocent-looking gudgeon pin winking at me from its somewhat perilous position on the brink of a road gully! The gudgeon pin was not the only wrongly disposed component, however, for, on further inspection, I found that, in the words of the famous slogan, 'That's an engine, that was'. The cylinder barrel had broken off just above the flange, leaving the latter securely bolted down to the crank case, and was swaying precariously on the end of what had once been a connecting-rod. The underside of the petrol tank resembled the chief characteristic of a camel's back, and the road was littered with portions of a silvery-looking metal which, when joined together, had been designated a piston. (I recovered about fifty of these portions, and am keeping them as corroboration to convince any Doubting Thomases.) Can any of your readers go one better (or worse) than this, or is my

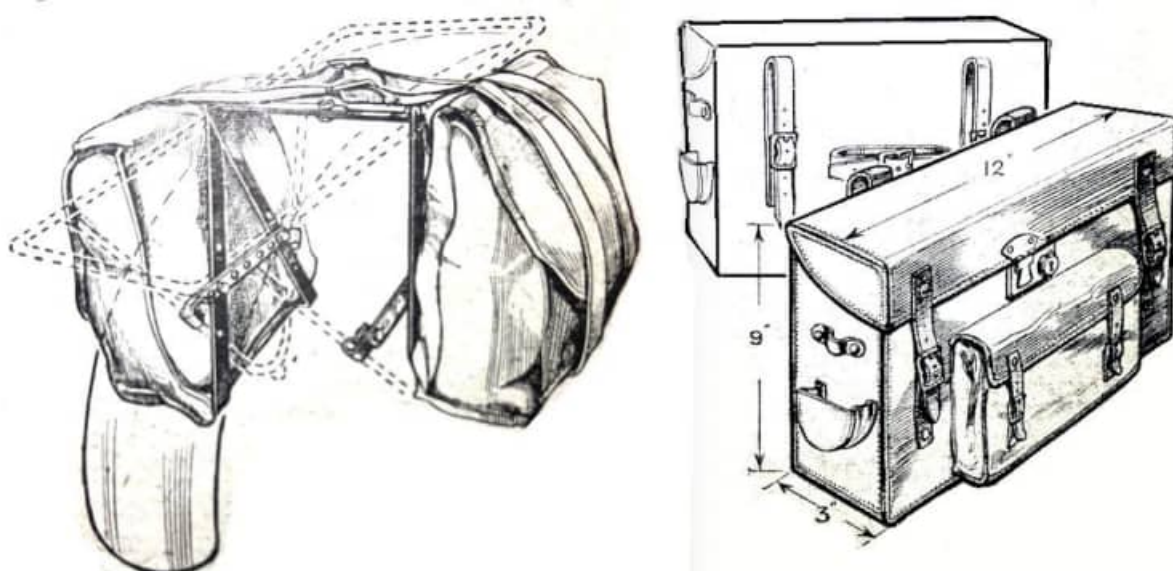
experience a 'wreckord'?"

**H MARTIN EPTON.**

"I DEFINITELY DENY THAT the American motor cycle has had the edge on British makes for the past six or seven years, as the following statistics will substantiate: Exports of Motor Cycles to Japan—1925: UK, 2,484; USA, 1,685. 1926, UK, 2,655; USA, 2,553. 1927: UK, 1,269; USA, 1,657. 1928: UK, 1,148; USA, 1,786. 1929: 1,224; USA, 1,323. 1930: UK, 899; USA, 766. It is true that one make of American motor cycle is responsible for 33.7% of the total imports, but this is very largely due to the fact that the American make in question has heretofore been standardised by Japanese army, police departments, and other public services. If, however, you take into account the preferences of the private user, you will find that British motor cycles predominate, and that, of the remaining number, 69.2% are of British manufacture. What does it matter from the national point of view whether the business is split between two manufacturers or twenty manufacturers if the fact is that British manufacturers are surely assuming the upper hand? Japanese importers have recognised this fact by the formation of a British Motor Cycle Union of Japan, and the Union itself has a representative—Mr WF Horsley, PO Box F4, Central Post Office, Tokyo, Japan—who is only too anxious to do what is possible both in the way of improving semi, to the public and increasing British propaganda in that market."

**HR WATLING**, Director, British Cycle and Motor Cycle Manufacturers' and Traders' Union.

"A PROBLEM WHICH OFTEN confronts solo riders is how best to accommodate on the machine sufficient baggage for, say, a fortnight's tour. The accompanying illustration shows a simple and convenient solution. Two stout canvas pannier bags of the army-pack type are carried on a metal framework which is designed to clip to the rear stays of the machine, whether a carrier is fitted or not. The bags, of course, can quickly be detached without disturbing the frame. James Grose, 379, Euston Road, London, NW1, are the makers of the set, and the price of 15s includes the bags." Nowadays we'd classify the Grose panniers as soft luggage; Lycett offered a tidy set of hard luggage for 14s 6d.



"For carrying touring kit on a solo machine—the Grose panniers. (Right) Neat and compact: A Lycett pannier bag in waterproof fabric with leather binding."

**A Race Described by the Fastest Competitor: Going through the Field at 112mph—by 'The Scratch Man'**



“‘CLANG, CLANG, CLANG,’ TOLLS THE BELL No, it is not the Angelus calling the faithful to prayer, but the bell outside Ebbie’s box (better known as Chronograph Villas) warning the competitors in a certain 1930 BMCRC 500cc solo handicap at Brooklands to line up. ‘Come on,’ grunts my manager, ‘put your lid on.’ My manager’s expression on race days or during record attempts is one of habitual gloom, but today it is gloomier than ever; we had considered a previous race a ‘stone ginger’ for our stable, but owing to a certain rider having charmed another 4 or 5mph out of his motor since his last appearance, our calculations had, needless to say, been very much upset. The bell clangs again, and we push out onto the line. I occupy the scratch-man’s doubtful place of honour, on the extreme right against the lap scoring box. The scratch-man’s mantle has fallen on my shoulders at this meeting owing to the absence of ‘Bill’ and ‘Bert’. My manager, a famous trackman of yore, changes the plug, substituting a special Lodge for a ‘soft’ warming-up one. We put the bike in bottom gear and pull her back till she comes up against compression; we then withdraw the clutch and the engine is ready to fire at (we hope) the first lusty push. The clutch-start is more certain than any other, as it obviates the possibility of ‘wetting-up’ the plug with dope, as often happens when one starts on the exhaust lifter. We now set the throttle a little open, with the ignition slightly retarded, as the five-hundred, unless pushed-off at a terrific speed, is liable to jib. Ah, here he is! ‘Ebbie’ trots down the steps from his hutch, carrying the box of clocks and his little red flag with the gold knob. What titanic struggles that little flag has started on road and track! He stands by the limit man, who receives 51 seconds start in three laps. ‘Not a bad start,’ I think to myself, ‘17 seconds a lap.’ Off goes the limit bus, and is quickly followed by a Douglas. I watch them both rapidly mounting the hill until finally they disappear round the bend. Down goes the flag again and off goes a Norton, almost immediately followed by a glistening Grindlay-Peerless, both emitting a healthy crackle in spite of the Brooklands silencers. A short interval and away go two more Nortons. I am now like the boy on the burning deck—all but he had fled. I bend down and turn on the chain oiler, and as I pull my goggles down I receive a few whispered instructions. These invariably consist of ‘Don’t miss your gear’ or ‘For Goodness’ sake watch your step’. Ebbie is now standing on my right with his flag upraised and we ‘rock’ the model backwards and forwards. Will he never drop that blessed flag? I can hear them snarling down the straight, and I’m sure the limit man must be already crossing the Fork. At last; down goes the flag, and off we go. I drop the clutch as I hear a faint ‘Now’ behind me...Good, she’s fired; I rev up in bottom, then, snick! into second as I reach the end of the Vickers’. As I rev up in second I advance the magneto and screw down the steering damper, and wait for the big BP sign on the Banking, where I usually get into top...Got it; I am in top now, and a feeling of relief passes through me as I stretch myself flat on the tank, with my rear extremity well astern of the saddle. I am always glad when I get into top as it is very easy to miss a gear when the engine is approaching the 6,000rpm mark. The good old Blackurne is feeling its feet as I shoot the Members’ Bridge, and I am topping the 100mph when—wallop!—I have taken the banking a little too high and hit the notorious ‘bridge’ bump. I have hit it good and proper, and the old bike sails though the air a good twenty yards before making a perfect two-point landing. This bump is caused by the track subsiding where it passes over the River Wey. As I come off the Banking I can see the whole length of the Railway Straight and not a soul in sight. What a hope! By forcing the bike down to the grass at the foot of the Byfleet Banking I endeavour to save a second or two; next lap round, probably, I shan’t have the opportunity—so far I have had the track to myself, but in future things may be different. Here is the Fork; it seems more of a kink than ever as I lock over to scrape past the lap score box. And lots of spectators think



“...the old bike sails through the air a good twenty yards...By forcing the bike down to the grass at the foot of the Byfleet Banking I endeavour to save a second or two....a yard or two out from the fence, lap box, and vickers,”

that the fence, the lap score box and Vickers' is one straight line! Oh, that Fork, with its countless bumps and potholes! I believe a smooth passage was discovered in the old days, but I have an idea that Dougal Marchant took the dark secret with him when he retired to the Continent. When riding from scratch on a five-hundred I invariably keep about a yard out from the fence, lap box and Vickers'. This is the smoothest line across the Fork I know. Having negotiated the Fork, I wrestle with the bike for a few seconds round the Home Banking, and, as I flash under the Bridge, I catch a glimpse of a few heads and faces. The faces are usually those of a few friends from a rival camp, whose shed is situated down the slope at the back of the Members' Bridge. When I'm out on the five-hundred, whether in a race or in practice, it is invariably a signal for them to cease their super-tuning for a few minutes to come and watch the fun. They seem to find watching me perform a source of amusement or excitement. Both I expect; but I digress. Coming off the banking again and entering the Railway Straight I see a tiny figure disappearing round the foot of the Byfleet. Good, I'm catching somebody up. As I 'take the grass' again on the Byfleet Banking I seem to be overhauling him fast, though I don't suppose I shall pass him till we reach the Fork. That's annoying; I don't like passing people at the Fork. I do hope this one will be a sensible chap and leave me a bit of room on his right... Stout fellow, he's given me about ten yards and I dive for the gap between him and the box. One has to make up one's mind at the Fork, and on this occasion the wind is a strong sou'wester and I am doing a good 112 or so. I hug Vickers' as closely as possible, making sure that I get on to the Home Banking well over to the right. Cheers! I espy a bunch of hardy lads mounting the banking as I roar pass the Castrol sign. Last lap, and I'm after their blood now. They push me up the banking a bit, and I pass, gazing down at them from somewhere about 'John Cobb's line'. Crash! The bridge bump again; not my fault this time, though. I now slip past another couple of warriors (one of them the Grindlay, I think), and am just wondering whether to ease up a bit when—good heavens, there's somebody disappearing round the kilometre box! By squeezing myself down on the tank I endeavour to feel as small as possible, and after a little while pass my quarry, who, I discover, is the limit man on a Coventry-Eagle. Well, that's the last one. passed! Once more the Fork, which I cross in solitary state and shut off as I pass the line. As I slow down while cruising the hill, the Coventry-Eagle comes up along side and the rider gives me a friendly grin. We tour up to the fork, and my manager meets me with a laconic 'Good show!' while 'Chris' suggests a drink. Just as we are adjourning to the bar, 'Joe' remarks, in his quiet way, 'You were getting a jerk on.' After a much-needed beer—its marvellous how parched you can get in three laps—we retire to the shed, where we attach the chair and get the model ready for 'Chris' to do his stuff.”

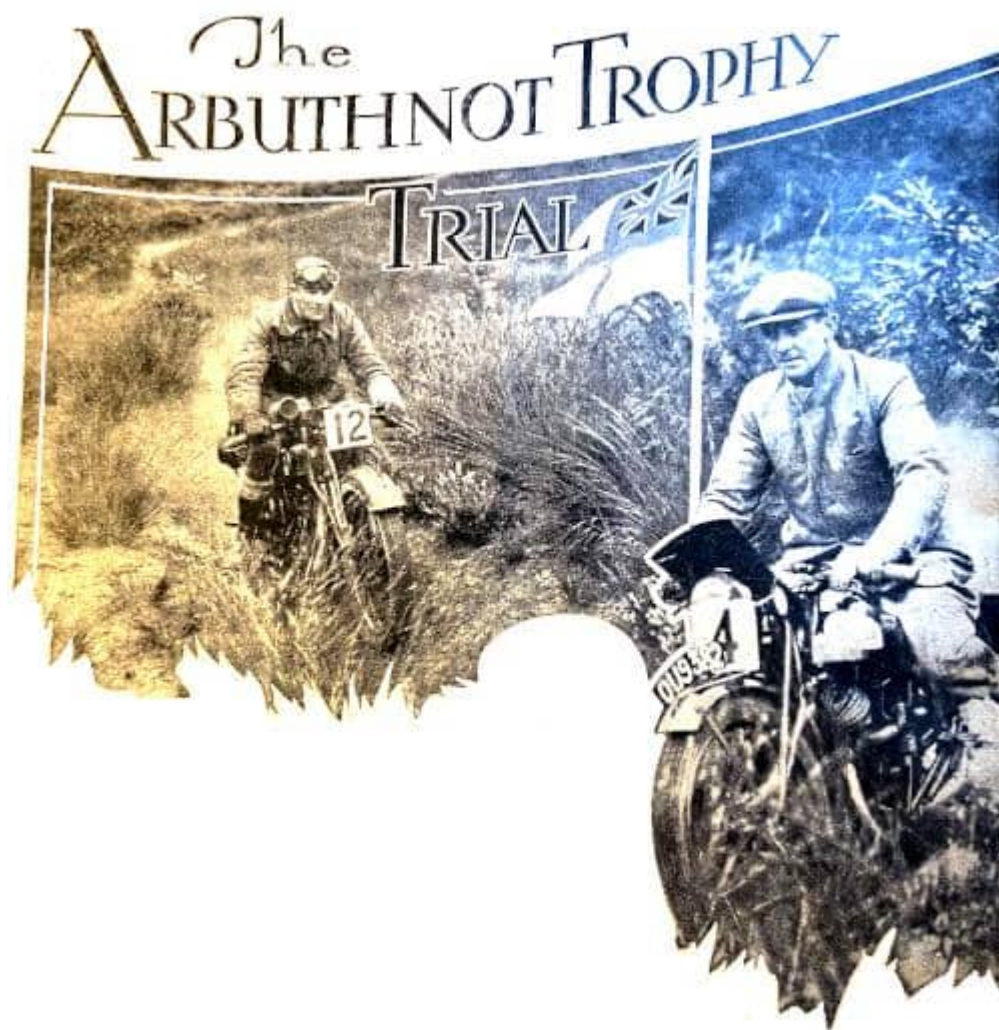


“I occupy the scratch man’s doubtless place of honour.”

“ALTHOUGH MOTOR CYCLISTS fill the [speedway] stage, it is notable that the spectators are large composed of the general public, motor cycle spectators being in the minority. Thus speedway racing has gripped the attention of all who enjoy thrills, and now rivals first-class football in the matter of the attendance it attracts. Those prophets who gave dirt-track racing ‘two years’ have lived to see it exert a greater hold upon the public as the years pass.”

“ONE OF MY DAILY PAPERS the other morning gloried in devoting one and a half columns of highly seasoned matter to motor accidents, of which about a third concerned motor cycles. It allotted precisely 20 lines to the really smashing victory of British motor cycles ridden by British riders in one of the big Continental races. The casualty reports began at the top of the page, and were adorned with enormous headlines. The British victory—so difficult to parallel in any other form of sport—is tucked away low down in a corner of a page, and introduced by quite small type.”





“Lieut JH Illingworth (HMS Dolphin), who won the Trophy on his 596cc Francis-Barnett, leading Sub-Lieut ER Tyndale-Biscoe (598cc Panther) through a patch of jungle.”

“THERE IS NO EVENT quite like the Arbuthnot Trophy Trial. In the first place, it is a purely naval affair, in which only officers on the active list may compete. Secondly, each rider acts as his own observer, declaring at the end of the trial the number of stops, etc, which he has been unlucky enough to suffer. And, thirdly, the High Officials of the ACU and RAC, with the assistance of Important Gentlemen of the Trade, do an awful lot of work just for the love of the thing—they even push (and pull) competitors up the divers slopes to be found on Bagshot Heath, where last Thursday the trial was held. An hour or so before the start the yard of the Duke of York Hotel, Camberley, began to fill up with prospective trophy winners. Most of the various models were well prepared for the job—competition tyres, upswept exhaust pipes, etc. Half an hour before zero hour (11am) everyone made tracks for the start, which was situated a little way up Barossa Lane. The course was some 12 miles in length, and had to be lapped four times in all—twice before lunch and twice in the reverse direction afterwards. Thanks to the prevailing weather conditions, the route for the most part was dry and sandy; it included only two climbs worth mentioning—Devil’s Drop and the Slide. On the first circuit Lieut BR Faunthorpe (346cc Levis) tackled the Devil’s Drop rather too slowly; consequently he suffered from wheelspin, and had to use his feet (one could see exactly what he had to say on the matter). Lieut JH Illingworth (196cc Francis-Barnett) proceeded in a most leisurely manner towards the summit, baulking Sub-Lieut ER Tyndale-Biscoe (598cc P&M). Sub-Lieut MG Gardner (346cc Levis) was the first of the ‘feet-

up' division, though it was a bit of a struggle, and it remained for Commander CAG Hutchison, on a hot 494cc ohv Douglas, to show everyone how fast the hill could be climbed; charging through bushes at the bottom, he literally jumped over the top. Midshipman RD Verner-Jeffreys (340cc Rudge) took matters very comfortably, but Midshipmen RS Spooner (496cc Cotton) and DW Moriarty (248cc Ariel) stopped together, the former being ignominiously attached to the tow-rope with a High Official of the ACU holding on to his carrier with one hand and pulling Moriarty up with the other! Lieut P Sargent (348cc AJS) had to foot; but Lieut H Richman (346cc Royal Enfield) failed right at the bottom, and was towed the whole way up. Paymaster-Lieut CEG Tomkins (499cc Rudge) also had to indulge in a spot of pedal assistance, since the model would persist in crabbing sideways. The course then led over narrow sandy lanes, and very bumpy ones at that, to the Slide, a precipitous descent into boggy land. On the second circuit, Lieut BR Faunthorpe (346cc Levis) was outstandingly brilliant in his negotiation of the swamp, keeping his feet up throughout. As a contrast, Sub Lieutenants AG Jamison (249cc Rudge) and ER Tyndale-Biscoe (598cc P&M), and Lieut JH Illingworth (196cc Francis-Barnett) made free use of their feet. Sub-Lieut MG Gardner (346cc Levis), Commander CAG Hutchison (494cc Douglas), and Midshipmen RD Verner-Jeffreys, RS Spooner, DW Moriarty were all successful in making 'feet-up' crossings. From the Slide the course led past Caesar's Camp back to the check at the start. some 5½ miles away, where the competitors duly filled in their cards, handed them in, and adjourned for lunch. Owing to the afternoon's circuit being the reverse of the one tackled in the morning, the Slide was the only section likely to cause trouble. Here what had been a descent in the morning became quite an awkward ascent, owing to a boggy, hummocky surface at the bottom. At the foot Commander Hutchison, enlivened things by going flat out over the bumps, and hitting bushes and mole-hills in the process. Midshipmen Spooner (495cc Cotton) and Moriarty (248cc Ariel) were both good, but the latter, owing to a high gear, had to foot. Lieut P Sargent (346cc Royal Enfield) thought he was suffering from wheelspin and bounced vigorously, when in reality his clutch was sipping. On the last circuit both Lieut Faunthorpe and Lieut Illingworth were remarkably steady, while Sub-Lieut Gardner (346cc Levis) was clever in the way he nursed a spot of wheelspin. Poor Midshipman Moriarty, whose 248cc Ariel was practically sans everything, took a nasty toss at the bottom, becoming quite aeronautical in the process. 'The best box I've ever bought,' he said, as he endeavoured to push start, for he had lost his kick-starter pedal. Shortly afterwards Lieut P Sargent (348cc AJS) made a nice steady climb, while Lieut-Commander HF Fellowes (499cc Rudge) treated the hill as a main road. At the finish the cards were collected, and soon the result of this most sporting of all trials was announced as follows: **Arbuthnot Trophy**, Lieut JH Illingworth (196cc Francis-Barnett); Runners-up, Sub-Lieut AG Jamison (249cc Rudge), Sub-Lieut MG Gardner (346cc Levis), Lieut-Commander HF Fellowes (499cc Rudge). **Hovenden Cup** (for the most sporting performance by a competitor other than the Trophy winner or runner-up: Midshipman DW Moriarty (240cc Ariel)."

"AN EXTREMELY ATTRACTIVE 248cc P&M Panther is to be marketed for 1932. Unlike the larger models, this new Panther has a normal type of frame; the engine, instead of forming, in effect, the front down tube, is separately mounted with the cylinder inclined forward. At first sight the power unit, which has a bore and stroke of 60x88mm, might easily be mistaken for one of the ohc type. Actually the valves, which are fitted with exceptionally long duplex springs, are operated by push rods and rockers, the former being enclosed in a tubular housing and the latter in a box that is fixed by four accessible studs on the offside of the cylinder head. Special attention has also been paid to the accessibility of the cylinder head studs, with the result that removal of the head is a question only of minutes...A short test of the first machine produced showed the performance to be unusually good. The engine, although so flexible that it could be

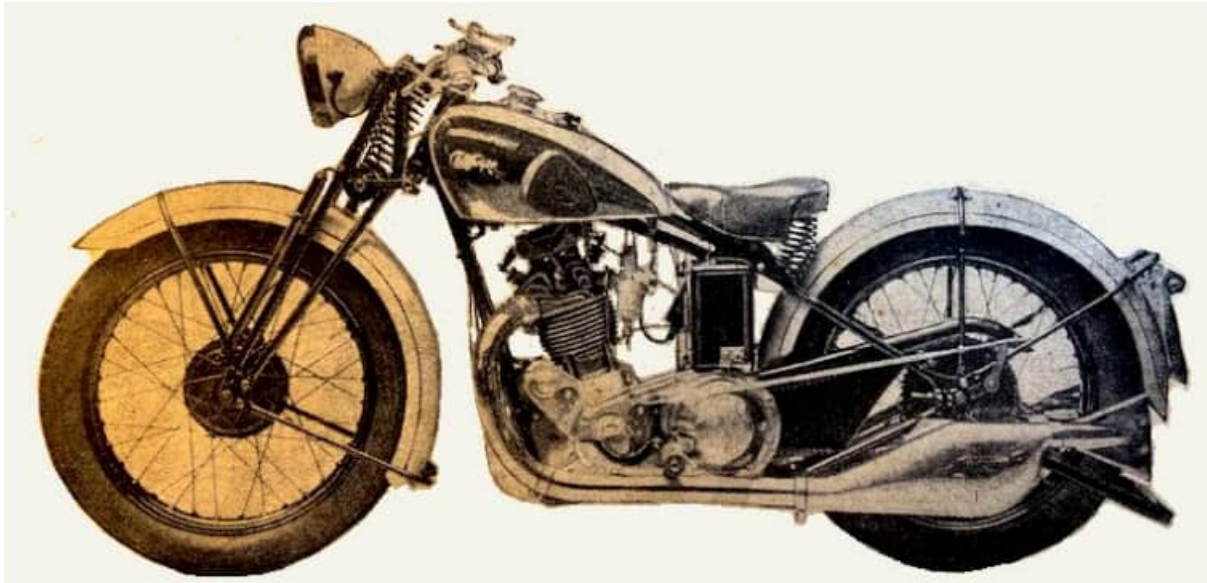
throttled down to 10mph on the rather high top gear of  $5\frac{3}{4}$  to 1, was lively in pick-up, and capable of high revs as well as good pulling. The riding position is of a type that gives confidence, and the general handling proved to be all that it should be."



"This picture of the first of the 248cc Panthers gives an idea as to the general layout. In production form the machine will be even neater in appearance. (Right) Two views of the new twin-port unit. The neat enclosure of push rods and rockers will be noticed from the photograph on the right, also the accessible fixing studs for the rocker box."

"ONCE AGAIN THE CALTHORPE Motor Cycle Company will concentrate upon one model only. For three years this policy has been followed, and up to the present the one model has been a '350'. Now, however, a change has been made; the handsome Ivory machine has grown up, and makes its debut as a 500. This, to many people, will represent something in the nature of a surprise, but in many respects it is none. The new model embodies all those features which have made the Calthorpe machine so popular. It is no more expensive to buy, it is more completely equipped, and its tax remains the same; it is, therefore, wonderful 'value for money'. As before, the two-port engine slopes forward in the frame. It has a bore and stroke of 85.5x86mm, giving a capacity of 490cc. The valve gear and push-rods are totally enclosed, and the rockers are mounted in roller bearings. Adequate lubrication of the valve gear is ensured by oil mist from the engine, while oil is transferred positively to the valve guides...In the transmission a refinement is to be found in the total enclosure of the front chain. This now runs in a cast aluminium oil-bath case fitted with inspection covers. As on previous models, the rear chain is protected along its top run by a metal cover, the inner side of which is extended downwards in a panel which effectively shields the chain from road dirt thrown by the rear wheel. A four-speed Calthorpe gear box, made under Albion patents, is used; it is of the constant-mesh type, and operated by a lever mounted in a quadrant within the right knee-grip. Brakes of 6in diameter are fitted, the linings being 1in. wide."





“The Ivory Calthorpe grows up, becoming a 500! In appearance it is as handsome as ever it was. In this photograph will be seen the new cast aluminium oil bath chain case.”

“NO ONE WHO HAS FOLLOWED *The Motor Cycle* for any length of time can have failed to observe—if he remembers my writings at all—that I am an ardent lover of Britain and British scenery, with an admitted bias for the North, the Yorkshire Dales, North Wales, Lakeland, and the Highlands. I mention this because, in advocating a tour abroad, I still unashamedly remain a provincial Briton. One ordinary lifetime will not suffice to see everything that is worth seeing in the British Isles; I want everyone to believe that. But there is much truth in the old saying that a change is as good as a rest, and I think everyone who has toured Britain extensively owes it to himself to see ‘foreign parts’, if only the better to appreciate things at home. I remember how, amid the Alps, I thought that at last the power of the Yorkshire hills to thrill me had vanished; and yet when I got back home I found the grey, rolling moorlands had some beauty to touch the heart-strings, that seemed dearer than the somewhat theatrical grandeur that had impressed me. Nevertheless, I am advocating a trip abroad. Why not? The scenery is different; the life, the people, the food, the customs are all changed. It is good to have change. It is good to find that things are done differently—sometimes as well, and often a lot better. Of course, cost is the big problem. The average rider says, naturally, and without thought, ‘Oh, I couldn’t afford it.’ But he is wrong. Let him save up. Let him plan two years ahead if need be. Let this year’s holiday be a very simple and cheap one so that something better can be done next year. Moreover, as a trip in a new country is so occupied in *seeing* things, there is not that incentive to spend money *doing* things, which is generally the procedure during holiday-making at



“The man on his own side has the right of way, so don’t attempt to overtake a of farm cart in the face of an oncoming Ballot or Delage.”

well-known seaside resorts at home. France, Switzerland, Northern Italy and Germany are countries that will appeal principally to the motor cyclist on holiday. They can all be touched in a two-weeks’ tour. What do they offer that differs from home? Scenery—first and foremost. Terrific mountains. Marvellously engineered passes, climbing up and up, seldom very steeply, but just endlessly rising from hot, sun-baked plains to the level of the perpetual snows. The mountain scenery, the heights, the rugged precipices, the glaciers and the waterfalls are vast in scale. We have nothing comparable. Rivers, too—the great rushing rivers of grey snow-water are a new sight, while the wide plains of agricultural land, with the simple, unhurried village life, are now almost lost to an England that is rapidly becoming the land of the ‘semi-detached’. Castles, chateaux, abbeys, old mediaeval towns. Picturesque cottages and farms. Old churches. All of these abound. They are less exploited, less the popular show-place than similar (and usually less complete) relics at home. Indeed, they are not relics, for, in their own setting, the life from which they grew mostly seems to go along unchanged around them. Even if the motor ‘bus has invaded them, it usually seems to be a decently ramshackle bus, and nothing like the spit-and-polish, super efficient, licensed-by-the-Traffic- Commissioner type of ‘bus we know at home. We see in England to-day the growth of electrical distribution; pylons are going up all over the country. On the Continent electricity is no new thing in the villages. The Alps are covered with soaring cables. Nor do they look incongruous. That is a feature of Continental civil engineering—and all because they do things on the principle of ‘It works—it is good’. The Continental engineer uses a tree-trunk for his telegraph pole. He lets grass grow in his railway track, for the train runs on the metals, anyway, so why waste money on weeding the ballast? He bridges appalling



chasms with lattice bridges, following the hand of Nature which lets a pine tree fall across the gap to make the first link with the farther side. In much of this work we can realise how our desire for exterior 'finish' results in the high cost of public services, and it is just to broaden such outlook that I advocate a foreign trip. The people, too, should be studied. They work harder and play less than we do. It is not every village abroad that has its 'pictures'. Tastes are simpler, life is more social. In the small towns the people sit at the open-air cafes like one large family. Parents and children are there. One can drink at any time. Children have not to be left on the step to play in a squalid street while the parents pop in to have a few quick ones. Consequently one sees no 'drunks'. Light wines and beers are taken, or coffee. Perhaps a radio-gramophone plays, and a pleasant hour or two is passed for a few coppers. What a commentary on our own licensing laws and the sales methods of our licensees! Food is varied and cheap. So are wines and cigarettes.



"If your language is limited, be patient..."

Essentials, in fact, are low in cost, while luxuries, on the other hand, are dear. Now, have I said enough to whet the appetite for a trip abroad? If so, how must one set about the job? First of all, there is the cost. One has to get to the coast, one has to cross, and one has formalities to face. Then there is the running cost abroad. To leave England one needs a passport, a customs *carnet*, an international driving licence and certain insurances. First of all it is necessary to become a member of either the RAC or the AA. Whichever body is selected then shoulders all the detail work. A deposit of £10 has to be made in respect of customs duty, and



this is returned when you get back home with your 'papers' in order. A simple driving test and an examination of the model are necessary, and these are now arranged for a comprehensive fee of 30s, after which 'GB' plates, International Travelling Pass and everything necessary are provided without further cost. Third-party insurance is desirable, and your present policy can be endorsed, the cost being 50% of the existing premium (a shocking imposition!). The passport costs 7s 6d and is easily obtained, but it has to be backed by the signature of a JP, bank manager, solicitor, surgeon or some such responsible person who knows you well. These preparations are put through by the AA or RAC in about ten days, together with the routes required; but apply good and early, or one or two of your valuable days may be wasted, because you cannot leave England without your documents. Now as to crossing the water. The cheapest and least troublesome method is by Calais from Dover, by the Townsend Ferry. This service pioneered cheap crossings for motorists. The loading and off-loading is easy, the petrol need not be emptied out of the tank, and the fares are low—20s per head return, and 20s solo or £2 sidecar return for the machine, plus 2s dock dues per journey. Once in France the fun begins. People shout at one so forcibly to buy petrol and to change money, so have your tanks filled and change a pound or too at Dover before crossing. It is cheaper. And as soon as you land freeze on to the AA or RAC man (according to your 'colours') and give him your papers. I am not going to lead you by the hand across the Continent, but will just give you a few odd points that will help. Driving is done on the opposite side, and this rule of the road is easy to remember. You will find the general standard of driving very high. Everybody 'bats'; main roads have precedence. The man on his own side has the right of way, so don't attempt to overtake a of farm cart in the face of an oncoming Ballot or Delage. He may be doing seventy, and he won't slow down. Just yield him his right as he would yield you yours if the position was reversed. After our dawdling 'popular car' traffic you will find Continental driving a joy if you go hard and well. But don't try being 'clever'. Avoid taking a motor that demands fancy spirit or oil—they don't deal in that sort of thing very much, and in many places it is necessary to be prepared to accept merely 'essence' (petrol) or 'huile' (oil) and to hope for the best. To do things cheaply, live like the people. They have coffee and rolls for breakfast. If you demand eggs and bacon you pay. Likewise take the meals they give you. Don't ask for steak and chips, or roast beef. They are usually badly cooked, anyhow. The same with drinks and smokes. English ones can be bought, at a price, but cultivate a taste for *vin ordinaire* and *cigarettes Gauloises* at less than half the price. Avoid big towns and swagger hotels. The small places charge much less. When you spot a likely looking hotel ask their prices and have a look at the rooms first. If all appears good, but rather dear, ask for cheaper rooms. This applies to most of the Continental countries and they will not throw you out. Dinner, bed and breakfast should *never* exceed the equivalent of 10s (with wine thrown in) if you choose the right places. Small cafes will give you good lunches of several courses for about 2s a head. Tips are no trouble. Give 10% of the total bill (if it is not already on the bill as 'service') and everybody will be happy. Don't overdo it. Most English people give too much. If your language is limited, be patient; don't shout, bluster, or get flurried, and you will find people wonderfully helpful and kindly. Have good maps and a printed



“Terrific mountains. Marvellously engineered passes...rising to the level of the perpetual snows.”

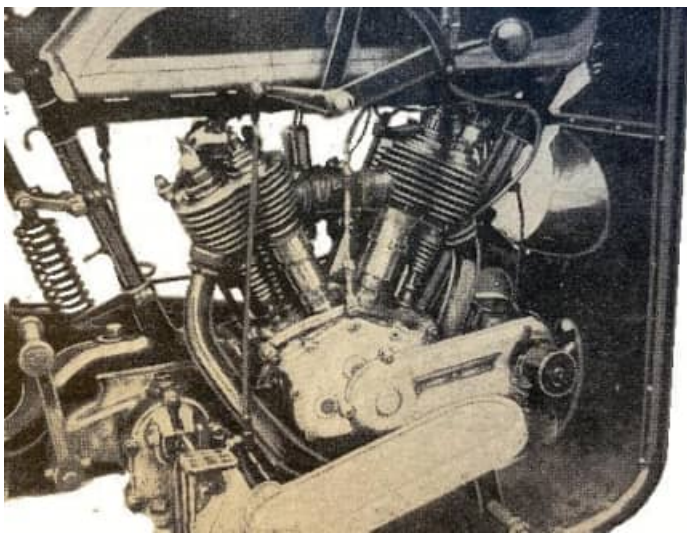
route, so that you can show people where you want to go. When in real difficulty, don't ask policemen. They seldom know English. Look for a prosperously dressed middle-aged or elderly man of the business type—they are the most likely to have some English. When in cafes and the like, remember that you are a visitor in a strange land. Don't say rude things in English about the funny habits of the people; you are probably the scream, and, anyway, someone may know English. Ordinarily the mass of people are very kindly disposed to the stranger who modestly comports himself. This applies especially to villages and places off the beaten track, and is reflected in very moderate charges and an anxiety to please. When crossing frontiers, *never* omit to have the *carnet* dealt with on *leaving* one country and on *entering* the other, for the health of the £10 deposit. Treat frontier officers with an amiable and innocent blandness. Continental officials can be very 'official' if rubbed the wrong way, for they are generally very much top dog. And if there are daily touring taxes in the country you are entering, like the French *laissez passez*, always find out if it is cheaper to take out a period (say three months) licence for the machine; in France this pays if the stay is longer than four days. A phrase book, a camera, a few simple remedies in case of chills, cuts, or insect bites ('ware mosquitoes at night in Northern France; they are somewhat malarial), and enough money for all foreseeable circumstances—don't be tempted to spend it all—are essentials. Clothing should be kept simple, but one must be pre-pared for broiling heat as well as intense cold at night on crossing the Alps. And when it rains, it rains. Waterproof kit is needed, therefore, while a

reasonable quantity of likely spares should, of course, be carried for the machine. And when returning, don't attempt to engage in any smuggling. It is not worth it. Finally, *bon voyage!* “

## WHARFEDALE



“THE VICTIM WAS A PRE-WAR sidecar outfit—a twin which, after a miraculous mileage, was fitted with a three-jet carburetter. The viscera of the engine weren't meant to stand such pep, and didn't. The burble of the exhaust was gradually replaced by a sound like worn reaping machines cutting barbed wire. The police began to complain. Bits started to shake off everywhere, and yet, with the slightest whiff of gas, this amazing tornado of noise would hurtle over the landscape at a fearsome forty-five. It was a real thrill to be passed by it on the road. At full throttle there appeared to the onlooker the blurred outlines of a number of superimposed machines. The results achieved by the overhaul were not so remarkable as the singularly dishonest methods employed. The writer worked in the drawing office of an engineering firm. Perhaps worked is rather a strong term; say, appeared there between certain hours, notably after nine am, the shops opening promptly at eight. In a drawing office one picks up items of the firm's future policy. What one doesn't pick up one can invent, when it is taken as gospel. The shop foreman yearneth after these tit-bits as the heart after wine in a dry land. With exclusive possession of such scraps of news a foreman appears to his fellows to be well in the know. Judicious distribution of these real or imaginary items, accompanied by a cheap cigar, and the fiercest foreman gave permission to use idle machines between the hours of eight and nine. Behold, then, the curious state of

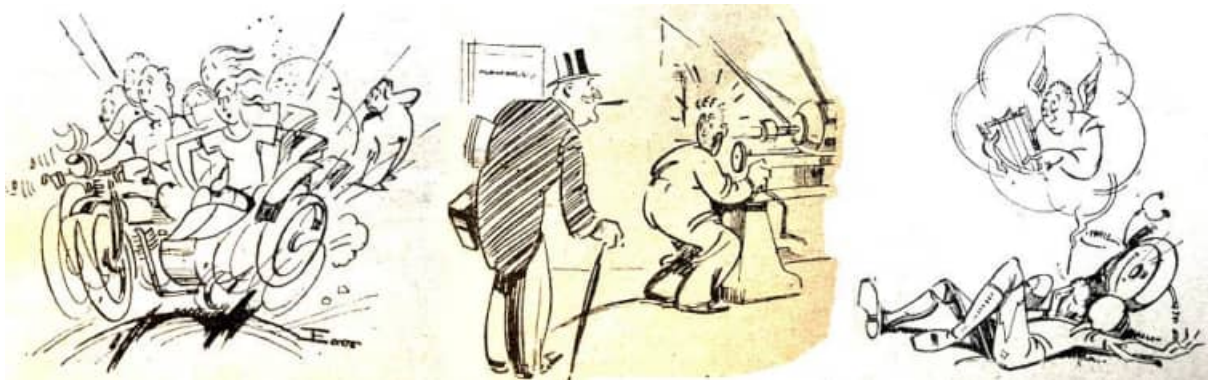


“A few of the ‘improvements’—notably, the gear lever and its golf ball, the telescopic covers over the inlet valves, and the low-tension distributor driven from the end of the magneto shaft.”

having the use of every type of machine tool, but only for one hour at a stretch. All operations had to allow of piece being whipped out of the machine on sight of the manager. The only job not possible in one-hour bursts. was the turning of pistons inside and out at one setting. This problem was solved with the masterly simplicity that denotes true genius. At the end of the hour, the chuck holding the piston was detached from the lathe and planked in a ventilator. As no one who searched for it thought of the chuck being in a ventilator the job was all ready next



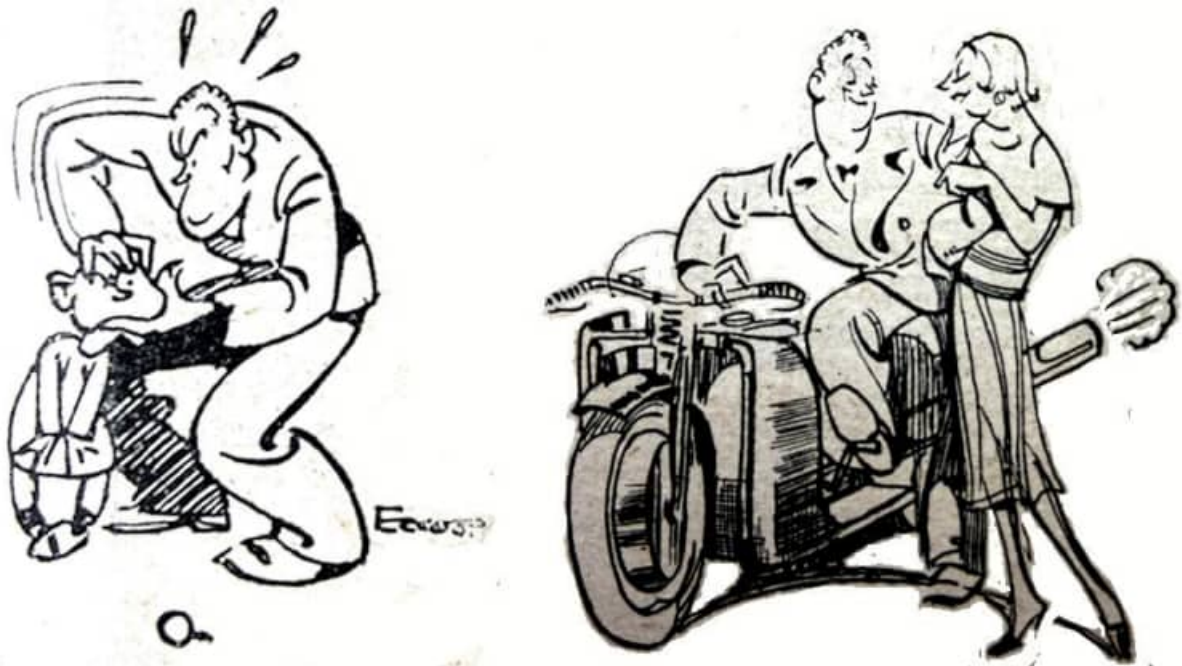
morning for finishing. One morning the manager arrived in the factory at the unprecedented hour of eight-thirty. Wow! So suddenly did he appear that there was no time to evacuate the position in military formation. It was the work of a second, however, to claw a heap of cuttings over the job, whip a rule from the pocket, and industriously measure the machine. A rise of salary followed shortly afterwards for being so early on the job...The cams showed signs of wear, so were re-hardened. As hard as agate, they looked like a bad dose of small-pox. An enthusiastic young sister was set to polish them with stick and emery paper. Think of it, ye mathematicians, ye workers out of cams! Some weary-eyed number eight hat burns the midnight paraffin over a contour, costly machinery cuts it, more costly machinery grinds it—a mutt burns the cam in a furnace, a kid sister gives it a new contour, and it works beautifully. With true British thoroughness, the fixed cups of the wheel bearings have the metal spun over them to prevent unscrewing. After all this spun metal was chipped away to renew the cup, there still remained a thin spiral in the thread. After a lot of good bad-language and chisel edges had been wasted, the hub was covered with grease, a line scratched through to the offending metal, and nitric acid dropped into the scratch. A few days later the spiral was easily picked out with a pin in the same way as that obstinate delicacy the whelk is plucked from its shell. The machine was fitted with one of those 'lucky horseshoe' front brakes, beloved of our grandfathers, with loose blocks that could swing round. (Upon which swinging there followed a noise like a harpist running fingers over strings, and an awakening with cool hand on forehead and sweet voice murmuring, 'Yes, he may pull round this time, but his face will be even worse than before.') As a brake it was as much use as the hole in a doughnut, but polished, and soldered to a darning needle, it made a very horsey tie-pin. A real man's brake was made to take its place. This is a veritable engineering triumph, comparable with, say, the Forth Bridge. Of course, comparisons are odious, and engineering knowledge has advanced a lot since the Forth Bridge was built. Still, it is quite a good bridge. The drum is eight and a quarter inches inside. This curious size was not fixed by the hilly nature of the country. It wasn't fixed in this country at all, as a matter of fact, but in Detroit, Mich. The shoes are off a Lizzie. And the drum! Aha! Here we have a job of work which would make the inside of a torpedo look like agricultural machinery.



"At full throttle there appeared to the onlooker the blurred outlines of a number of superimposed machines...One morning the manager arrived in the factory at the unprecedented hour of eight-thirty...a noise like a harpist running fingers over strings."

Following the practice of the very, very best firms, it is cut from a solid disc of carbon steel. The man who designed the disc intended it for a gear wheel, but a little legerdemain saved it from that fate. As there isn't enough room the drum is contoured to follow the spokes. How long the forks will stand this brute of a brake anyone interested can find from the obituary column of our local rag. Name is Smith. A new and rakish gear lever had been—er—acquired from another machine, but it lacked a knob. One must be got somehow. The baby next door had been seen

playing with an old type 'gummy' golf ball. Good! A few minutes play with the infant and the ickle white ball—and voila! a new knob on the gear lever. Of course the little darling howled a bit. They all do, but considerable practice in taking silver rattles from them teaches one how to handle these human fog-horns. Procure from small candy store piece of that confection generally known as stickjaw toffee. Keep in pocket till slightly soft. Press down on child's lower jaw with right hand, hold toffee in its mouth with left hand, press lower jaw smartly upwards till the gums or milk teeth are firmly embedded. Save for a slight gurgling, this will keep the most klaxon-throated brat quiet for the best part of an hour. (Note—Putty or used chewing-gum are next to useless for the purpose, and soap makes too much froth.) A large duralumin tube which once formed part of one of HM Rigid Airships, and for which some poor Air Ministry official is probably still looking, surrounds the tail pipe, but is left open at both ends. And the note! How shall I describe that wonderful gobbling noise?



“Save for a slight gurgling, this will keep the most klaxon-throated brat quiet for the best part of an hour...She can't always have her big, strong boy there to start it for her.”

The scarce-heard boom of the surf in the cool depths of some rocky cavern? The muffled bass of some great cathedral organ? Bah! Banal! Hand me my lyre, warder (No, no, not that little one; this is a theme for a big lyre). The legshields, after ABC, are mounted on large diameter tubes so that they will act as skids if the forks give way through the powerful brake (sorry mentioning it again, but I really can't get over it). Perhaps not neat, they permit riding in evening dress on a muddy day. (Why anyone should want to do doesn't matter. Every, knows it is the standard of mudguarding.) Now about tickle-starting. The machine is used by a lovely girl, lissom as a willow wand, dainty as thistle-down, eyes like—oh boy! The wedding's next month. However, her fiercest kick, I'm glad to say, wouldn't start a grandfather clock, never mind a gummy seven-fifty twin. And she can't always have her big, strong boy there to start it for her (blush, blush). This problem was given the brain. Starting depends chiefly on two factors, carburation and ignition. Carburation was dealt with by fitting an air-strangler shutter on the intake; all induction joints taped; new inlet valves and guides; and, to preserve a good fit the guides were enclosed in telescopic covers with a hole drilled into the timing case to keep said covers filled with oily vapour. Unless the engine can be turned over without lifting the exhaust valves, suction at the

jet is bound to be weak and an explosive mixture in the cylinders chancy. Dope taps are therefore fitted, which puts the petrol 'on the spot' for shooting. From various odd bits of tin and old wireless gear a piece of electrical apparatus was evolved which, driven from the end of the magneto, distributes current to the two old trembler coils, and thence to separate sparking plugs. With the aid of these additions this dainty little bit of fluff—Oh, when she smiles! Gee boy! it's just like...well, anyway, all she has to do is stand on the kick-starter till the engine goes over compression when it starts first pop. A small neon tube from a sixpenny plug tester mounted in the coil box lid gives: warning when the battery ignition is in use. To-day the incredibly lovely—This serenade most now cease.—Ed.”

TA



“JH Carr (Brough Superior-JAP), the winner of the 50- and 100-mile Welsh Speed Championships, held on Pendine Sands. (Right) Something to be proud of: members of the Pitsmoor & DMCC who won the Barnsley Challenge Shield—the team award—and four silver cups in the first South Yorkshire Group Trial.”

“MANY YEARS AGO,” Ixion recalled, “I published on this page a yarn calculated to set some of our readers raving, namely the lads who have no machines and are saving up penuriously. I do not even know whether it was originally true, but as it was amusing I chanced the facts. About four times a year I receive a cachinnating letter in which the yarn is embedded by some delighted correspondent. And I’m now frankly puzzled. I really do not know whether history is perpetually repeating itself in this, as in other respects, and whether all the yarns are true; or whether the yearning minds of bus-less enthusiasts fasten on the old yam whenever it pops up, and their envy and covetousness bite so deep that they cherish it anew. Anyhow, here is the skeleton of the yarn: Jake was waiting for a train, and filled in the gap by wandering into an auction room, where he saw a moderately presentable motor bike put up for sale. The bidding started at 30s and began to languish at £5, so he snapped out the one word ‘Guineas!’ and the hammer fell. Jake paid over the cash, and rode the bike away. A week later he received an irate letter from the fellow with the klaxon voice, threatening that if he failed to remove his other four motor bikes within three days they would be sold to defray expenses. The incredulous Jake removes them pronto, and sells them individually at large profits, so obtaining a bike for nothing, with upkeep money thrown in. I wonder if this ever really happened? But I am quite sure I shall hear the yarn duplicated at least four times a year till I qualify for my wings, harp and crown.”  
*[I’ve heard a variation of this from a chap who claimed to have bought an ex-WD Bedford 3½-tonner in an auction soon after the end of the last war, and found it was full of Norton 16H DR bikes and parts. Nice work if you can get it—Ed].*





L-R: "In the 'bun and bang' race at the Carshalton MCC motor sports gala, each competitor had to eat a bun and then blow up a balloon until it burst. Eve takes the bun in the obstacle race during the annual gymkhana held by the Queensferry Club. The side-saddle pillion becomes popular, but only during the musical chairs event at a Yorkshire gymkhana."



"King for a day. 'King Vortigern of Britain and a man-at-arms arrive at Walmer Castle, near Deal, for a dress rehearsal of a pageant-play."

"HE LET GO of the handlebars, started to pull on his gloves, and smiled.' was the evidence against a motor cyclist at Oldham."

“NEARLY 7,000 MOTOR CYCLISTS visited Blackpool during the August week-end; this is an increase of 1,700 on last year’s figures.”

“JAPAN IS TO HAVE its ‘Road Traffic Act’, intended to secure uniform motor legislation all over the country. The raising of the speed limit of 25mph is one of the main points of the revision.”

“A TRAFFIC ‘ROBOT’ has been erected at Nolton Corner, Bridgend, one of the most dangerous traffic centres in South Wales. Underneath the light there is a green arrow indicating that traffic is always allowed to pass from Nolton Street into Caroline Street. Even when the red light appears the arrow is still showing, and many motorists seeing it for the first time have been considerably puzzled as to its meaning.”



This purports to be a rocket-powered scooter but with no sign of a fuel tank it looks more like a smoke projector—and it clearly isn’t moving...

“IF YOU SHOULD EVER tour in America you may see notices on garages reading ‘Flats fixed’; in English underworld slang this would mean ‘Policemen bribed’; in America it merely means ‘Punctures mended’.”

“A NEW BLACK RUBBER COAT which incorporates a number of novel and very useful features is being introduced by the makers of ‘Stormgard’. Known as the ‘Tanker’ coat, this new garment has a Zip fastener front, while the front overlap has a press-stud fastening. The coat derives its name from a special wide flap at the front which will cover the tank and thus prevent water running down on to the rider. A tab at the rear pulls the coat between the legs and fastens at the front, while elastic leg straps enable the tank cover to be kept in position. A breast pocket is also provided with a Zip fastener, and the inside of the collar is lined with black material, thus making

dirty rubber marks on the face and neck impossible. The price of the coat will be 45s. In addition, two excellent features are being added to the existing 'Stormgard' waterproof twill coats. One is the "'Tummipad', which snap-fastens round the waist, and, after being drawn between the legs, buttons on to the inside of the coat at the back; the 'Tummipad' is lined, which makes it warm and comfortable, and it should solve the problem of keeping out the rain where the coat is parted over the rain. Another common-sense feature is the 'storm scarf', a detachable collar with a wool muffler which snap-fastens closely yet comfortably round the neck. The prices of these coats are: Model 202, 55s; Model 204, with detachable fleecy lining, etc, 62s 6d. 'Stormgard' coats are made by A Whyman, Wharf Street Clothing Factory, Leeds.



"The Stormgard 'Tanker', showing how the tank-top is covered. (Right) The latest 'Stormgard', with the detachable 'storm-scarf'."

"HUNDREDS OF MOTORISTS on the main Birkenhead-Chester road were held up recently by melted fat which ran over the road when a ten-wheeled lorry carrying 60 sides of beef caught fire."

"THAT BROOKLANDS LOOK. 'Camouflage racing locknut hub caps which can be fitted to ordinary hubs are an accessory recently introduced in the car world. A reader remarks that this suggests ideas for motor cycles. For instance, he says, why not dummy exhaust pipes to 'convert' single-port models to the two-port type?"

"NEWS CONCERNING THE 'HUSH-HUSH' 500cc racing Guzzi is at last assuming a more definite form (writes The Motor Cycle Italian correspondent), and it is now known that it has been out for its trial runs during the last few days, and that they are still in progress. It is reliably reported, too, that some amazing speeds can be expected. The 500cc engine is a four-in-line with their four heads lying forward and primary chain transmission. Though the overall width is rather great the machine is not clumsy. It is doubtful if the new model will be ready in time to race at Monza this year, but it will take part in international events next year. [The dohc four ,



developed to take on the blown four-pot CNA (that evolved into the Gilera Rondine) featured a Cozette supercharger and developed 45hp @ 8,000rpm but had to make do with a three-speed/hand-change transmission.] Another Guzzi novelty, this time a touring mount, is in store. It has a 500cc three-cylinder engine with the cylinders arranged fan-wise and lying horizontally. The heads will be in front, and the open formation is, of course, to facilitate cooling. It is undergoing bench tests at the moment, and great things are predicted for it.”



The blown dohc transverse-four Guzzi was a response to the CNA that would evolve into the Gilera Rondine.

“THE CAMPERS WHO DISCOURSE in our pages do not seem familiar with the gadget which ensures my slumbers whenever a tent is my roof,” Ixion remarked. “They are tough fellows, who talk glibly of digging a little hole in the earth under your hip with a clasp-knife, and dreaming non-stop of Esmeralda for ten hours. It may be true at their age, but it isn’t at mine. Reader, do you ever turn over in bed? Then you will turn over in camp. And when you turn over your hip will miss the little hole. I implore you to eschew those little holes. In lieu thereof you can buy at any camp stores a half-mattress. It sounds bulky, but it isn’t. The cheapest type is made of thin fabric stuffed with kapok in wares like corrugated cardboard; the costlier samples are pneumatic. “

MOTOR CYCLE NOISE has been an issue for as long as there have been motor cycles. Ixion, as always, got to the heart of the issue: “I have recently been meditating about the public attitude to noise in the light of three experiences: (1) I tried to sleep in a house over which squadrons of RAF bombers approached London during the last aerial manoeuvres; (2) I stayed in an hotel built close up against a railway; (3) I was at a tennis party when we were all deafened by a most colossal uproar which puzzled everybody until the Graf Zeppelin suddenly shoved its nose over the house, about 200ft up. Nobody uttered the faintest complaint about any of these noises, though the same company always assault me on the topic of noisy motor cycles. Last year I stayed in a house near an ancient church which possessed a peal of eight bells; and one summer afternoon its ringers perpetrated a peal of what, I believe, are called ‘Stedman triples’, and took some three hours to complete their permutations and combinations. The padre was almost lynched by his irate neighbours. I gather that in this country one can make any amount of

noise, provided one does not belong to an obscure minority. As Birrell said, 'Minorities must suffer: it is the badge of their tribe'."

FOR THE FIRST TIME the International Six Days Trial was held in Italy. Riders were required to average 30mph over 1,183 miles of Alpine tracks, finishing with high-speed tests at Monza. The Italians rose to the occasion by winning the International Trophy. Miro Maffels and Luigi Gilera on Gilera 500s and Rosolino Grana on a 600cc Gilera combo finished without a single penalty point to their names. The Germans were runners up with six points; the Brits finished third with 600 ahead of France on 803. The International Silver Vase went to the Netherlands with another clean sheet. The Italian Vase B-team also scored a perfect zero, but were pipped at the post in the tie-breaking final speed test. Germany finished third with 35 points followed by the Dutch B-team (94), the British B and A-teams (200 and 500 respectively), Italy A (641), Czechoslovakia (662) and France (803). Of 88 starters 42 riders won gold medals; 12 silver and six bronze. Five were awarded certificates, two finished with no award and 21 retired. But while Italian and Dutch riders took top honours, British bikes still ruled the roost—the FICM Gold Medal Manufacturers' Teams Prize was a tie between Rudge and Triumph. The victorious Dutch Vase team rode Ridges and, as the Blue 'Un reported: "At the concluding test on Monza Speedway the chief glory rested with the Italian team, Onessi, Berardi and Marin, riding British Triumphs. Not one had dropped a single mark all the week. They circled Monza in line abreast, two yards apart, as if attempting the perfect dirt track start." Six women rode in the trial, finishing with two golds, a silver and a bronze. It all sounds pretty straightforward, until you turn to the *Western Daily Press*, where the purple prose flowed like Italian wine...

# MANY RIDERS COME TO GRIEF IN HAZARDOUS TRIAL.

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Trail of Blood Over the  
Dolomites.

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## HAIR-RAISING ESCAPES.

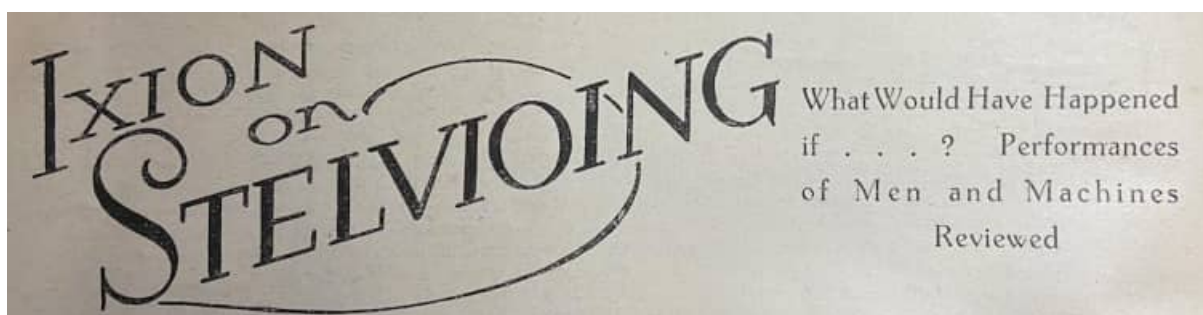
“BRITISH MEN AND WOMEN riders are among the motor cyclists of many nations who are daily risking their lives in the hazardous trial...On the treacherous snow-covered boulder-strewn passes many riders have already come to grief, and others have had amazing escapes on brinks of precipices. ‘Tilting at windmills by knights in armour,’ say the villagers of the Dolomites, was sensible and rational, compared to the strange conduct of motor cyclists—men and women—who are charging about knocking bits off the mountains here this week. It is the week of the International six days’ trial, but the mountains are giving as good as they get, and there has been more than one trail of blood leading over treacherous snow-covered, boulder-strewn passes like the famous Stelvio, the highest mountain road in Europe. The Stelvio is 9,042ft above sea-level at its highest point. This race ought to be for the Victoria Cross of motor cycling. Every day there are half a dozen acts of bravery performed by the riders, and the British teams, both men and women, would be hard to beat for their intrepidity and sustained courage...After the popping of his tyre when he was on a road bristling with boulders and with such snake-line twists that it threatened to overturn him at any moment, Welch, of the British International Vase team, rode on with set teeth, his tyreless wheel bumping along perilously. But a sinister twist of track beat him and he crashed into the mountain side, bleeding and almost unconscious. Coming up behind him was Bradley, another member of the team. He stopped, realising that the loss of a mark was better than the loss of a life, and he and his passenger lifted Welch, whose arm was also badly injured, into their sidecar. Walsh was bleeding so copiously that his head had to be held up to check the bleeding as the ‘Good Samaritan’ wound its way down the mountain to a hotel, where Welch was placed in the care of a surgeon...Poupenell, captain of the French team, with his passenger and the machine and sidecar, were hurled 40 feet, and were lucky to stop before finding the bottom of the precipice. Both men were injured, but they were lucky to escape with their lives. JW Mortimer only escaped serious injury, and probably saved his life, when, finding himself in a headlong run for precipice, he threw himself off his machine to the rough ground on the edge of the Pass. The ordeal of trying to keep to schedule knocked 16 riders out on the first day, and many of those now left are so nervously exhausted that it is impossible for them to keep to schedule. The British women in these conditions are real Boadiceas. The village cynics call them lunatics, but they have endeared themselves to the villagers generally as heroines and their fame goes on before them, so that when they arrive in villages or towns the roads are lined with people, all hailing there with cheers and gifts...Miss Edith Foley has been dubbed ‘The Little Miss because she conquers all difficulties with such jaunty skill as to be almost contemptuous of her safety. Miss Chris Herbert is the only one to have lost marks early in the trial, The German. Henne, who held the world’s speed record before JS Wright won it for England, is making a break-neck race of it. He usually clocks in 20 minutes ahead of everyone else, and now he has done it and kept a whole skin at the same time is a marvel to all motor-cyclists.”





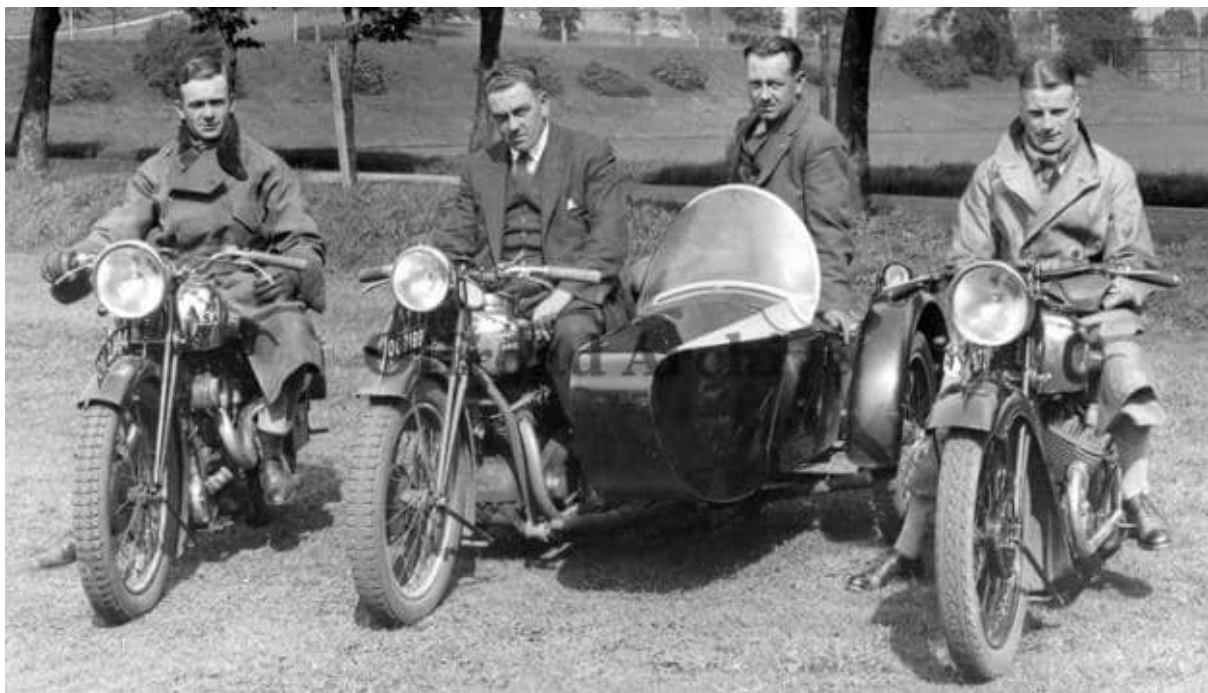
The victorious Italian Trophy Team: Miro Maffels (500cc Gilera), Rosolino Grana (500cc Gilera) AND Luigi Gilera 600cc Gilera outfit.

“FOLLOWING THE NEW LAKE GARDA tunnel road, some British officials found a locked pole across the road, which is not yet open to the public and the foreman refused to let them pass. Motoring in Italy is usually possible with a minimum of three phrases, namely: Diretti? (Straight on?) Distra? (Right?) Sinistri? (Left?). None of these served to shunt the pole. At last a tactful Briton produced three bottles of beer from the sternsheets of the car, and up flew the pole instantaneously. Beer, after all, is the universal language!” That was Ixion, of course. When he sat down to review the British teams’ performance the great man was less jovial but oh so perceptive.



“THIS ‘INTERNATIONAL’ BUSINESS would be quite amusing if one was a dispassionate Eskimo and had no strong feelings about the victors, one way or the other. England and Germany, experts at the rugged road game, both glibly assume that their teams will score 100% in the preliminary 1,000 odd and concentrate on the bonus marks to be earned by extra speed on the track. We put in three super-tuned engines in roadster frames; and even then don’t go the whole hog, for our sidecar was only a 500. So when another machine butts into its tail, and it has to scrap to make up the resultant loss of time, a key goes. Germany’s entry was presumably affected by trade politics, since their 350cc Zündapp could never have lived with the two 90mph

BMW buses, and would almost certainly have let them down in the speed test if England and Germany had reached Monza with clean sheets. I fancy, too, that Germany must have better men than the Zündapp rider, von Krohn, who hardly impressed our boys as a Rowley or a Perrigo. Anyhow, the Zündapp blotted Germany's clean sheet, and so Italy, whose men would have had no earthly chance of track bonus marks, was the sole Trophy team to reach Monza with full marks, and scooped the Trophy with never a kilometre of the Brooklands business to worry them. In the Vase competition we were partly foolish and partly unlucky. Bradley is probably our finest sidecar stunt-merchant, and ought, I think, to have driven the Trophy sidecar outfit. But in my judgment it was idiotic to handicap a Vase team with a sidecar when the rules required no sidecars; for over any Alpine course the betting is 100 to 1 against any sidecar which is pitted against solos ridden by really first-class men, of whom we have enough and to spare. Our misfortune in the Vase was Lewis Welch's crash; and even that was partly folly. We all knew in advance that tyres are the Achilles' heel of an Alpine trial. The Alpine roads are almost paved with hobnails. It is true that a Dunlop fort cover has an extra layer of canvas, but there is no limit to the length of a hobnail, and an extra layer of canvas won't stop a super-size in hobnails. Some motor cycles have quickly detachable wheels; have the ACU ever heard of them? Not to make invidious mention of British makes, the Gilera has such a wheel—I saw Miss Edyth Foley hoik her back wheel out at Monza in sixty seconds. If our team representatives had been given such wheels they could have inserted a new tube in no more time than it takes to inflate a slow puncture; and Welch would not have been forced to inflate and scrap, inflate and scrap as he was actually forced. Bad staff-work, coupled with the inevitable spot of ill-luck, explains Britain's three-barrelled failure. Italy gambled on Germany and Britain being let down by thinking too much in terms of Brooklands; and, glorious as the Gilera achievement was, I don't think the Gilera would have been on the map if German trade politics had allowed their team to consist of three BMW machines with another Henne or Mauermayer in the saddle. Not that Henne wasn't lucky. He is a magnificent speedster, but he rode very foolishly. Rowley or Perrigo could have led the field through-out, and arrived half an hour early at the easier checks if they had



The British Trophy Team (L to R): Bert Perrigo (BSA Sloper), Harry Perrey and Passenger, Eric Pearson, with the Ariel Square Four outfit and George Rowley (496cc AJS transverse twin).

wished to do so. But they had more sense. The first essential is to finish; and one gains nothing except the grins of the groundlings by scrapping all the week. Everybody was commenting on the superior reliability of those British machines which were handled by foreigners. That opinion needed analysing. Eleven Britons on British machine earned golds; three Britons on British machines earned silvers; one Briton on a British bike got a bronze; two Britons on British machines got certificates; and eight British-mounted Britons retired. Foreigners riding our machines won 8 golds, 1 silver, 4 bronzes, and 1 certificate; and three of them retired. There is not enough contrast in these figures to suggest that the foreigners used standard engines and secured reliability, while the British (as has been hinted) relied on TT engines and sacrificed reliability. The figures are merely inconclusive. The one technical defect which was unmistakably pilloried by the International was the inadequacy of brakes. British brakes are plenty good enough for British roads. They are not good enough for a week of 'stelvioing', as somebody called it. A man is set to average 20mph over 30 miles of road which consists of a succession of really fierce corners all located on really fierce gradients—half up, and half down. He can do it if he escapes trouble. But as a safeguard against a tyre stop, or because he has a tyre stop, or because he is afraid an even stickier section awaits him farther on, he decides to take the 30 miles at 30mph or as near as he can get to that average. He rides the section in a series of short sprints, braking hard at each corner. Even if he does not take a toss and damage his brake-gear (few escaped such a fate for the whole six days), he bumps into brake-shoe trouble through wear. Most of our men were heard to say: 'TT brakes for me next year!' If that means anything, it means that all British machines should have TT brakes as standard, since all British machines are built with an eye to export, and the extra cost is slight, and the home user won't grumble if he is given better brakes. This same criticism means that brake gear is still far too vulnerable in the event of a mild spill. Many rear brakes on machines of all nationalities were temporarily out of action from this cause, plus a percentage of front brakes. The footrest casualties were again enormous. The Gileras had tubular stays leading from the base of the front down tube to the outer tip of the footrest; I was not wholly convinced of their complete merit, but they seemed to act as skids on which the bus could sledge sideways in a mild tumble, and so protected vital controls, such as brake-pedals and clutch-operating mechanisms. I doubt the wisdom of the 'no lunch stop' policy, initiated by M Printamp in the Grenoble trial of 1930, and repeated this year. In theory, the troops get food off roadside buffets outside the cheek. In actual practice, the riders who most need food (eg those who strike trouble, and run late) get none at all. It is more difficult to speak of the schedule speed. Some of the men managed to have time to spare at almost every check, in addition to replenishing, and eating, and even taking a few photographs. Others complained bitterly that the speeds were dangerous throughout. Certainly almost everybody whom I saw tried to rev up to 60 whenever the road allowed. I think the truth is that (a) the speed would have been enormously dangerous if the police had not cleared the riders' path on corners so marvellously, and (b) that the speed was intensely dangerous whenever a man lost time and had to exceed the set speed to regain it, but after all men can hardly grouse about the speed when three women scored full marks. Some people say that the culminating speed test on the track, with its bonus marks, is a blunder and encourages the pneumatic-drill type of engine. There is an element of fact in the contention. But the final speed test is really a 'condition' test, and, as such, far more efficient than any judges' scrutiny. Personally, I thought the planning of the trial was as sound as the Italian organisation, which was really wonderful. The staff concerned certainly deserve full marks. Except for a wee spot of muddle and delay at Monza, for which the cyclone provided ample justification, never a cog slipped from start to finish. Moreover, the inter-national atmosphere was really amicable. Incidentally, please notice how well the four-cylinders did.



Collier's Matchless could hardly be blamed for succumbing right at the end to a storm which was really an inundation. There were four Square Four Ariels, and three of them secured awards, the one victim pegging out on the track; and none of them was ridden by men of reputation. Finally, surely the girls have earned the right to be allotted a Vase team in 1932?



“THE STELVIOISTS. A commentary on the Performances of the Winners and the British Competitors. **THE TROPHY WINNERS. L Gilera, M Maffei** and **R Grana**, on Gilera machines—Gilera on a 600cc sidecar and the other two on 500cc solos. In the absence of short observed hills it was not possible to watch individual riding in much detail. None of the Italian trio was ever seen in trouble. In the depots they were cool and efficient. On the road they took no risks, and the sidecar was magnificently handled. The ‘one-make’ team is a real asset, combining works enthusiasm with patriotic fervour. They used simple, solid machines, gambling on 100% road marks, and trusting their rivals to think too much of speed at Monza. A sound policy, executed with efficiency and blessed by fortune, which earned a deserved victory. They have now one the Trophy twice running, and will be hard to heat next year. **THE VASE WINNERS. Eysink, Bakker Schutt**, and **van Hamersveld**, mounted respectively on an Eysink-Python and Ruges, deserve enormous credit for this persevering victory after years of effort. Coming from a land of fens, they beat mountaineers aiming mountains—an amazing feat. Three cool-headed men like the Gilera trio, they concentrated on 100% road reliability and safe riding. They had the sense not to include a sidecar. None, of them was ever seen fussed or in trouble. On qlcky sections they used their heads and eschewed fireworks. A magnificent win. **INDIVIDUAL BRITISH RIDERS. AE Perrigo** (493cc BSA), gold medal: An ideal Trophy man.

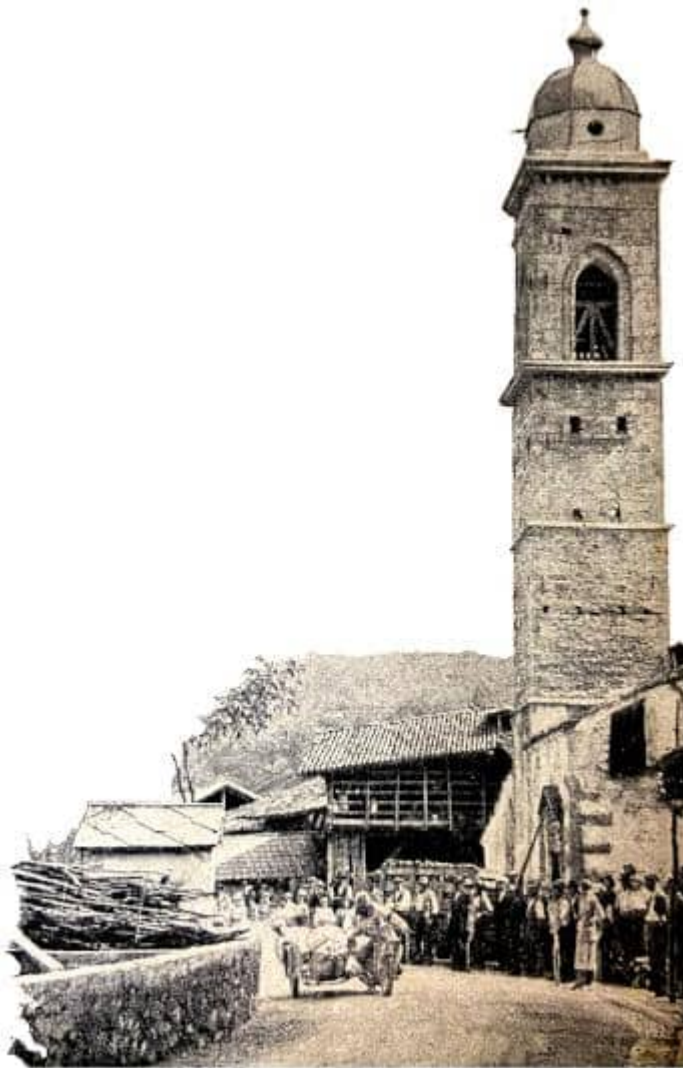
Cool as a fish; lightning at diagnosis when required; deft in roadside repairs; can scrap with the minimum of risk when scrapping is inevitable. **GE Rowley** (498cc AJS), gold medal: Another Perrigo. Possibly better than Perrigo in two emergencies, namely, when really high speed is momentarily demanded; or when the going is more than foul. Resolute, clear-headed, and fearless. I fancy Henne tried to coax both Rowley and Perrigo to scrap unnecessarily; he failed. **VN Brittain** (493cc Sunbeam), gold medal: Quiet, modest, and as fine a roadster as anybody in the world. Tough—can stand unlimited scrapping over the rough stuff. **FE Thacker** (497cc Ariel), gold medal: Another potential Trophy man. Apt to get a little excited in emergencies, but so do the best French and Italians, and his excitement doesn't impair his efficiency. A splendid rider. **Jack Williams** (499cc Rudge), gold medal: Very fast and very



Marjorie Cottle loads her Beeza 350 at King's Cross, en route for the ISDT: "A pocket Amazon. Looks frail, but must be made of steel wire." She came home with a gold medal.

cool, keeps the model up to snuff. Might be the best Trophy-mate for Rowley if the 1932 Trophy were settled by a track speed test against the Germans. **Miss Betty Lermite** (499cc Rudge), gold medal: Physically hardly equal to such a job as this, and only accomplished it by the pluck of a lioness. Better than most men. Held up a heavy bus at speed all the week round eternal corners and over incessant loose stuff, and crowned it by averaging over 50 on an unknown track when she ought to have been in a nursing home. **R Macgregor** (499cc Rudge), gold model: A dour Scot who trains for the job, and has a brain as cool as ice and as quick as lightning. Can hold the model up anywhere, and travel as fast as anybody. A fine teamster. Would never let a Trophy team down. **AJ Smith** (348cc Calthorpe), gold medal: Keeps in the background but does his stuff—look at his jaw and you'll guess what gets him through. Not yet as famous as he deserves to be. It will never be his fault if he drops a gold. **WT Tiffen** (348cc Velocette), gold medal: Getting old for this punishing job—a pioneer who rode the front-drive Werner when it was new. Stuck the hammering well, and made his brains atone for his years. A master of the craft. **T Robbins** (496cc New Hudson), gold medal: Rode brilliantly all the week, and performed a great physical feat on the sixth day, when, in spite of a heavy crash in the great storm, kept on time and struggled through the speed test when really unequal to starting his own engine. Should be very proud of his medal. **Miss Marjorie Cottle** (349cc BSA), gold medal: A pocket Amazon. Looks frail, but must be made of steel wire. Always cheery and smiling. Never seems to have any trouble, which means that she forestalls it. As neat as any man; absolutely fearless;

rides with her head; always just as fast as the occasion requires. One of the dozen first claimants for a place in the 1932 Trophy team, if it wasn't for the track speed test. **Miss Edyth Foley** (500cc Gilera), gold medal: Another tabloid lion cub, with a joke and a laugh for everybody at the end of a day's pounding. Brought her Italian machine through as if she'd been riding it for years. **CW Ramstedt** (246cc Cotton), silver medal: A private owner with a six-year-old frame, but a Brooklands engine. Would have had a gold but for a mistake in checking in too early. Was set the slow schedule for baby machines, but rode fast enough to qualify on the fast schedule. A first-class all-rounder. Worth a place in the teams. **JW Mortimer** (499cc P&M), silver medal: Doesn't look the build for the job, but only a particularly vicious



puncture on a tight section robbed him of his gold. Quiet, cool and expert, he rode splendidly. **HS Kershaw** (348cc Calthorpe), silver medal: Lost two marks through stopping to eat before the route had taught him there was no time for voluntary. pauses. Knows the game from A to Z, and finished splendidly. **LM Deville** (499cc P&M), bronze medal: Don't say 'tyres' to Deville! He'd have had an easy gold but for nails, and too many of them, and big ones at that. A cool, determined rider. **Miss Chris Herbert** (348cc Calthorpe), certificate: From one point of view registered the finest feat of the week. What with a crash and its aftermath, she rode most of this precipitous course almost brake-less. At mid-week you could spin her wheels with the brakes hard on. A most fearless person. **JJ Boyd-Harvey** (596cc Scott), certificate: 'Abandoned ship', as he humorously termed it, on the fifth day through a front-wheel bearing failure, but

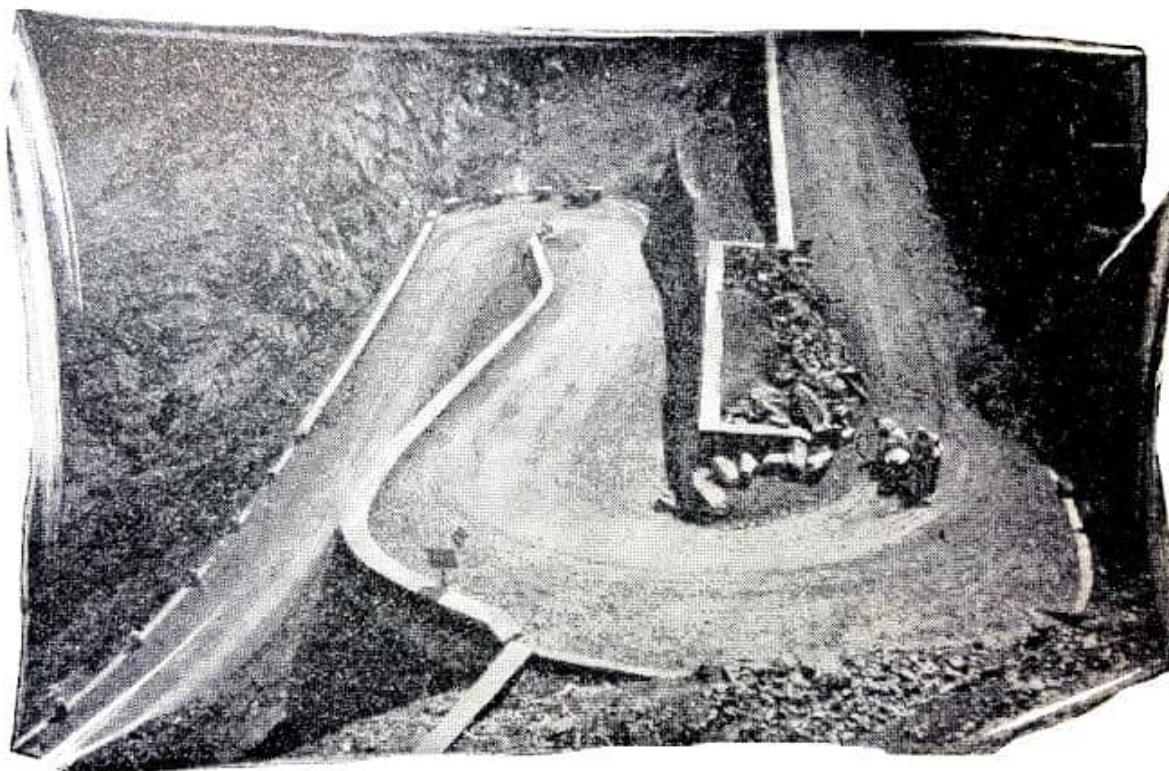


saved his gold for the moment. Abandoned ship more heavily next day from the same cause, but had the pluck to finish and face Monza in spite of it Another man you can't frighten. **HS Perrey** (499cc Ariel sc), retired: Everybody sympathises with our captain's deplorable luck. Perrey should have been in the team on a solo. He'd have walked home with his gold. **LA Welch** (488cc Royal Enfield), retired: Nail-catchers ; self-sealing tyre-fillers; puncture; crash. Every precaution taken in vain. A first-class man who was outed by sheer devilry of fortune. **NP Bradley** (599cc Sunbeam sc), retired: Fought a sea of troubles like the imperturbable expert that he is. Should be our Trophy sidecar man next year. **EH Littledale** (497cc Ariel), retired: Crashed two days before the trial, and ought never to have started. Experienced, plucky, and unlucky. **M Greenwood** (499cc New Imperial), retired: Another veteran, full of craft, and staggered by nothing. Had eight spokes go on the fifth day, and no spares to hand. Knew his wheel must collapse and rode on, hoping against hope till the inevitable happened. **HW Collier** (593cc four-cylinder Matchless), retired: The unluckiest man in the entry. Four kilometres to go, and a gold in his pocket. The rain came down like a solid wall of water, and six hours later the ignition still couldn't be coaxed to function. **GW Shepherd** (588cc Norton sc), retired: A conjugal holiday wrecked by playing Good Samaritan to a fallen Italian rider. Kept going for 150 miles after a crash which knocked him out. **W Clarke** (490cc Vincent-HRD), retired: An amateur enthusiast. Took a toss like almost everybody else, but was unlucky enough To break something which mattered—his clutch-lever fulcrum. Proceeded clutch-less; took more tosses, but kept on smiling. Can make a champion.



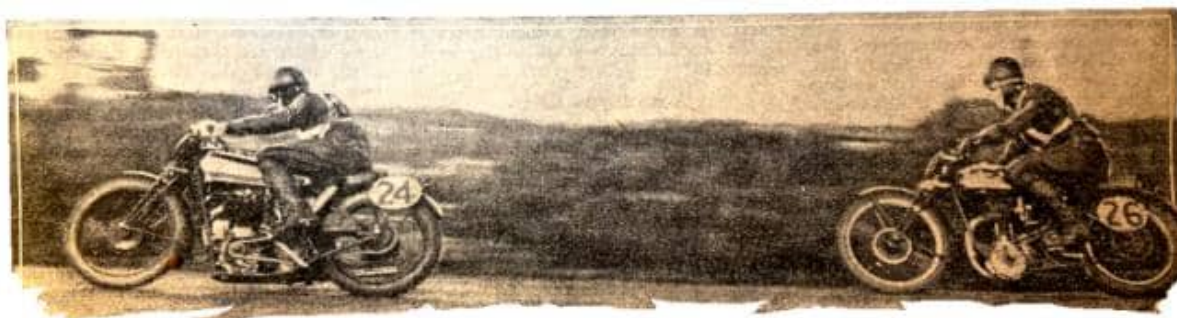
Ernst Henne: "a magnificent speedster, but he rode very foolishly."

"MISS LERMITTE AND THE COUNT. Several of the officials at the International were Counts of the Holy Roman Empire. As such, they wore tiny silver coronets in their buttonholes, and at the beginning of the week I treated them with colossal respect. As the trial wore on I discovered that they were quite human after all. For example, at Merano one night I called for Esso (a blue Italian version of Ethyl) at a garage, and outside it stood a very dusty count in overalls, surveying, in rather woebegone fashion, his BMW, which looked a little kinked at its front end and had grass growing on the front mudguard. 'Hello, Count. Been off?' I enquired rather foolishly. I've heard a good many excuses for spilling the model, but his was quite new. This is approximately what he said: 'Ach, my clear fellow, even so! I am riding down the Stelvio. There is a woosh past me. It is your divine Betty! Ach, what grace! Ach, what verve! Ach, what speed! Ada, bellissima! Adoring her, I fall off!'"



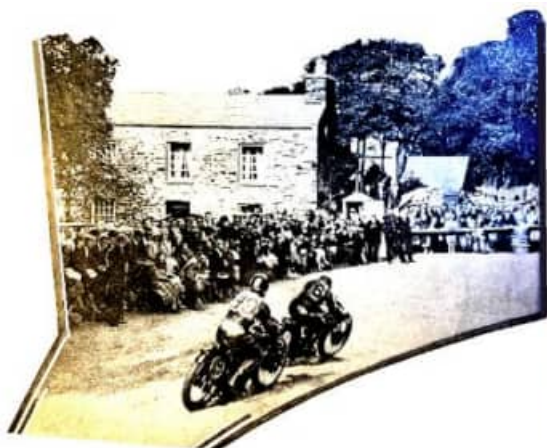
“The sidecarist’s nightmare. This photograph, taken on the Stelvio Pass, gives a vivid idea of the type of hairpin bend which ‘International’ competitors had constantly to negotiate. The sidecar is Mauermayer’s BMW.”

“UNDER CONDITIONS THAT WERE exceedingly trying due to heavy and patchy rain, JM Muir (490cc Norton) won the Senior Manx Grand Prix at a speed of 71.79mph, or rather more than 2mph faster than the corresponding speed of last year’s race. Muir, who is a Cambridge undergraduate, rode a race of supremely good judgment. He used his previous experience to advantage, and he was never pressed from the time he took the lead in the third lap to the end...he had a 10-minute advantage over the second man at the finish...Retirements throughout were heavy, and only 16 finished out of the 50 who started...Ten minutes in front of anyone else and an hour in front of some of the slower runners! There is exhilaration in following a dog-fight, but this unrelieved concentration on one man catches at the throat. Ramsey, Mountain, the Craig—the pointer follows him. They say blood is streaming down his face for the steering damper has knocked his mouth. Down through the rain he comes, water spuming from the wheels. Here he is! The stands rise to him. The cheers go up. Cheers that change to a gasp as the Norton, overbraked for the first time, slithers to the ground and Muir slithers along the wet tarmac. ‘He’s down! Oh! Is he hurt? Look! He’s getting up! He’s walking! Hooraaaaaagh!’



JH Carr (490cc Norton), who finished third, leads DJ Pirie (496cc Excelsior) round Windy corner.”

In comes Carr, unflurried, smiling and gently braking. He must wait for Courtney’s arrival to know his fate—second or third. H Hartley (Norton) starts out on his last lap after two men have finished!...full marks have to be given to Stranger, who piloted his AJS into fourth place, the fastest 350. A stout show for a newcomer. It has been a gruelling race. The scoreboard tells the tale. A wilderness of blank space with here and there the oasis of a thin trickle of figures telling the story of someone’s achievement. Yet though it has ben slightly ‘flat’, it has somehow seemed desperate, and out of its desperation emerge Muir and his Norton, gloriously triumphant...In spite of the gruelling conditions he finished little the worse either for the race itself or his spectacular parting from the model after crossing the line. He did not enjoy trying to bite the steering damper, admitted that he did the wrong thing in trying to remove the scenery at Signpost on the last lap, and found the rain trying, especially when he got a bee on one google-glass and a blob of oil on the other.” **Results:** 1, JM Muir (490cc Norton), Cambridge University MCC; 2, LR Courtney (499cc Rudge), N London and Crewe MCCs; 3, JH Carr (490cc Norton), Southport MCC; 4, H Hartley (499cc Rudge), Grantham and Crewe MCCs; 5, WL Stranger (348cc AJS), Uxbridge and Manx MCCs; 6, RG Williamson (499cc Rudge) Fodens and Crewe MCCs.



LR Courtney (Rudge), who finished second, corners at Ballacraigne in close company with RM Campbell (Norton). (Right) JM Muir (Norton), the winner, leaps Ballig Bridge.”

“FOR THE SECOND YEAR IN SUCCESSION DJ Pirie has won the Junior Manx Grand Prix. Thus history repeats itself, for when the Amateur Race was instituted in 1923 the winner that year was also the winner in 1924; then, in the Grand Prix which last year replaced the ‘Amateur’, Pirie was the first Junior winner, and last week he repeated the performance. His win was a great personal success, for in the late stages of practising he. crashed and, apart from his personal injuries, his Velocette machine was damaged. Friends rallied round, the machine was put right by continuous labour until almost the hour of starting, and the rider himself was able to pass.



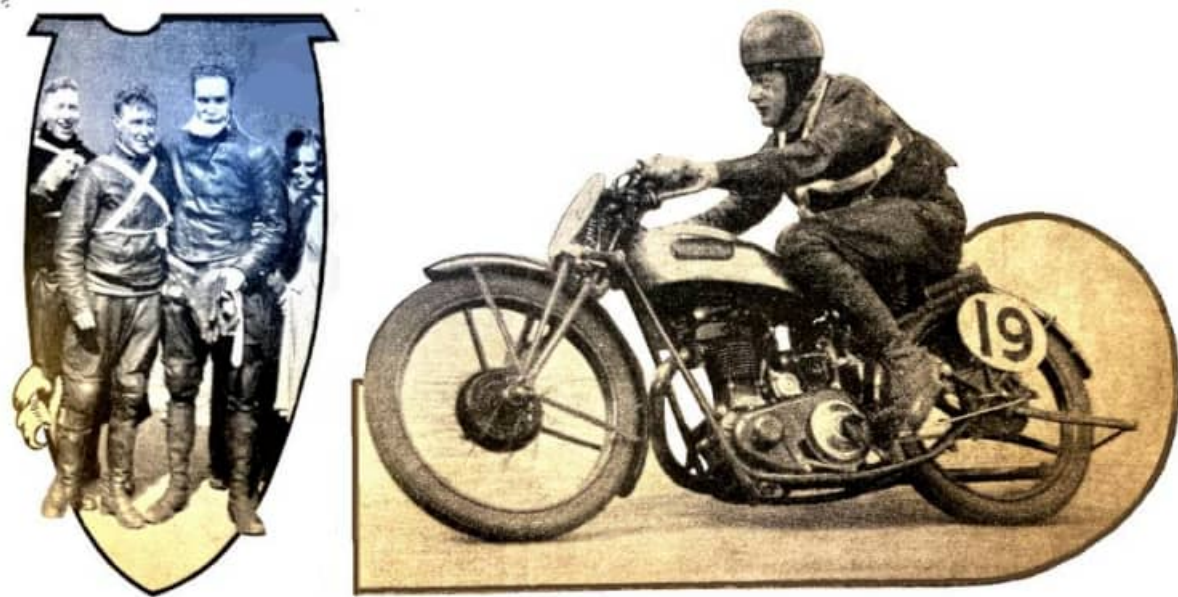
the doctor on the day before the race. But Pirie was not a really fit man in the sense that a man should be fit ; yet he drove himself, not less than the machine, to a wonderful victory, comfortably ahead of the field; and he collapsed as soon as he brought the motor to rest over the finishing line. The runner-up was JH Carr (346cc New Imperial), who rode with great determination; his machine had not quite enough speed to catch the winner, but it had reliability, and he used the combination to the full, thereby enhancing a reputation that has chiefly been acquired on the sand. In spite of the hot pace, there were 10 riders who qualified for replicas out of the 14 who finished. Among the heavy list of retirements there was no withdrawal due to a serious accident; minor crashes and mechanical troubles were about equally divided in causing them...Soon the yellow discs dropped on the scoreboard, indicating that Muir and Adcock (Raleigh) had reached Governor's Bridge. But neither



When *The Motor Cycle* reported that Pirie collapsed after winning the Manx Junior, they meant it literally (although this dramatic image was captured by a *Motorcycling* smudger).

came through to the start. again. Munk's (Velocette) indicator dropped and he came through at speed, closely followed by Pirie. What had happened to Muir and Adcock? What had happened to Harding? Then the 'phone message came through. Muir's gear box had smashed up. Adcock had hit the wall and broken a chain. Then a tale of misfortune filtered through about the Manx 'hope'. He had lost a couple of minutes with adjustments at Bray, and was touring the course—what an anti-climax for the star of the practising! News from the telephones came thick and fast. Kirby (Montgomery) had crashed at Ballacraine and buckled a wheel. Clay (Velocette) had been off in the Square at Ramsey, and Fletcher (Sunbeam) had had another stop at the same place. Stranger (AJS) had skidded at the Gooseneck and had bent footrests and gear control, and was proceeding on one gear. Wills (Rudge) was touring with a dud magneto..."JH Carr (New Imperial) was riding doggedly and well; beautifully, in fact, though he had not Pirie's speed. Yet it seemed that the race must now be between these two. Morris Cann (Velocette), the Syston entry, skidded a complete circle at Quarter Bridge, but carried on. Wheller (Dot) was at rest on

the Gooseneck with a dead engine, Stewart (Rudge) was at Hillberry with a broken chain. Hill (Levis) retired on Bray Hill with plug trouble, Harris (Norton) came off at Quarter Bridge, and at the same place White (Velocette) hit the kerb and was removed with slight concussion. Just after Pirie completed his fourth lap Lea rode through the start like a man possessed, a full lap behind. Then Cook (Velocette) rode in, passed his pit in spite of the frantic waves of his attendant, and turned into the paddock. Clay was reported out at Ballaugh with his engine finished. Fifteen men were definitely retired in two hours, and several others were 'missing'. It was a hectic lap, with Pirie in a comfortable lead, Carr riding hard, and Hartley, as he passed the stands, lifting a cheerful thumb to his pit attendant...Pirie won! He won comfortably, and, having won, he brought his machine to rest and collapsed. He was carried into the tent looking very ill indeed, but he had ridden a fine race that was a personal triumph in every sense.



“DJ Pirie (348cc Velocette), the winner, smiles through his bandages. With him is JH Carr (346cc New Imperial), who finished second at 67.95mph. (Right) An impression of Carr cornering at speed. He is riding without goggles.”

That he won by over four minutes and so robbed the closing scenes of any tensely fought-out finish does not matter. Carr was a good second in that he rode with complete judgment. Many a man so near success would have forced himself or the machine over their combined limits of safety. He did not do so, and by virtue of that restraint was second. Much the same applies to Hartley and Widdall and the others who made up the fourteen finishers, of whom 10 exceeded the winner's time by less than one-tenth, thereby gaining the coveted Manx GP replicas. The race had been won at a higher speed than the previous year's Senior Race, and the winner had beaten his own winning speed in last year's Junior Race by nearly 8mph...DJ Pirie, who won the Junior Race last year, is now 24 years old. He also rode in the 1929 Junior and Senior Amateur Races. He is an architect and surveyor by profession, and resides at Southgate, in the north of London. After winning, he was 'all in', for he had started when still feeling the effects of his practice crash, apart from the strenuous work of getting his machine back again into running order. He knew he was leading after the first two laps, but was obsessed by the idea that he was being chased, and his first words on coming round after he was carried in were, 'Has he passed me?' But he quickly recovered, and was full of praise for the help of his friends who worked so hard to put his machine straight after the practice smash.” Of 41 starters only 14 stayed the course. **Results:** 1, DJ Pirie (348 cc Velocette), Southgate MCC; 2, JH Carr (346cc New Imperial),



Southport MCC; 3, H Hartley (349cc Rudge), Grantham MCC; 4, H Widdall (349cc Rudge), Oldham MCC; 5, JA McL Leslie (349cc Rudge); Edinburgh MCC; 6, R Harris (348cc Norton), Crewe MCC.

“AMONG SOME MANX GRAND PRIX riders charged at Douglas with having insufficient silencers was DJ Pirie, the Junior race winner; the stipendiary magistrate took the opportunity of congratulating him on his plucky performance—and then fined him £2!”

“THERE HAS BEEN a heavy decline in the export of motor cycles from Belgium for January-June showing a total of only 2,336 machines as contrasted with 5,503 in the corresponding half of 1930—a drop of nearly 58%. Although France remains the best customer for Belgian machines shipments have declined from 1,983 to 462; to Sweden they from 458 to 217; to Switzerland 347 to 200; Austria 377 to 111; Poland 227 to 99; the Belgian Congo 154 to 97; Germany 360 to 60; and Spain, from 183 to only 2 machines.”



“Members of the Ogmores Vale Motor Cycle Turing Club snapped during a recent tour of Stratford-on-Avon.”

“AT MONTLHERY ON AUGUST 24TH a 98cc motopedale, in the hands of the Continental rider Rapeau, broke [a series of] long-distance records in Class 3 (solos up to 100cc) [including]: 50km, 54.63mph (up from 48.57mph); 100 miles 49.62mph (46.91mph); 200 miles, 46.23mph (new record); four hours, 47.02mph (35.68mph). The records were previously held by the Misses JE and TR Archer (98cc Atom-JAP), who made them at Brooklands on October 29th 1930.”

“BRITISH MACHINES WERE SUCCESSFUL in a recent road race held near Riga, Latvia. The event was rather picturesquely termed ‘the 100 kilometres paved high road championship’...500cc Solo,: 1, J Krause (490cc AJW); 2, Apschneek (493cc BSA). The winner’s speed of 68.09mph constitutes a record for Latvia. 350cc Solo: 1, A Weiss (349cc Rudge), 54.6mph; 2, A Treiburg (346cc AJW). Sidecar: A Kasak (986cc BSA), 44.66mph; 2, A Losberg (493cc BSA).”

“TO-NIGHT (THURSDAY) THE RAC will hold a demonstration of anti-dazzle devices on Midsummer Common, Cambridge, beginning at 8.15pm. The demonstration is being held in connection with the International Illumination Congress, and will be attended by delegates to the Congress, representatives of the Ministry of Transport, the National Physical Laboratory, Chief Constables and other interested parties. In all, 85 entries, among them a Panther with twin headlamps, have been received. The vehicles on which the various headlamps will be fitted will first be parked in line to enable those present to examine the method of operation and value of each device. At approximately 9pm they will be driven in single file over a selected course so



as to bring them head-on to the spectators, and the devices will then be operated with the vehicles moving.”



The twin-headlight Panther was among a display of 85 ‘anti-dazzle’ devices.

“OTHER TIMES, OTHER MANNERS. Difficulties in the way of organising cross-country scrambles in these days resulted in a somewhat drastic change in the arrangement of the Yorkshire Centre’s great Scott Trial, and for the first time the event was run over two circuits and kept within a comparatively small area in Wharfedale and Washburndale. To some extent, in consequence, the event lost its old character. It lacked that spirit of adventure associated with setting out into almost unknown wildernesses, miles from anywhere. It crossed and re-crossed and included many sections of good roads, and it had, too, a lack of really terrific hills. All this made it impossible for competitors to feel ‘far from home’, no matter how ‘fed up’ they became. There was something else missing, too, which the older supporters could not explain, until suddenly Geoff Bode, who has ridden in lots of Scott Trials, jumped up from a settee late in the evening at the Middleton at Ilkley. Jumping up like that is common, excusable, and understandable after the Scott Trial. Everyone thought he had sat on a tender spot. But he hadn’t. ‘I know!’ he cried. ‘There were no gates!’ And that was the fact. There had been no gates (always opening the wrong way) to exasperate exhausted riders. A Scott Trial without gates is almost unthinkable. What is the world coming to! There were only six non-starters out of the entry list of 100. It was a quality entry, too, with most of the star Midland soloists, a good crowd from the South, a sextette from Scotland (with supporters), and four men from Ireland, with Stanley Woods as their leader. One advantage of the new arrangements was that the start was not too early, and it did not necessitate the usual ride out into the wilderness to get there. The start was actually at ten-thirty, but by 10.40am one of the Southern riders had already given up the attempt, this being AH Bunyon (348cc BSA), while very shortly after, at Kex Beck, CC Ingram (595cc Douglas), from Dublin, got his motor filled with water, with disastrous consequences. Kex Beck was the outlet from five miles of Denton Moor on to a section of good road which was tantalisingly visible a few yards beyond the stream. The water-splash itself was deep (as were all the splashes after a rainy night), but it was also narrow, which- probably made it worse, for the entrance thereto was in the nature of a nose-dive. After the splash a muddy hill had to be climbed to reach the temporary breather afforded by the mile of main road that followed, and by the time the majority had reached it they sorely needed the respite it offered them. Only J White (248cc Ariel), S Woods (490cc Norton), G Gill (596cc Scott) and GB Goodman (348cc Norton) managed to cross and climb without penalty. A mile after Sex Beck the climb of Cat Crag had to be tackled. It was undoubtedly the most spectacular point on the circuit, though not possibly,

the most difficult. But it was bad enough, and although wind and sunshine may have dried some of the upper sections they had had no beneficial effect co the morass at the



“VN Brittain (493cc Sunbeam), who won the premier award.”

bottom. Stanley Woods (Norton) plunged through the mud and climbed away beautifully, however, and H Fernside (348cc Norton) was also excellent. Jack White (248cc Ariel) did splendidly. C Helm (493cc Sunbeam) got badly stuck, but W Harrison (346cc Levis) barged into the mud flat flat out and was nearly successful. JR Stockdale (494cc Triumph) was thrown off, but, holding on to the bars, ran along and rejoined his machine without a stop. Several riders stuck in the mud, until the hill-foot was littered with them, but WW. Hey (499cc Rudge) rushed through and scarcely used his feet, while A Starkie (348cc Velocette) was almost as good. Naturally Vic Brittain (Sunbeam) dealt properly with the situation, but GS Hadfield (346cc Levis) plunged headlong into the mire. AD Stewart (499cc Budge) was neat; in company with J. Leslie (499cc Rudge) he had hurried back from the Manx Grand Prix to ride for Scotland. AE Perrigo (349cc BSA) scattered spectators, observers and photographers as he used all the ‘road’ and most of

the surrounding atmosphere in a meteoric ascent. Another star, Jack Williams (Rudge) was not so successful, for his back wheel slipped over the firm edge of the bog and disappeared from sight—he was dragged back to solid (comparatively speaking) ground and then carried on. Jack Leslie (Rudge) kept moving nicely and Eddie Flintoff (Sunbeam) footed just a little. Eric Langton (596cc Scott) had a slight stop, but remained master of the situation, while his brother Oliver, on the lightweight Scott, footed hard but was apparently quite happy. One of the neatest shows, with only occasional touches, was made by JA Hudson (248cc Ariel), and R Syers (596cc Scott), in shirt sleeves and waders, handled his machine masterfully. Marjorie Cottle (249cc BSA) touched only a few times, and looked fresh and happy in spite of travelling without rest in three days from Rome to Ilkley, where she arrived just in time to start. From the summit of Cat Crag the riders bumped their way to the comparative smoothness of the old Moorcock Hall roadway. That they got a shaking is borne out by the fact that among the general debris of mechanical parts picked up and returned to the officials was a set of false teeth! The restfulness of secondary roads was not unduly prolonged, however, with Bramley Head, Hoodstorth, and Holme Ghyll splashes and then the diabolical pathway of crazy paving that most have been laid generations ago with no other object in view than that of helping the Scott Trial organisation. Over this section Thacker (Ariel) carrying No 79, was really turning things up. He passed Hampson (Sunbeam), No 36, and the latter was so surprised that he called out ‘He’s going well, isn’t he?’ although he might more fitly have paraphrased the famous Shell remark and said ‘wasn’t he?’. Graham Goodman (348cc Norton), who, usually immaculate, looked dirtier than he has ever looked on a trial, paused momentarily (feet up of course) in time to remark, ‘Good morning, nice day!’ to the little group of Press people who were studying facial expressions at this point and who unanimously awarded the palm to JA Watson-Bourne (396cc Vincent HRD), who slipped back off his saddle as his spring rear wheel rose at one ultra-crazy paving stone and caressed him shrewdly in an expected quarter. On this section Miss Cottle footed less than most, although she was handicapped by a broken addle. WL Downings’ Velocette two-stroke appeared to be in danger of falling to pieces, while A Tidswell swept the under-shield off his Panthette. P0 Thomason (497cc Ariel) suffered a puncture, and carried on slowly, actually reaching the lunch control, where he worked for a solid hour before being able to restart. Goodman retired with gear box trouble, and George Rowley (498cc AJS) swept the oil union off his crank case. Another who had to retire on the first lap was





“VHE Newell (488cc Royal Enfield) in Hoodstorth splash, with A Starlie (348cc Velocette) awaiting his turn.”

Geoff W Hill, who was riding the chain-cum-belt Triumph with which he won the 1921 Scot trial—his effort was worthy of a better fate. Another of the older school to find the going too much for him was W G. Gabriel (247 Sunbeam, while JE Storey 499cc Rudge) only got past the lunch check on to the second circuit. All told, 19 retired on the first circuit. and those who remained found that the second time was even harder than before. At Kex Beck, for instance, not a single clean performance was made, although there had been four before. At Hoodstorth splash, too, whereas EK Langton (595cc Scott) had made a clean crossing on the first round, and so registered the one and only score against this obstacle, there was not one performance without penalty on the second attempt. Woods was leading the held by a tremendous distance, but Brittain, Flintoff, Perrigo, and Milner were all far in advance of their starting positions, while G Milnes, A Jefferies, and EK Langton, all riding Scotts, were also well in the forefront on time. Troubles of various kinds were developing. GB Bode (Sunbeam) had a broken clutch thrust, and was necessarily on fixed gears. Bob MacGregor (Rudge) filled his engine at a splash, and either cracked the head or blew the gasket, so that he could only proceed slowly. Jack Williams’ Rudge sounded anything but nice internally. The gear lever of VEH Newell’s Royal Enfield had broken off at the gate. Snelling’s (Levis) kick-starter was bent upwards. Thacker’s foot rest had gone and he was using the exhaust pipe of his Ariel as a substitute. Elliott (346cc Royal Enfield) had the remnants of his footrests suspended on robber bands, his front stand was trailing, and his mudguard and number-plate were buckled. Denton Moor was crossed for its full extent twice on the two circuits of 23 miles, but K Fawcett (348cc Triumph) failed to follow the directions as to the procedure on ending lap 2; he carried straight on and did a third circuit of the moor before being able to regain the correct route to the finish, although, in spite of this, he still managed to finish within the limit time. Once again the last obstacle was that 280-yard descending gulley called Jefsfynde, and it is but poetic justice that the ‘Jef’ who found it—Geoff Manes (595cc Scott)—should land on his ear half-way down. No one was entirely free from footing in Jefsfynde, although J White (248cc Ariel) made by far the best show until his comb case landed fair and square on a boulder. Stanley Woods was easily the first arrival at the finishing point at the foot of Jefsfynde. He was in almost 25 minutes before the next man—A Jefferies (596cc

Scott). Then came H Fearnside (348cc Norton), VN Brittain (493cc Sunbeam), E Williamson (346cc Levis), AE Perrigo (349cc BSA), J Williams (499cc Rudge), W Milner (490cc Norton) and BJ Jenkins (494cc Triumph). There were over 70 survivors, although the number who covered the course within 2½ hours of zero time was actually 62. Zero time was 2hr 39min 44sec, which was easily established by Stanley Woods (490cc Norton), who thus proved that he is as fast among his fellows on the rough stuff as he is on the racing circuit. TE Flintoff (493cc Sunbeam) took 2hr 52min 25sec, while VN Brittain got round in 2hr 52min 57sec. A. Jefferies' (596cc Scott) time was 2hr 54min 45sec, and AE Perrigo (349cc BSA) clocked 3hr 4min 39sec. Woods lost 44 marks on observation, but Brittain, by his superb riding, had dropped only 28 under this head, so that he easily collected the premier award for the best individual performance, with a total loss of only 35 marks. As for the teams, although the whole six Northerners finished, the three best Midlands scored 11 marks advantage over the best three in the Northern six, and so Midlands topped the list, with North a good runner-up, South being also-ran, likewise Ireland and Scotland, the 'overseas' team actually beating the Scotsmen. Once again that remarkable trio—Brittain, Helm and Flintoff, secured a 'one-make' win for the Sunbeam, with a loss of 172 marks, against the loss of 259 returned by the Scott trio, Jefferies and the two



"O Langton (300cc Scott) storming Cat Crag."

Langtons. **Results:** Awards on time and observation: Alfred A Scott Memorial Trophy and Replica and Harrogate Club Rose Bowl (best performance), VN Brittain (493cc Sunbeam), 35 marks lost; Raymond Bailey Trophy and Replica (second best performance), S Woods (490cc Norton), 44 marks lost (Woods also established zero time); 'Wharfedale' Prize (third best performance), AE Perrigo (349cc BSA), 57 marks lost. Awards on time only: President's Rose Bowl (best performance on time other than above), TE Flintoff (493cc Sunbeam), 7 marks lost; Yorkshire Evening Post Rose Bowl (second best performance on time), A Jefferies (596cc Scott), 8 marks lost. Awards on observation only, Raspin Rose Bowl (best performance on observation

other than above), BJ Jenkins (494cc Triumph), 42 marks lost; Yorkshire Evening Post Rose Bowl No 2 (second best performance on time), WW Hey (499cc Rudge), 45 marks lost. Other awards on time and observation: Folbigg Cup (best Scott rider other than Scott staff), EK Langton (596cc Scott), 🤖 marks lost; Galloway Cup (best performance up to 200cc), TG Meeten (172cc Francis-Barnett), 123 marks lost; Frank Hallam Tankard (best performance, 200-300cc), J White (248cc Ariel), 84 marks lost; Mrs F Wright's Prize (best performance by a lady), Miss M Cottle (249cc BSA), 86 marks lost; Miss V Worsley's Prize (best performance of a rider entering for first time), R Snelling (247cc Levis), 95 marks lost; L. Heath's Prize (best performance by a Southerner), EJ Heath, (349cc BSA), 172 marks lost); Scott Trophy (best team on one make), Sunbeam—C Helm, VN Brittain, TE Flintoff, total marks lost, 172; Myers Cup (best team of three, any make), 'Three Hopefuls—F Chambers (348cc Velocette), WW Hey (499cc Rudge), W. Walker (498cc AJS), total marks lost, 283; Special Inter-District Prize (North vs South vs Midlands vs Scotland vs Ireland—best three out of six riders), Midlands—VN Brittain (493cc Sunbeam), AE Perrigo (349cc BSA) and J Williams (499cc Rudge), total marks lost, 169.

“ABOUT FIFTY SOLO RIDERS volunteered as Scott Trial ‘pushers’ in response to an appeal made on behalf of the organisers by ‘Nitor’.”

“HERE AM I ASKED TO SELECT a team of southerners for the Scott Trial, and I've never even seen a Scott Trial—what a confession to make!’ So I mused when I received a flattering request from the organiser to act as a selection committee of one. This year, I decided, I must remedy the shortcoming; whatever happens, there shall be no last-minute alteration of plans such as there was last year, the year before, and the year before that. I'll go up the night before after office hours, take a look-see at the trial, and then slip back again. Did I go up the night before? Not a bit of it. Friday, the 11th arrived, and on that day—or more probably the day before—some vile germ invaded Tudor Street and laid low two of the staff...That night I left my office stool at 8.30 pip-emma, and there was Nippy II, my special ‘A2’ Levis, to be prepared. At ten the job of running over the nuts and making certain of the various adjustments was tackled; at 11.30 the tanks were filled to the filler-caps at an all-night garage; and at 12.30, after setting the alarm for 4am, I flopped into bed. The week had been a heavy one, with late hours, yet it seemed a double-twelve before I got to sleep. My thoughts were centred on the run, and on the trial I was to see. The weather forecasts were good, which was a blessing...Brrrr—brrrr—brrrr! I leapt out to stop the alarm before it woke the whole house. Then I sat on the bed. Another five minutes won't matter, I thought. ‘Another five minutes and you'll be asleep, and you won't wake up till eight,’ something seemed to say. Which was only too true, so, instead, I poked my head out of the window—it was raining! Two hundred and twenty miles in a downpour...those weather prophets! Hang the rain. I am not going to miss what everybody says is THE trial of the year. Downstairs I forage: three boiled eggs and, a mug of hot cocoa. The glass is still high, so perhaps it is only a shower—just the pride of the morning—and the weather prophets will be right, after all. Anyhow it is as well to be prepared, so into my haversack go two spare pairs of gloves, a spare cap, and a collar—all wrapped up in mackintosh. Outside just after five; it is still raining—hard. Wet tramlines at first—miles of them—and my schedule is a dry-weather one. Still, it is no use running risks, especially as those who use the roads just before day-break frequently have no lights and invariably possess the firm conviction that they have the world to themselves. At last Hendon Way, the gateway to the Great North Road, is reached. Already to the East there is a tinge of greyness in the sky. I ride without goggles; my eyes start to smart owing to the rain-drops. Slowly, but surely, the speedo needle creeps round the dial; at first 30 seemed fast, now 40 appears slow. Mr Miller's head lamp, with its 48 candle-power, throws a fine beam; Nippy II, with her 7.8-to-1 compression ratio, quick-lift cams, and light flywheels, is like some live thing,



eager to be given her head—the only trouble is her master, who, with the rain and one thing and another, is not in a batting mood. Goggles are pulled down. Excellent; they don't steam, and I can see quite well. As the Barnet By-pass is cleared the Levis is allowed a larger ration of gas. There is very little traffic about. Half of what there is consists of motor cycles, and the majority of the other half of heavies. Some of the latter occupy most of the road, but friend Bosch sees to them all right, and, anyhow, Nippy II does not take up much room. Near Baldock we —Nippy and I—overtake a lad with a pack on his back; probably, off on his holidays, or wisely out to make the most of his week-end. 'Good hunting!' is my mental wish. A little farther on we round a bend to find a knot of cyclists and officials. Sh-s-ssh! It is the start of a cyclists' TT. Not a road race, of course—oh no! Just a trial against the watch. For a moment my thoughts linger over the fact that our Tourist Trophy races are just 'time trials' too; only for a moment, for I suddenly wake up (at the next bend, to be precise) to the fact that there are a number of scurrying cyclists tearing along, head down and dressed in black. A few miles farther I stop to turn on the oil a little more. It is still raining, but what does it matter? It is light now. Mile after mile passes; gently through the villages, and then back to the cruising speed— nothing spectacular, but just steady hour-by-hour cruising. There's no object in going fast, even if the weather conditions were ideal, which they definitely are not; my wish is to get to the start near Blubberhouses just before the first man departs. The brakes do not like all the water. Apply them well before I need them is the maxim, and take care I

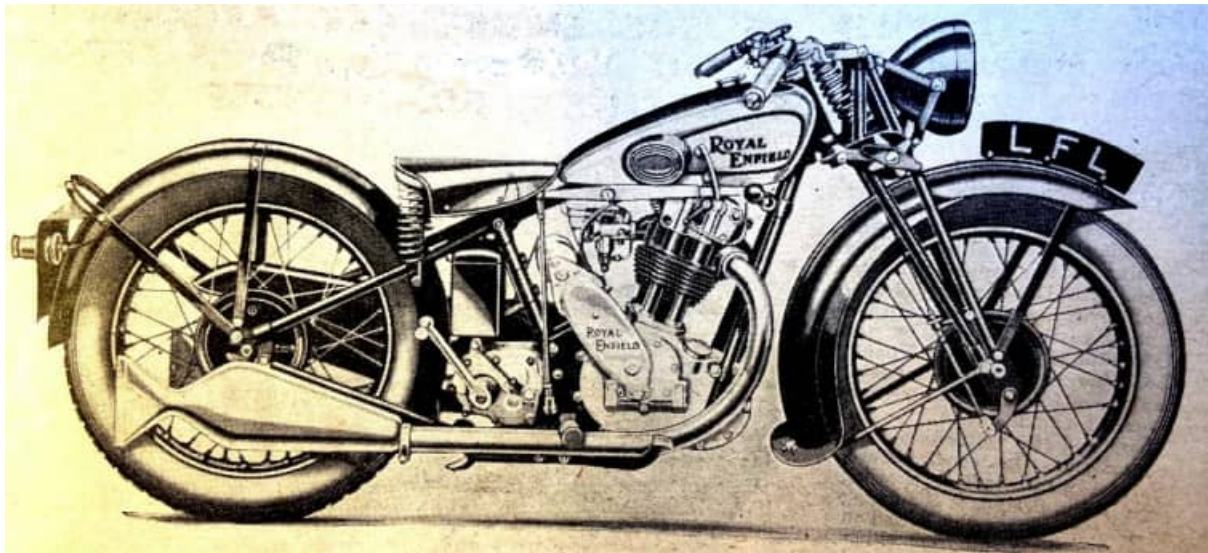


"BJ Jenkins (Triumph) and R Snelling (Levis) at Idis Lodge Rocks. (Right) Hanging Moor—'...here and there a stone missing, just to put a jerk into things—and humans.'"

don't need them. Just once they are necessary; a car driver at Grantham emerges from a blind side road on the left, looks to his left, and never gives a glance to the right—the direction from which he will be hit first. I avoid hitting him; hope he heard me, the silly idiot. For a short period the rain stops; once even blue sky is to be seen. Nothing happens, but, wet or fine, I am enjoying it. At Tuxford a gallon of benzole and a gallon of No 1 are taken aboard. Although not by any means essential, fifty-fifty mixture seems the best with Nippy's 7.8-to-1 compression ratio. Then through Doncaster, where meet, not one, but probably 30 or more, motor cyclists, the majority of them off to work. All of them are going gingerly, as befits the man who has just started off under wet-weather conditions—all except one, a fellow on a Scott, who is cruising at 50. Nippy forges slowly past; a moment later he shoots by at about 58. I am not to be tempted, and shortly afterwards he turns off on the road to Wakefield. So to the outskirts of Wetherby and to Harewood, which reminds me of a certain Stock Machine Trial when a heavy snowstorm came on unexpectedly, and I, the only marker, unable to climb the hills on the marking car, had to

main-road it to Orley, dyeing walls, lamp-posts, and even newspaper placards outside shops to prevent the trial from becoming a fiasco; to drop dye on the roads was useless, for within a minute or two the heavy snow obliterated it. At Otley I branched off, as I thought, to the starting point of the Scott Trial, only to find myself on the wrong side of the river. My correct route regained, I was soon amid the cheery crowd at the start—and the weather was fine at last. A chat with one or two, and then along to Cat Craggs to watch the fun in the patch of bog at the foot. No notes to jot down, no worries—this was the way to watch a trial, I decided. Next to Hanging Moor and the wonderful paving stones, with here and there a stone missing just to put a jerk into things—and humans. Great fun, this—the spectacle of competitors wearing expressions of agonised concentration and waving legs in all directions. Some muttered as they passed; perhaps they murmured greetings, or perhaps they gave vent to imprecations—two words in the majority of cases, for they hadn't breath for more. Hoodstorth Splash was next on the list. It looked so simple, yet was really difficult, thanks to its huge hidden boulders. What surprised me was the fact that not a solitary man of the many who stopped in the water failed to get going again after being hauled out. Then Kex Beck—a sort of giant switchback with a deep mud-hole at the bottom of the down-hill swoop, followed by a steep, boggy ascent. This was the condition on the second lap, and man after man lolloped into the mud-hole and stuck with his front wheel embedded to the spindle. Not having had the temerity to go over the course, I was beginning to have my doubts about the Scott Trial, and remarked to 'Wharfedale', who was busy on the recording angel business, that we Southerners could find something equally snappy—if not more so—on Exmoor. 'It's not what it was,' he replied mournfully; they've had to alter the course a lot owing to the new law, but you haven't seen what there is. Look up there,' he said, pointing a mile or so away to the top of the moor, 'and trace their path downward; that's the sort of thing they're up against—miles of it.' My idea on the subject altered; here were the competitors coming down a winding, switchback path, no doubt with rocks here and there, patches of mud, and in places sheer drops. So to Jefsfynde—a narrow, bouldery descent—and the final check, where dog-tired finishers and their footrest-mangled models were congregated. A meat tea claimed me next, and then started trek to London town. The weather was perfect; I was weary but happy, and the Levis as willing as ever. Steadily Nippy II covered the long distance, mostly in the dark. There was a nip in the air; life was 100%, but I was careful to ride canny, for when hundreds of miles have been covered, preceded by little more than three hours' sleep, one's concentration on the job in hand is not all it might be. Once, at Baldock, I stopped for coffee; the miles were becoming long drawn out. In London the roads were wet—it had, I ;learned later, been raining almost the entire day. Just as the hall-clock struck midnight I unlocked my front door; 475 miles covered, a Scott Trial seen—a day to be remembered. So to bed and instantly to sleep." —**TORRENS**

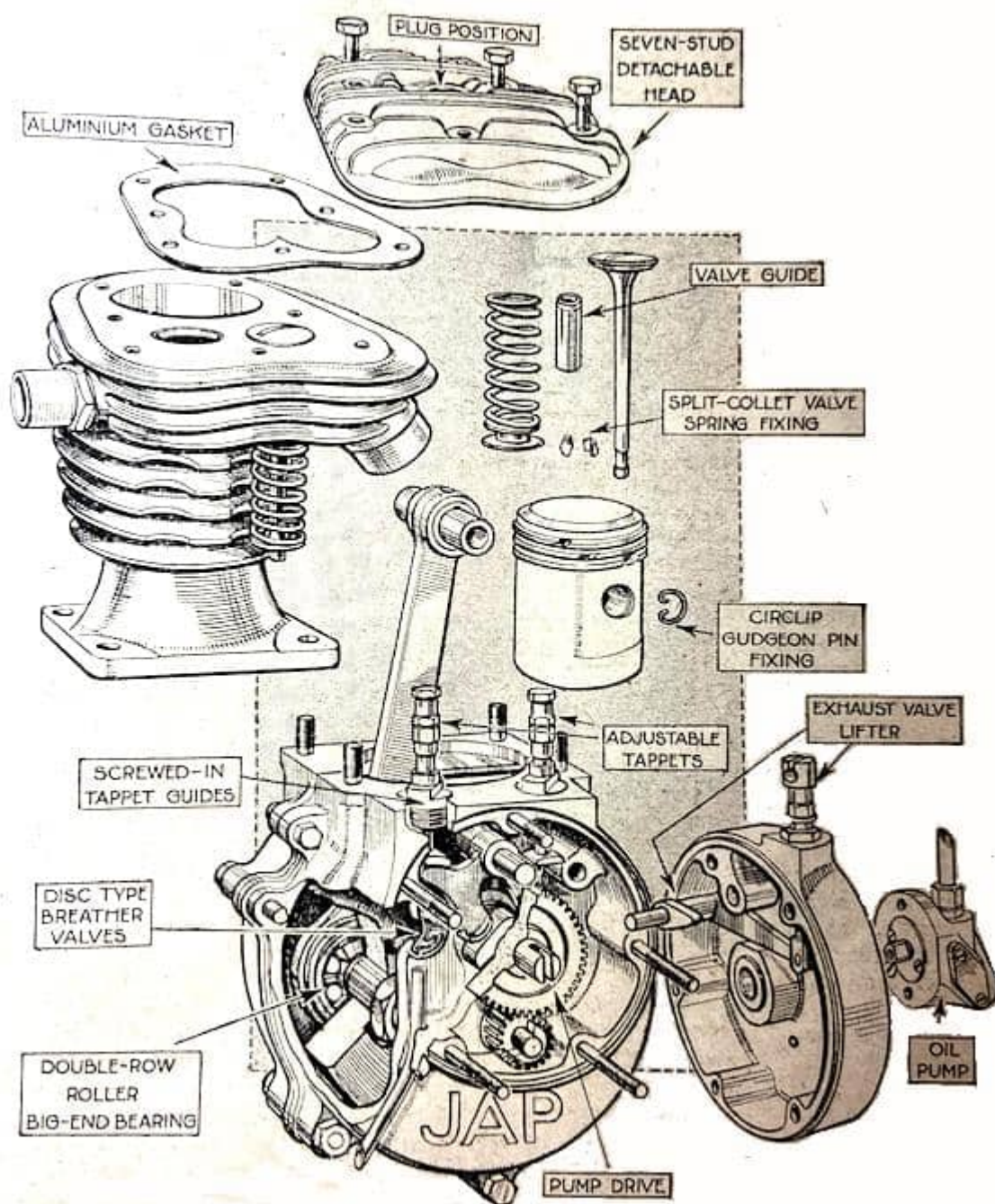
"FOLLOWING ITS SURPRISE LAUNCH at the 1930 Olympia show the four-valve Royal Enfield had been refined, although "...the new form in which it will appear in future is more the result of an endeavour to produce a high-efficiency 500 in a light, compact form than of a desire to alter existing practice. Of the short-stroke type (85.5x85mm=488cc) the engine is considerably lighter...The four valves are situated in a pent-roof head with the sparking plug in the centre...Transmission is through a totally enclosed primary chain, running in an oil bath, to a new gear box of Enfield manufacture." Other revisions included 'an ingenious prop-stand'."



“A compact, attractive-looking sports mount—the 488cc four-valve Royal Enfield.’

“A NEW AND EXCEPTIONALLY interesting JAP four-stroke engine has been produced to take advantage of the taxation concession whereby, after January 1st next, owners of machines under 150cc will have to pay only 15s a year. The engine has side-by-side valves, a bore and stroke of 51.5×71 mm. (148cc), and is designed to give lasting, efficient service. Nothing has been skimped, and the unit, from its seven-stud detachable head down to the crank case drain plug, will commend itself to the technician, both on its sturdy layout and on its sound conception.”





The

JAP side-valve 150 offered an alternative to the two-stroke majority in this new class.

READERS' EXPERIENCES, 1928 493CC OHV BSA. "My BSA is a sloping-engine model. Petrol consumption is about 70mpg with a pillion passenger, and oil consumption 1,600mpg. My low-compression piston is fitted with Clupet rings, and these have eliminated a certain amount of piston slap which was formerly in evidence. The engine has a big reserve of power, and almost any hill can be taken in top gear. Maximum speed, per speedometer, is in the neighbourhood of 75mph. The brakes are excellent and need little attention; mine still have the original linings. An outstanding feature is the clutch, which is lined with Ferodo, and seems to be indestructible; after thousands of miles mine shows no signs of wear. Valve adjustment is seldom necessary, but I prefer to leave 0.002in clearance when cold. Steering is good and the damper is not really necessary, although without a pillion passenger the machine is inclined to be rather tail-light; this is particularly noticeable in wet weather, when it is advisable to use the front brake first and

have tyre pressures at 20lb front and 25lb rear (32lb rear when a passenger is taken). Replacements to date have totalled £1, and the BSA service is great." **MAM**

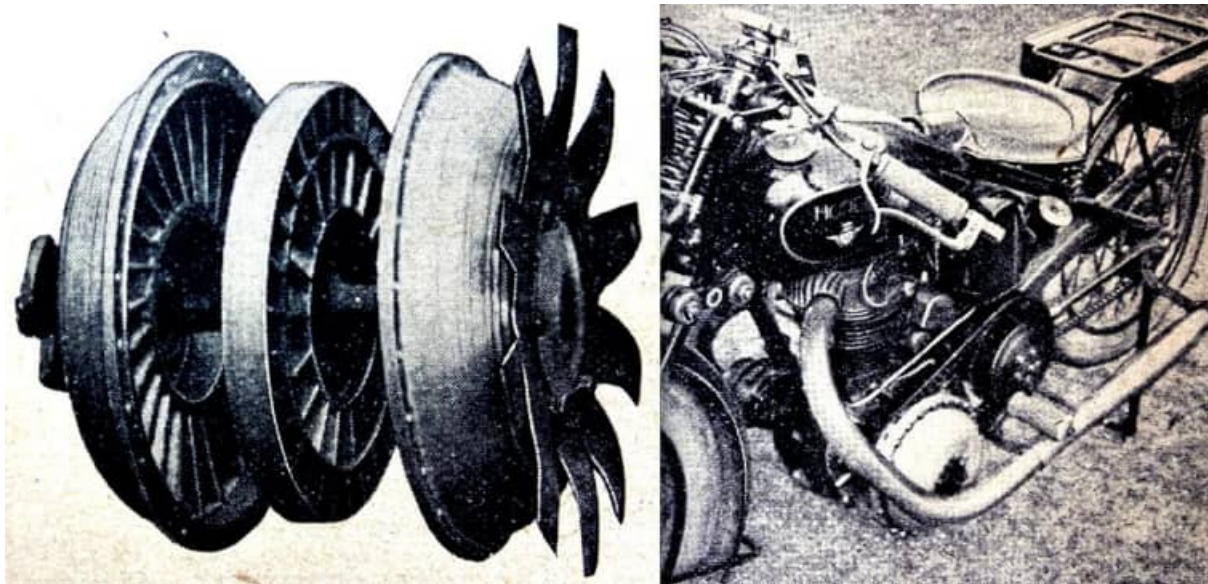
**READERS' EXPERIENCES, 1929 490CC OHC NORTON.** "I bought my 490cc overhead camshaft Norton new at Easter 1929, and since then it has done 12,000 miles. The machine was carefully run in for 1,000 miles (at under 25mph for 500 miles, and under 35mph for the following 500), and after this the engine was given an ordinary decoking and then given all it could take in the way of hard riding. Comfort on long rides, ease of control, and cornering, wet or fine, are all of the best. The engine is an easy starter on the pedal, or, if a push start is made, three yards are quite sufficient. On rough going the front of the cradle frame is rather apt to catch any notable outcrops, but the machine will cruise through a watersplash like a battleship. The machine's present capabilities are 80mph and 65-70mpg with a large jet, and 70-75mph and 85-90mpg with a small jet. Oil consumption is not too good, as I err on the generous side with my setting. And now, after two years' running, the only replacements have been a new cone and one set of balls for the front wheel, one inlet valve guide, one primary chain, two tyres, and three sparking plugs." **HW**

"**BEING A GREAT MOTOR CYCLE** enthusiast, and an old-timer among the Wimbledon and district Motor cyclists, I am wondering if the lads at home would be interested to hear of a remarkable achievement just completed out here in Canada. We can claim at least one more world's record for the British, for Mr. Robert ('Bobby') Doig, a 32-year-old Regina (Saskatchewan) speed merchant passed Ottawa, Ontario, ten hours within his hope of creating a world's record of 79 hours' running time from Vancouver, BC, to Montreal, Quebec, approximately 3,000 miles. Doig, who was a Royal Air Force pilot during the war, encountered extreme heat and extreme cold during his dash. At one point he was caught in the smoke of a British Columbian forest fire, and, when he lost his way, he plunged off the narrow trail on to a burnt tree 50 feet below; and later in his journey he was held up by two men and a woman, but managed to make his escape without any loss or injury. Between Sudbury and North Bay (Ontario) he was jammed underneath his machine, for nearly an hour until found by a passing motorist, who conveyed him to a hospital, where it was found that he required six stitches in his leg; but still Bobby kept going. Following his trail through the United States, he traversed the States of Idaho, Montana, North Dakota, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, and entered Canada by way of Saulte Ste Marie. Although parts of the route were paved highways, the majority of the going was very rough, but only two breakdowns were suffered, one of them being at Ottawa, where every aid was rendered in order that he could continue his race against time. Bobby Doig declares it is impossible to make the trip in three days, and would not like to make the trip again for some time, for he is black and blue (although he was padded up for protection) and found his nerves were going back on him for the want of sleep.

**FREDK WM SARGEANT, Ottawa, Ontario."**

**A GERMAN ENGINEER HAS INVENTED** what appears to be a good substitute for the normal type of gearbox in the shape of a small hydraulic torque converter, which does away with the necessity for changing gears and is said to confer improved driving comfort, by the extraordinary flexibility and uniformity of power transmission it provides and by its superior acceleration. The machine shown in the accompanying photograph is a 500cc ohv Horex, which our Berlin correspondent had the opportunity of testing. In this experimental machine the old gearbox was retained, but during the trial top gear was used the whole time. With the engine idling slight clutch drag became noticeable, which had to be counteracted by applying the brake. Normally, of course, one would start the engine with the gear in neutral, so there would be no tendency for

the machine to move forward. Upon releasing the brake lever and giving a trifle more throttle the machine moved smoothly ahead and responded very readily to the throttle, accelerating with the same constant smoothness to maximum speed. In the case of a car, with which comparative tests were carried out with the standard gearbox and the converter, the superiority is demonstrated by the following figures. The car reached a speed of 37mph from 6mph, using the gear-box, in 699ft; while with the torque converter the distance required was 558ft, which is a good margin in favour of the converter. Normally, a motor cycle with the torque converter fitted to the crank-shaft would be equipped, in addition, with the usual clutch and a two-speed gearbox. The latter, however, would be required only in very exceptional circumstances. Apart from the decidedly improved riding comfort, the converter removes the need for the rider to take his hand off the handlebars to change gear, or even his foot from the rest.

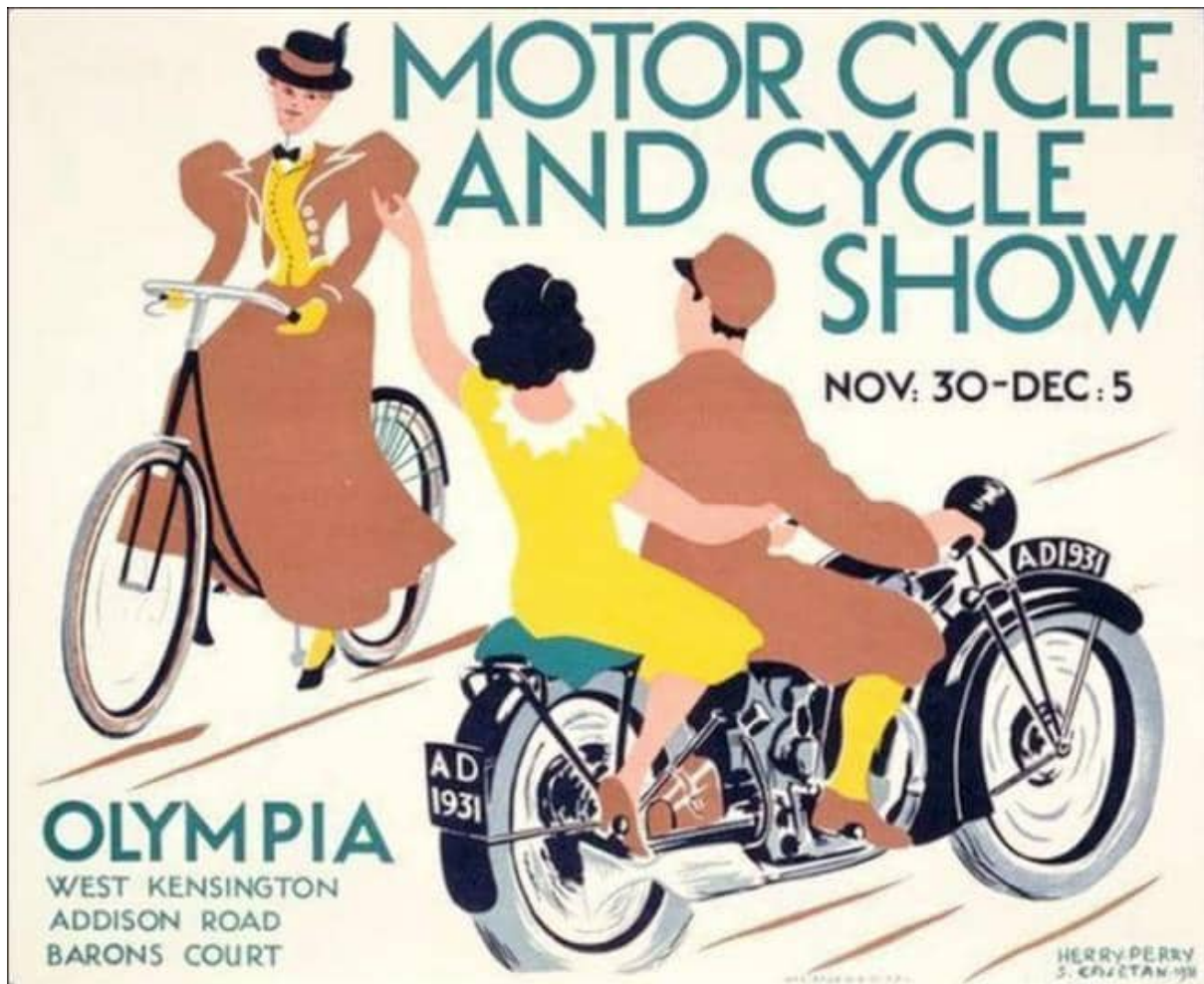


“The turbine rotor and vaned casing of the torque converter. (Right) The Horex machine on which our Berlin correspondent carried out a test of the fluid flywheel on the road.”

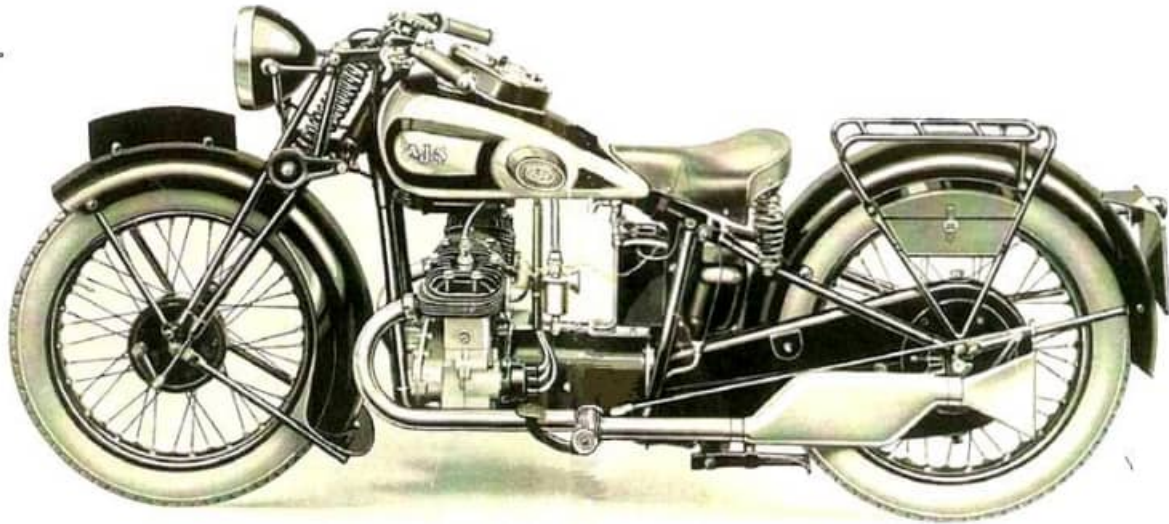
THE US-BASED EXCELSIOR company, determined to avoid a financial crisis in the wake of the Wall Street Crash, stopped production of the Henderson four and the V-twins it had sold in Britain under the American-X banner to avoid confusion with the British Excelsior (which had just launched the 129cc ohv Bantam, not to be confused with the two-stroke Beeza. And don't mix up the BSA D7 Bantam with Excelsior's 247cc ohv D7).

AS THE RECESSION BIT ever deeper Rudge, Scott and even BSA decided to save money by staying away from the show. France and Germany cancelled their national shows, but not Italy. The Green 'Un warned: “We must watch Italy. She has forged ahead in sport and is forging ahead in manufacture.” Fascist dictator Benito Mussolini held membership card No 1 of the Moto-Club Italia; bikes under 175cc were exempt from road tax. No wonder its show was packed with lightweights, but centre-stage was held by a blown transverse-four Moto Guzzi racer.





AJS LAUNCHED AN IMPRESSIVE 598cc 50° transverse V-twin at the Milan Show but the company had expanded and diversified at just the wrong time and ran into cashflow problems. Designed as a luxury tourer (it cost more than the Ajay 1,000cc V-twin) the transverse twin found few buyers. The Stevens brothers went into voluntary bankruptcy. Following unsuccessful negotiations with BSA AJS was snapped up by Matchless. The Collier brothers set up Associated Motor Cycles to produce both marques and production moved from Wolverhampton to Woolwich, where Matchless already had the successful Silver Arrow. The transverse twin was discontinued but the design and tooling were sold to Japan, where the engine was used in lightweight commercial vehicles well into the 1950s. AJS's liquidator was able to pay every creditor in full with enough left over for the Stevens family to keep the famous Retreat Street works. They were quickly back in business with a three-wheel commercial vehicle, followed by proprietary engines. They could not be sold as Ajays so, rather cheekily, the Stevens brothers adopted the name Ajax. Users included AJW.

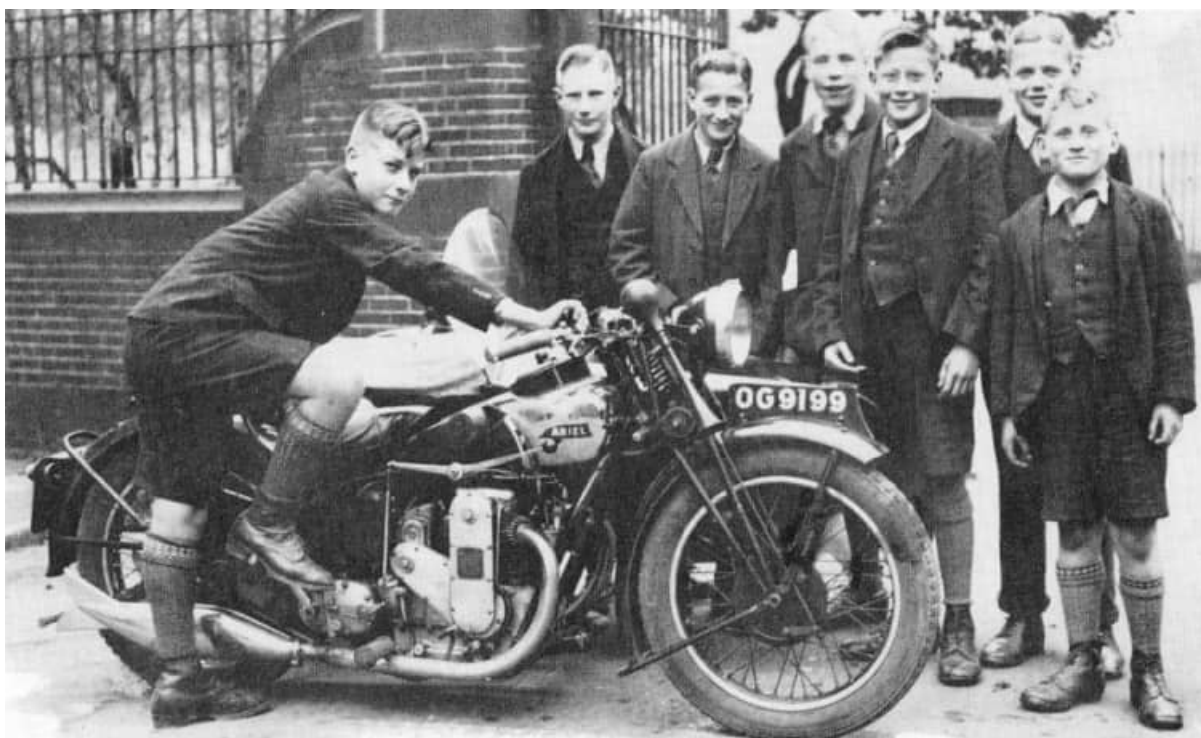


The AJS 500cc transverse V-twin had a lot going for it but it appeared at the wrong time at the wrong price. A handful have survived; you can see examples at the National Motorcycle Museum and Sammy Miller's.

THE JAPANESE MILITARY TOOK delivery of a 1,200cc flat twin from JAC, joining the growing number of Harleys made under licence by Rikuo.

NEW HUDSON REVIVED A PRE-WW1 design by fitting a kickstart that doubled as a propstand. Despite a stunt in which a 550cc sv outfit was ridden from Brooklands to Lands End and back 20 times without stopping the engine, teething troubles hit sales.

ARIEL SALES MANAGER VICTOR MOLE dreamed up the 'Sevens' test to earn the Maudes Trophy. All seven models in the Ariel line-up attempted feats related to the number seven. A 350 cc side-valve lapped Brooklands for seven hours, covering 368 miles at an average of 52.6mph. A 350cc ohv twin-port covered 700 miles on seven bob's worth of fuel and oil. A factory spannerman set out to decoke a 597cc sidevalve inside seven minutes using spanners from the standard toolkit (he did it in 4min 19sec). A 500cc ohv 4-valve single was set a target of covering 70 miles in an hour—it did more than 80 miles. A 550 cc side—valve sloper was ridden for 70 minutes in each of its four gears on public roads. A 500cc ohv sloper outfit made seven non-stop ascents and descents of each of seven notorious test hills: Porlock, Lynton, Beggar's Roost, Countisbury, Bwlch y Groes, Dinas Hill, and Alt y Bady. A 600cc Square Four was set a target of covering 700 miles in 700 minutes—it did it in 670 minutes at an average of 62mph. And to demonstrate its ease of starting seven schoolboys (presumably selected at random off the production line by the ACU) each kick-started the Squariel seven times. It started first kick on 48 of 49 kicks.



Seven schoolboys kickstarted a 600cc ohc Squariel as part of the Ariel 'Sevens' Maudes Trophy campaign.

DESPITE A RESPECTABLE THIRD place in the 1929 Senior, Scott couldn't afford to enter the TT, or to exhibit at the Earls Court show.

"A MOTOR VAN DRIVER near Wigan offered to give his vehicle to the mobile police officer if he 'could get 30mph out of it'."

"THE PILLION SEAT CONSISTED of a doormat fastened to the machine by means of a bootlace.'—Police evidence in the Leeds Court."

"ACCORDING TO A RECENT RETURN of the motor cycles in use in Austria, approximately 51.2% are of Austrial manufacture. Of the imported machines, Great Britain leads with 24.3%, followed by Belgium, 9.3%; Germany, 9.2%); the United States, 3.1%; and all other countries, 2.9%."

"WORCESTER CORPORATION IS TO experiment with the laying down of a section of iron-plate roadway over Lowesmoor bridge."

"NEW YORK IS TO SPEND £25,000 on armoured motor cycle outfits, and the radio equipment of police vehicles, to fight the gangster menace."





“No, this scene is not in India, but on an English road, where the motor cyclist was surprised to meet the advance guard of a circus.” [*If you’ve been bemoaning the paucity of pachydermal illustrations you’ll be relieved by the image beneath the next story—Ed.*]

**“IN A TROPICAL STORM—Another despatch from Farrell and Johnson, the World Tourists: Entering Africa.**

There’s another croc! Oh, sorry! Crocs, hippos, and elephants are superimposed upon our subconscious minds these days. Indeed, truth is stranger than the Zoological Gardens. Down on the banks of the Nile, Miss Widnes (our Ariel outfit) and ourselves were simply steeping our three persons in the unexpected study of savage nature. Once we espied a native village where there should not have been a village. One of the huts moved! Intoxicants, except for medicinal purposes, are verboten on this journey. We had both slept pretty comfortably during the previous night. Surely not! Yes—the field-glasses exposed the truth. Elephants, and we were within half a mile of them! Fully fifty of the huge brutes grazed and ambled slowly around. This, coming immediately after the sight of seven hippos snorting in the water and umpteen grey and brown crocodiles asleep along the banks made us realise the distance separating the three of us from Widnes and civilisation. The Shilluk and Dinka tribes territory is now left behind, and we are slowly traversing the Nuer country. For miles around papyrus and reeds ten and twenty feet high rear an almost impassable barrage to land transportation. One well-remembered day a tropical rainstorm swept down on us. Day was changed into night. A deep purple and grey curtain of cloud obliterated the sky. Great stabbing flashes of vivid yellow lightning ripped and gashed the darkness. Then, with a hiss, roar, and terrific shrieking the storm burst. There was no time to seek cover anywhere. The thunder shook the ground; reeds, grasses and even young shrubs were battered down and broken by the fury of the onslaught. In five minutes we were soaked. The din increased; it was useless to try to talk. Patiently we knelt behind the outfit and waited. In twenty minutes it had gone, leaving us bedraggled, saturated, and really awed by the appalling ferocity of the elements. Thank goodness for the primus and cocoa, with the aid of which we cheered ourselves up! I do not know Miss Widnes’s thoughts or emotions as she contemplates the utter nakedness of negro life here, but my companion and myself find it rather

embarrassing at times to be confronted, when we desire to revictual the expedition, by a dusky charmer sans anything except beads and tatoo marks! In spite of our gruelling passages our outfit still delivers her full quota of nags, and our tyres, after some 7,000 miles of wear and tear, continue to bite lustily..."



Messrs Farrell and Johnson had a busy day, which might be summed up thus.

"ONE READS SO MUCH in your Correspondence columns about the performances of the big fellows of the road that one rather wonders why, in these days of Government economies, and increased taxes on petrol, one does not hear any experience from the users of the little brothers—machines of the 98cc and 147cc Snowden I5s tax class. As a rider of many years' experience of big twins in America, where I have been in business for some time, on coming home and looking for a fresh mount I decided, for reasons of economy, to give one of these babies a trial; and I am surprised indeed at the consistent and reliable running of my little machine. It is a 98cc Dot-Villiers, priced at fifteen guineas, plus 25s for lighting. For the past three months that I have owned this machine I have driven it over consistently hilly country and various conditions of road surface. Here in Cornwall grades are grades, and yet this little bus, weighing approximately 115lb, and myself a heavy rider of 14 stone 5lb, are able to get comfortably up any main road hills around here, the engine very seldom requiring foot assistance on the very steep grades. I have just completed a run from St. Ives, Cornwall, to London and back, a distance, by the route I took, of over 530miles. The whole trip, which I made in two stages each way, took under six gallons of gasoline and three pints of oil; the little machine gave perfectly steady running throughout, and no rattles or any parts to be even tightened after completion of he trip. Surely this speaks well for the stamina and reliability of these 'little brothers', and the efforts of our manufactures!

**PIERCE HACKETT."**

"THE THOROUGH WHACKING which our representative teams received in the International Six Days makes one wonder whether our machines and riders are so far ahead of those of our foreign competitors as they are reckoned to be. The winning Italian Gilera team were, of course, playing in their own backyard, as it were, but how about the Dutch team? I do not suppose that they were any more familiar with the course than our own star riders, but they beat us on our own machines, which goes to prove that on neutral ground, where the advantages are equal, the foreigner can give us all we want, and then some, in the art of handling a machine over a trials course. Now, supposing we give Continental riders a fair chance to do their stuff in the IOM TT races. Our men have an enormous advantage in these events. I suggest that our rivals be given more of a sporting chance by running the race over the same course, but in the re reverse direction. Perhaps we would then see NSUs first, second, and third, or an FN, Husqvarna and Rudge finish in that order...

**CW MAINE."**



Bob MacGregor and Betty Lermite were among six Rudge riders on the ISDT, and they all won gold medals.

THE POLICE, PARTICULARLY the Mobile Police, are reaping quite a good harvest in fines for exhaust pipes that 'leak' where they enter the silencer. The faintest trace of soot is quite sufficient to qualify for a fine. In such cases we advise splitting the exhaust pipe and fitting a clip. In a case on Clapham Common the 'cop' pointed out that the exhaust tappet required adjusting, as excessive clearance made the machine 'mechanically noisy'—which means another fine if the police feel disposed to complain.

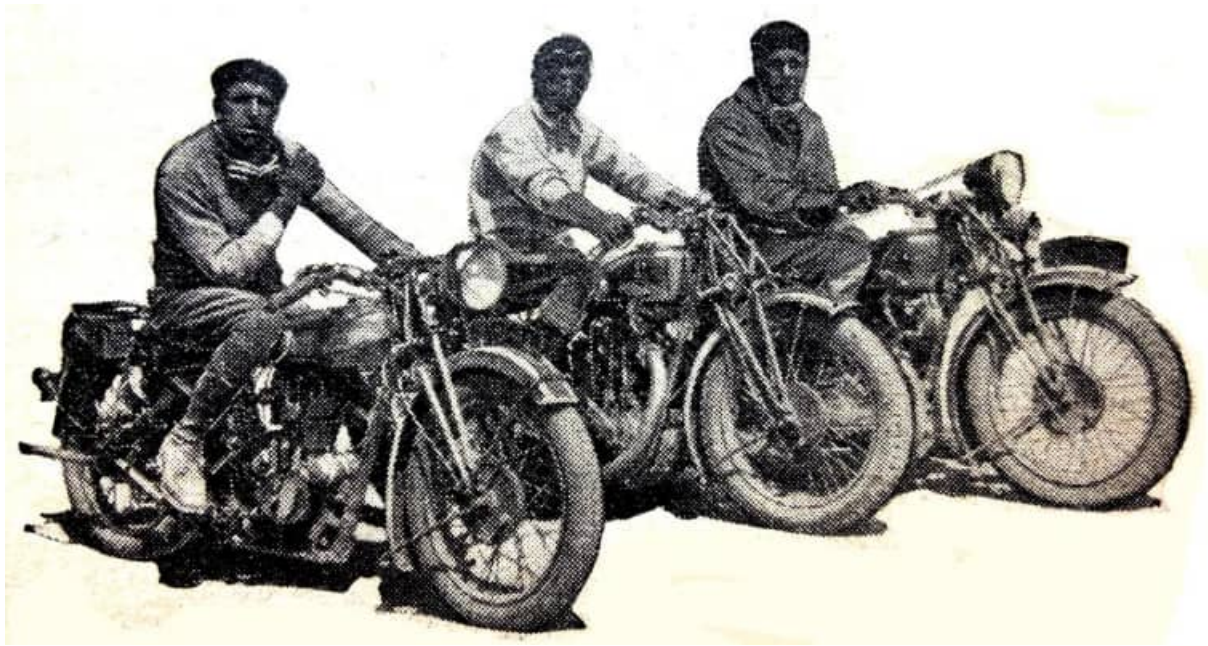
#### **AN AGENT."**

"WE NOTE WITH GREAT INTEREST, in your issue of June 18th, the climb made into the Andes by the readers from Santiago, Chile, and by Mr CS Cannon, of Iquique, Chile, on which rides the respective heights of 13,200f. and 13,400ft were reached. In this connection we would like to inform you of our ride made in the latter part of July from sea level to the height of 14,763ft. The bikes used were a 500cc side-valve Motosacoche, a 350cc ohv Motosacoche and a 350cc ohv Norton. These mounts were run from sea level to the above-mentioned altitude without alteration of carburetter setting or any adjustments being made. The road, to say the least of it, was terrible beyond description, and really hard going all the time. From Lima to the point reached is 125 miles. Of this distance, 30 miles were covered without any appreciable rise in altitude, so that practically all of the climbing was done in 95 miles. The road, being cut out of the side of the mountains, is very dangerous, as one side one has the precipice and the other the blank mountain. To give some idea of the gradients that we had to contend with, when going up, it may be pointed out that, when coming down, a distance of 30.4 consecutive miles was done 'coasting' (this, we imagine, is probably a record). Another idea of the gradients can be had from the fact that the average petrol consumption going up was 2¼gal, while coming down only ¾gal was used. While this journey is probably not a record run, we should be very interested to



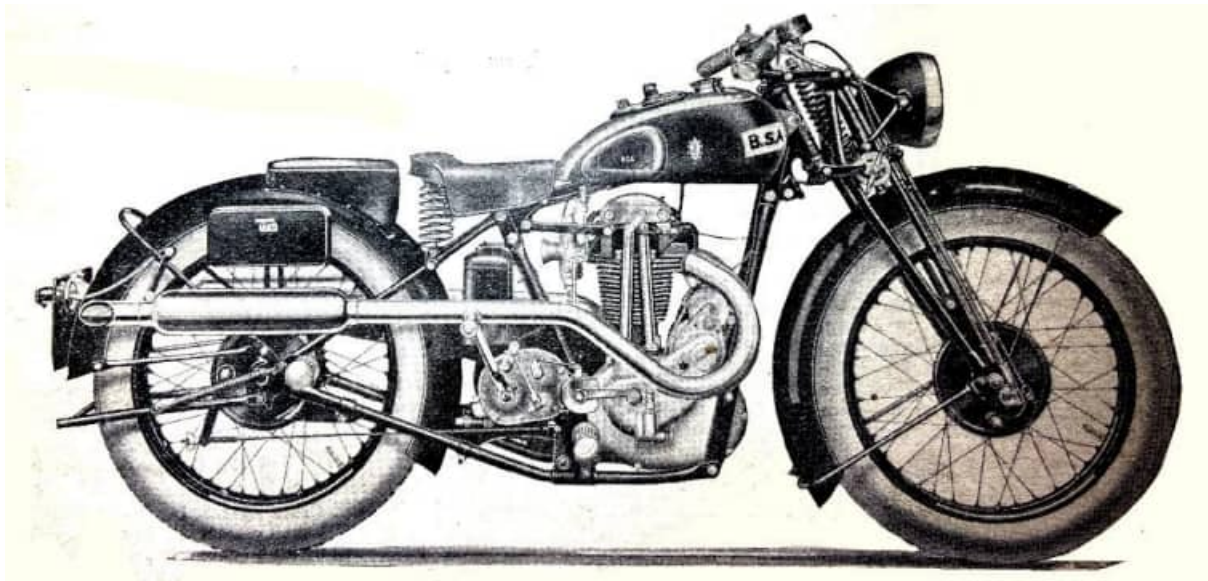
hear of any fellow-reader who has gone from sea level to greater heights.

**R LEWIS, JD GALLOWAY, IBA ROKES.** Lima Peru.

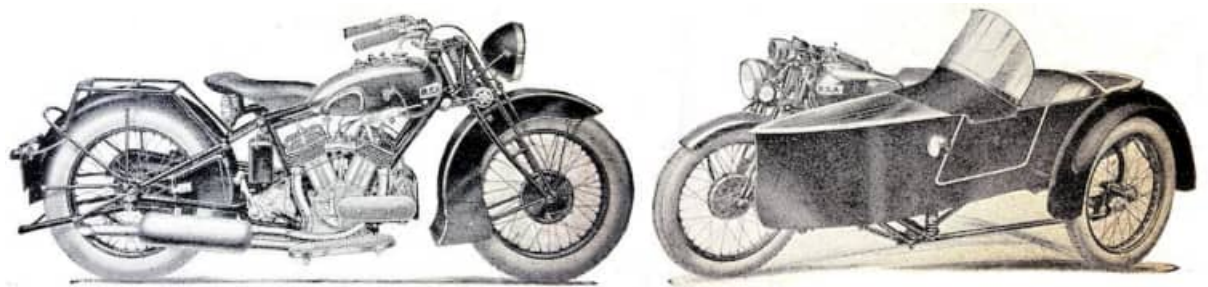


Messrs Lewis, Galloway and Rokes climbed to 14,763ft.

“SUMMARISED BRIEFLY, THE BSA programme is as follows: The side-valve 249cc type has disappeared in favour of a 349cc model, while the 249cc ohv model remains, and these two, with the 349cc ohv single-port machine, come within the 30s taxation limit. Outside the limit are, first, 349cc ohv and side-valve models, the former having a two-port head and being listed also as a Blue Star (super-sports) model. These three have a new frame with forged backbone, and a four-speed gear box. Secondly, the famous 493cc ohv and 557cc side-valve inclined-engine models are retained, with various considerable improvements...There will be a Blue Star edition of the 493cc ohv machine. Next come two quite new models, side-valve and overhead-valve two-port machines with vertical engines of 499cc; there is also a Blue Star edition of the ohv machine. Only one twin will be listed—the 986cc model, which has been considerably modified in detail [*Mods included wide, raised handlebars and a large saddle, which were described as ‘semi-American’. This is the first reference I’ve spotted to the influence of American designs, 40 years before ‘western’ bars became options on so many British vertical twins.*] The popular front-wheel-drive three-wheeler remains practically unchanged...the 249cc ohv model in its simple form...is the only machine of this engine size in the range. The 349cc single-port ohv type is new, though it follows similar lines, and the extra power, combined with the low weight, should give it a really good road performance. Replacing the 249cc side-valve is the 349cc side-valve, which has the advantage of a much improved performance at very slightly increased initial and upkeep costs.” Also new were eight-bolt detachable heads for the 499cc, 557cc and 986cc sidevalves which were claimed to boost power by no less than 25%; not one but two models of four-speed gearbox; ‘clean’ handlebars with twistgrips for throttle and spark control; a thumb-operated pawl and ratchet on the front brake lever to act as a handbrake for sidecar work; the slopers’ forged ‘backbone extended to other models; QD rear wheels and an uprated form of primary chain lubrication.



"The attractive new 'Blue Star', or competition, version of the 349cc ohv de luxe BSA. There are also 500c 'Blue Stars'."



"Semi-American bars and saddle are noticeable alterations on the 986cc twin. (Right) An example from the sidecar range—the launch model."

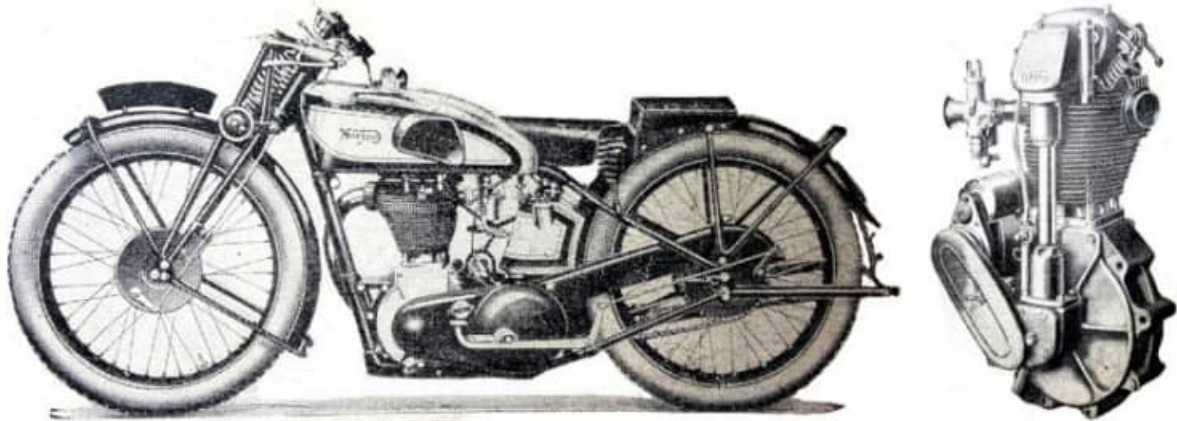


L-R: "The knock-out rear spindle; note the driving dogs on the brake drum. The sturdy new speedometer mounting. Large knee-grips and a neat instrument panel distinguish the new tank. The primary chain has an oiler, and there is an oil-bath in the base of the chain-case."

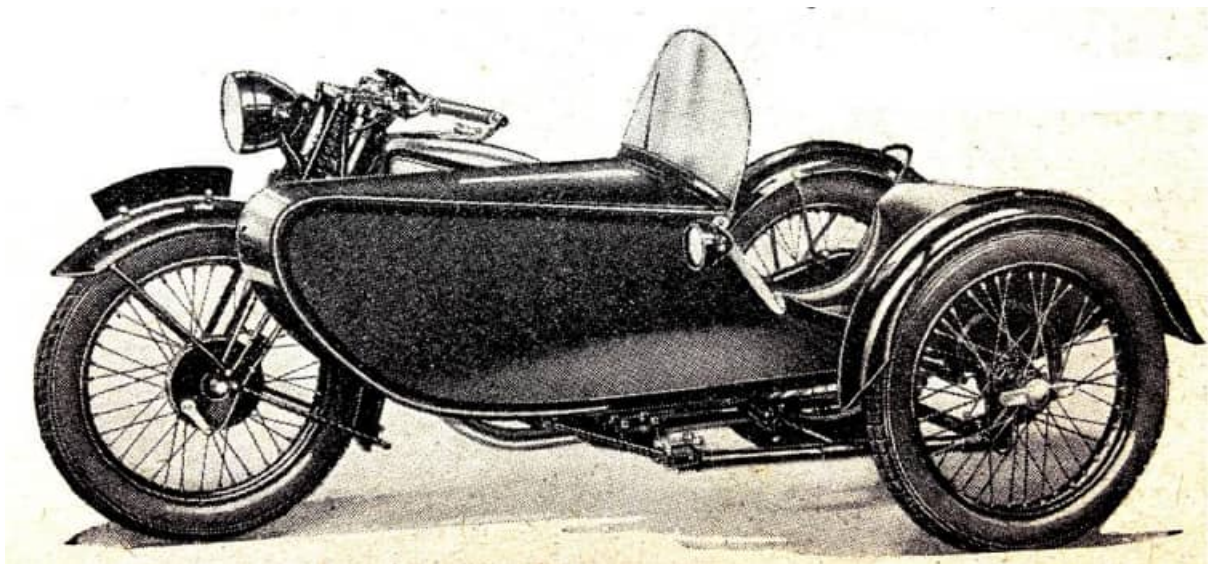
"THE LESSONS OF AN AMAZINGLY SUCCESSFUL racing year are apparent throughout the Norton 1932 range...There are two new models, known as the No 30 International and the No 40 International. The former has a 490cc overhead-camshaft engine, and the latter a 348cc engine of the same type. Except for the engines and the size of the fuel tank—3¾ gallons for the larger machine and 3½ gallons for the smaller—the two are almost identical in specification, and they are substantially the same as this year's TT models...transmission is through a very special four-speed gear box, developed to suit this particular type of machine...the lubrication system has been modified to incorporate a plunger indicator mounted over the timing chest, and a modified ball valve pressure release which is easily adjustable...It is no secret that Nortons have been testing a new detachable and interchangeable wheel system throughout the year...The system is



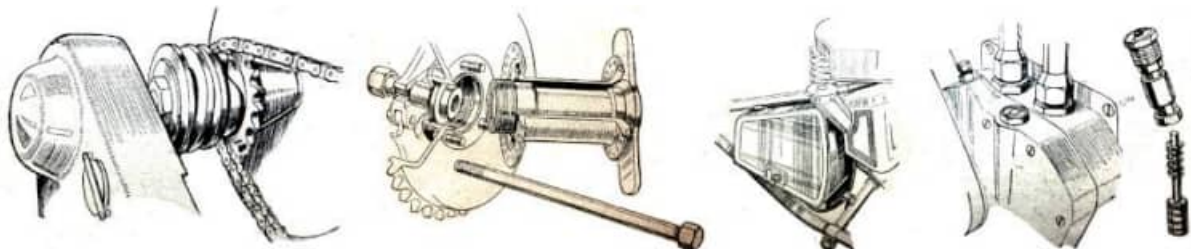
such that when the wheel is withdrawn the combined sprocket and brake drum remain in situ, so that neither brake nor chain adjustment is disturbed...This special system of quickly detachable wheels applies...throughout the Norton range...As no shock absorber is fitted in the new detachable wheels, an absorber has been arranged on the engine, in addition to a second one on the clutch.



"The new 500cc 'International' overhead-camshaft model. (Right) A really 'handsome' engine—the 490cc overhead-camshaft unit."

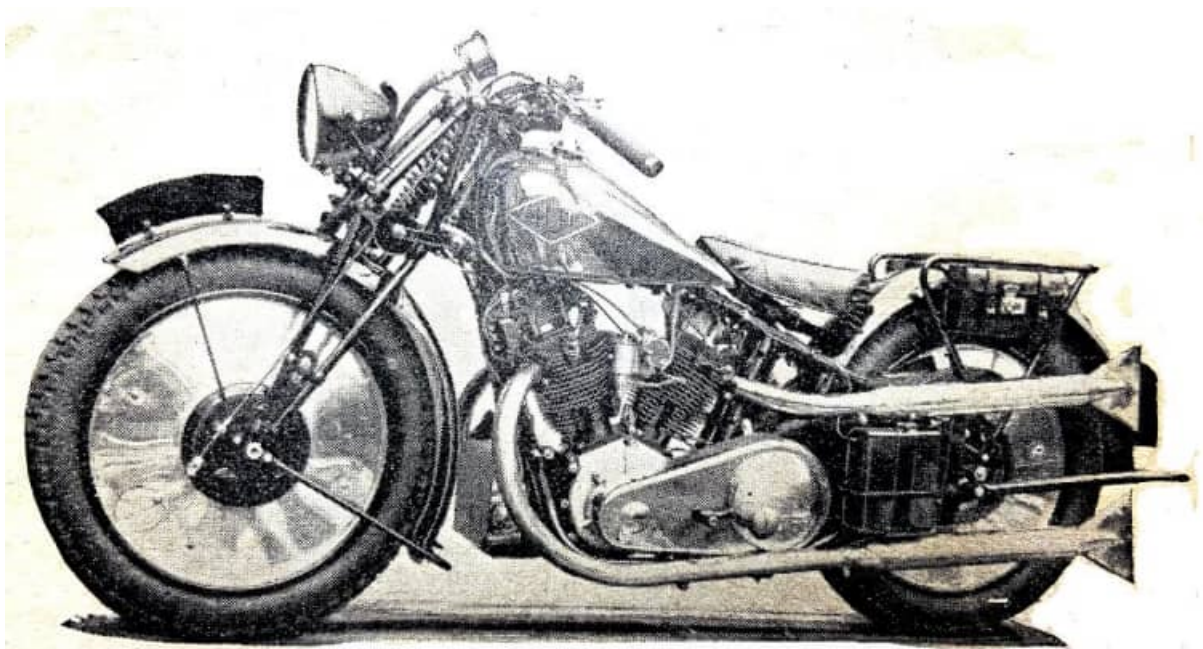


"Something new in sidecars—the Norton 'special sports' model."



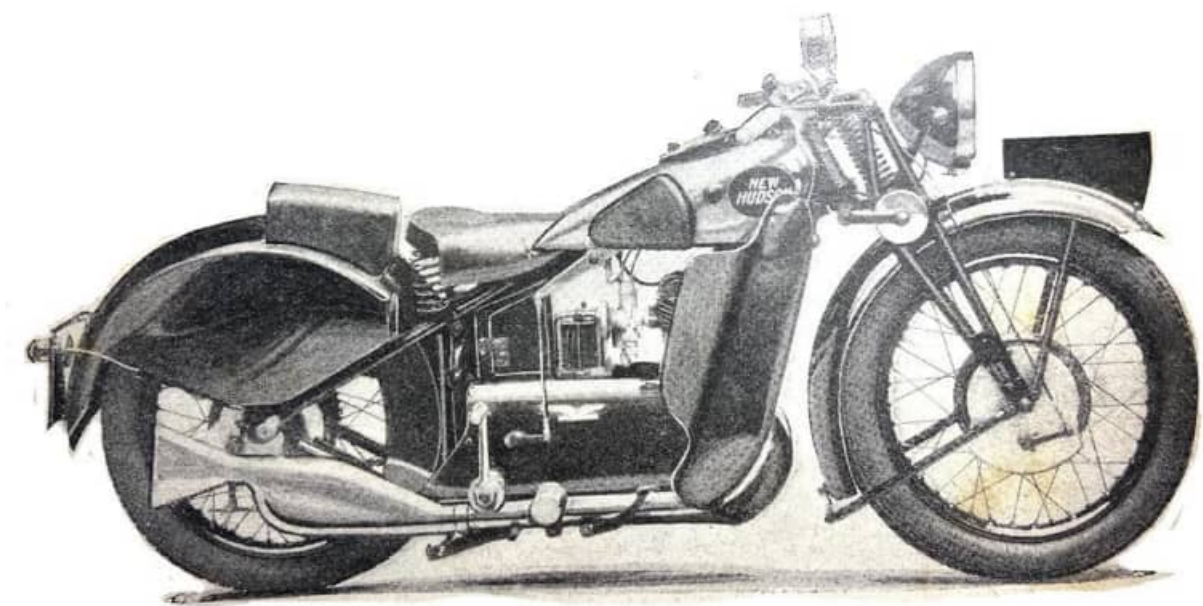
L-R: "An engine-shaft shock-absorber is now used. How the brake drum is held in position when the new detachable wheel is removed. The tool-box is now carried between the back stays. All models have an oil indicator in the timing case."





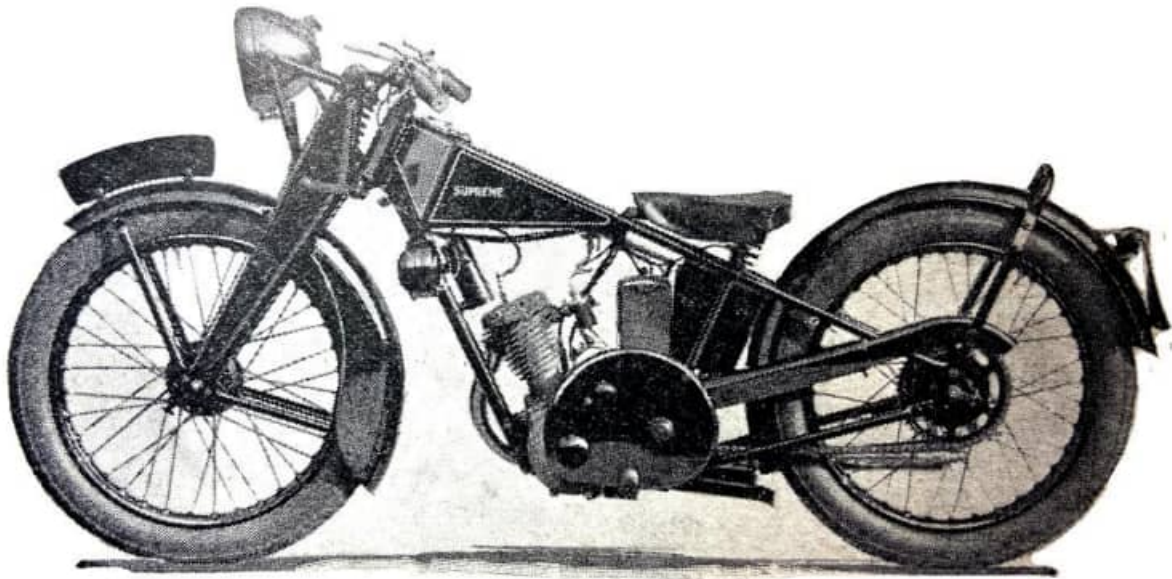
“AN INTERESTING 700CC OHV machine is being produced by the NUT Motor Co. for 1932. The engine is a vee-twin of sound, straightforward design, with two valves in each head, and enclosed valve gear. The machine, actually, is very much on the lines of that produced for 1931, but the rocker boxes have been redesigned, and are now fitted with an oil feed to the valve stems. The compression ratio has been raised to  $6\frac{1}{2}$  to 1, and a larger tank of well over three gallons is fitted. Another interesting item is the adoption of a prop stand.” This example, specially ordered by an overseas enthusiast, came with disc wheels.

REVISIONS TO THE NEW HUDSON range included a reduction of 45lb in the weight of the 493cc ohv and side-valve models; revamped footrests designed to bend rather than break in the event of a fall and a “550cc side-valve de luxe with valenced rear guard, all-weather saddle, legshields, pillion seat with adjustable pillion footrests, and built-in suitcases”. The luggage gear was also described as “pannier kit bags”.



“A luxurious all-weather touring machine—the 550cc side-valve de luxe with pannier kit bags and pillion equipment.”

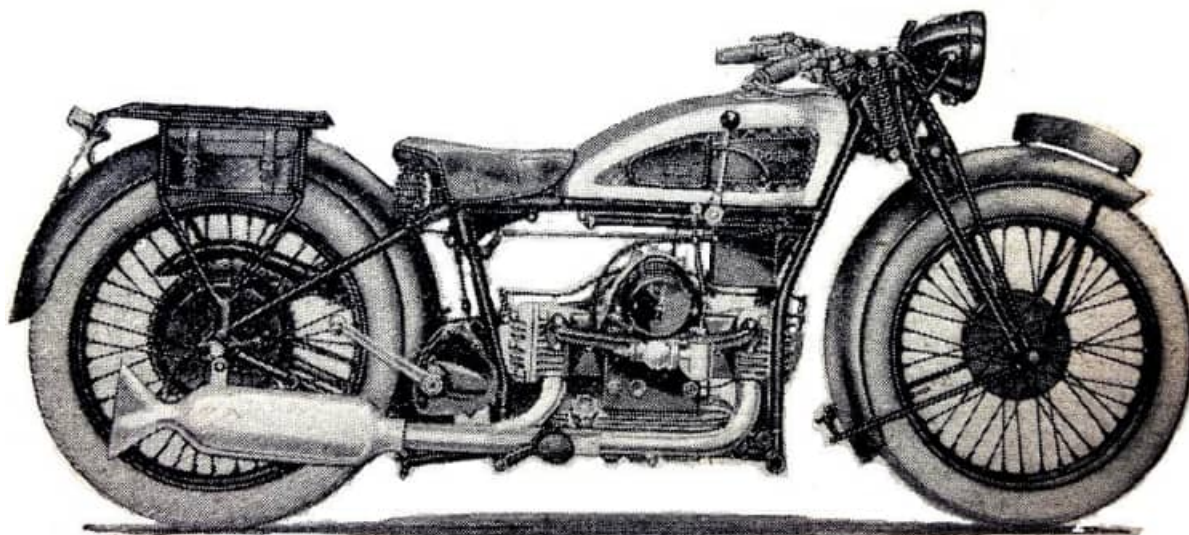
AMONG MANUFACTURERS TO PUT JAP's new 148cc side-valve to good news was OK Supreme. The Blue 'Un noted that "though the machine weights but 172lb, and comes within the 15s taxation limit, it is a complete miniature motor cycle, and includes almost every item of equipment which is to be found on the average full-size production...a Pilgrim oil pump draws its supply from a separate oil tank containing one quart fo oil. This tank is grouped with an all-metal tool case and a six-volt accumulator on the seat post." Equipment included a three-speed Burman box, Miller dynamo, 4½in drum brakes and as centre stand. "Altogether, the latest addition to the OK Supreme range is a most fascinating little mount which may prove to be the forerunner of a big batch of four-stroke lightweights."



"The new OK Supreme lightweight is a sturdy-looking little mount."

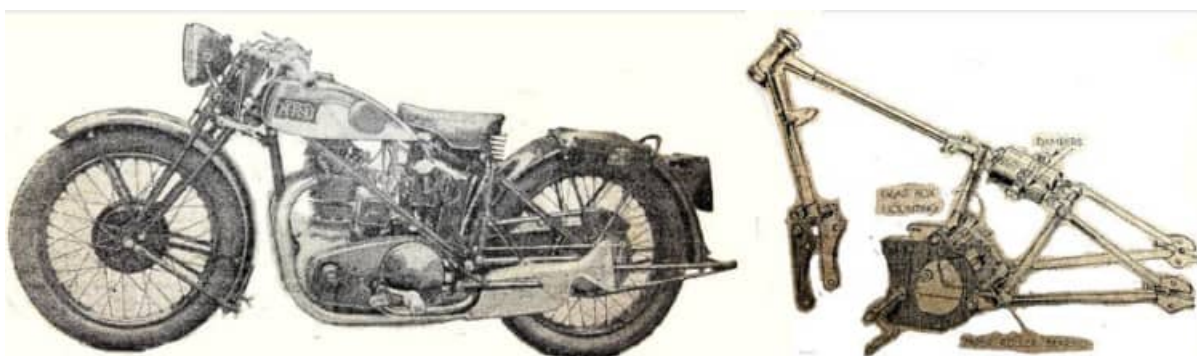
"THE DOUGLAS CONCERN, WHILE still adhering strongly to its famous opposed twin-cylinder type of engine, always manages to introduce something interest-ing into its programmes. Last year it was a 350cc machine weighing under 224lb, and a 500cc ohv sports machine that attracted attention, and now for 1932 there are no fewer than four new models of even greater interest: Model C, which is a 500cc side-valve machine eligible for the 30s tax; model H, a 750cc side-valve designed as a result of heavy police and passenger service; and models K and M; which are overhead-valve touring machines of 350cc and 500cc respectively. The range is completed by the retention of the popular 350cc 'light-weight' model 'A', and Colonial model 'B'; standard and de-luxe editions of the 600cc side-valve machine; and 500cc and 600cc ohv sports and dirt-track models. There are also sidecars suitable for all purposes. Next comes the 750cc side-valve model, which closely follows in design the 600cc model of last year. The engine is carried in a particularly massive frame of the duplex cradle pattern. Lubrication is of the automatic dry-sump type, the oil being contained in a ribbed aluminium sump at the base of the engine. This sump has a capacity of five pints. This machine has 8in brakes, the rear one being toe-operated, and 26×3.50in tyres; footboards or footrests are optional. Detail improvements have been made in the kick-starter mechanism."





“An attractive large-capacity side-valve—the 750cc Douglas.”

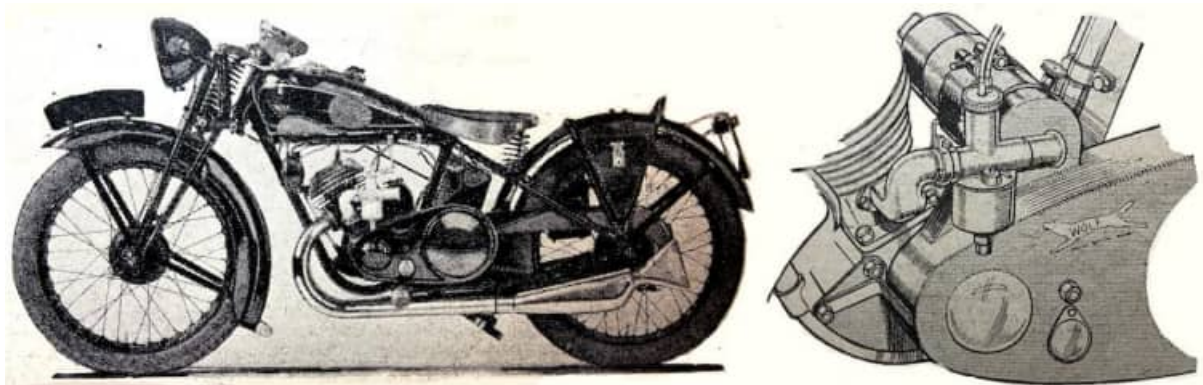
“THE VINCENT-HRD FIRM is to be congratulated on its adherence to spring frame design; it was three years ago that it launched out with what has proved to be a very sound design, albeit the original scheme was a trifle complicated in its tubing. The past year’s design has been so successful that it is to be continued for 1932 with one amendment only, the transfer of the eight-inch rear brake and its pedal to the near side. Apart from the fact that all models, except a grass-track mount, will be of 500cc, the chief interest lies in a new range of three models incorporating a simple diamond spring frame; the essentials of the frame are almost exactly the same as on the older design, but the long side stays are omitted, and a new arrangement of the large taper roller bearing, gear-box housing, and rear engine plates, has resulted in a simplified layout without any considerable loss of lateral rigidity. The rear engine plates are extended to form half of the gear box housing, and the other half of this housing is formed in a one-piece malleable casting to accommodate the main bearing of the springing system. The gear box is slung from the top of the plates, with an accessible adjustment below the box. The main bearing, of Timken taper rollers, is 8in wide, and 2½in in diameter. The unsprung portion of the frame, namely, the rear stay triangle, is mounted on this massive bearing by a fork-ended casting, the apex of the triangle being connected to the pair of enclosed and damped Druid springs placed almost out of sight under the saddle. The unobtrusiveness of this springing system is one of its attributes, and the absence of the side stays undoubtedly assists in the appearance of a very neat mount.”



“The 499cc Python-engined model with the standard spring frame. (Right) The new light spring frame in which the side torque tubes are dispensed with.”



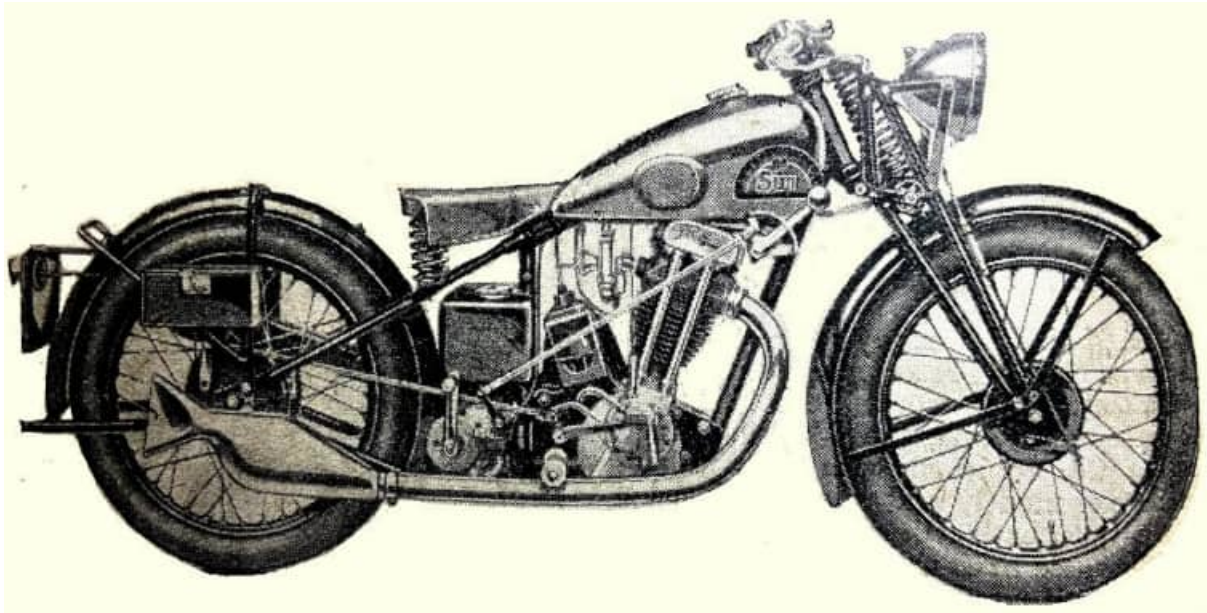
“ESTABLISHED MANY YEARS AGO, the name of Wolf recently appeared again in the motor cycle world. Specialising in the lightweight line, the Wulfruna Engineering Co returned with a well-laid-out 98cc model, and later developed a 147cc type, both selling at modest prices. While these lines will be retained, three rather larger models have been added to the range, but all are equipped with Villiers two-stroke engines and Albion gear boxes, and all have loop frames. The largest machine, the Silver Wolf, has a 196cc super-sports two-port engine and a very complete and sensible specification. Though the ignition current is supplied by the Villiers flywheel magneto, a Miller six-volt dynamo mounted behind the cylinder is chain-driven from the crankshaft to provide the source of light. Both primary and dynamo chains are protected by a common covering, and the former is lubricated by an adjustable drip-feed from the tank which contains the main oil supply. This tank is mounted behind the seat-post, and the engine is fed through a sight-feed on the Villiers automatic principle. The nose of a Dunlop waterproof saddle is recessed into the end of a shapely saddle tank, and triangular tool bags are carried pannier-fashion beside the rear mudguard. Both front and rear guards are valanced, a lifting handle is provided, and the stand is placed centrally in such a manner that the machine will remain with either wheel on the ground. Twist grips, brazed-on lever pivots, and inverted levers give the handlebars a clean appearance, and the finish, in black and gold, is most attractive. The price of £34 includes 5in brakes with finger adjustment, 25x3in Avon tyres, knee-grips, draw-bolt adjustment for the primary chain, and shock and steering dampers. With direct lighting and parking light, the model may be obtained for £29 10s.”



“The new 196cc Silver Wolf. (Right) How the separate dynamo is mounted on the 196cc super-sports model. Note the regulator (behind dynamo) for the chain lubricator.”

“FOUR MODELS WILL COMPRISE the ‘Sun’ range for 1932. There is one newcomer, a machine of attractive appearance and specification. It is a 346cc ohv single-port JAP-engined mount built to come within the 30s tax limit. The engine, which is of the latest type, having enclosed rocker gear and dry-sump lubrication, is mounted at a forward angle, the slope agreeing with that of the front down tube. Behind the cylinder is mounted the chain-driven magneto. A Burman three-speed gear box is employed, and both chains are fitted with guards, the one shielding the primary chain providing complete protection. The very sturdy frame is of the cradle type, in which tubes are carried from the lower extremity of the front down tube to the rear spindle. On the saddle-tube the oil tank and battery are carried, while tools are carried in a pannier bag. The silencing system is neat, and the expansion chamber has a large fishtail. Druid forks are fitted with shock absorbers, each wheel has a large-diameter brake, and the tyres measure 25x3in. There is a Lycett saddle, and the tank, which is chromium-plated and has a green top panel, holds 2½ gallons of petrol. Where lighting is ordered it is of the Lucas-M-L type. Next comes a Villiers-engined machine, in which the long-stroke 346cc power unit is employed. The engine slopes for ward in a type of frame similar to that already mentioned. Villiers automatic

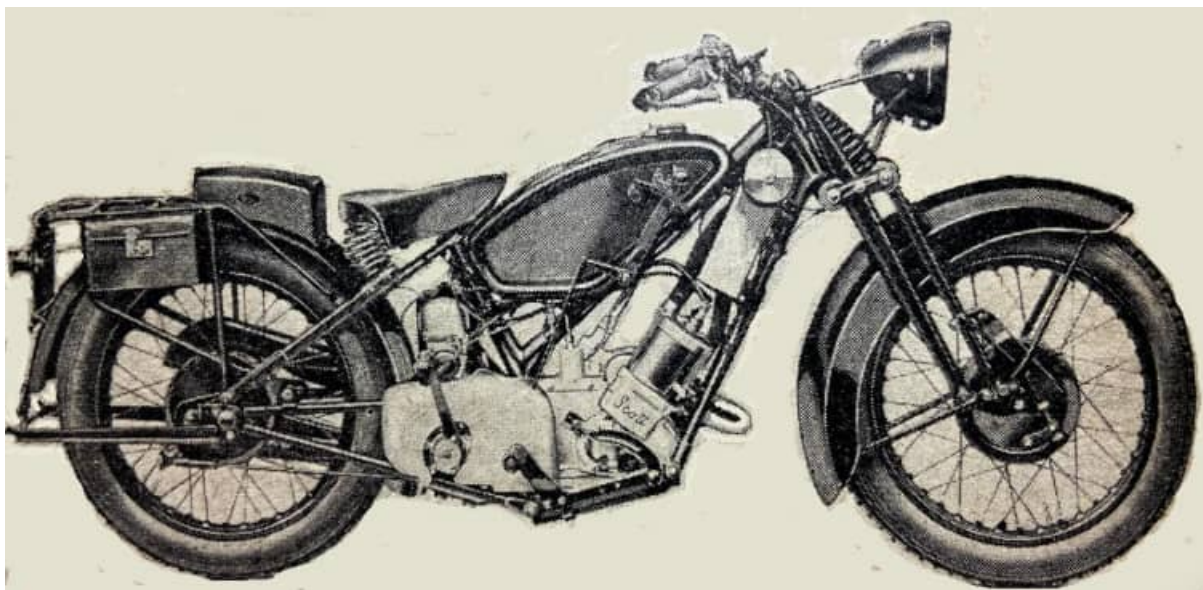
lubrication from a separate tank is used, while the Villiers carburetter and fly-wheel magneto are incorporated.”



“The 346cc single-port JAP-engined model.”

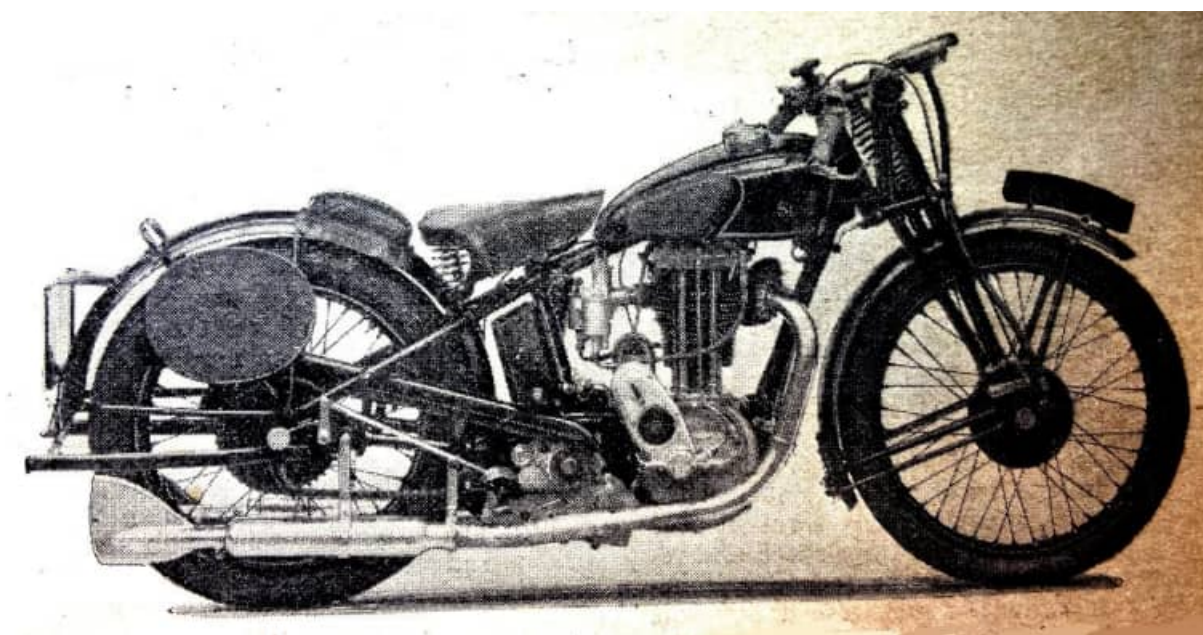
“REFINEMENT IS THE KEYNOTE of the slight changes that have been made to Scott motor cycles for 1932. Prices remain as in 1931, and a new model, the ‘Sports Flying Squirrel’, has been added to the range. This has been evolved from the well-known Sprint Special model, and, being somewhat lighter than the Replica model, is an attractive proposition for long-distance fast touring as distinct from long-distance racing. The new sports model has the open frame, in which is housed the Powerplus-type engine. Brampton Monarch bottom link-type forks are employed, while the tank is painted in a new colour arrangement of purple on a background of black. Six-inch mudguards are fitted, the rear guard being hinged to facilitate wheel removal. The price is £85 with the 498cc engine and £87 with the 596cc unit. As regards the other models, the Flying Squirrel Tourer remains substantially as in 1932. The tank, of course, is in the new Scott colours and twistgrip throttle control is now standard. The prices are £65 with the 498cc standard engine and £68 with the 596cc standard engine. Several changes have been made to the Flying’ Squirrel De Luxe model, which now has Brampton bottom-link-type forks instead of the Scott fork. Both front and rear mudguards are of 6in. section, and the rear guard is hinged. The centre stand has been discarded, and in its place are two stands—an ordinary-type rear stand and a stand at the forward end of the engine. Twist-grip control is now standard, and the equipment includes a Sorbo pillion seat.”





“The new ‘Sports Flying Squirrel’ evolved from the Sprint Special model.”

“THE SUNBEAM MODEL 90 is truly a machine for the enthusiast. It is intended primarily for road racing and is turned out in full racing trim, though silencers are fitted to render the machine suitable for use on the public highway...The wheels are quickly detachable and interchangeable...A four-speed gear box is employed...and the new rear mudguard is hinged to facilitate wheel removal. The engine has a bore and stroke of 80x98mm. It is tuned for racing, and has enclosed rocker gear and push-rods. Sunbeam double hairpin valve springs are fitted and the valve guides are positively lubricated...A special racing Amal carburetter has twin float chambers and the throttle is controlled by twist-grip...Oil is contained in a tank on the saddle tube and there is an oil pressure gauge mounted in the top of the fuel tank...The standard compression ratio is 7.5 to 1, but there are alternative ratios of 7 to 1 and 9 to 1...Foot operation of the gears is arranged...A kick-starter and hand change are alternative equipment...Mounted on the top of the front forks is a specially large speedometer, registering up to 120mph.”



“The 1932 Model 90 Sunbeam; note the large speedometer mounted on the front fork.”

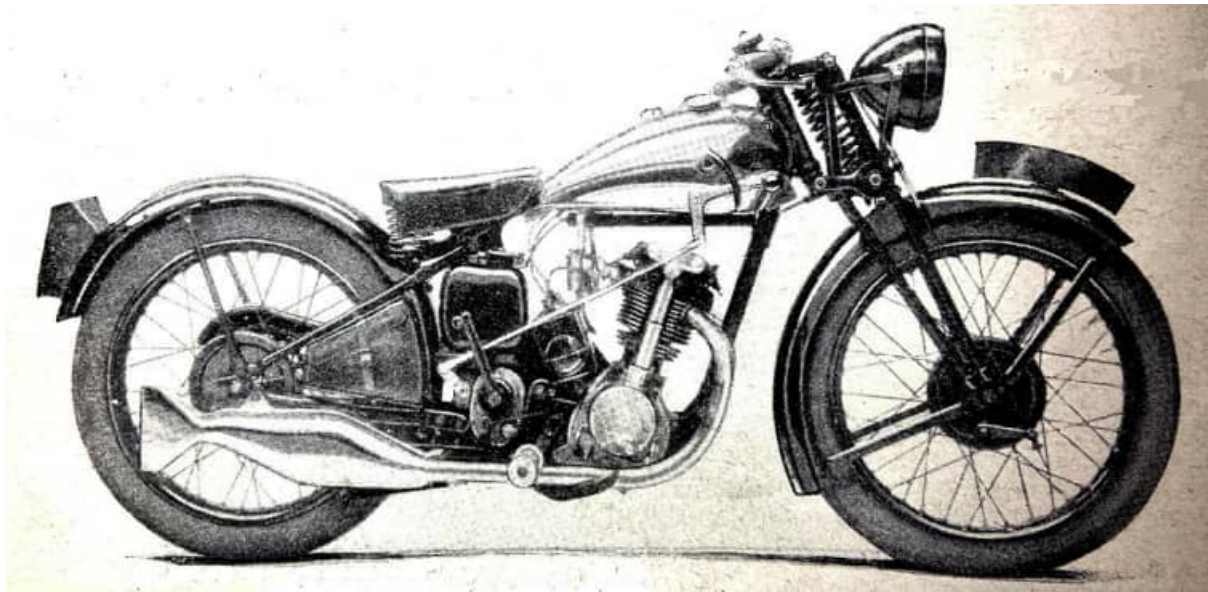


JAMES, WHICH WAS BEST known for an exceptionally tidy 500cc twin, reacted to the global recession with a utility two-stroke: "This new power unit is a highly efficient job of 148cc, It has a one-piece cylinder, in which there are two well-splayed exhaust ports. Transfer and inlet ports are divided, and the latter are restricted so that their effective opening is triangular in shape. Moreover, the shaping of the port is such as to impart, turbulence the incoming gas. A cast-iron piston is used. having two pegged rings and floating gudgeon pin retained by circlips...In the centre of the cylinder head is located the sparking plug, and HT current is derived from a Villiers flywheel magneto...Lubrication. is by the petroil system, and silence is ensured by two large expansion chambers fitted with fishtails. A three-speed Albion gear box has hand control, and incorporates a clutch and kick-starter. The sturdy frame is of the complete loop type, and the saddle tank rests on two straight tubes, to which it is welded...Brakes of 4in diameter...Other items are a Terry saddle, ribbed mudguards, central stand, tool-box and tools, and direct electric lighting...A slightly less elaborate edition of this machine has a two-speed gear box.

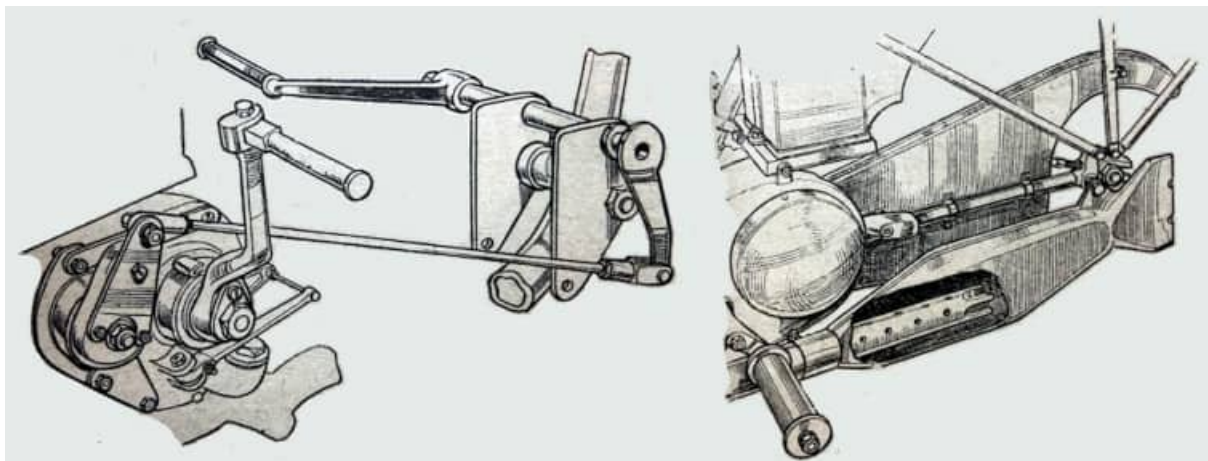


"The new 148cc model, which marks the re-introduction of a James two-stroke engine. (Right) The cylinder and piston of the 148cc two-stroke. Note the formation of the inlet port."

"THREE PYTHON-ENGINEED MODELS will constitute the Grindlay-Peerless range for the home market in 1932. Two have 499cc engines and one a 249cc radial-valve engine...Both the [499cc],types will be familiar to Grindlay-Peerless enthusiasts, but there has been an addition to the range which is entirely new. It is, in effect, a replicas in miniature of the 499cc Special but is engined by a 249cc radial-valved Python with the cylinder inclined forward. In this case the front down tube does not extend below the crank case, but stops at the front engine plates. The four-speed gear box is hand controlled, and behind the cylinder is an M-L ignition and lighting set; ,with this equipment and standard 25x3in tyres, the little machines comes within the 30s taxation limit, in spite of its four-speed gear box, and its appearance is so compact and neat that it is bound to attract much attention. As with the larger models, the tank is finished in chromium plating, with a black top panel...All he machines, including the new light model, are fitted with central stands. The sturdy construction and excellent finish which have characterised the products of this firm for many years past have been retained to the full."

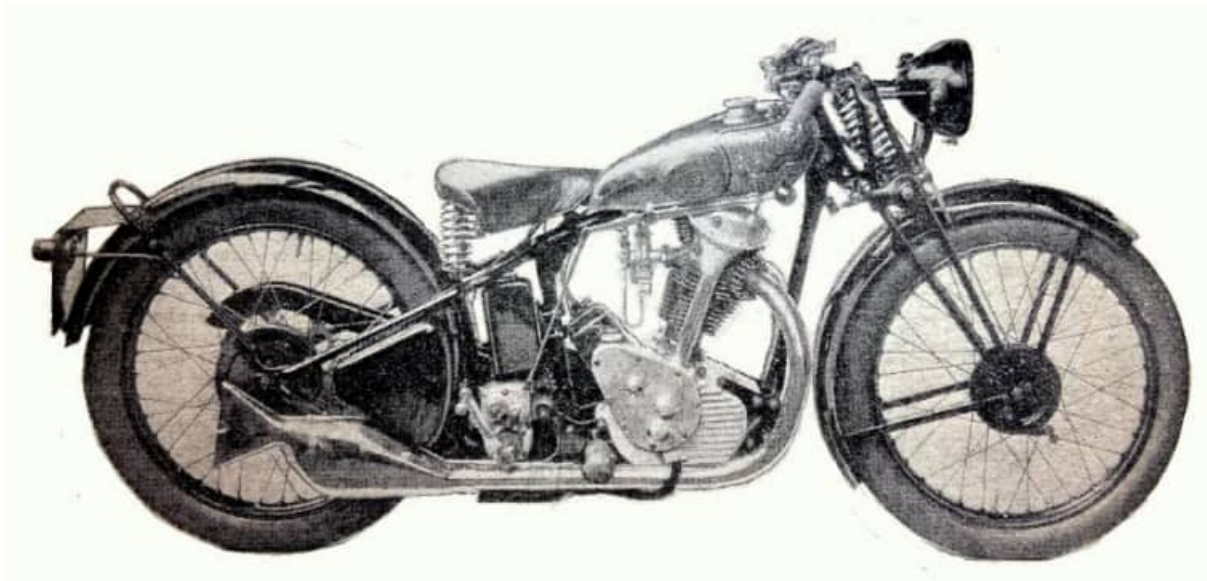


“The new 249cc ohv Python-engined model.”



“How the foot gear control of the Python four-speed box is carried across the frame. (Right) An internal double fishtail, easily accessible for cleaning, is a 1932 improvement. Note also the new chain guard.”

“THE 1932 RANGE OF P&M Panther machines is an exceptionally interesting one. The model of most arresting interest is the new 248cc ohv Panther, and among clubmen and sporting riders generally it should immediately rank in the highest position...The engine gives from 63-65mph in standard trim, and can be expected to tour all day, well within its power, at 50mph...it will live with any other fast touring machine on club runs or trials, and its owner will not be handicapped by any lack of performance...The frame of the 248cc model is more conventional than that of the big Panthers...A neat saddle tank, chromium plated, is fitted, and both the gear lever fulcrum and the gate are carried on this...Lighting and ignition are provided by an M-L Maglita...Webb forks are fitted.”



“Built to stand up to hard work—the new 248cc Panther. This is the two-port model.”

“AT LONG LAST THAT DESIRABLE feature, the foot-operated gear change, is coming into its own. Our readers will learn with pleasure that it is to be available on the majority of 1932 motor cycles, either as a standard fitting or at the rider’s option. Its adoption, as we have so constantly urged, is overdue, since not only does it ensure rapid, easy gear changing, but, what is more important from a safety standpoint, it enables the rider to keep both hands upon the handle-bars when changing gear. There is, of course, a right way and a wrong way of fitting a foot gear change. The wrong way is to mount it upon the same side as the brake pedal. This is a fault to be found in several machines, due to the fact that the foot-change mechanism has been adapted to the design instead of being part of it. Obviously the two controls should be on opposite sides; also, the gear control should be an arranged that it can be operated with the minimum alteration in riding position.”



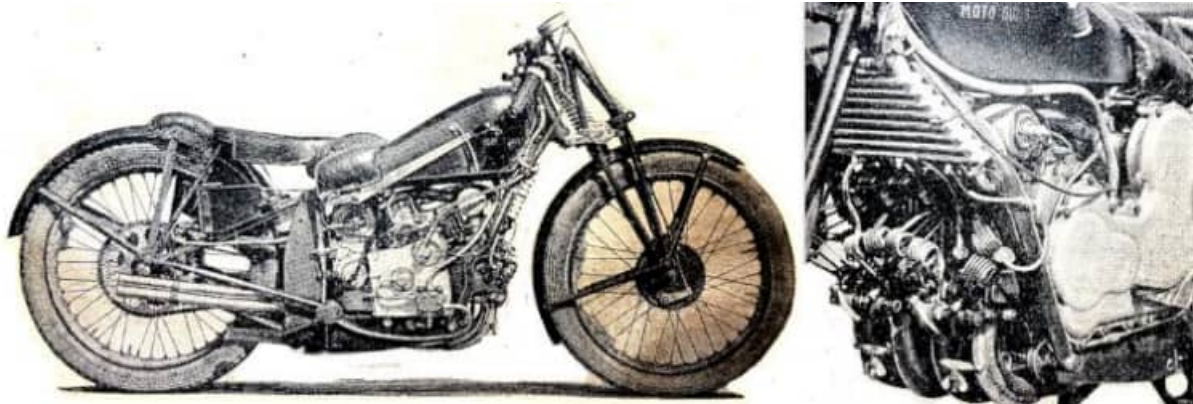
The Brough Superior SS100 show model has survived and will be up for grabs at the Stafford Show in April 2023 with an auction estimate of £150-180,000.



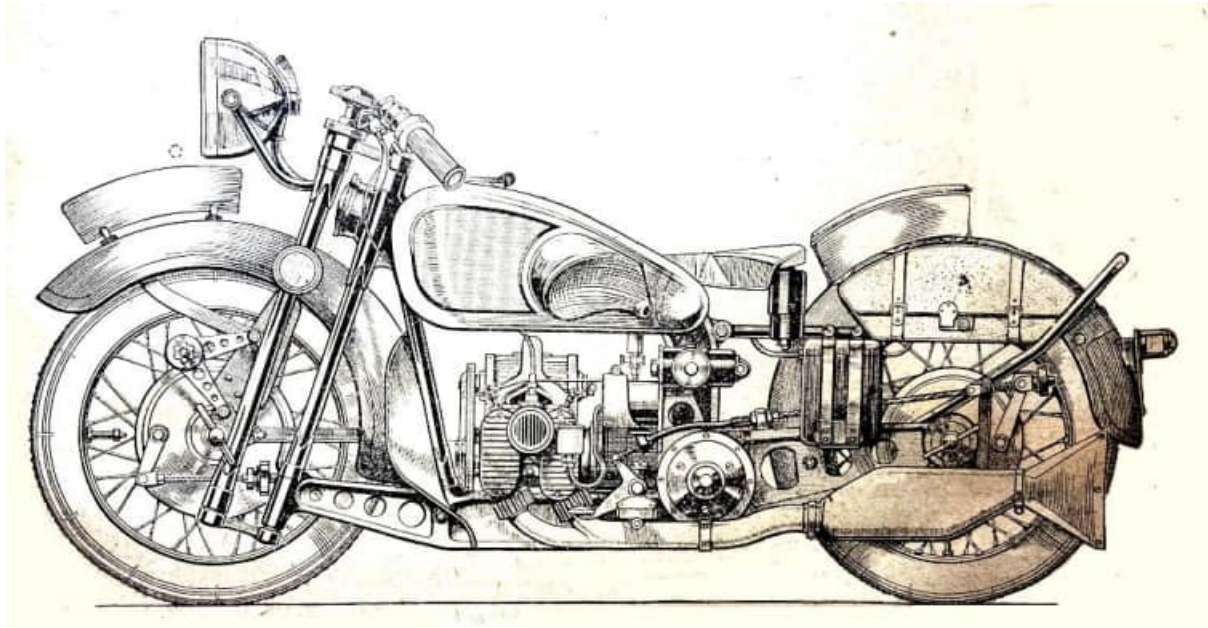
“THE ARRIVAL OF THE 1932 models brings the names of still more strange beasts and birds into the movement, Soon the old type-numbers and letters will be a thing of the past!”

AS PART OF ITS ANNUAL Buyers' Guide, *The Motor Cycle* analysed the frequency of various design features. Capacity: 150cc, 9.3%; 250cc, 14.3%; 350cc, 25.1%; 500cc, 26.4%; 600cc, 11.6%; 1,000cc, 10%; over 1,000cc, 3.3%. Type: Four cylinders, 1.6%; twins, 21.0%; singles, 77.4%; total of multi-cylinders, 22.6%. Valve gear, side-valve, 27.3%; ohc, 3.3%; ohv, 49.2%; two-strokes, 19.4%; other, 0.8%. Ignition: Magneto, 68.7%; coil, 10.5%; flywheel magneto, 20.8%. Gear box: Two-speed, 10.5%; three-speed, 27.6%; four-speed, 61.9%. Gear control: Hand, 81.0%; foot, 14.5%; optional, 4.5%. Electrical equipment: Standard, 39.2%; extra, 60.8%.

“THE WHOLE IDEA OF THE ‘hush-hush’ 500cc Guzzi super-charged four is the production of a racing machine with better acceleration and higher maximum speed than are obtainable with a single. Like the standard Guzzi singles, the four-cylinder has unit-construction of the engine and gear, box. The cylinder arrangement is unusual; the four barrels, arranged in a straight line across the frame, are slightly inclined upwards from the horizontal. Thus, the cylinder heads are well exposed to the cooling draught. A short stroke has been adopted, the bore and stroke being 56x50mm. The crankshaft is of the three-bearing type—all roller bearings, incidentally—with ducts in the shaft for the force-feed lubrication. A dry-sump system has been adopted, and a special aluminium oil cooler or radiator is mounted at the front end of the fuel tank. All told, there is almost a gallon of oil in circulation. The pump is of the gear type, mounted on the off side, and driven from the end of one of the two camshafts. Push-rod operation is used for the eight inclined overhead valves. These push-rods, due to the small dimensions of the engine, are, of course, unusually short. The valve springs are of the hairpin variety.”

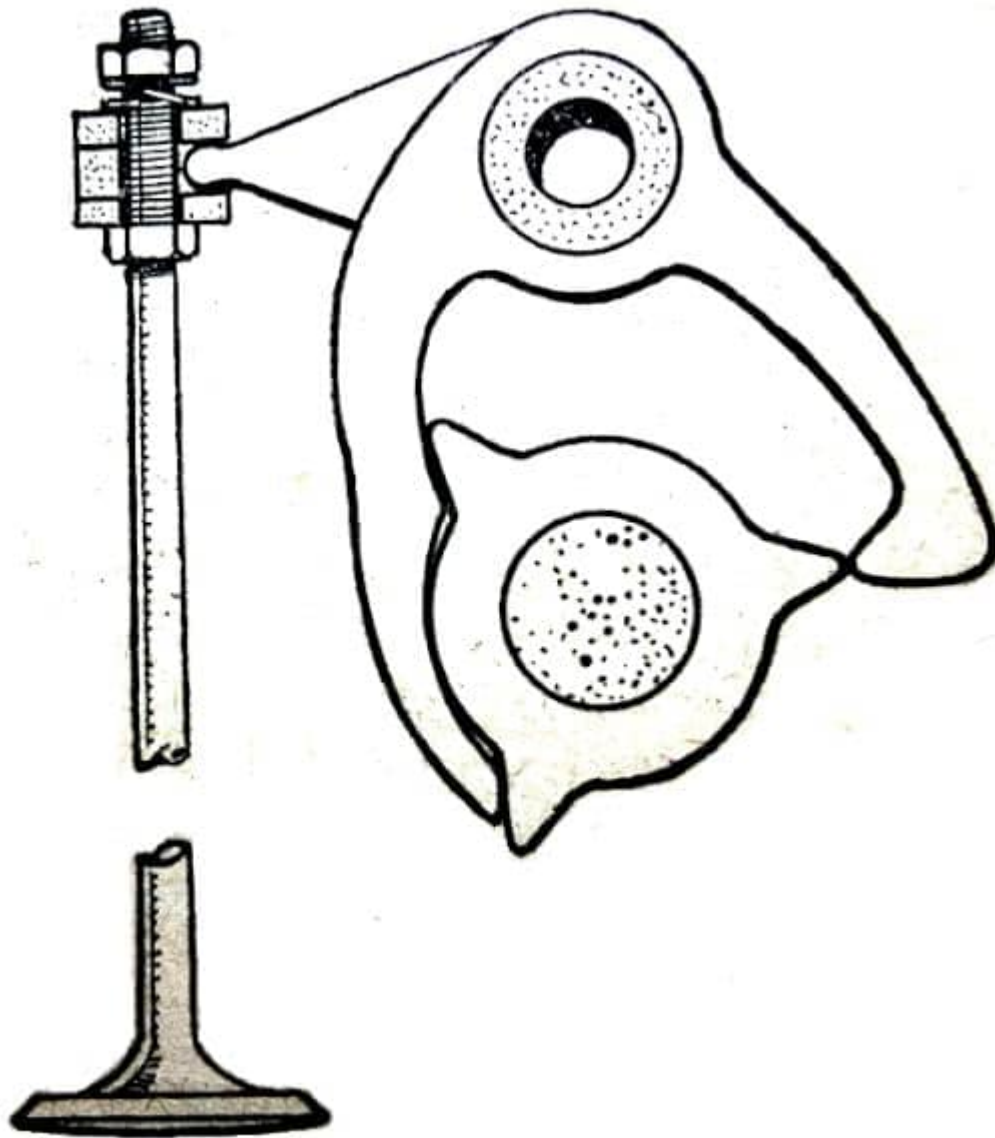


While Britain pinned its racing colours to the big-single mast, the Italians aimed to rock the boat with a blown dohc transverse four.



A number of readers had sent *The Motor Cycle* details of their dream bikes, using parts from a range of machines. In response engineer WR Finch came up with a supercharged ohc 600cc transverse flat four featuring unit construction, a four-speed constant-mesh gearbox and a bevel box leading to an oil-bath rear chain. Up front was an OEC duplex set-up; the rear swinging-arm was controlled by “helical enclosed suspension springs with adjustable friction dampers”.

“THE PROBLEM OF CLOSING inlet and exhaust valves by ‘positive’ mechanical means instead of by springs has fascinated many engineers. In a design which has been submitted by Mr JR Morris, together with a Patent Specification in the name of Mr EE Morris, the cam is enclosed within a pair of vee-shaped rockers. An extension of these rockers, which may be a separate arm moved directly by them, engages between washers on the valve stem. These washers are semi-rigidly located by means of a nut and spring washer, the spring washer being introduced to allow for the varying extension necessary. The peculiarity of this design lies in the fact that the camshaft runs at one-sixth engine speed, and each cam is provided with three lobes set at 120° apart. The lifting side of the rocker may be fitted with a roller, which may be adjustable in order to take up clearance if desired. The closing side has a long wiped area, as the ‘closed’ period is far longer than the ‘open’ one. In proof of the practicability of this design, Mr Morris has fitted it to his ohv Matchless, on which, he states, it has given satisfactory results over a distance of approximately 1,000 miles.”

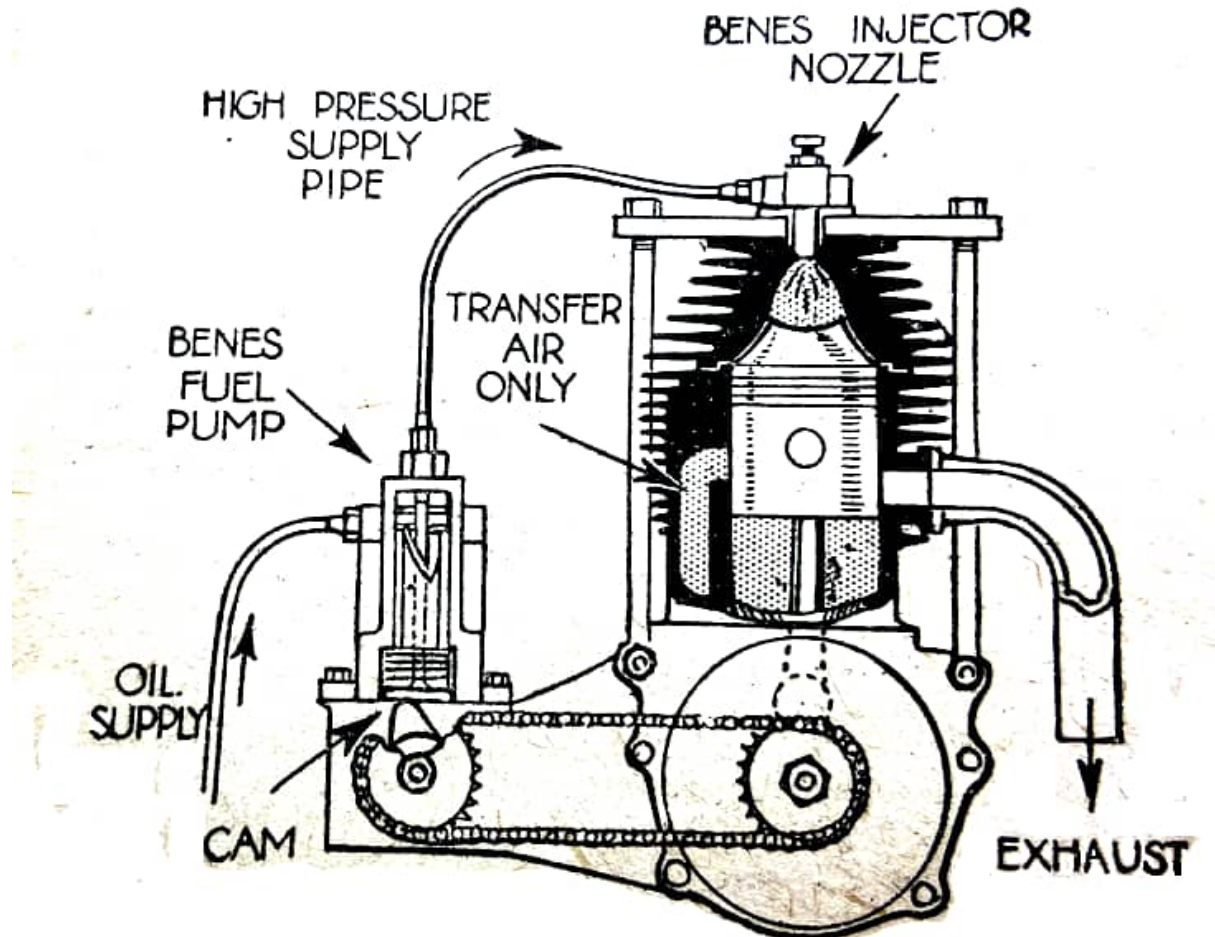


“The layout of the Morris positive valve gear.”

“AT THE SHIPPING AND ENGINEERING Exhibition, now in progress at Olympia, one may see, among many other things of interest, Diesel engines Of all sizes. There is one engine of this type, however, which is particularly interesting to the motor cyclist. On a small stand in the gallery is displayed an experimental single-cylinder motor cycle engine of 196cc, which has run very successfully on heavy fuel oil. Briefly, it is a two-stroke engine, of normal construction except for a special head and piston. The internal shaping of these parts is somewhat as shown in the diagram, the piston having a truncated cone top with a convex depression in the centre. The explosion takes place in the pear-shaped space above the piston. The cycle of operations is that of a simple compression-ignition engine, the fuel oil being compressed by a pump made by Benes, Ltd, of Holborn, London, on whose stand the engine appears. What approximates to a chain-and-sprocket magneto drive on an ordinary engine drives a single cam, which reciprocates the pump plunger in correct time with the engine...Lubrication follows normal practice, though some amusing experiences occurred in the early running of this experimental engine, when it refused to stop, owing to the fact that the lubricating oil functioned as fuel!... It is said to run up to 3,900rpm, and to accelerate even better than a petrol engine. The compression

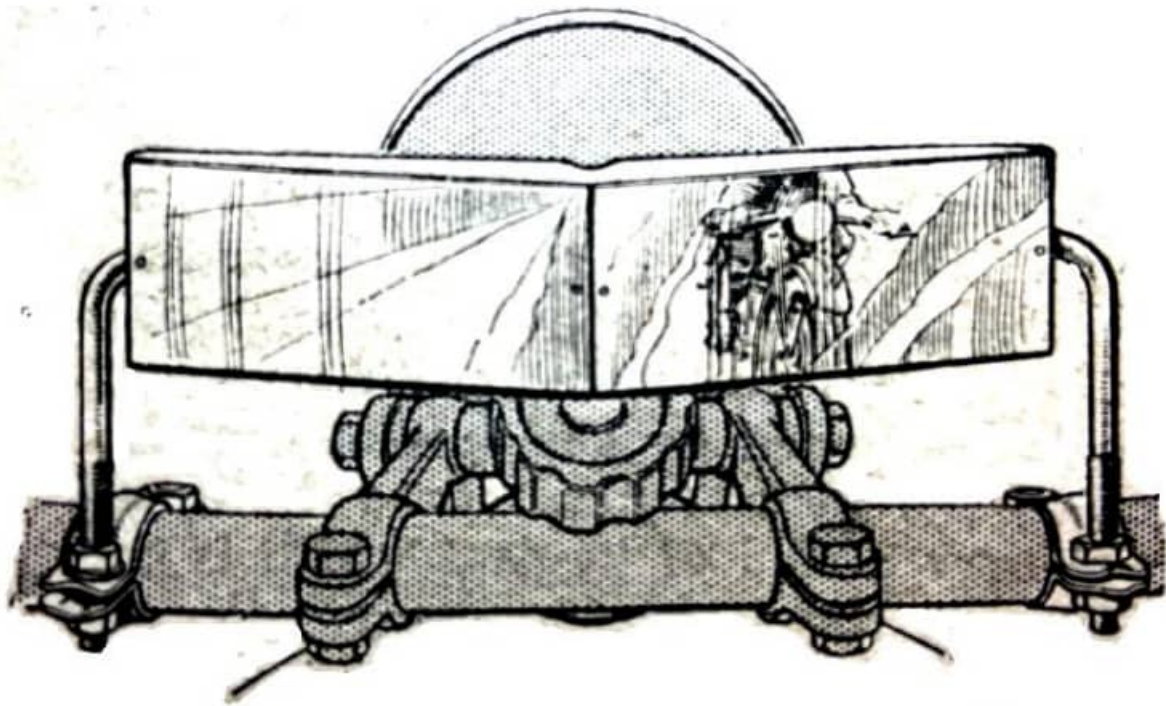


ratio is  $12\frac{1}{2}$  to 1. No attempt has been made, so far, to build it into a frame, but, as it stands, it occupies no more in bulk or weight than the orthodox type of motor cycle engine. Strictly speaking, it has not been built with a view to the motor cycle market, but merely to demonstrate that the Belies pump and injector will function perfectly on the smallest compression-ignition engine yet made. “



“The oil-burning engine and fuel pump in diagrammatic section.”

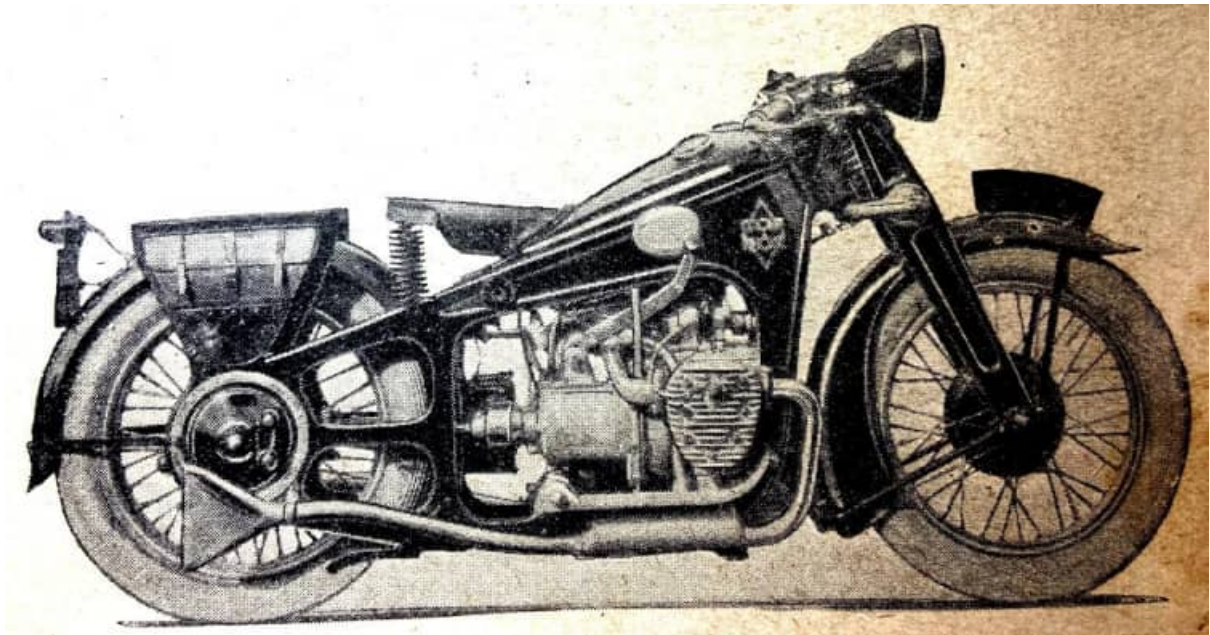
“AN INGENIOUS HANDLEBAR MIRROR called the FEW Safety Mirror is...designed for fixing in the centre of the handlebars...in which position it does not cause the ‘unbalanced’ appearance that is the disadvantage of the ordinary type of handlebar mirror...the accessory is so designed (it really consists of two mirrors set at an angle) that the rider can see rearwards on both sides at once. The fitting is strongly made of cast aluminium, and the mirrors themselves are of highly polished stainless steel, and therefore unbreakable.”



“The FEW mirror as seen by the rider; owing to the angle of the reflectors his own body does not obscure the view.”

“PARIS is not holding its motor cycle show this year. for the double reason that the Grand Palais is not available and that manufacturers are not at all convinced that a public display would be advantageous. Doubtless it is because of this (writes our Paris correspondent) that practically no new models have been prepared, and changes, when made, are a matter of detail. The type of machine which shows decidedly increased popularity is the tax-free lightweight known as a velomoteur. With the weight restrictions imposed by the Government authorities, it is no easy matter to show originality in the design of these machines; whatever the factory they come from, they bear a very close resemblance. A few have belt drive, but the great majority make use of a chain from engine to the rear wheel, with a second chain for the pedalling gear. Rovin has departed from this practice by using a single chain, which can also be used for pedalling; a free wheel being interposed, however, the engine cannot drive the pedals. There is another free-wheel between engine and driving wheel, in contrast to most of these lightweights, which have a fixed drive. The cylinder, the crank case and one half of the reduction-gear housing is a single aluminium casting, with a liner for the cylinder. Advanced-design machines are not very much in evidence. Many of those seen at the last show were produced by small firms which, by reason of the industrial depression, have been unable to put them on the market. Even the 500cc Alcyon shaft-driven model, although produced by one of the biggest and most successful firms in the French industry, is only supplied to order. The Gnome et Rhone flat twin, with shaft drive and pressed steel frame, appears to have met with considerable success, and, as a result of the recent price-cutting campaign, is now selling at approximately £78. The Dresch vertical twin, also with shaft drive and pressed steel frame, is a successful seller, for, in spite of its advanced design, it is in a much lower price class. In addition, to the side-valve type, a Dresch model is now produced with overhead valves. Unit construction is not only holding its own but really making progress, which is proof that it is giving satisfaction to users. Some of the most prominent makers are employing it almost exclusively, among them being Peugeot, Alcyon, and Automoto, to mention only a few. Quickly detachable wheels, improved lighting sets, coil

ignition, and chromium plating are among the features to which French makers have paid attention on their 1932 models."



"One of the most popular of modern French designs—the unit-construction flat-twin Gnome et Rhône."



"The Dresch vertical twin, also with shaft drive and pressed steel frame, is a successful seller, for, in spite of its advanced design, it is in a much lower price class."

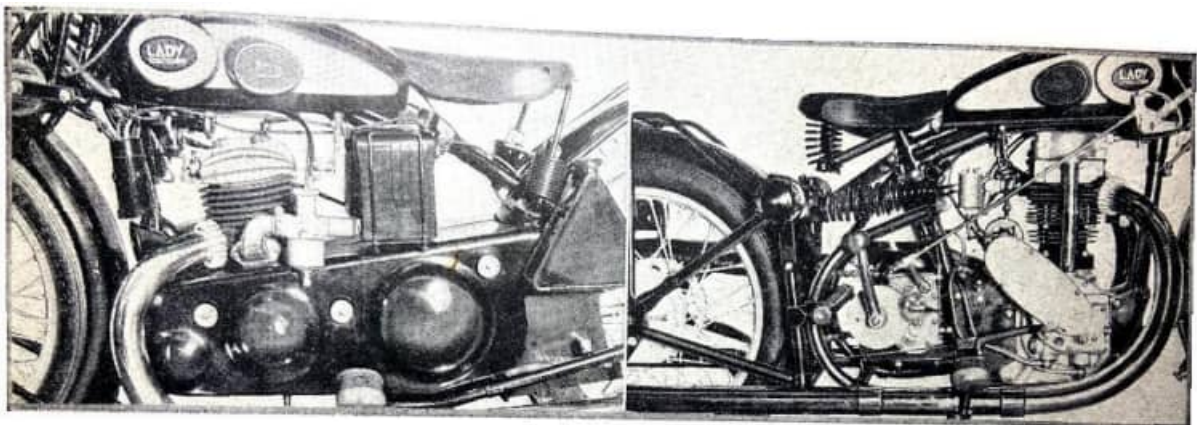




Last weekend I took a break from slaving over a hot keyboard to join some chums on a spree to the Kempton Park classic bike show where I was stopped in my tracks by this gorgeous Dresch ohv single. Tres joli, n'est ce pas?

"BELGIAN MOTOR CYCLISTS were introduced to the lightweight at the 25th annual Brussels Show, held in the Palais du Cinquenaire last week. With the country's immense mileage of granite-paved roads Belgian riders have hitherto considered that no machine of less than 250cc could give satisfaction; indeed, the usually accepted size was 350cc. Now, however, influenced by developments in surrounding countries, particularly France and Germany, makers have introduced the lightweight and the pedal-assisted motor cycle. The situation is rather peculiar; two makers, Sarolea and Gillet, who have put new lightweights on the market, believe 150cc to be the smallest size likely to give satisfaction on Belgian roads. At the same time Gillet has brought out a 98cc two-stroke engine and gear box which will be sold only to assemblers. This move has been taken to meet the competition of the German Sachs engine and such French engines as the Chaise and the Aubrier & Dunne. It remains to be seen whether these pedal-assisted motor cycles will be a success in Belgium, for it must not be overlooked that at least 75% of the roads are paved with granite setts. Meanwhile, there have appeared on the market at least a score of makes of lightweights with two-stroke engines of 75-98cc. The lightweight Sarolea, exhibited at the Palais, has an inclined 150cc two-stroke engine, the gear box forming a unit with the engine; it has a flywheel magneto, electric lighting, oil tank under the saddle, pressed-steel forks, and single chain drive. Altogether, it is a very smart, workmanlike job which ought to prove popular, even under the somewhat strenuous conditions prevailing in Belgium. The new Gillet is a very similar type of machine, with an engine of 175cc, unit gear box and single chain drive. It has coil ignition. Another new machine in this class is the Ready, equipped with a Villiers two-stroke engine. There is not much to be said of the pedal-assisted motor cycles, for they are all of the same general design, and all err in having tyres that are too small

for pavé roads. Several new and interesting machines were to be found in the Show. The Sarolea concern has produced two new types, a 350cc solo and a 600cc machine intended to take a sidecar. The two models are similar in design, each having an inclined side-valve engine with detachable head, ball-bearing crankshaft and roller-bearing big-end. The oil is contained in the sump and delivered under pressure to the bearings. The gear box is separate, and the transmission is by chain. The new Mondiales are most attractive jobs. In the past this firm has produced a very advanced design of all-weather lightweight with a two-stroke engine and friction drive. One of these was on view, but the main inclination appears to be towards rather more orthodox types with pressed-steel frame and forks and Sturmey-Archer engines. Two outstanding new models were to be found on the Lady stand. One of these is equipped with the Rudge Python four-valve engine and a most practical type of rear springing with a shock-absorbing device capable of being adjusted while the machine is in motion. The second machine is equipped with a 346cc Villiers engine, with a dustproof casing round the whole of the lower portion of the engine. A small by-pass from the exhaust pipe to the primary chain allows sufficient oil to pass for lubrication purposes. Detail changes have been made by the FN factory, among them the provision of a new design of cylinder with better cooling on the head and round the exhaust port. The capacity of the tank has been increased to nearly 2½ gallons on the 350cc model, battery ignition is used and there is a central coil spring for the forks, with friction shock-absorbers and a damper on the steering-head...British exhibits represented probably 60-65% of the whole, the makes present comprising BSA, Ariel, New Hudson, Matchless, AJS, Norton, Raleigh, Coventry-Eagle, Triumph and Calthorpe; in addition, British components were in strong force. Unlike many other Continental countries, Belgium strongly favours the sidecar. Unusual examples were shown by Belgian Sidecars, one of these models being built on car lines, with a false radiator and bonnet and, behind the seat, a false petrol tank, to be used as a luggage compartment. The Belgian and British motor cycle industries have always been rather closely allied. At the present time only FN, Sarolea and Gillet appear to build machines completely in their own works, the others being dependent on England for many of the components. There is thus a great similarity in the productions of the two countries."



"Two interesting models shown at the Brussels exhibition by the Lady concern. On the left is the shielded Villiers-engined machine and on the right the Python-engined spring-frame model."

"NEED FOR HOME-PRODUCED FUEL—Millions of Pounds Expended Abroad Annually in the Purchase of Petrol: The threat of an increase in the cost of petrol, presumably due to the reduced purchasing power of the pound abroad, once again directs attention to the desirability of an alternative home-produced fuel. For years past those dependent upon the motor industry have directed attention to the possibilities of alcohol, benzole, and the extraction of motor fuel from coal by the low-temperature carbonisation process. Experts tell us that it is a practical



possibility to produce, at home or within the Empire, all the motor fuel we require, and successive Governments have promised investigations and aid to what would prove a valuable new British industry. During 1930 this country imported motor spirit to the value of £25,930,067, and presumably, as the use of motor vehicles extends, the import value will increase. The present juncture provides a fitting opportunity once again to draw attention to the desirability of developing a home-produced fuel for the use of motor vehicles.”

“AN ELDERLY MAN accused at West Ham Police Court of throwing glass on the road said: ‘I smashed the bottles on the road to stop the motor cycles, and I’ll do it again.’ He was cautioned and discharged.”

“FOLLOWING AN AUSTRALIAN rider’s claim of 22,000 miles (in three years) without a decarbonisation or overhaul, another Australian rider of an American big twin claims 67,000 miles (in two years) without a ‘decoke’.”

“TOUGH EGGS RAID RACEMEET. ‘All in all it was a large evening for the cash customers, not to mention a considerable gathering of local hard guys who tore down sections of the fence and walked in.’—From a report of a speedway meeting in an American contemporary.”



“Over 300 sidecarrists took part in a very successful Watsonian rally held near the Bell Inn, Epping, last week-end. One enthusiast came all the way from Falmouth, Cornwall, 280 miles away, and proposed returning the same evening. Prizes were awarded for the smartest outfit, the best-kept sidecar, and so on, the competition being particularly keen.”

“FOR EFFORTLESS WORK with a sidecar in any kind of country the big twin is unsurpassed, yet, with a few notable exceptions, it has been relatively in the background in this country for some time past...It is probable that this once-fashionable type lost the patronage of many enthusiasts when the high-efficiency ohv single suddenly came into the limelight round about 1925-26; and these enthusiasts became wedded to the more spirited charms of the smaller machine.”

CWG LACEY COVERED 110.80 MILES in an hour at Montlhery on a 490cc cammy Norton, beating the previous record by more than 2mph. He also set world records at 50 miles, 100km and 100 miles.



“RIDING AS BRILLIANTLY as ever, AE Perrigo, on his 349cc BSA, last Saturday made best performance in the West of England Trial, thus winning The Motor Cycle Trophy. Even he, master of the art of negotiating mud and rocks, failed to retain a clean sheet. This year the West of England MC’s course was by far the most difficult that has ever been used for the event; whereas in the past such hills as Manaton and Fingle Bridge have been among the tit-bits of the trial, this time they were just about the easiest. Seventy-two entered for the trial, which more than lived up to its reputation of being one of the most gruelling and well-organised events in the calendar. From Newton Abbot, the starting point, some thirteen miles of easy going provided a sort of hors d’oeuvre. Then followed fourteen separate and distinct ‘courses—real meaty ones, all within a distance of less than seventy miles...”



“A study in poise—Perrigo (349cc BSA), the ultimate winner, making the only clean solo climb of Broadway Hill.”

“HE TELLS HOW ONCE he jumped on a motor cycle combination to chase a suspect. Overtaking the man, he wondered what had happened to the sidecar. Then he realised that,

travelling at a fast pace, he had closely passed a lorry, which must have torn away the sidecar!’—From a leading newspaper, recounting the adventures of Chief Inspector Bennett, who has just retired from Scotland Yard.”

“WHEN RY ZEAL, A WELSH dirt-track rider, was in the shop of Handel Davies, the Swansea agent, showing Mr Davies two trophies he had won, a violent explosion occurred on the premises, and the trophies were badly damaged.”

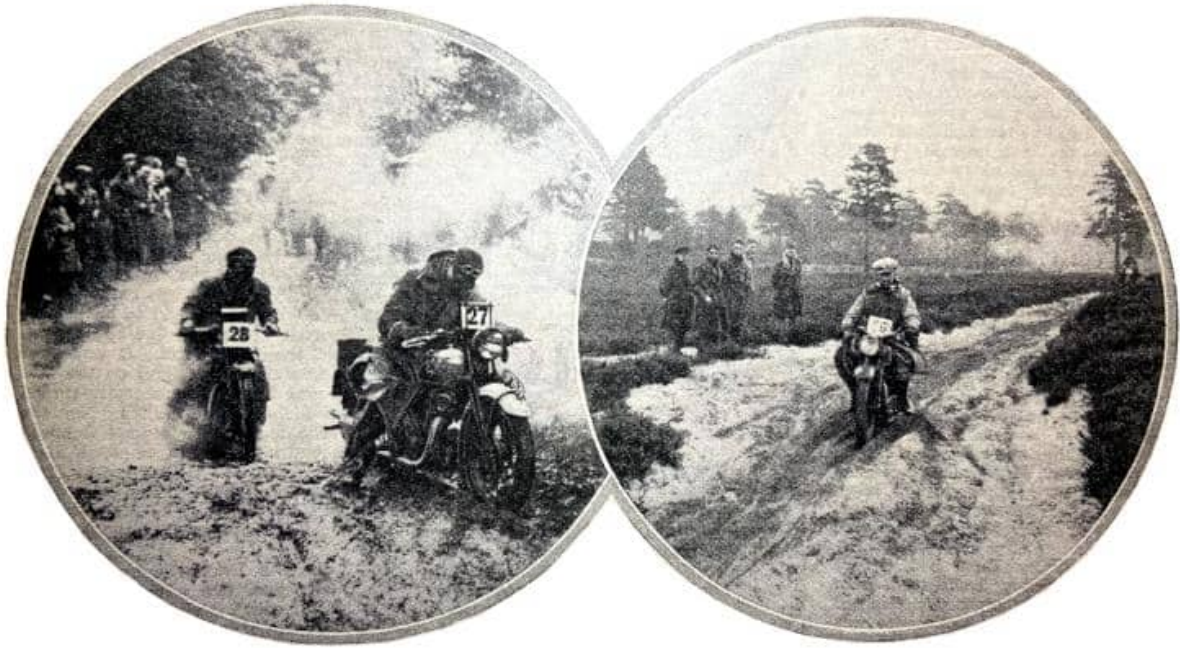
“DURING THE SUMMER A total of 2,209 motor cycles owned by visitors were registered in the Isle of Man. The majority of these were brought to the island by competitors and visitors during the race periods, when motor cycling becomes the most important occupation in Mona’s Isle.”



“Spanish guards made a quaint contrast with the clothing of the riders during the recent speed week in Bilbao, in which British machines won every event. Rudge, AJS and Ariel machines took first places, and J Douglas (Douglas), the one British competitor, also did well.”

“WITH a record entry of 128 (an improvement of nine on last year’s event), a gloriously fine day, and perfect organisation, the Streatham & DMCC’s Streatham Trophy Trial, held last week-end, was as enjoyable as any trial could possibly be. Enthusiasm ran rife. Every section held its large crowd of spectators drawn from the clubs of the South-Eastern Centre. And how they cheered those of their members who were riding! Even the organisation benefited by it. What else could drag the route-marking officials out of bed at 2am? As a result, every corner or bend was marked with small but conspicuous cards before, on, and after; and then, just to make sure, ‘straight on’ cards were placed at intervals along the route. In consequence, not a single competitor reported leaving the course. The start was from Milford, near Godalming, Surrey, and the course, some 74 miles in length, led first through a watersplash and along a sandy lane, known as Palm Beach, to Boulder Alley, a section whose name explains itself. Huge sandstone outcrops caused agonising crashes from forks and crank cases as the competitors let themselves down the descent to a small splash, with a treacherous, beguiled bank on its far side...”





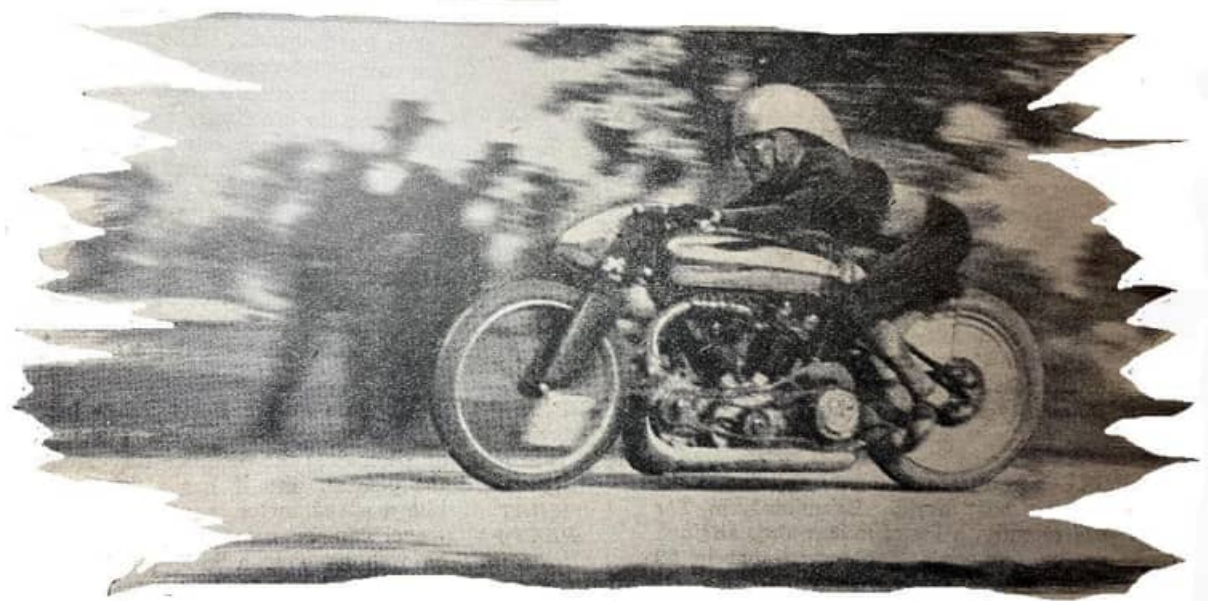
“(Left) RF Hilder (Calhorpe) and AL Chapman (Ariel) emerge from a splash. (Right) BC Griffin (Velocette) on ‘Palm Beach’.”



“The more the merrier. Recent south-eastern Centre events have been attracting extraordinarily good entries. Here is a group taken at the start of the Streatham Club's Streatham Trophy Trial, which had a record entry of 128.”

“JUST over 163mph. was achieved by JS Wright and his Silver Comet Excelsior-JAP last week-end at Tat in Hungary. So far his attempts on the world's maximum speed record have been dogged with ill-luck, but the latest news is that, determined to break the record, he is staying on until he succeeds. First of all, trouble with the rear piston set in, and then, last week-end, the supercharger went on strike, and Wright could not cover the course in both directions, as required. A new blower has been sent out to him, and probably he will make a further attempt in the next day or two.”



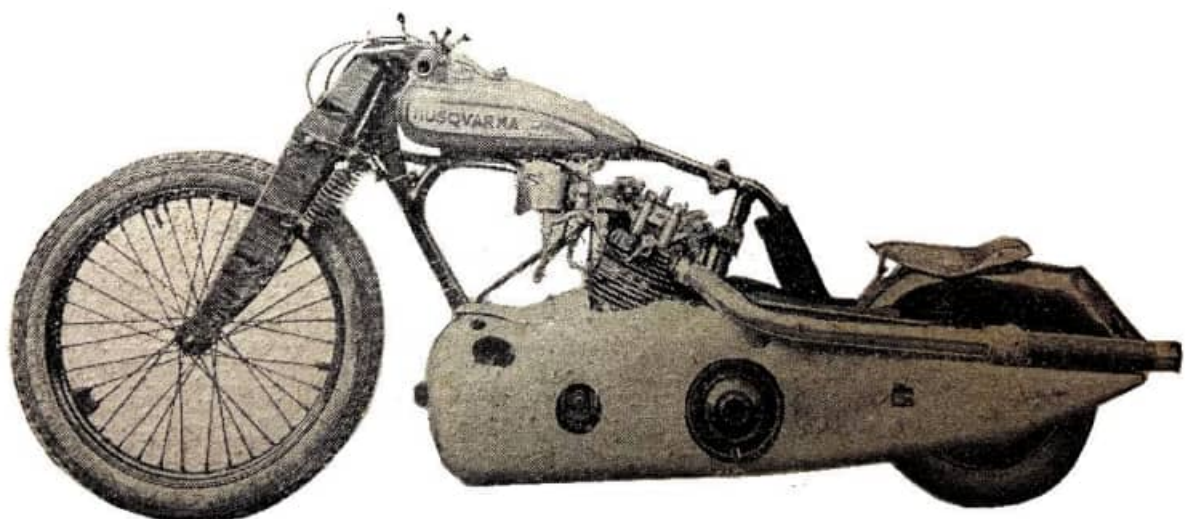


“A striking photograph of JS Wright at speed on the Tàt road near Budapest. He achieved a one-way speed of over 163mph on the Silver Comet Excelsior-JAP. It will be noticed that the side shields have been removed.”

“A NORTHERN MOTOR CYCLIST who was stated to have ridden at 20mph while standing on the saddle with one leg stretched out behind and his head level with the handlebars told the court: ‘I was just amusing myself.’ He had to pay costs.”

TWENTY DELEGATES FROM THE International Touring Alliance met in London last week to discuss a proposed ‘through road, starting from London and ending at Istanbul. The avoidance of frontier delays is one of the chief objects of the scheme.”

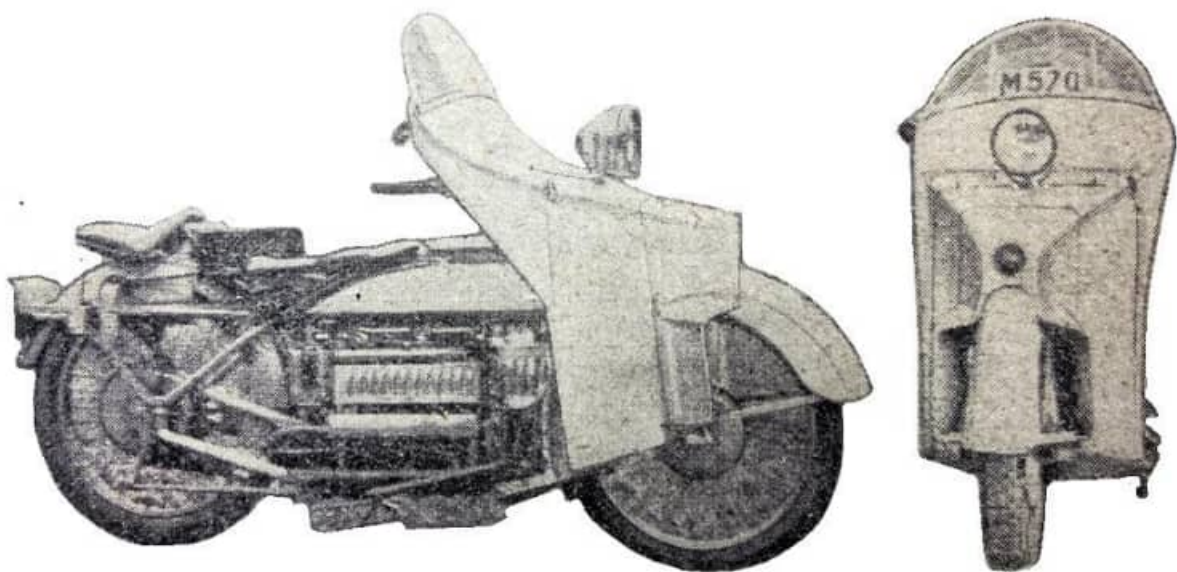
SO FEW MOTORISTS ARE using the fine new road from Barnsley to Sheffield that notices are to be displayed ‘advertising’ the route.”



“Unconventional! The rider of this new 350cc Swedish Husqvarna racing machine adopts a kneeling attitude, thus reducing wind resistance. Note how the engine is placed with the exhaust port at the rear and the inlet at the front. The rear tyre measures 16x3in.”

“NOVEMBER’S MOTOR CYCLE EXPORT figures amounted to £91,502. While, owing to the state of world trade, the figure is lower than that for the corresponding period of last year, it is still by no means negligible. Imports of foreign machines...fell to almost a nominal figure, amounting to only £500 in value.”

“A PROVISIONAL CERTIFICATE has now been issued by the ACU in respect of the recent Land’s End to John o’ Groats test undertaken by Miss Edyth Foley on the first of the 147cc ‘Silent Superb’ Coventry-Eagles. The petrol consumption over the distance of 867 miles that were covered worked out at 102mpg, and the oil consumption was at the rate of 1,632mpg. Very high winds were encountered on the first and last days, and rain fell continuously during the first day and the latter part of the second day. The work carried out during the test consisted of mending a puncture, fitting a smaller jet, tightening the saddle nuts, cleaning the carburetter, and twice replacing the sparking plug. “



“This 1917 Henderson, fitted with very complete weather protection devices, is brought up to date each year by its Swedish owner, V Ingvarson.”

“SUNDAY COMPETITIONS: A DISCUSSION on the line of action to be taken by the ACU in regard to Sunday competitions is to take place at the ACU General Council meeting tomorrow, Friday.”

“RE YOUR ARTICLE ON the need for a home-produced fuel, Is it not about time that the fact that the British Empire can produce all the fuel we need from wood pulp is realised? The absurd amount of duty on alcohol has no doubt caused the lack of interest and experimental work needed to make alcohol fuels suitable for the present-day type of internal-combustion engine; but if only the immense possibilities of the resources of the British Empire were realised, I am sure that alcohol fuel mixture in quantities large enough for public use would soon be forthcoming. It may interest some of your readers to know that United States Army tractors have been very successfully run on bootleg ‘hooch’, or wood alcohol.

**ALEC E HODGES**, Machine Examiner, International Speedways.”





“This 160-year-old pillion seat on which fair maidens once rode behind their swains on horseback, answers equally well on a more modern steed.”

“THE SOUTH-EASTERN CENTRE dinner and dance, held at Croydon last Thursday, if not quite the success in the matter of the number present that was anticipated, was certainly very enjoyable—after the speeches had concluded. For some reason or other they got a little off the rails. Mr HN Edwards, who proposed the toast of the ACU, while admitting that there must very definitely be a governing body, was not at all sure that he liked the ACU or its methods. And Major Potter, chairman of the ACU, replied with a discourse on the way the ACU is run. If there was anything to be learned from these speeches it is that the atmosphere at the ACU General Council meeting could, with advantage to the sport, be a lot more ‘matey’—after all, the only thing that really matters is the welfare of the sport.”

“AGAIN THE QUESTION OF the fuel to be used for the TT Races has been under debate...it was decided...that the fuel standardised by the organiser of an International road race must contain not less than 50% petrol and not more than 50% benzole and 25% alcohol...this means,

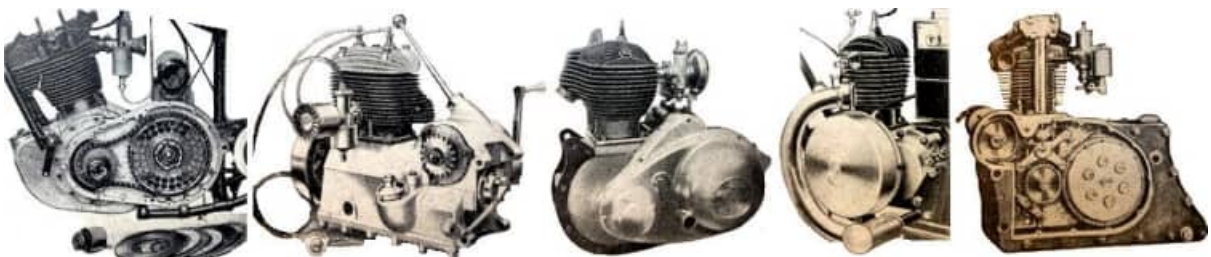


presumably, that the fuel for the 1932 TT will, as in the past, consist of 50% petrol and 50% benzole, yet how many wayside garages in Britain either can or will supply a gallon of benzole?"



"Farthest-North Club: Some members of the recently formed Lerwich MCC, in the Shetland Isles."

"UNIT CONSTRUCTION MOST COME! It must, and will, come for three main reasons: freedom from trouble and the need of adjustment, neat appearance, and cleanliness. The roller-chain die-hards may argue that a perfect chain run under ideal conditions is 98% efficient—a figure fractionally higher than might be obtained with a train of gears. The point is, however, that unless a chain is running under ideal conditions, its efficiency begins to fall off rapidly from the word 'go', whereas with gear drive, the efficiency will; actually increase as the pinions bed down, and will then remain more or less constant for a very considerable mileage—probably for the whole useful life of the machine. The only way of ensuring ideal conditions for a chain is to place it inside a unit, for while an oil-bath chain case may exclude all foreign matter and ensure adequate lubrication, it will not prevent the whip between the two separate unit, gear box and engine; which takes place with the average motor cycle frame; and whip be it noted, causes malalignment of the sprockets, with a consequent drop in efficiency."

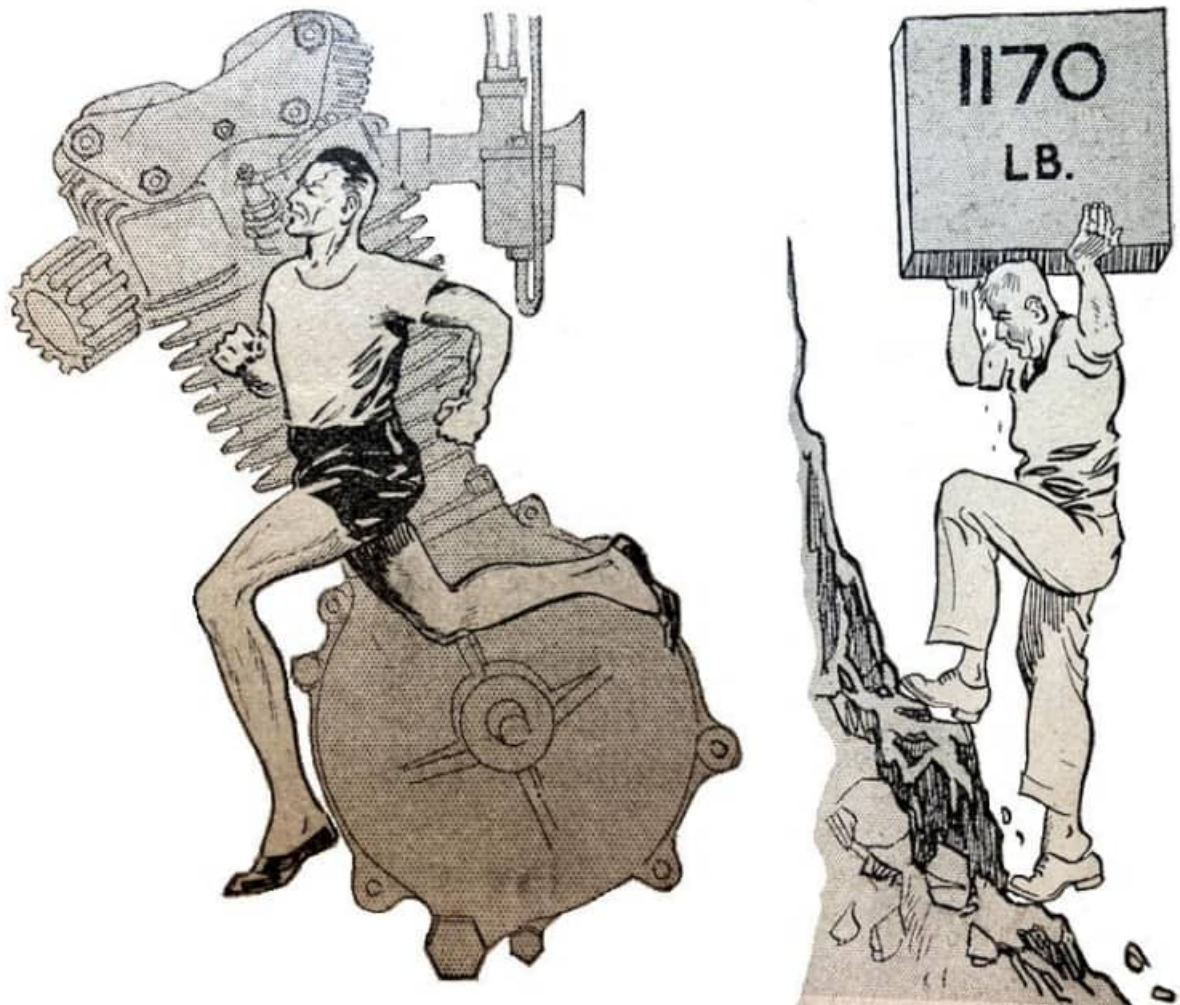


L-R: "The only way of ensuring ideal conditions for a chain is to place it inside a unit...This is the case on the 1932 unit construction New Imperials, which also have automatic chain-tensioners. A neat example of British unit-construction—the Villiers engine fitted in the 'Pullman' Francis-Barnett produced four years ago. Engine and gear box are one casting on the French 500cc Terrot engine; note the clean exterior. A British lightweight with unit construction—174cc two-stroke Triumph. Unit construction and gear drive successfully used on a racing engine—GW Patchett's 500cc Jawa. A train of gears is dispensed with, the engine-shaft pinion meshing directly with that of the clutch."

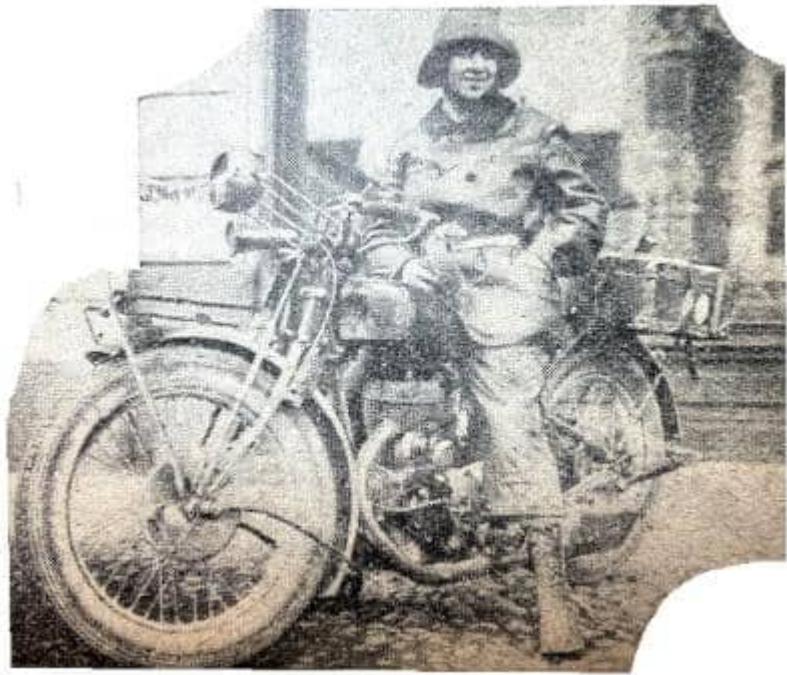
“MANY motor cyclists of to-day take their mounts so much for granted that they fail to realise what wonderful things the machines really are. This is especially true of the engine itself, which is the heart of the motor cycle. Take the case of the average sports model of 500cc. The engine itself may weigh 75lb. An average man weighs about ten stone, or 140lb—that is, nearly twice the weight of his engine. A sports engine of 500cc is capable of developing 20bhp at some 4,000rpm. An athletic man in good training can develop about one-seventh bhp over short periods under ideal conditions\*. Therefore, on a power-weight basis, the motor cycle engine is roughly 140 times as efficient as its rider! Moreover, the engine can keep it up more or less indefinitely, whereas the mere man, when ‘all out’, is exhausted in the matter of minutes, or even seconds. Let us again take this engine, developing its power at 4,000rpm. A man, running a hundred yards in ‘even time’ (10 seconds), strides not less than a yard at each pace, so that at top speed he is doing practically 600 ‘rpm’. He can only keep this up for a few seconds at most, whereas the motor cycle engine can maintain its 4,000rpm for hours if need be....Just to give an idea how hard our motor cycle engine is really working, let us imagine that the rider himself does a little of the work for a change. We will take a single-cylinder 5,000cc engine, having a bore and stroke of 85x88mm. Now imagine (yes, this is an absurdity!) that the motor cyclist has to supply the power by pushing down the piston himself, using his leg for the purpose. It would have to be a very mighty push, and, even though the distance to be pushed is only some 3½ inches each time, it has to be done 2,000 times a minute. Actually, in this particular case the poor chap would have to shove just about 1,170lb, which is nearly nine times his own weight. He has to do this, remember, 2,000 times a minute. During that minute he will have moved that weight of over half a ton 563 feet—almost 200 yards—and at a speed of just about 6½mph. You will admit this is pretty good going, especially with a load of nearly half a ton. Yet our plucky motor cycle does not think overmuch of it, and will not get overheated about it. Oh, yes—just to make sure that our motor cyclist does not cheat over this little job of work, I ought to mention that this 563 feet is to be measured in the strictly perpendicular sense—that is, vertically uphill. **AJHE.**”

\* A reader named Andrew spotted that ‘one-seventh bhp’ figure and commented thus: “”Things have changed since 1931 and now I have a GPS based app. to measure my power output whilst cycling. Over a fifth of a bhp for an hour or so and two thirds bhp for a short burst!” A modern 500cc lump turns out 50hp-plus so it seems we’ve evolved at about the same rate as our bikes.





“An athletic man in good training can develop about one-seventh bhp over short periods...”  
 (Right) “During that minute he will have moved that weight...563 feet...yet our plucky motor cycle



does not think over much of it.”  
 “Touring on the grand scale. Mlle Justine Tibesar, a Belgian student has travelled 5,000 miles



through Europe and Asia on her FN. The photograph was taken in Turin and she is seen holding her pet ferret."



"On the Eastern front. Japanese despatch riders in front of the Chinese barracks at Mukden—a sidelight on the strained situation in the East."

"TERRIBLE AS IS THE REPUTATION of the Darlington Club's 'Swaledale Grand National', the 1931 version took even the most hardened rough-riders by surprise. In fairness to Chief Torturer Eddie Williamson it must be admitted that he was forced into playing one trump card against his will; for a farmer refused permission at the last moment, and there was no alternative but to send the lads round by what must be one of the worst obstacles riders have ever had to face. Leading to the foot of Arthur's Folly, near Langthwaite, this section consisted of a steep, grassy hillside, which had to be crossed, not climbed. Machines would do anything but point in the right direction, and rider after rider slid gradually downwards into a welcoming forest of bracken at the foot. Everyone stopped to rescue everyone else, and only a few eventually struggled on to complete one circuit about two hours late. These had to face further horrors almost as deadly; and only GA Zissler (348cc Sunbeam) seemed to have much fighting spirit left in him. Stelvio Edge, an appalling series of boggy hairpins, was deleted, as even the observers could scarcely stagger up it; and, with the ground in such sodden condition, no one could do much orthodox motor cycling even on the level. Strong men wept at the thought of a second application of the same circuit (three had been intended!), so the trial was wisely terminated after only eighteen miles had been covered. With the improvised finish in sight, the handful of persevering die-hards had to tackle Orgate watersplash, in which water played quite a secondary part to rocks. Everyone was too exhausted even to fall properly; they just paddled feebly in, stuck, and were promptly hauled ashore."



“When nature won—The course of the Swaledale Grand National, owing to unforeseen circumstances, defeated the entire entry. Here is A Armstrong (247cc Triumph) in Orgate Splash, while C Allen (349cc BSA) awaits his turn.”

“THE GRIP TWISTERS’ WARNING. Below please find our first and, we hope, last venture into the realm of poetry (?); but we excuse ourselves on the grounds that the sad story related is true, and has no doubt affected us.

A Dirge.

*On Sabbath morn in days of yore,  
Three three-fifties to the fore,  
Beeza, Matchless, and AJS,  
Two hundred miles or more or less,  
Far North or West, through country lanes did. speed,  
Untrammelled by fair sex (\*twas their creed).*

*Alas, this comradeship of endless miles  
Is broken by a woman’s wiles;  
The staunchest of the pack, the BSA,  
Keen as any man, until that day,  
Has fallen under Cupid’s spell.  
And now (to us) has gone to —— well!*

*The crisis came one day of late,  
When fresh and new from padded crate,  
Meant, it seemed, for woman fair,  
Bedecked with ribbons green—A CHAIR!*

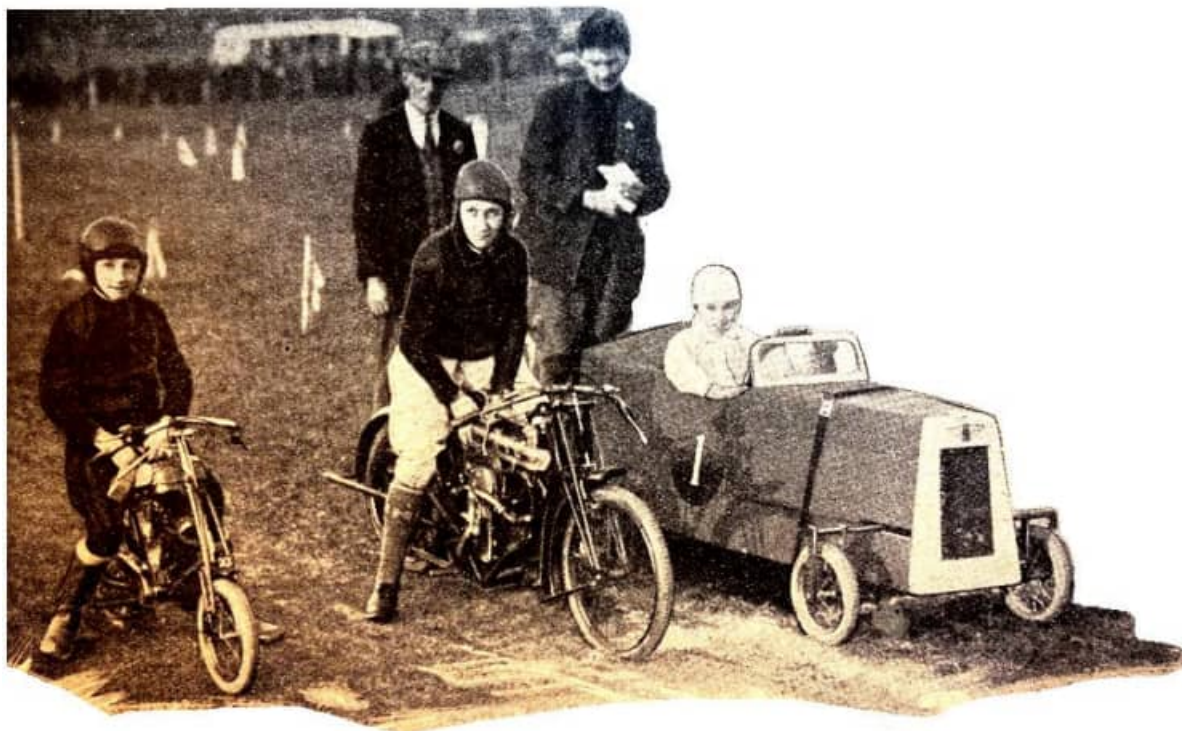


*Ponder well all men of solo bliss,  
Less ye should also fall to depths as low as this.*

**A PAIR OF GRIP-TWISTERS**, Newcastle-on-Tyne.”

“I WAS RATHER AMUSED by the poem entitled ‘A Dirge’ which I appeared in your excellent journal under the heading ‘The Grip Twister’s Warning’. Possibly it was inspired by envy of their wayward comrade; in which event I would recommend them to peruse a certain fable concerning a fox and some grapes [This fable dates back to ancient Greece: Driven by hunger, a fox tried to reach some grapes hanging high on a vine but was unable to, reach them. As he went away the fox sneered, ‘Oh, you aren’t even ripe yet! I don’t need any sour grapes.’] It may interest your correspondents to learn that I, too, after years of hard-and-fast solo riding, have fallen from grace and acquired a ‘chair’—a gleaming affair of aluminium (mottled) and shining cellulose, but without, as yet, green ribbons. The addition of this despised means of conveyance has greatly enhanced the appearance of the model and added to the driving comfort, and if, perhaps, I can no longer put up those incredibly high averages which sometimes appear in your Correspondence columns, or twist the grip around until the engine screams its protest and the speedometer needle flickers around the 75 mark—well, then, a look over my left shoulder provides me with ample compensation, and am content to jog along at a steady 45 and amuse myself by showing my rear number plate to seven-horse saloons and other small fry.

**499 ENFIELD**, Plymouth.”



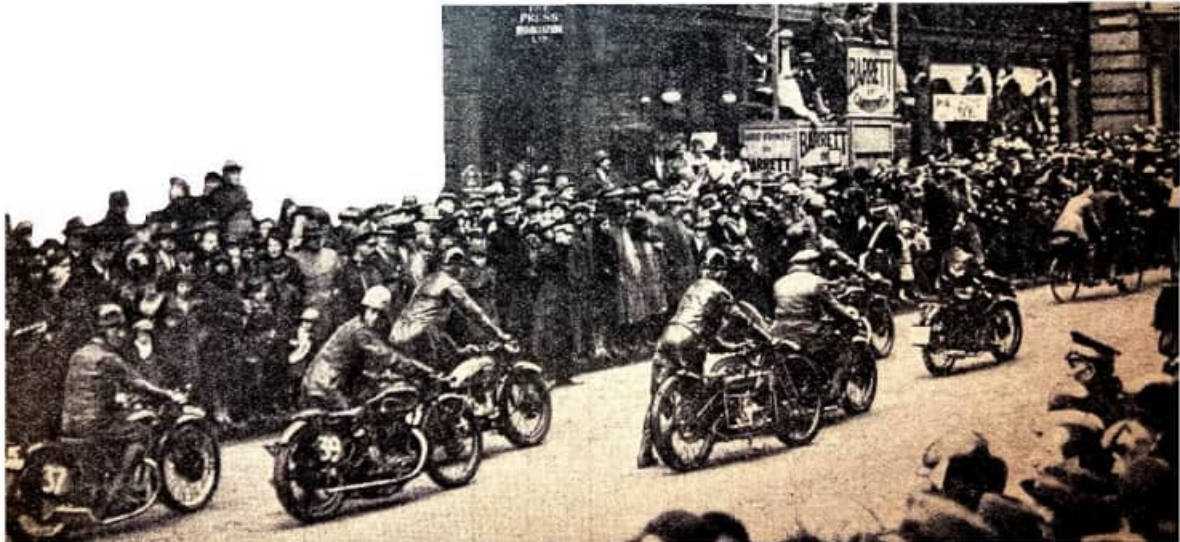
“The three sons of Cyril Pullin, the well-known designer and erstwhile speedman, have recently appeared at the Ashwell Grass Track, near Baldock, on these strangely assorted mounts.”

“ALL CHANGE FOR WOOLWICH! The transfer of the AJS business to Woolwich is being undertaken by the LMS, and will take several weeks to accomplish. Some 750 tons of material, including thousands of cylinders and petrol tanks, has to be moved.”



“THE FIRST COLOURED CONCRETE road to be laid in Scotland has just been completed at Grangemouth, Stirlingshire...Experiments are being made in Czecho-Slovakia with roads composed of cement and powdered glass.”

“THE FROZEN-LAKE-RACING SEASON is now in full swing in Sweden and other cold spots. Solo speed-work on ice surface calls for real riding skill!”



“The Grand Prix of London! Yes, this photograph was taken in a busy London street last week; the occasion was not what it seems, but simply the interesting motor cycle section in the Lord Mayor’s Show.”

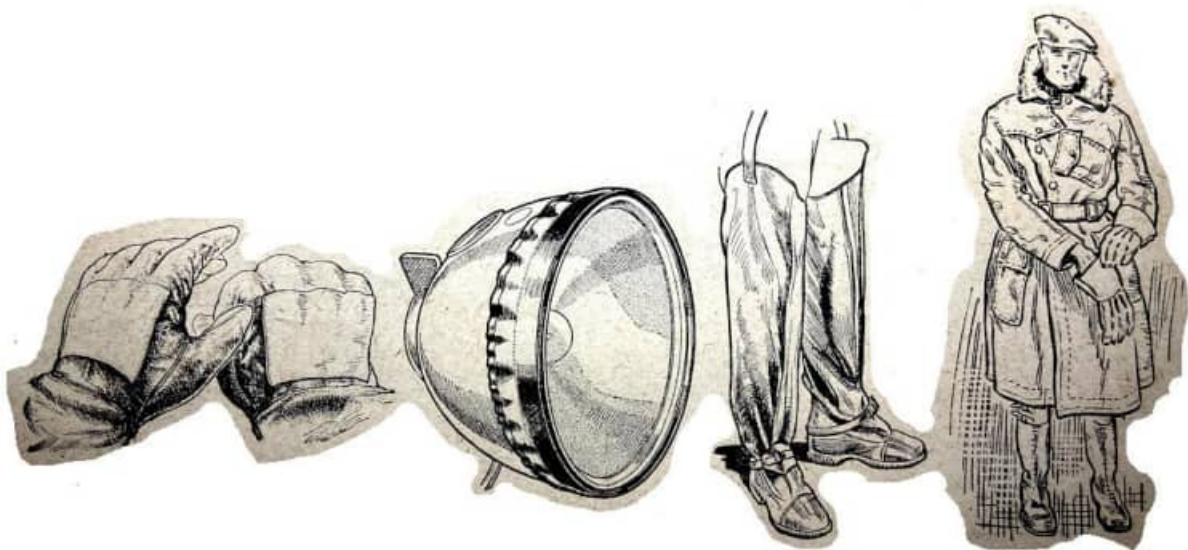


“GREAT STUFF, THIS ALL-WEATHER RIDING! The kind of game that makes the cheeks glow and the eyes sparkle. Cobwebs and cares all washed away. Wet? Not under the top layer. Hungry? Appetite enormous; digestion like a horse...Afterwards note with what relish he enjoys a smoke and relaxation in an easy chair before the fire...Being wet and cold...is, nevertheless, a state to be avoided...There is a great deal of fun and enjoyment to be derived from bad-weather riding provided one can keep warm and dry...For all long-distance riding I believe in a good pair of waders...they are comfortable and absolutely windproof and waterproof...we can attend to the body or, as your gym instructor would have it, the trunk...there is the alternative of having two layers on top of the ordinary clothing (the first layer to keep one warm, and the topmost layer to keep one dry) or one of the special many-layered storm-coats. For the waterproof top layer in the former case I know of nothing to beat either a poncho or a rubber competition coat. Both articles are sufficiently widely known to need no description here, but in either case the



L-R: "One type of poncho has a close-fitting rubber neck. A bath towel as a first layer will absorb any drops of moisture which may get past two collars and a scarf. This type of glove will keep the hands warm and is convenient with twist-grip controls."

garment should be long and thoroughly roomy. For the second or warmth layer, my favourite is a well-lined double-breasted leather coat, also of sufficient length to cover the knees when one is in the saddle. A good coat of this type will stand up to years and years of hard wear, and except in cases of prolonged rain, can be worn without any top covering. Once a leather coat does get really soaked, however, it takes about three days to dry out. An excellent garment for keeping one really warm on a long run is a lined Sidcot flying suit, worn under waders and rubber coat, of course. It is absolutely draught-proof and does much in the direction of keeping the ankles, legs, arms, and wrists warm. The rider is advised not to carry spanners in the knee pockets, however, particularly if his gear box is fitted with foot change mechanism. The above may well be regarded as luxuries in these hard times, and there is no doubt that an ordinary over-coat will do much in the direction of keeping one warm. Many riders prefer the second alternative method of combining warmth and weatherproofness in one garment. For these many



L-R: "A square of chamois leather sewn on the back of a glove for wiping the goggles in rain. A yellow-tinted head lamp disc for fog riding. The most popular leg covering for all ordinary riding—waders. An example of the multiple-layer type of weatherproof coat."



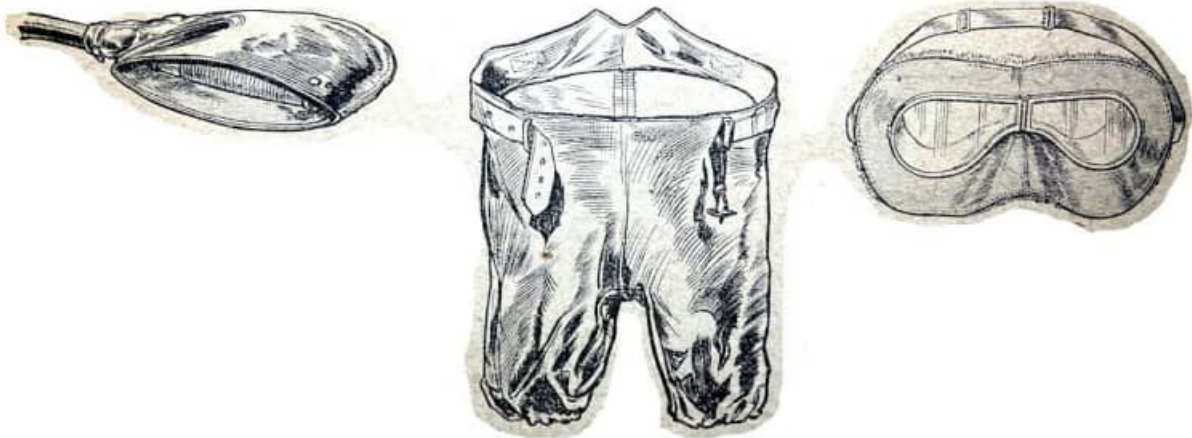
of the multiple-layer storm-coats available meet the case most admirably; with their stout twill, oiled silk, and warm linings they will keep the wearer bone-dry for hours on end. When purchasing, however, it is as well to make sure that the garment is plenty large enough, as any tightness in movement will place an undue strain on the seams of the oiled silk. When preparing for a long ride in cold weather it is a good plan also to expend some thought on that apparel which will lie under one's ordinary suiting. Perhaps for once mother's advice to wear wool next to the skin may be taken as sound. A woollen pullover, too, will be found to be warmer than a waistcoat, and if the rider's wardrobe includes such luxuries as a suede golf jerkin he will find it very comforting. Two vulnerable points have still to receive attention—the fork and the neck. There are several ways of overcoming the difficulty of water running off a saddle tank between one's legs. A pair of waterproof shorts can be worn. Olympia revealed a type of saddle having a special water-deflecting flap at the front; one of these could be fitted. Or the tank itself may be fitted with a device which will check the water-chute, and direct it groundwards; a roll of American cloth or other waterproof fabric wrapped round the rear end of the tank will do the trick. It is not so difficult to prevent water from entering at the neck as might be imagined, provided the rider can purloin a bath towel without making himself unpopular with the folk at home. The procedure is as follows: First wind the bath towel round the neck.



L-R: "A type of headwear favoured by many riders—a form of ski cap. A roll of waterproof fabric strapped round the tank will often overcome the water-chute difficulty. The tennis-type of eyeshield, tinted green as a guard against dazzle."

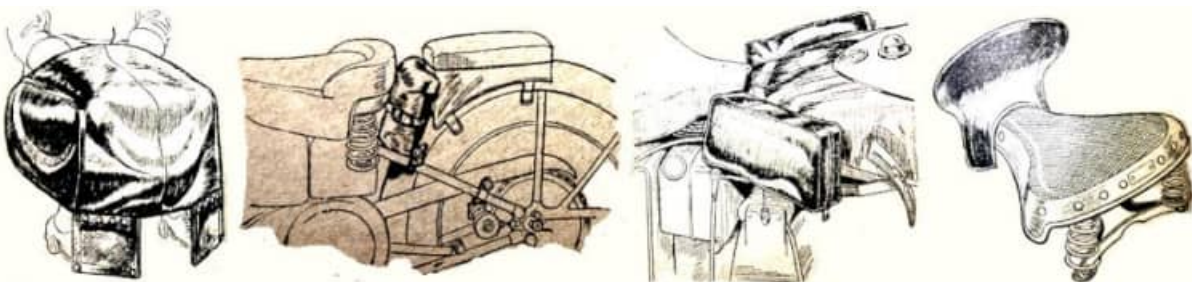
Then put on the warmth layer, buttoned right up to the collar, but with the collar turned down, provided it comes well up under the chin and covers the towel. Next wind a long scarf round the bulge where you know your neck to be, covering half the face as well if the weather is very cold. Finally, get into the top-most waterproof coat and turn the big collar right up over the scarf, strapping it in front in the vicinity of the nose if a strap is provided. It isn't really so complicated as it sounds! If it is intensely cold, a leather helmet and a pair of mask goggles will complete the process. Personally I do not favour helmets, for they make it difficult to hear the engine and, because of their complete protection from the wind, are inclined to send one to sleep on a long night run. An ordinary cap or a ski-ing cap with a good big peak to prevent glare and keep the rain of one's goggles is, I consider, excellent head-wear. I met a man recently whose headgear I coveted. It was a cap of conventional shape, but made of leather; unfortunately, his hatter lives in Australia. If an extra peak is required the green-tinted tennis type is the best, and this is excellent for use with a beret. Goggles are an essential to everyone who values good eyesight. The mask type have the advantage of keeping a large portion of the face warm, but, on the other hand, for sheer range of vision,





L-R: “Handlebar muffs are an obvious fitment for keeping hands warm and dry. Waterproof ‘shirts’ for keeping the fork dry. Mask-type flying goggles keep a large portion of the face warm in addition to protecting the eyes.”

give me the celluloid article—either the one-piece type or the eighteenpenny folding article which stows away in a scratch-proof case smaller and thinner than the palm of your hand. Driving rain will often find its way under the best-designed peaks. Thus, in wet weather, it is a good plan to smear the goggles with one of hie proprietary rain-dispersing preparations sold for the purpose. If such is not available, cut an apple or a potato in half and rub the raw part over the goggles before a run. This treatment will cause the rain to spread instead of settling in beads. The effect is much the same as that of a wind-screen wiper on a car. Another tip is to sew on to the back of one’s gloves a square of chamois leather, so that the goggles can be wiped with the back of the hand, so to speak, white riding. In thick mist or fog, of course, the goggles are best removed. While still on the subject of the rider’s comfort, I may add that an outside pocket in the topmost garment worn is invaluable for carrying fuel-money, cigarettes, matches, etc., and, if no such pocket is provided, one can easily be made from waterproof material, and, in the case of a rubber coat, stuck on with rubber solution. Another useful article is a sixpenny oilskin tobacco poach of the roll-up type, in which cigarettes and matches may be rolled up and kept dry. Those who indulge in winter night riding would also be wise to include a small electric torch.



“For riding comfort—some winter equipment which will appeal to pillion passengers (L-R): The Moseley apron-shield for keeping the pillionist’s lap and legs dry and warm, folds up and stows away very neatly when not in use. It’s price is 17s 6d. The new and sensibly large Mosely ‘Float-on-Air’ kneegrips. The makers are David Mosely & Sons, Ardwick, Manchester. A Dunlop innovation for 1932 is a saddle with a spacial flap at the front for protecting the rider from water running off a saddle tank. The fitment is not sold as a separate item, but can be obtained incorporated on any model of Dunlop saddle as an extra charge of 5s.”



“A hosepipe from the exhaust, leading into the rat-holes, a few minutes’ engine-running, and the dogs do the rest—how members of the Llandrindod Wells MC help the farmer.”

“UNDER THE HEADING ‘MOTOR Cycles Wanted’, in your issue of November 12th, an advertiser enumerates in alphabetical order 162 different makes of machine, many a them extinct for nearly twenty years. The advertisement is good, inasmuch as it is unique, and it is obvious that its writer has searched his memory, and probably his records, to mention practically every make that has ever been on the market. I rode my first motor cycle in 1908, and although I have no records by me, I can remember several other once well-known machines not mentioned in the advertisement, and probably some of your readers can remember others. I recollect the ASL (Air Springs Ltd), NLG (North London Garage), Vindec, Green (fitted with a water-cooled Precision engine), and the old front-wheel-drive Werner. What memories some of these recall! The ASL had front forks and a pillion-type seat on the carrier in place of a saddle. Both forks and seat had to be inflated with air, and the beast steered like a crab when the forks were leaking, as frequently happened. The best part was the White and Poppe engine. Then there was the Arno, a really good job, with direct belt drive, a 500cc engine, weighing, fully equipped, only 155lb. This machine, on account of its high power-to-weight ratio, had splendid acceleration, and, incidentally, the complete engine, carburetter, and magneto could be removed from the frame, by undoing three bolts in as many minutes. Going through the list indeed calls up many memories...the old 1¾hp Motosacoche with inclined engine, held in the frame by butterfly nuts, and having a twisted belt drive and jockey pulley...but I must not encroach on your space. I am well past forty years of age, but still a keen motor cyclist, and have been a reader of *The Motor Cycle* for twenty-five years.

**AW HELLIS**



“The old ASL machine referred to by Mr AW Hellis. Note the air-cylinder which provided the ‘springing’ for the forks.”





*The*  
*"Light 500"*  
**MATCHLESS**

"The machine could be confidently taken through some of Surrey's choicest mud at speed..."  
The rider is standing on his footrests."

"SINCE ITS APPEARANCE LAST MAY the 'Light 500' Matchless has caused an immense amount of interest. To quote the advertisement theme of a well-known oil firm, 'They said it couldn't be done', for it is one of the very few 500cc machines which come into the 30s tax category. In spite of this, the Matchless is a solid job, well equipped, and offering a really sporting performance. After a gruelling test, extending to over 600 miles, it is impossible to come to any other conclusion than that it has been 'done', and very definitely at that. The machine tested was in competition form and had one or two alterations from standard, such as an upswept exhaust pipe (a 10s 'extra'), a positive foot change (12s 6d), a competition rear tyre, and a speedometer (£2). The addition of the speedometer (which is not included in the 'tools and loose equipment' that may be omitted when the machine is weighed for taxation purposes) actually brought the weight to over 224lb, but this was fitted for the purposes of the test. Although its appearance would lead one to believe that the machine tested was purely a trials mount, it proved in actual practice to be a most excellent high-speed touring machine as well. As tested, Even with entirely unsuitable tyres it was a most dutiful hack-bus. For mile after mile a steady cruising speed of 50mph could be maintained without unduly stressing the side-valve engine. But the real charm of the 'Light 500' was its surge of power from 20mph onwards. It was quite unlike the average single-cylinder machine, for the throttle could be opened fully and the engine would pick up without any trace of knock or snatch. This silkiness, combined with an extremely quiet exhaust, gave an impression of 'woolliness' that had absolutely no existence in fact, for on acceleration the Matchless, due in part to its unusually light weight, could hold its own up to its maximum speed with the average overhead-valve five-hundred. Under suitable conditions a speed of 62mph was reached, while 48mph and 30mph were the respective maxima in second and bottom gears. At speeds over 55mph a pronounced vibration period set in, while 15mph was about the minimum non-scratch speed in top gear. On the machine tested, a positive heel-toe foot gear control was fitted on the same side as the brake pedal. This arrangement was inconvenient when a rapid change was necessary on approaching a corner—it was liable to

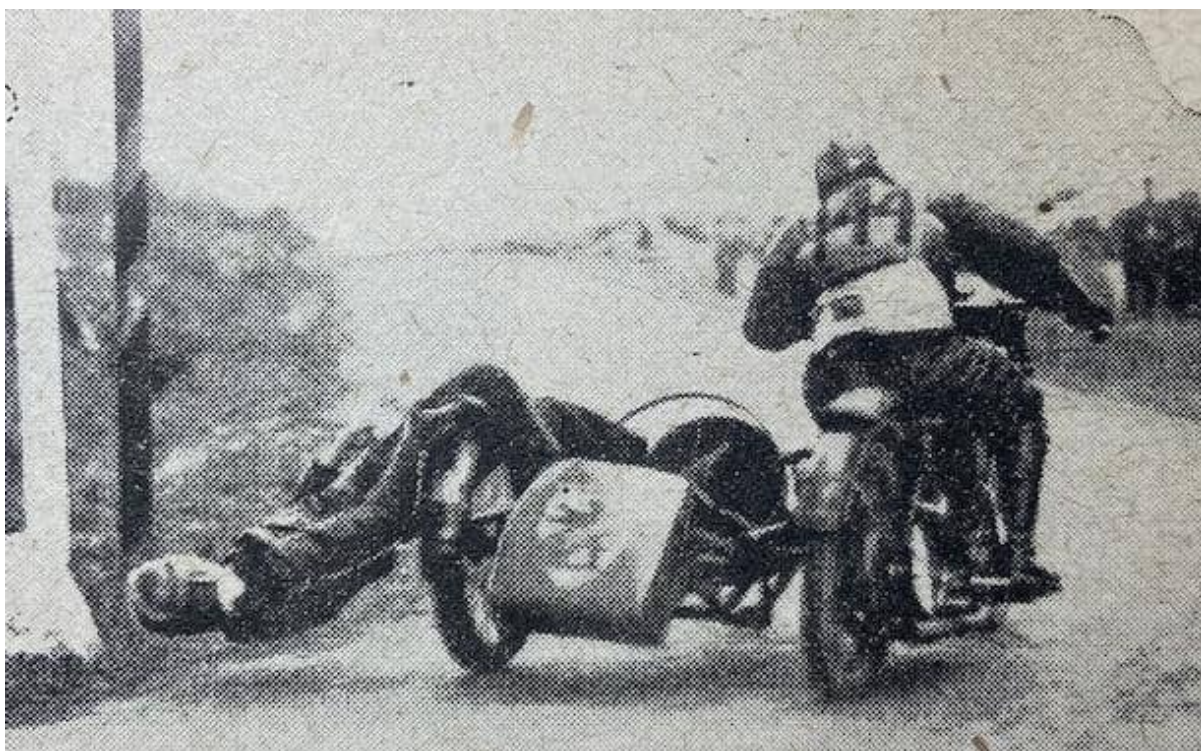
result in a missed gear and a hurried stamp on the brake pedal, with a locked back wheel as a consequence. On one occasion a nut securing the selector mechanism



“The machine tested was in competition trim.”

slackened off and caused the control pedal to jam the brake pedal in a moment of emergency. The brakes, both back and front, were at all times excellent, although a little harsh to begin with; mud and water did not appear to affect them, except towards the end of the test, when the front brake became a little noisy in operation. Provided the decompressor lever was tuned through only half of its travel, the engine would invariably start first kick, even when cold, but owing to lack of leverage, in the crank, a particularly heavy and vicious kick was always required. When idling, the engine was almost phenomenally quiet, and even at high speeds no mechanical sounds of any sort could be heard. No doubt due in a large degree to the complete and praiseworthy absence of oil leaks, the amount of oil consumed was negligible, working out at approximately 4,800mpg, while the petrol consumption was 56.4mpg at a maintained speed of 30mph. The fuel figure did not fall below 55.4mpg, even when averaged over 600 miles of really hard riding—a rather strange fact. In traffic care had to be used to avoid stalling the engine, which was inclined to back-fire suddenly on slowing up; when this occurred it was always necessary to stop and use the kick-starter, as, owing to the absence of an exhaust lifter, the back wheel would invariably lock on engaging the clutch in an endeavour to restart the engine before rolling to a standstill. The ignition suffered a set-back after 300 miles in the shape of a parting of the magneto chain, which had been fouling the crank-case release. The central prop stand was very easy to operate, and enabled both wheels to be spun quite easily, a fact which considerably lightens the task of cleaning. Apart from the trouble with the magneto, the only adjustments carried out were to the chains and tappets. Tightening the rear chain was a simple operation, as the adjusters are of the push-and-pull type. The primary, however, was not quite so simple, owing to the proximity of the oil pipes and foot change to the gear box bolts. Altogether, the ‘Light 500’ shows how well liveliness, simplicity and low weight can be combined.”



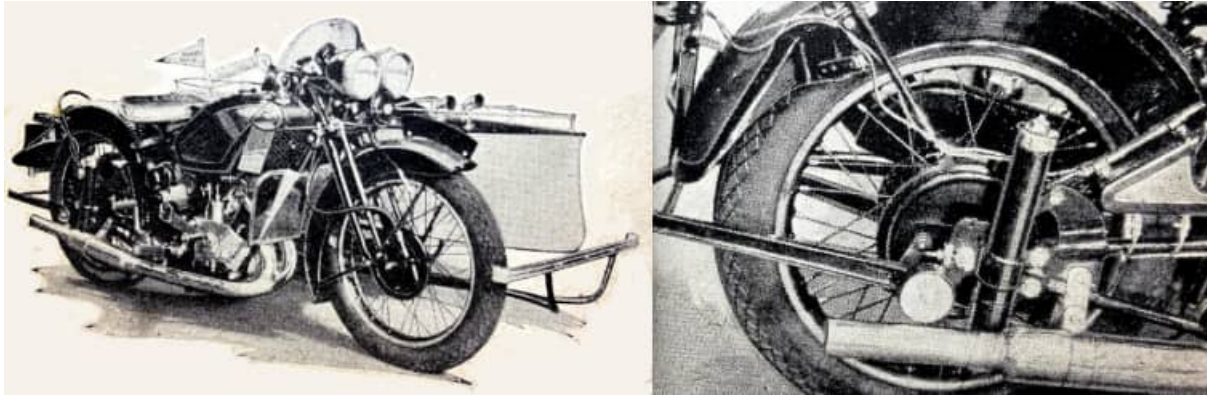


“This picture from Germany recalls the thrills of our own Sidecar TT Races. Will they be revived?”

“WHEN THE REYNOLDS SCOTT SPECIAL was produced by AE Reynolds, of Liverpool, in the early part of the year it was designed to appeal to those Scott enthusiasts who are prepared to pay ‘that little extra which means so much’ in order to realise some of their ideals. In the 1932 edition of the Reynolds Scott Special several new features are introduced, including an important item which will make an instant appeal to the connoisseurs—a spring frame. This has been made possible by the use of the Master spring-frame device, which, however, is not utilised as an attachment but is built into the machine. The ends of the rear-fork tubes terminate in castings carrying the spring-boxes of the Master fitting, which looks neat and adds to the pleasing appearance of the machine. The device is a standard fitting on the de luxe Special, which is priced at £110. The standard Special costs £100. The basis of both models is the Scott Flying Squirrel Sports, a specially picked Power Plus engine (498cc or 596cc, according to choice). The Scott three-speed gear box is suitably altered for the adoption of Velocette positive foot control. An addition to the engine is a  $\frac{5}{16}$ in. copper pipe led round the rear of the engine, connecting the two drain plugs with the object of equalising the oil supply in each crank case. A most interesting point is a new radiator, designed and manufactured by AE Reynolds, and replacing the normal Scott radiator. Although the Reynolds radiator holds an extra quart of water, it is not so deep as the Scott pattern; it is wider, and the honeycomb cells are arranged horizontally. The petrol tank, too, is of Reynolds design, and has a capacity of over three gallons of spirit and half a gallon of oil. It is much wider than the Scott tank and, of course, carries no gear-change quadrant. At the front end of the tank, on a raised boss, is the lighting switch, flanked on each side with a chromium-plated quick-snap filler cap. Brampton bottom-link type forks are used, a special bracket carrying the twin chromium-plated head lamps and a centrally disposed Smith-Jaeger 100mph speedometer. Located in the middle position between the two head lamps is a Bosch horn with chromium-plated front. A Magdyno is used for lighting, with a five-cell Nife battery. Amal ‘clean’ handlebars are a feature of the machine. There is one extra lever, controlling the auxiliary oil supply to the cylinder walls, as on the Scott TT replica models.



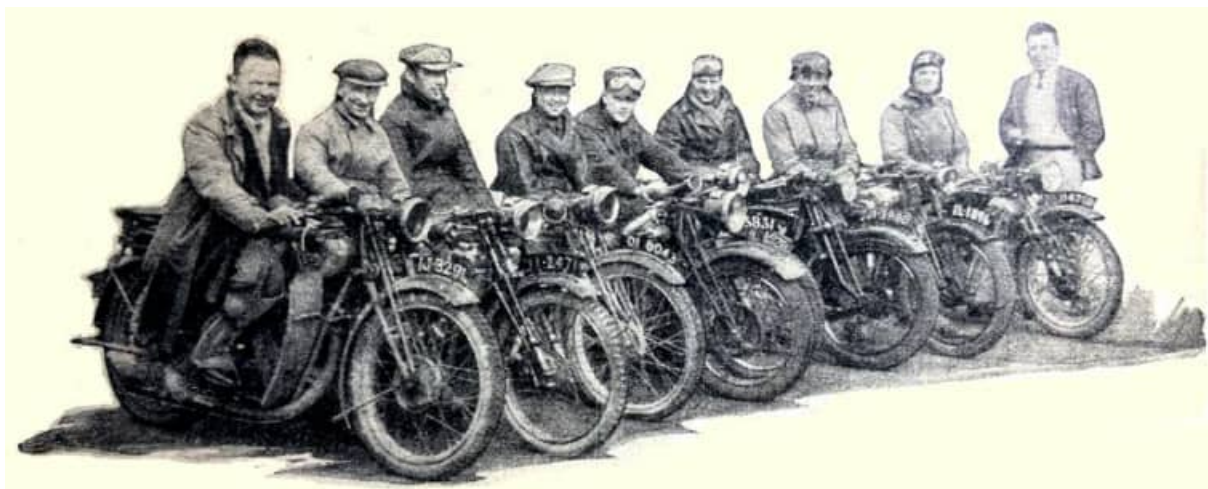
A Terry Dominion saddle is fitted. Goodyear 26×3.50in. tyres are used, and the wheels have chromium-plated rims. A unique feature of the machine is the large-section mudguards. They are 7in wide and, as well as being fully valanced, the end of the rear guard is splayed to protect the number-plate. With a Noxal Launch sidecar body on a Swallow spring-wheel-chassis, the outfit costs £160. An unusual feature is the use of Wilmot-Breeden bumpers fore and aft, carried at the extremities of tubes attached to the sidecar chassis. “



“Twin head lamps and bumper bars give the Reynolds Scott Special outfit a very striking appearance. (Right) “The Master spring-frame attachment has been neatly built in the rear fork assembly.”



“Under the cherry-blossom. a photograph from Manchuria that is in marked contrast to most recent pictures from that part of the world. It shows a rally of the Darion Ariel MCC.”



"Cheery members of the Cookstown & DMCC (Ireland) at the start of their run to Fallagh Glen in the Sperrin Mountains."

"And now, a word from our sponsors." Here are some contemporary ads.

**Matchless Models for 1932**

Model R/7, 250 c.c., S.V. . . .	<b>£32</b>
Model D, 350 c.c., S.V. . . .	<b>£34</b>
Model D/S, 250 c.c., 2-port, O.H.V.	<b>£37</b>
Model D/5, "Light 500," S.V. . . .	<b>£35</b>
Model D/6, 350 c.c., Single Port, O.H.V.	<b>£37</b>

All above models come under 224 lbs. weight with electric lighting and bulb horn.

**TAX 30/- PER ANNUM.**

Model D/3, 350 c.c., 2-port, O.H.V. . . .	<b>£38</b>
Model C, 5'86 h.p., S.V., 4-speed . . .	<b>£45</b>
Model C/S, 500 c.c., 2-port, O.H.V., 4-speed . . .	<b>£47</b>
Model X/3, 9'9 h.p., Twin, 4-speed . . .	<b>£60</b>
Silver Arrow, 400 c.c., Monobloc Twin, 4-speed, spring frame . . .	<b>£55</b>
Silver Hawk, 600 c.c., 4-cylinder, 4-speed, spring frame, with de luxe equipment . . .	<b>£75</b>

Electric Lighting on Model "R/7" and "D" Series £5 extra.  
Other models £6.10 extra.  
De Luxe Equipment with Instrument Panel available on all models.  
Foot gear change on all Model "D" series and Model "C" series machines 12/6 extra.  
Sidecars from £11



# £10,000 REWARD FOR CAPE TO CAIRO RECORD

No newspaper has given us this richly  
deserved reward for winning this  
*greatest of all world's records on*  
a 500 c.c. *Sun - Jap and Sidecar.*

But we have proved that the "SUN" is the  
best machine in the world.

5 Models — 5 H.P. to 2 H.P.

(A post card brings all particulars.)

*The wonderful SUN-Villiers 350 c.c.  
long stroke engine model.*



Complete as drawn, Electric Lighting - £38

**SUN CYCLE CO. LTD** Aston Brook Street,  
— BIRMINGHAM —



# ● REGULATION PILLION SEATS

made by the Pioneers

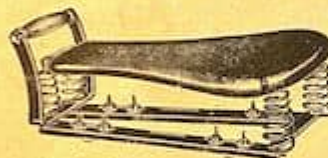
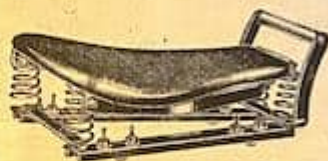
The new Regulations completely vindicate the type of pillion seat chosen by Messrs. Tan-Sad Ltd., and manufactured steadily by them for many years. Its safety and comfort are unequalled. Buy a Tan-Sad and be inside the Law.

## POPULAR

Beautifully Sprung

— Fits any make of Motor-Cycle — Comfortably Padded and covered in Rexine. Safe Hand-grip. Wonderful Value.

9/6



## ECLIPSE

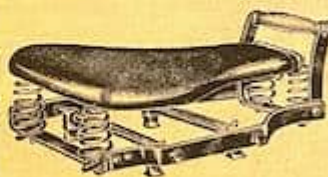
Comfortably shaped. Leaf Spring Seat liberally upholstered and supported on four resilient Coil Springs. No Rebound Shocks. Fits any make of Motor-Cycle. Rubber Covered Hand-grip.

12/6

## STANDARD

Leaf Spring Seat comfortably upholstered and supported on four resilient Coil Springs. Fitted with the Original Tan-Sad Patent Clamping Lugs for Attachment to Machine. These Lugs have never been known to slip. Absolutely Safe.

17/6



## FOOTRESTS

As necessary to comfort and safety as a good seat.

Model 6c. 4/6 Per Pair.



ADJUSTABLE & FOLDING

Model 7c. 6/- Per Pair.

# TAN-SAD

LIMITED • TYSELEY • BIRMINGHAM

# NEW IMPERIAL

The Motor Cycle of  PERFECT DEPENDABILITY

Even  
in  
the  
Winter  
the



The Machine that has  
successfully completed  
2,500 Kilometres Test  
in Finland under actual  
conditions

The "BLUE PRINCE" 250 cc. O.H.V.  
180 lbs. 11. nett. cash.  
(Excludes delivery £3.50. 10% more - 10/6.)  
The "BLUE PRINCE" 500 cc. O.H.V.  
245 lbs. 11. nett. cash.  
(Excludes delivery £3.50. 10% more - 10/6.)

The "Blue Prince" Model has no rival in  
any of the World's Motor Cycles in its class  
of power, weight and reliability. It is built  
to last, and will give you the maximum of  
service, without any extra charge.

## "Blue Prince"

(Registered Trade Mark)

leads the way in public favour

SMITH'S  
SPEEDOMETER  
  
STANDARD  
in Models DL2, DL3, Y, TB.

Since its inception in September last the "Blue Prince" has  
received so favourable a reception that the Public have  
actually purchased and are buying large quantities of these  
Machines for immediate use during the Winter.

Agents and Riders throughout the World, wherever Motor  
Cycles are used, have appreciated the Unique and Valuable  
Design, Equipment and Finish of the "Blue Prince" Models.

WE USE  
RECOMMENDED EXCLUSIVE  
CASTROL  
MOTOR OIL

If you have not yet had  
the New Catalogue fully  
describing the "BLUE PRINCE"  
fill in this Form →

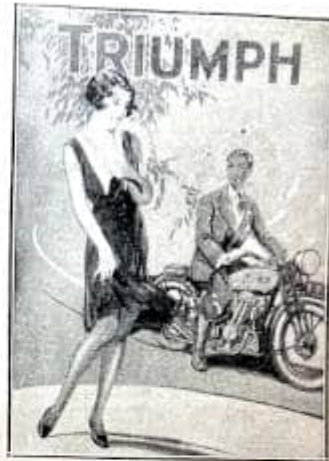
NEW IMPERIAL MOTORS LTD, Dept. 4, Torina Rd., Hill Cross, DORMINGHAM.

Please send me the "NEW IMPERIAL" Catalogue and Name of nearest  
Local Dealer.

Name

Address

Write  
for this  
most  
attractive  
catalogue



The Triumph Girl, happy and carefree, symbolises the spirit of motor cycling. Allow her to hand you the 1931 catalogue which describes the many new and unique Triumph features.

There are Triumph models from £23-17-6 or £6-4-6 down complete with Lucas electric lighting, legshields, Dunlop Tyres; and the terms price includes Comprehensive Insurance. Post the coupon below for full details.

# TRIUMPH

The silent single

Please  
send me the  
Triumph Motor  
Cycle catalogue.

Name

Address

Triumph Cycle Co., Ltd.,  
COVENTRY.

W.L. 713



## Why get Wet and Chilled?

You can drive in the wettest and coldest of weather in full bodily comfort if you wear Beacon Oilskins. Famed for their long lasting qualities, they have stood up to the hardest test, and are made by weather protection specialists of many years' standing.

## Beacon Oilskins

Black double lightweight Jackets with Wind-cuffs, double fronts, and two roomy pockets, 21/-; clasp-fastening Legging Overalls, 11/6. Suit complete 32/6 (post free). In Grey-Bronze:—Jackets 25/-; clasp-fastening Legging Overalls, 12/6. Suit complete, Post free, 37/6. Full Beated Trousers Overalls, Black, 20/-, Bronze 22/6. Prices are for Jackets 36" to 39" long. Overalls up to 33" long and 40" waist.

## The New Beacon N.Z. Suit

Is the most useful of all Storm-Suits. It is proof against rips and tears, as well as wet, and can be rolled up. In dark-green shade. Oilproofed N.Z. fabric. Coats, 40" long, 58" to 44" chest, 27/6; Overall Leggings, 12/6; Beated Overalls, 20/-.



State garmens and colour needed, give height, length & chest of jacket & inside leg measures & enclose remittance. Postage Free U.S. extra abroad. (Allow extra time for special seasoning of Overseas Orders.)

Money back in full if they go sticky, leak, or fail on any point.

## Overboot Leggings 17/11

They keep your feet and legs dry. Easy to slip on, comfortable in wear and soundly constructed. Made of tough, pliant, black rubberproof with extra heavy sole strengthened at toe. Get a pair to-day! Price only 17/11. Postage 6d.

ILLUSTRATED LIST POST FREE.

Send a p.c. to-day for Booklet of "Weather-Comfort," describing wet weather wear for all.

J. Barbour & Sons, Ltd., 26, Beacon Buildings, South Shields.

SUIT  
32/6  
Post  
free.



The  
Famed  
Beacon Oilskin

## Motor Cycling MITTS.

Secure protection for the hands and wrists. Perfectly water-tight. Elastic wrist, wide gusset.



Unlined.  
Black 4/-  
Bronze 4/6  
Warm-lined.  
Black 5/-  
Bronze 5/6  
Black Rubber 7/6, lined 8/6

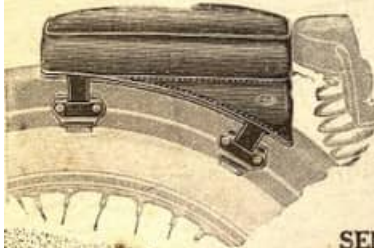


## Pillion Seats fulfil all the requirements of the Road Traffic Act of 1930.



ADJUSTABLE CLIPS  
FOR FITTING TO  
CARRIER RAIL

LIGHTNING  
FASTENER



### No. 196. CARRIER TYPE PILLION SEAT.

This model is designed for fitting to the carrier of motor cycle and affords a close up riding position. The seat is fitted with a Moseley Float-on-Air cushion, covered with best quality flexine fastening with a lightning fastener. The adjustable clips incorporated enable this saddle to be fitted to all types of carriers. PRICE 12/6

### No. 197. PILLION SEAT.

Similar in design to the No. 196, but fitted with cushion top. This model has the adjustable clips incorporated, for fitting every type of carrier. PRICE 7/-

No. 198. Similar in design to No. 196, but fitted with sponge rubber cushion top. PRICE 10/-

### No. 194. PILLION SEAT.

The ideal seat for carrierless machines, no drilling required, fits all shaped mudguards by four patent clips of which we were the originators. Fitted with sponge rubber cushion top and covered in best quality flexine, size of seat 11 in. x 6 in. No side sway, and a close-up riding position is ensured. PRICE 10/-

No. 193. Similar to No. 194, but has a cushion top instead of sponge rubber. PRICE 7/-

No. 195. Similar to No. 194, but fitted with a Moseley "Float-on-Air" Cushion, covered. PRICE 12/6

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED LEAFLET

## P. & H. FOOTRESTS AID SAFETY AND COMFORT.



No. 180. PRICE 4/- per pair.

No. 179. With adjustable spring shock absorber. PRICE, per pair. 5/-

No. 180 can be supplied with special attachment for Rudge, A.J.S., Ariel or Douglas, as illustration. State which model required when ordering Price 4/-



SPECIAL MODELS FOR SUNNHAM AND LEVIN 6/- PER PAIR.

Powell & Hammer Ltd.  
"THE HOUSE FOR VALUE"  
ASTON MANOR, BIRMINGHAM



# SUNBEAM

MODEL 9 TWO-PORT £75.0.0



PLEASE SEND POST FREE A COPY OF  
YOUR 1951 COMPLETE CATALOGUE.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

JOHN MARSTON LTD.  
11 SUNBEAMLAND,  
WOLVERHAMPTON.



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## IMPORTANT NOTICE

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# TT Telegrams

The public interest in this year's **TT** Races will be greater than ever.

It is, therefore, essential that agents with good facilities for displaying

### **"THE MOTOR CYCLE" TELEGRAMS**

who wish to take advantage of this Service, should communicate at once with

The Manager,  
"THE MOTOR CYCLE,"

Dorset House,  
Tudor Street, London, E.C.4

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**TT·TT·TT·TT·TT·TT·TT**

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480 BARKING ROAD, PLAISTOW, LONDON, E.13.

TELEPHONE

ALBERT DOCK 1928.

THE EAST LONDON MOTOR HOUSE FOR

**A.J.S.**

**B.S.A.**

**ARIEL**

**TRIUMPH**

Weekdays 9-8. Fri. & Sat. 9-9. Sundays 9-1.



Slip this handy packet  
in the pocket of  
your jacket

**HUNTLEY & PALMERS**

*Handy Snacks*

(CHEESE OR CHOCOLATE)

Digestive Biscuits & Butter Fingers &  
Chedlet Cheese Chocolate

Handy packets of Biscuits and Chedlet  
Cheese or Chocolate packed in  
Transparent Hygienic Wrappers.

**2d. each.**



**DO YOU REALISE WHAT YOU GAIN by DEALING with GROSE'S**

They have the Largest Stock of NEW  
**MOTOR CYCLES in ENGLAND**

Therefore your choice is not limited, their deferred terms are made to SUIT YOU, and in addition you can rely on the highest price for your old machine.


**WRITE or CALL TO-DAY for LISTS, etc.!**

MAIN and SPECIAL AGENTS for MATCHLESS, EXCELSIOR, NEW IMPERIAL, ARIEL, B.S.A., NORTON, TRIUMPH, COTTON, etc., etc.

NEW and CLEAR

## ANCE MOTOR C

**CYCLE COVERS**




# IMITATED—

# but not equalled

## HUTCHINSON

### *The Original*

### *Motor Cycle Boots*



**HUTCHINSON PONCHOS.**  
 Made of Best Waterproof  
 Materials in two sizes : 45 in.  
 and 54 in. long. Black only.

Model A. Close-fitting pure  
 Para Rubber Collar. 32/-  
 Wind cuffs

Model B. Button flap at neck  
 and Storm Collar. Wind cuffs  
 inside sleeves. Side 36/6  
 and chest pockets

are actually made in our own Factories—  
 from the best quality materials only—where  
 10,000,000 pairs of Rubber Footwear are  
 produced annually. They have to be good  
 to maintain our 80 years' reputation.

**We originated the Kick Starter Protector**  
 years ago. Built it right into the Boot—obviously  
 stronger, and neater because it is invisible. Refuse  
 imitations.

**REVISED PRICES**

Rubber Soled Motor Cycle Boots ..	<b>17/11</b> pair.
Leather ..	<b>25/-</b> "

Made to fit the "actual" size of footwear.

**HUTCHINSON HOUSE, 119-125, WHITFIELD STREET, LONDON, W.1.**

Incorporated in France with Limited Liability.





## IVORY III—specially adapted *for the* Grass Track

### POST COUPON

To the CALTHORPE MOTOR CYCLE CO.,  
BARN STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

Please send me particulars of Ivory III.

If required adapted for the Grass Track, put  
X here. . . . .

NAME . . . . .

ADDRESS . . . . .

Every week Ivory Calthorpe gets home first in Club meetings all over the country. Speed, powerful acceleration, perfect balance, and simplicity of control make Ivory III the ideal mount for the enthusiastic club member. Send the coupon to-day for specification and price—win some races before the season ends!

86.5.28.7.41

A. J. Stevens & Co. (1914) Ltd.  
desire to express their deepest  
sympathy and condolence with  
the relatives and friends of

**F. G.** ("FREDDIE") **HICKS**

who died as a result of an  
accident sustained whilst riding  
in the 1931 Senior T.T.

# JUNIOR 1/4 TRACE



*The Unapproachable*  
**Norton**  
 REG. TRADE MARK  
 1st. P. HUNT-RECORD SPEED 73.94 m.p.h.  
 2nd. J. GUTHRIE 4th. S. WOODS.  
 8th. J. H. SIMPSON.  
 4 ENTERED 4 FINISHED  
 RECORD LAP 75.27 m.p.h.  
 MANUFACTURERS' TEAM PRIZE  
 CLUB TEAM PRIZE

**NORTON MOTORS LTD.,**  
 Brooklands Street, Aston, Birmingham.

**COUPON**  
 EX NORTON MOTORS LTD., Brooklands St., Aston, Birmingham.  
 Please forward to me complimentary catalogue of 1931 NORTON  
 Motor Cycle Name Address

PLEASE WRITE IN  
 BLOCK LETTERS

In answering this advertisement it is desirable to mention "The Motor Cycle"



# SENIOR T-TRACE

THE UNAPPROACHABLE

## Norton

REGD. TRADE MARK.

1<sup>st</sup> 2<sup>nd</sup> 3<sup>rd</sup>



WINNER P. HUNT

RECORD SPEED 77.9 m.p.h.

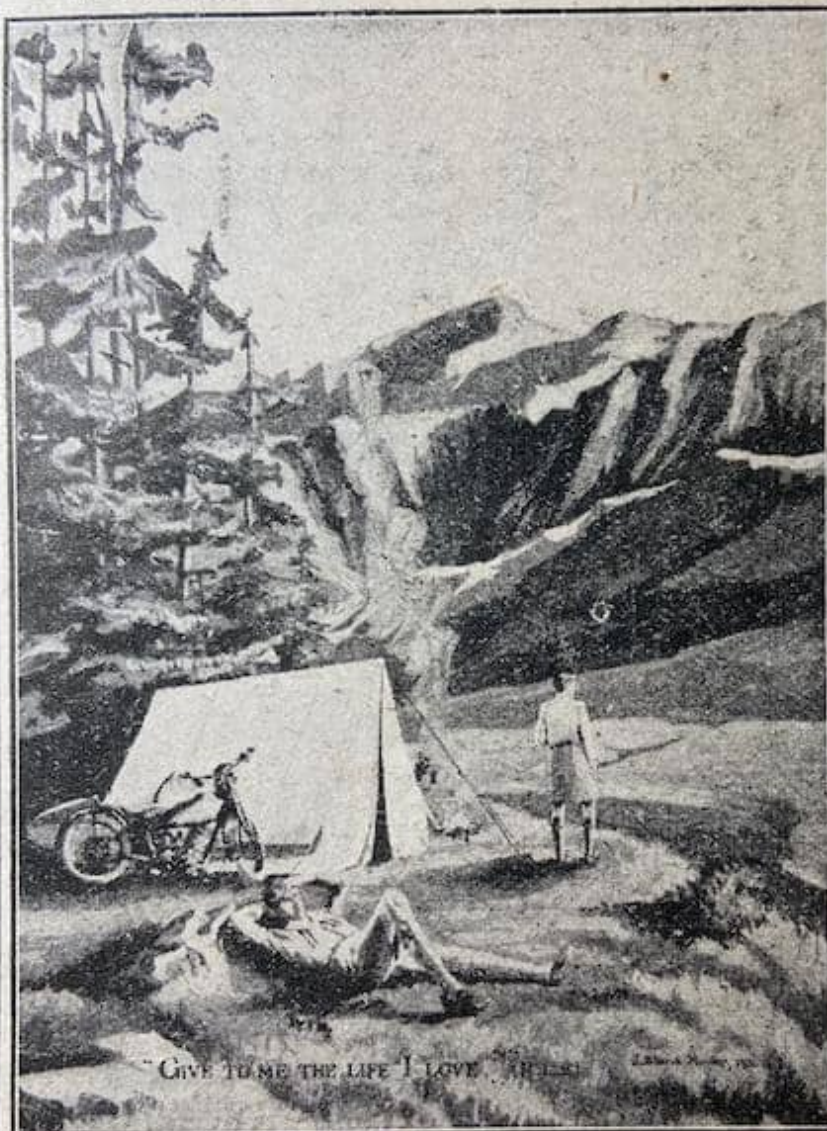
Second: J. GUTHRIE. Third: S. WOODS

RECORD LAP (J. H. SIMPSON) 80.82 m.p.h.

NORTON MOTORS LTD.  
BRACEBRIDGE STREET, ASTON,  
BIRMINGHAM

In accepting this advertisement it is desirable to mention "The Motor Cycle."

**FOR A CARE-FREE HOLIDAY—GO CAMPING!**



**MOTOR  
CYCLISTS'  
TENTS**  
FROM 12/6

**RUC-SACS**  
FROM 5/6

**CAMP  
JACKETS**  
FROM 12/-

*Write for  
Free  
Illustrated  
Catalogue  
No. 12.*



**CAMP IN COMFORT WITH  
BLACK'S TENTS & CAMPING EQUIPMENT.**

Thomas Black & Sons (Greenock) Ltd., Dept. L, Greenock, Scotland.  
Branches: 15, Bury Street, and 22, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1; 5, Royal  
Exchange Square, and 351, Argyle Street, Glasgow.



77 MORTIMER STREET  
LONDON, W.1.

**PHILTON & MOORE**

WORKS:  
CLECKHEATON, YORKS.

*This is the* **G. CLARKE MOTORS LTD** *Panther's Lair*

275 HIGH ST. ACTON W-3

278 BRIXTON HILL SW-2



*Holidays are Here Again!*

**£8** additional holiday allowance  
is yours if you take advantage of  
our deferred terms on the purchase  
of this season's finest machine—

**THE MODEL 90 REDWING PANTHER**  
**£62 - 10 - 0**

For ONE WEEK ONLY an extra

**£8**

is guaranteed for your machine in  
part exchange for THE  
**REDWING PANTHER**

Send the  
Coupon  
TO-DAY



To **GEORGE CLARKE (MOTORS) LTD.**, 278, Brixton Hill, S.W.2  
Please send colour catalogue of the 1934 Panther and quote definite  
price for my machine in part exchange.  
Year . . . . . Model . . . . . Condition . . . . .  
NAME . . . . . ADDRESS . . . . .





## NEVER GETS RUFFLED

Whatever happens to disturb your mentality, your hair will stay neat and tidy all day if you do it with Gomina Argentine. Even motoring, tennis or golf won't disturb it, though Gomina has no grease and does not harm the hair by making it too stiff. A jelly, not a liquid; ideal for bag or pocket.

At all chemists, hairdressers and stores, 2/6, 4/- and 5/- the jar, or in 1/6 tubes. Money back if not perfectly satisfactory.

*Sole Distributors:*

**TIBO PRODUCTS (International) LTD., Ely Place, E.C.1**

# Gomina Argentine

*The Better Hair Fixative*

*"Safety First" Buy at Kirk's*

# KIRK & CO

CARS & MOTOR CYCLES

## DO NOT LOOK

further than this list for one of the finest used mounts in London.

### Why?

because exceptionally great care is taken by us to ensure we can offer you what we would have ourselves.

.... Let's get together, boys .... bring your present machine with you, we will allow you the best price in exchange—and remember your protection—

### THREE—MONTHS'—WRITTEN GUARANTEE.

(All machines over £15.)

DEFERRED TERMS ARRANGED  
NO REASONABLE DEPOSIT REFUSED  
BALANCE OVER 24 MONTHS.

A few from a stock of 250 below.

### COMBINATIONS.

B.S.A., '30, 986 c.c., M/litg., new No. 6 s/c., as new. (P.)	£62
HARLEY-DAVIDSON, 9.98 h.p., adult 2-str., s/c., 1 1/2 litg., twin headlamps. (P.)	£62
B.S.A., '30, 7.70 h.p., 2-str. s/c., yr's tax. (P.)	£59
ENFIELD, '30, 976 c.c., box van outfit, M/litg., yr's tax, as new. (P.)	£52

NORTON, '30, 5.88 h.p., Mdl. 19, O.H.V., al. s/c., 3 1/2 litg., Speedo. (P.)	£52
B.S.A., '30, 7.70 c.c. Coachbld. s/c., Magdyno. (H.)	£49
ARIEL, '30, 559 c.c. Mod. "A" Fab. Comb., Dynamo. (H.)	£39
B.S.A., '30, 4.93 h.p. de-L., al. 8-Spts. s/c., m'age 2,000 only. (P.)	£39
A.J.S., '27 Mdl. 7 h.p. de-L., adult 2-str. s/c., D/litg., etc. (P.)	£32
NEW IMPERIAL, '29, 500 c.c., O.H.V., 2-pt., Dyno., Spts. alum. s/c., mag. cond. (H.)	£39
N.U.T., '28, 5.6 h.p., Spec. Spts. al. s/c., M/litg. (P.)	£25
RUDGE, '28, 499 c.c. Spec. Spts. Divan Comb., Dyno., unscrtd., very fast. (H.)	£25
ARIEL, '28, 559 c.c. Fab. Spts. Comb., Lucas Ig., as new. (H.)	£22
COVENTRY EAGLE, Flying 8 Spts. Comb., Dyno., Twist grp., plated Sadd. tnk., ex. cond. (H.)	£22
ARIEL, '27, 5.50 h.p. de-L., launch s/c., M/litg., etc., taxed. (P.)	£15
TRIUMPH, '26/27, 499 c.c., O.H.V., 2-pt. Spts., Dynamo. (H.)	£15
TRIUMPH, '26, 8.D., 4.68 h.p., al. s/c., Dyno. (P.)	£12

### SOLOS.

ARIEL, '31, 350 c.c., O.H.V., 2-pt., Sloper, M/dyno., equip'd, mldge. approx. 100. (H.)	£39
MATCHLESS, '30, "Silver Arrow," 400 c.c., Spring frame, Dyno. (H.)	£38
J.E.C., '30, 509 c.c. O.H.V., J.A.P., 2-pt., M/litg., Duplex. (P.)	£37
RUDGE "Uster," '30, 4.99 h.p., O.H.V., 2-pt., D/litg. (P.)	£36
P. & M. "Redwing," '30, 600 c.c., O.H.V., 2-pt., Dyno, etc. (P.)	£35
VELOCETTE, '30, 350 c.c., O.H. Cam., Mdl. K.S.S., Dyno, etc. (P.)	£35
RUDGE, '30, Spec., O.H.V., 2-pt., M-L Dyno. (P.)	£32
VELOCETTE, '30, 350 c.c. O.H.V., Dyno., ex. cond. (H.)	£32
NEW HUDSON, '30, 500 c.c., O.H.V., 2-pt., Dyno., bargain. (H.)	£30
TRIUMPH, '30, 2.99 h.p. de Luxe, Dyno., unscratched, mldge. 100. (H.)	£25
TRIUMPH, '29, 4.98 h.p., M/litg., elec. horn, pillion, etc., taxed. (P.)	£20
RALEIGH, '29, 500 c.c., O.H.V., 2-pt., M/litg. (P.)	£20
CALTHORPE, '29, 350 c.c., O.H.V., 2-pt., M/litg., pillion, fine cond. (P.)	£19
TRIUMPH, '29, 2.99 h.p., "W" de Luxe, Dyno., ex. cond. (H.)	£15
COVENTRY EAGLE, '27, 500 c.c. Spts., Luc. Ig., Sadd. tnk. (H.)	£12

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£13 10	A.J.S., 1928, 3.49 h.p. O.H.V., equipped lamps and horn, very fast .....	*£3 10
£13 10	MATCHLESS, 1929, 4.98 h.p. T3 Sports, Lucas dynamo lighting, taxed, good order .....	*£3 10
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*Neither of the following paragraphs are of much consequence to the evolution of motor cycling, but they were written by Ixion and make a delightful start to another year.*

“I OFTEN GET GLOATING LETTERS from lads who have converted some scaremonger who used to loathe motor cycling, but the palm certainly goes to Jake. He met a sporting spinster of sixty-three summers, and challenged her to sample his Norton and chair. She was clear-witted enough to realise that she had no right to denounce motor cycles without knowing anything about them, so she accepted, and he now gives her regular rides. So much so that, when the local vicar gave tongue at the monthly church meeting, and ascribed poor church attendance on Sundays to the local lads’ habit of burning up the roads, and eke coaxing local fairies into occupying their carriers, she got up and delivered a short homily on the joys of the road, and the health it bestowed on pale faces earned in long office hours.”

“A READER WAS PROWLING round the native bazaar at Peshawar when he perceived a small English book lying on a native stall. Securing it for two *pice*, he found it was one of the few surviving copies of the first edition of *Hints and Tips for Motor Cyclists*, which I wrote some twenty years ago. Very courteously, he forwards it to me. It is extremely gratifying to know that my works enjoy such a cosmopolitan circulation, and that my first editions command such high prices. (*You goof, two pice is about 0.00001d—ED.*) Times have changed, for the book gives 190-220lb as the weight of a 3½hp single-cylinder, and recommends the lighter weight of the two.”

“A STAGE HAS BEEN REACHED at which really difficult trials hills are virtually impossible to find. Gradients which a few years ago could be guaranteed to stop 50% of an entry are now laughed at by novices...failures through the once-common ‘lack of power’ are now almost un-known. But on really steep gradients engine power is almost entirely dependent on wheel-adhesion, and this is where the competition tyre comes in; it is the combination of special tyre treads and powerful engines that has shorn nearly all the once-feared hills of their terrors. Instead of sending competitors through mud-baths, which often provide little more than a test of the rider’s physical strength and endurance, why should not clubs ban competition tyres, and thus make hills sporting and fair obstacles once again? It may be difficult to define a competition tread exactly, but it should not be impossible.”



This excellent start shot at Donington Park arrived from my chum Francois labelled '1932'. As such it might be the first bike race held there and the set-up certainly looks pretty basic—early days at a great venue.

"THE 1932 COLMORE TRIAL will be remembered for many a year by all who took part in it. For a few days before the event, which was held last Saturday, an anxious time was spent by intending competitors and officials alike. Snow had fallen, frost had set in, there had been a thaw, and then more frost—result, ice! In the early hours of Friday still more snow fell and, during the day, thawed in sheltered places; but the evening closed hard and cold. Many of the main roads were quite clear and dry, but out on the Cotswolds it was bleak and wild. A thin wind cut like a knife, and powdery snow drifted in a fine spray, filling treacherous ruts and piling itself against the grey stone walls in dazzling white heaps. Well, Saturday morning arrived, and the Unicorn Hotel yard presented the old familiar sight. 'Ebbie' was there, ready to go out and time the brake test. Oi1, petrol and rubber merchants were, as usual, in evidence; the scrutineers—Harry Perrey and George Denley—were doing their stuff; the hotel staff were busy handing out assorted beverages designed to keep out the cold; the Press was there, greedily collecting snippets of news; people who hadn't seen each other for months were exchanging hilarious greetings. In other words, the open-competition season had begun. Of the 105 entrants in the motor cycle class, 101 turned up at the start: They were not all destined to be there at the finish, however; 82 managed to complete the course in time. A snappy little opening ride of about eight miles over hard, dry roads led to the first hill, Lark Stoke. By way of a change, the badly rutted top part was observed, and looked really wicked. A large bonfire was burning brightly for the benefit of the observers, who had a rather dull time, if the performances of the first 20 or so riders were anything to go by. Sammy Jones, last year's winner, shot up on a spring-frame 346cc New Imperial; AR Foster (246cc New Imperial) manfully, and successfully, corrected bad wobbles; RAJ Bowden (346cc New Imperial) was markedly quiet and steady; and FE Thacker (348cc Ariel) spurned the ruts and rode up the level grass -at the side. A hectic moment by JW

Douglas (494cc Douglas) was corrected by footing, but AP Palmer (494cc Douglas) was very clever in negotiating the worst of the ruts. Dropping his usual sober style, T Gibson (493cc Sunbeam) shot up like a rocket—and just as straight; HG Tyrell-Smith (499cc Rudge) was admirable; AA Smith (348cc Cotton) was also good; and then AR Edwards (348cc Velocette) surprised himself, and everybody else, by falling. For the brake test, the hill used had been salted to clear the snow. The gradient was about 1 in 10, and the timed coasting distance between the lines was 75 yards. Sammy Jones was unlucky in falling at the stopping point; his distance over the line was 4ft 5in. Riding a 493cc Calthorpe, GP Baxter was excellent, being only 1ft 5in over the limit; Tim Robbins (493cc New Hudson) made a false start and had a spot of argument with the officials; then he came down again—untimed—and fell! AR Foster stopped only a foot over the line, but was beaten by RAJ Bowden, whose distance was only 5in. In a little over a mile Blockley Hill was



L-R: “Snow, ice and gradient did not worry L Heath (499cc Ariel), who made best performance of the day. Miss Marjorie Cottle (249cc BSA) attacks the snow-clad Lower Guiting Hill. EF Cope (352cc Velocette sc) takes the right-hand bend on Stanway Loop.”

reached, but it was too easy to cause any bother. Then followed a little cross-country going to Ford Hill, where the first stop and restart test was held. This test, and the hill, were very easy, but the first man up, Jones, had the job of clearing the snow away with his spinning rear wheel; he was, consequently, outside the time limit laid down for the test. One or two others were similarly caught—chiefly sidecars and three-wheelers. RT Horton (Morgan) was slow in getting off the mark. GA Norchi (BSA three-wheeler) performed well. A Morgan with WH Atkins at the helm, failed hopelessly; it was not completely prepared for the trial, had unsuitable gear ratios, and was not handled very cleverly. Later in the day its driver unfortunately turned it over...West Down can always be sure of catching a few. On this occasion it was as easy as ever it is likely to be, but there were just one or two who treated it with rather more contempt than it deserved, and paid the penalty. Quite the most spectacular—and the fastest—was Jack Williams (249cc Rudge). His climb was in marked contrast to that of Miss Marjorie Cottle (249cc BSA), who was just as safe as Williams, but far more sedate. Perhaps the best sidecar was that driven by DK Mansell (490cc Norton sc), while all the Vincent-HRD people—W Clarke, H Spottiswoode and G Franklin—were noticeably good. Jack White (248cc Ariel) had a bit of bad luck and left the model in rather spectacular style; Miss Edyth Foley (147cc Coventry-Eagle) attempted to mount the bank at the side, but fell over into a gorse bush; and P Johnston (346cc Triumph) also tried the bank, but slipped down, and, in trying to mount it again, fell over...Stanway Loop is never really easy, but such is the skill of present-day riders and the perfection of modern machines



that even under Saturday's coating of snow and semi-frozen mud it caused fewer than half a dozen failures. In fact, were it not for a snowball-fight which, springing from small beginnings, became almost universal, proceedings would have been dull and chilly for the lookers-on. Jones (346cc New Imperial) led off with a perfectly judged climb, going wide to



Keeping to the narrow (but not straight) path, GE Rowley (AJS) ascends snow-clad Kineton Hill .

the left on the second of the two humps. Gibson (493cc Sunbeam) was almost as steady, but Tyrell-Smith (499cc Rudge) skidded slightly and shot out a foot. PR Guest (346cc New Imperial), FE Thacker (348cc Ariel), JJ Booker (488cc Royal Enfield), RAJ Bowden (346cc New Imperial) and AR Edwards (348cc Velocette) came up steadily and accurately. AP Palmer (494cc Douglas) was faster, but stopped momentarily well above the control. EN Stretton (348cc Triumph) and AA Smith (348cc Cotton) were steady, while GS Hadfield (345cc Levis) was equally good, though his machine produced some odd rattles. G Littleford (348cc AJS) was fast, and AE Perrigo (349cc BSA) was clever as usual...DE Mansell (490cc Norton sc) led the sidecar brigade with great dash, and was followed by GV Scott (348cc Velocette sc), who had wheelspin and not too much in hand. WS Waycott (494cc Douglas sc) was fast, but his engine was missing intermittently. G Stannard (498cc Triumph sc.), RF Turner (499cc New Imperial sc), EF Cope (352cc Velocette sc) and M Gayson (499cc New Imperial sc) all earned good marks. JGD Phillips (494cc Douglas), entered as a sidecar, elected to ride a solo model, and was not too steady, and other solos to appear among the passenger machines were those of SAP Wills (346cc Enfield), who climbed well RR Writer (346cc Zenith), neat and fast, and LJ Foley (348cc Norton), who made a sure climb...Laverton had a rut on each side, but was easy for solo machines, which had a clear path up the centre. Two sidecars failed, one of them the outfit of DK Mansell, who chose the wrong rut. RC Cotterell (248cc OK Supreme) came up much too fast—he said later he had been making up time—and met with the inevitable spill. Best in the Atherstone stop-and-go test was by AR Foster (246 New Imperial), in 4sec; he was closely followed by George Rowley (498cc AJS), in 4.2sec, third fastest time was 4.4sec made by L Heath (499cc Ariel) and F Chambers (348cc Velocette). Of the sidecars, the fastest was C Thyne (499cc Grindlay-Peerless sc), his time being 4.8sec. Another good time was made by WE Hayward (498cc Baughan sc)\*, who, with his sidecar wheel drive, clocked 5.4sec. In another three miles came the finish of a

Colmore remarkable for its combination of hard weather and easy hills. Provisional Awards. Colmore Cup (for best performance of the day), L Heath 499cc Ariel); Watson Shield (for best sidecar performance), DK Mansell (490cc Norton sc); Cranmore Trophy (for best solo performance), LG Holdsworth (348cc Norton); Calthorpe Cup (for best 175-250cc performance), Miss M Cottle (249cc BSA); Horton Cup (for best 250-350cc performance), SE Blake (346cc Levis); Hassell Cup (for best 350-500cc performance on a sidecar), EF Cope (352cc Velocette sc); Kershaw Cup (for best 350-500cc performance), W Brandish (499cc Ariel); Bayliss Cup (for best performance on a side-valve machine), FW Stevenson, (980cc Brough Superior sc).

\* Henry Baughan offered his sidecar-wheel drive system to the War Office, but his idea was rejected. When the German army made good use of sidecar-wheel drive combos Norton fitted it to WD 16H combos (in 1939). Baughan never patented his invention, so earned no royalties.



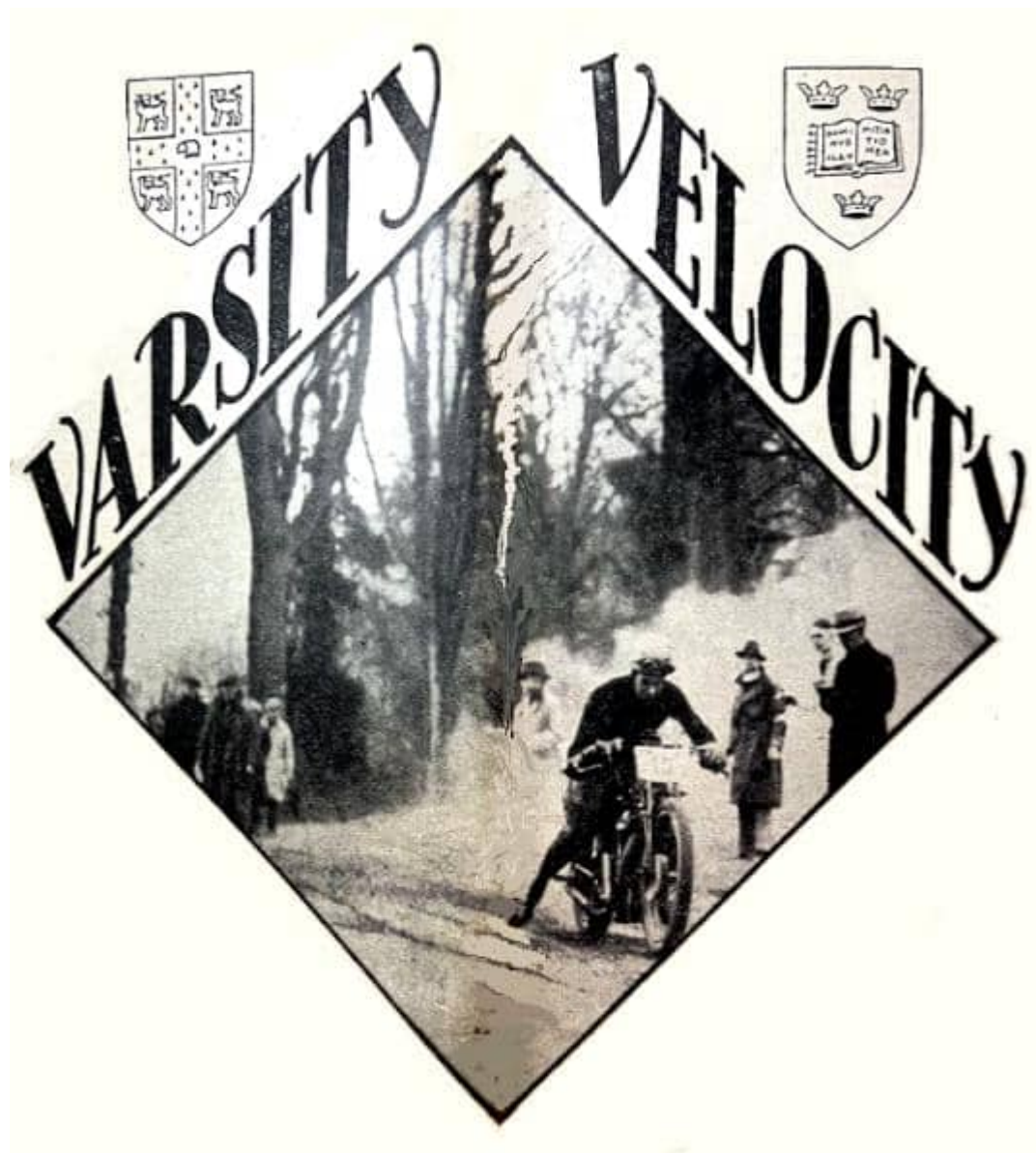
"M Gavson (499cc New Imperial sc) among the deep ruts of West Down Hill."

"UNIT-CONSTRUCTION AND SHAFT DRIVE *must* come.' In scores of articles in the past decade has this or a similar phrase appeared, yet even to-day there is but one shaft-driven unit-construction British motor cycle...Britain is lagging behind so far as the transmission problem is concerned, and if, as its protagonists maintain, shaft drive and unit-construction will obviate once and for all the need for messy, finicky adjustments, then the sooner these features become a standard feature of design the better for us all."

"THAT MOTOR CYCLES ARE TOO HEAVY and by their very weight restrain many potential motor cyclists from purchasing them, has been the plaint for the past twenty-five years. Even in those long-ago days of 1601b five-hundreds the cry was for lighter machines, yet to day we find that weights have more than doubled—that quite often a motor cycle of 500cc weighs 350lb or more. Small wonder that, with the almost annual increase in weight, modern machines occasionally cannot bear comparison in their liveliness with the products of a decade ago. Few of us, though, would willingly do without the many refinements that have caused the increase, such as tanks of a sensible size, cylinders that neither overheat nor distort, dynamos (which, incidentally,



absorb power), batteries, electric horns, instrument panels, larger tyres and rims, proper silencers (more power absorbed!), enclosed chains, supple saddles and powerful brakes. The majority of, if not all, these items are more than worth the weight they add, but have designers studied the weight question with sufficient care? A few, of course, have paid really close attention to it, not so much through a love of light machines as because of the 224lb limit for the 30s tax. With the majority the final weight of their products has been a matter of small moment; they have constantly sought to extract a little more power from their engines and add to the acceleration, yet have neglected too long the all-important question of weight. Happily there are signs of a fresh interest in lighter machines, thanks to the TT and the premium it places upon acceleration, to recent developments in light alloys, and, perhaps not least, to the continuance of weight as the basis of taxation."



"Muir

(Velocette) gets of the mark."

"THE FASTEST MOTOR CYCLE at last Saturday's inter-varsity speed trials clocked 72.5mph. The fastest car fell short of that figure by 6mph. And after several cars—but not motor cycles—had frolicked amidst the hedges the programme was abandoned on the score of danger! But perhaps that is hardly fair to the car people, for the real trouble was the narrowness of the



coarse. Sir James Hill, Bart, had kindly placed the drive of Hexton Manor, near Luton, at the disposal of the Cambridge University AC. As a drive it is most imposing, consisting, as it does, of an avenue of fine old trees, but as a speed sprint course it has its shortcomings. The timed section lay over 600 yards of the drive, which was about ten feet wide, had a reasonably good gravel surface, and ran slightly downhill. The fun began when competitors crossed the finishing line at the end of the 600 yards. Finishing at anything up to 85mph, they had only about seventy more yards before the drive passed through a distinctly narrow gap in a tall hedge, and became a winding path through a shrubbery...The motor cycles numbered about 20, the Dark Blues being: very poorly represented by only three entries. The paddock—anywhere you liked in a huge, undulating field—was a joyous sight to those with affectionate memories of the ‘straight’ speed trials of bygone days. Everywhere lay equipment—cans of dope, mudguards, silencers, crash-helmets, tools, wire, and every sort of oddment imaginable. Enthusiasts worked away at an assortment—Velocettes heavily predominating—of motor cycles wearing (in most cases) that utterly roguish look that comes of removing the tank and substituting some thing about the else of a cocoa-tin. Their friends wandered round asking where numbers could be obtained. Fierce-looking gentlemen in white overalls played devastating arpeggios on Bugatti throttle-pedals. Officials played with miles of telephone wire, apparently not in the least worried by the fact that it was half an hour past the advertised starting time. Not worrying is a characteristic of these inter-varsity shows. Nobody worries if the affair actually starts an hour and a half late, as this one did. Nobody worries if a competitor performs without a number. (‘Who was that?’ asks the time-keeper. ‘Believe it was old Dogsbody,’ says a looker-on. ‘I expect it was,’ says the timekeeper.) Nobody, in fact, worries about anything. And, after all, in an affair of this kind, why should they? The most interesting aspect of each man’s sprint was his getaway and gear-changing rather than his all-out riding on the short course. A very brief living start was allowed, so that a machine was doing, perhaps, 12mph when it broke the cotton of the electrical timing apparatus. The surface over the first 30 yards or so soon became rather loose (especially after a few hot-stuff cars had spun their rear wheels on it), so getting off the mark called for judicious throttle- and clutch-work. Methods varied. BB Atherton (246cc Ariel-JAP) was on his trials mount, and upheld trials traditions by keeping his feet firmly on the rests while the machine left the mark in a lovely zig-zag. JM Muir, of IOM fame, adopted a different method with his Velocette and Norton. He trailed two precautionary feet—not untidily—until wheelspin was over, then replaced them on the rests with the precision of a guardsman coming to the ‘shun. One or two other people, who shall be nameless, waved legs wildly in all directions—and, funnily enough, they always seemed to be the owners of engines lacked



L-R: “CS Cockerall (Velocette) at speed. At work on a stripped machine. The passenger of JD Gardiner’s Sunbeam studies the treetops. Muir in action on his Norton.”

the power to spin a wheel an inch! Foot changes were more or less de rigueur, but in several cases they lost their users valuable fractions. Nervousness (‘Mustn’t muff this change now,

whatever happens!') was probably the cause in some instances, while in others the fact that the right hand was left free seemed to encourage too much grip-shutting while the changes were made. The find light relief was provided by CH Gilliatt's 348cc Wobble-Blackburne (1924 ohv Blackburne engine in more-or-less Chater-Lea frame, with Moss gear and Burman clutch, plus oddments to taste), which proceeded up the course making a noise like a fire-bell. Spectators thought the ambulance was coming, but it was only flywheel-ring! Nothing startling in the way of real speed happened until JH Fell produced his 746cc Douglas. Had the proverbial rocket seen him get away it would have gone back to Mr Brock with tears in its eyes. He roared down the course in 17.6sec—70.9mph from an all-but-standing start, and over little more than a third of a mile! Would it be beaten? Muir managed 18.5sec (66.5mph) on his 490cc Norton, which figure SB Darbishire (490cc Norton) topped with 18.1sec (69mph), while AM Leitch (499cc Rudge) returned 18.6sec. But it was left to Eric Fernihough, on a standard and very new and showroom-looking 498cc single-port Excelsior-JAP, to cap Fell's figure. He failed by a tenth of a second on his first run, but on his second attempt he pulled the figure right down to 17sec—72.5mph, and best time of the day. Those with an ear for exhaust notes eagerly awaited HLS Sikes' super-charged Ariel Four, but ultimately it turned out with silencers! It got off the mark most impressively, but could not put up any startling figure; apparently the 'overcharger' was not performing. Its rider had fitted a new cylinder-head gasket in the paddock. Mavrogordato turned up late on his famous TT Scott (with Castle-type forks, and tiny, red-painted petrol and oil tanks), and, taking a fistful of twist-grip in one hand and his courage in both, howled off down the course without having inspected its finish. Having left everything turned on as long as possible (because he wasn't quite sure where the finish lay!), he entered the 'colonial section' with considerable urgency, and experienced a crowded three seconds in avoiding two large racing cars which had shortly before decided to nest in a very expensive box hedge. It was when another car shattered the last remains of the head gardener's life's work that the meeting was called off. Theoretically, every competitor should have had three runs. Most had had only two. But it was only an hour until lighting-up time, anyway! **Results.** 250cc, EC Fernihough (246cc Excelsior-JAP), 19.8sec/62mph; 350cc, JM Muir (348cc Velocette), 19.3sec/64mph; 500cc, EC Fernihough (498cc Excelsior-JAP), 17sec/72.5mph\*; Unlimited, JH Fell (746cc Douglas), 17.6sec/70.9mph; Passenger machines, JD Gardiner (493cc Sunbeam sc), 25sec, 49mph. \*Best time of the day."



Hexton Manor, with its 773-acre back yard, is currently (April 2023) up for sale so you could stage your own speed trial up the drive if you have £15,000,000.

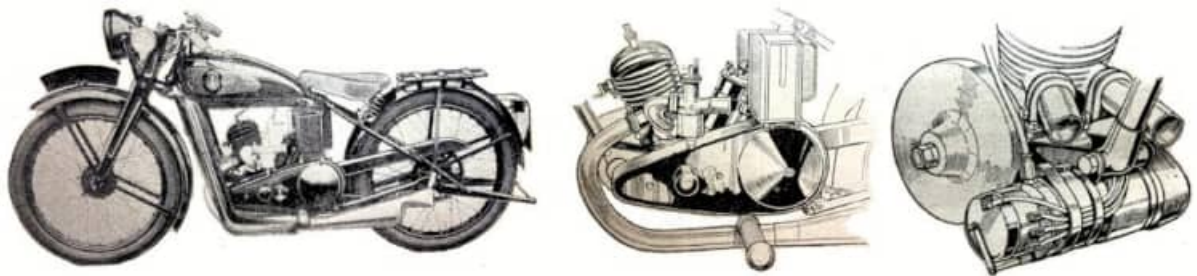
CHANCELLOR PHILIP SNOWDEN REFUSED to remove roadtax from tiddlers but did cut it by 50% to 15s (75p) for bikes up to 150cc. He also raised the weight limit for the 30s (£1.50) roadtax from 200 to 224lb (100kg). Once again, manufacturers turned to Villiers, whose well-proven 147cc two-stroke was soon powering a variety of lightweight ‘Snowden babies’, though Cotton opted for a 150cc sv JAP. Triumph put its own name on the fourstroke sv XO; Beeza came up with a scaled down version of its ohv 250. Leaders of the 150cc pack were the Royal Enfield Model T and the New Imperial Unit Minor which boosted the company’s sales by 48% in its first year of production. AIS, now under Matchless ownership, beat the 224lb 30s tax limit with a lightened Big Port ohv 350 single, as did Douglas with a 350cc sv flat twin. Matchless went one better with an under-224lb sv 500 complete with electric lights and centre stand.

THE ACU HIT THE ROAD with a five-day ‘travelling Olympia’ designed to introduce the public to the benefits of 15s-tax lightweights. Th convoy started from Birmingham and stopped at Derby, Sheffield, Rotherham, Huddersfield, Bradford, Leeds, Wakefield, Doncaster, Worksop, Mansfield, Nottingham, Leicester, Market Harborough, Northampton, Bedford, Luton, Watford, Sough and Reading. The Blue ‘Un reported: “Reliability, braking, silence, ease of starting, fuel economy and ‘portability’ will all be publicly tested—certain of them on the jury system—and the results recorded on an official certificate.”

“THE latest model to make its début in the 15s-tax category is yet another Excelsior. It is complete in every detail; when a purchaser puts down his cheque for £23 10s—that is all it costs—he has finished spending, except for insurance and licence; there are no extras that can possibly be required. The engine of this new Excelsior is the 148cc two-port Villiers. It is equipped with a Villiers single-lever carburetter attached to a curved, bulbous induction pipe that has a circular flange fixing on to the cylinder. In this engine the cylinder and combustion head are in one piece, and the sparking plug is placed centrally in the head. The exhaust pipes lead in graceful curves to twin expansion chambers with fishtail outlets. The flywheel magneto commonly found on this type of machine is dispensed with, and coil ignition—Lucas—is substituted. The dynamo, which incorporates the contact-breaker, is housed in front of the



engine, being clamped securely by a steel strap to the engine plates, which are recessed to receive it. A suitable position has been found for the coil on the saddle tube, and the battery is carried at the side of the same tube. The dynamo, of course, also provides the current for the six-volt lighting set. The large head lamp contains an ammeter and ignition switch, an ignition tell-tale light and the lighting switch. There are dim and bright filaments, and the head light has a dipping control on the handlebar. Transmission is by chains through a Burman three-speed gear box that has a pivot mounting with an accessible adjustment for taking up slackness in the primary chain. The gear change is by a long lever with a tank-mounted gate. The appearance of the whole machine is enhanced by the fitting of a single chain case of a very neat design enclosing both the primary chain and the dynamo drive. A diamond frame of normal construction is used, and the engine is inclined. The saddle tank rests on rubber buffers, and is remarkably well finished in black with a large red panel and suitable lining. Of the adjustable type, the handlebars carry a twist-grip control for the throttle, lever ignition control, exhaust release, clutch, and front brake levers. The pressed-steel forks have a single coil spring. Each wheel has a 5in internal-expanding brake, and the tyres are 25x 2.75in Dunlops. The saddle, too, is a Dunlop, and is of generous size; this saddle, it will be remembered, has a waterproof top. There is a light carrier over the rear guard, and a rear spring-up stand is fitted. The equipment is completed by an electric horn, a licence-holder, a large metal tool box and big legshields that sweep back to the footrests to protect the feet as well as the legs. With this specification the price is, as already stated, £23 10s. There will be an alternative specification in which the Villiers flywheel magneto is used in conjunction with Lucas dynamo lighting; the price in this case will be £25 17s 6d."



L-R: "The new 148cc Excelsior-Villiers. The very complete primary chain case is extended to shield the dynamo case. How the combined dynamo and ignition contact-breaker are mounted in front of the crank case."

IXION WAS SINGULARLY UNIMPRESSED by a national newspaper poetry competition on the subject of 'Spring'. "The two-guinea prize was divided between two fellers who identified as the chief attraction of Spring—what do you think?—*Lambs!* And not lambs nicely roasted with green peas and new potatoes, but lambs *au naturel*, capering about on the roads, and getting under our wheels...Here is one view: 'The nicest and the funniest thing In all the blessed English spring Is the first staggering new-born lamb Sketching a jump before his dam.' Perhaps he's right. I should have written something about the first sunny ride, minus leathers, waders, the usual four waistcoats and three mufflers. But a young lamb is certainly funny. Anyhow, I don't see why all the prize money should have gone to lambs."

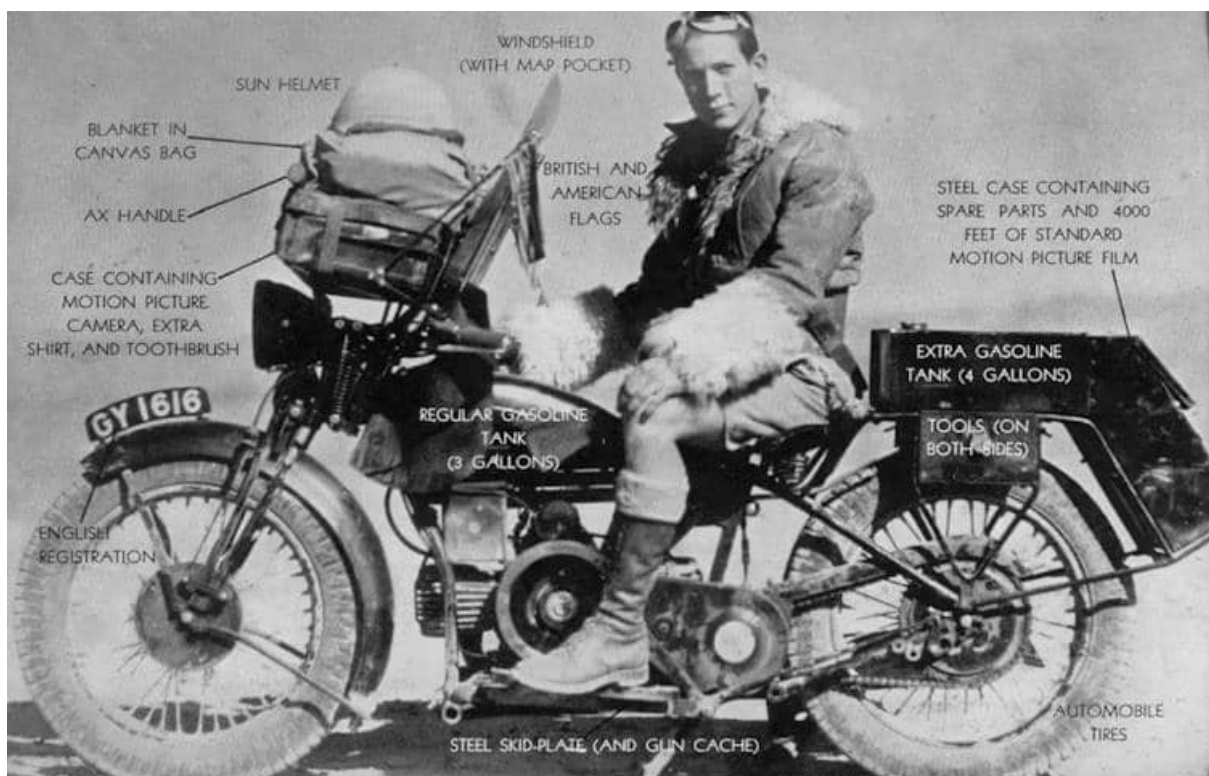
"BRUSSELS NOW HAS A SQUAD of mobile police, of very military appearance, mounted on fast ohv machines."

"THE WATERLOO & DMC planned a speed trial on the newly completed East Lancashire Road by courtesy of the contractors before the road was officially handed over to the Lancashire County

Council. But when the local press reported that the county council was involved with running the trial the council took immediate possession of the road and cancelled the event.

THE FIRST FINNISH Grand Prix was held at the Eläintarha/Djurgarden circuit outside Helsinki in front of a capacity crowd of nearly 50,000 more were turned away. Husqvarnas won the 350 and 500cc classes, ridden by Ragnar Sunnqvist and Gunnar Kalén respectively, though Finnish rider KG Granberg, on a 500 cc Saroléa pushed Kalén hard until crashing on the last lap. Arne Anttila (AJS) and Erik Westerberg (Norton) were second and third in the 500s; R Lampinen (Rudge) crossed the line hard on Sunnqvist's heels. The two Swedes went on to repeat their 350/500cc wins at the Swedish Grand Prix.

ROBERT FULTON JNR RODE round the world, almost by accident. The expedition started with an offhand comment at a dinner party in Vienna. A young lady asked if he'd be sailing home when his post-graduate studies in Europe were complete. "Oh no," Fulton told her. "I'm going around the world on a motorcycle!" He later admitted: "Who was the more startled, the seven persons around me or myself, I really can't say. I recall only that the moment I let that statement slip, I knew I'd done something inexplicably peculiar." Fulton didn't realise he was sitting opposite Kenton Redgrave, owner of Douglas Motorcycles. Redgrave loved the idea and offered a free machine, plus any modifications necessary for the journey. A .32 revolver was tucked in above the sump plate, just in case. With the bike ready and "adventure...crooking her finger and beckoning," Fulton rode the Duggie across Europe, to the Middle East via Turkey, then through Indonesia to China and Japan whence he sailed home to the USA. I don't know if he got the girl but he did restore and rode his Duggie again in the 1990s. Fulton's account of his trip, *One Man Caravan*, is readily available. PS: During the war Fulton designed and built simulators to train USAF tail gunners. He also invented the Airphibian flying car and the Pentagon's Skyhook. An absolute geezer.



Modifications to the Douglas include room for seven gallons of fuel to give a range of 350 miles, a custom-made luggage system, a windshield, and car tyres in a common size for easy repairs

and replacements (Fulton repaired six punctures during the trip, all to the rear tyre). Equipment included a movie camera, sun helmet, “extra shirt and toothbrush” and, just in case, an ‘ax handle’.

“CAUTIOUSLY OPENING THE DOOR of the tool-shed-cum-garage, we entered and looked at the model. After an enforced absence of 19 months (we were qualifying for the Board of Trade second-class certificate for Diesel engineers), we wondered how the old machine would look and act. Not a whinny of recognition, or a bark of welcome, but since we did not expect it we were not disappointed. Perhaps the bus did not recognise us. Nineteen weary months in the Far East do make a difference; but the bike was the same. Same old tank and handlebars. Thanks to Jimmy, it had been kept clean and recently overhauled. Taking a firm grip of the handlebars, we pull it off the stand. Click! Ha, that was good! Haven’t lost the art of kicking up the stand into place. Encouraged by that I throw a leg across, and bob up and down in the saddle. Now for the test. A gallon and a half of petrol; a quart of oil. Good old Jimmy! Compression all right? Gee, that’s great! Now for the run I’ve dreamt about for months. Paddle outside, and back-heel the door. A couple of preliminary jabs at the starter, retard her a little; then, whoosh! Again whoosh! That’s queer. She was always a first-kick starter. Hope we’re not going to have any trouble to-day. Yank out the plug. Spark’s all right. Ha, ha, ha, ha! We didn’t turn on the petrol! Once more: Whoosh! Aha, there she goes! A bit noisy, but I’ve been listening to a Diesel four-stroke for a year and a half, and remain unmoved by noise. Down the drive, right turn, and open up. She’s going well. Snick! Changes as easy as ever. Snick! Now we’re off. This is life as it should be lived. As the cool breeze fans my face I think of the blistering noons and burning nights in the Red Sea...and thank my lucky stars to be in England now. I’m glad, old bike, to be with you again! **WGB.**”





“I’m glad, old  
bike, to be with you again!”

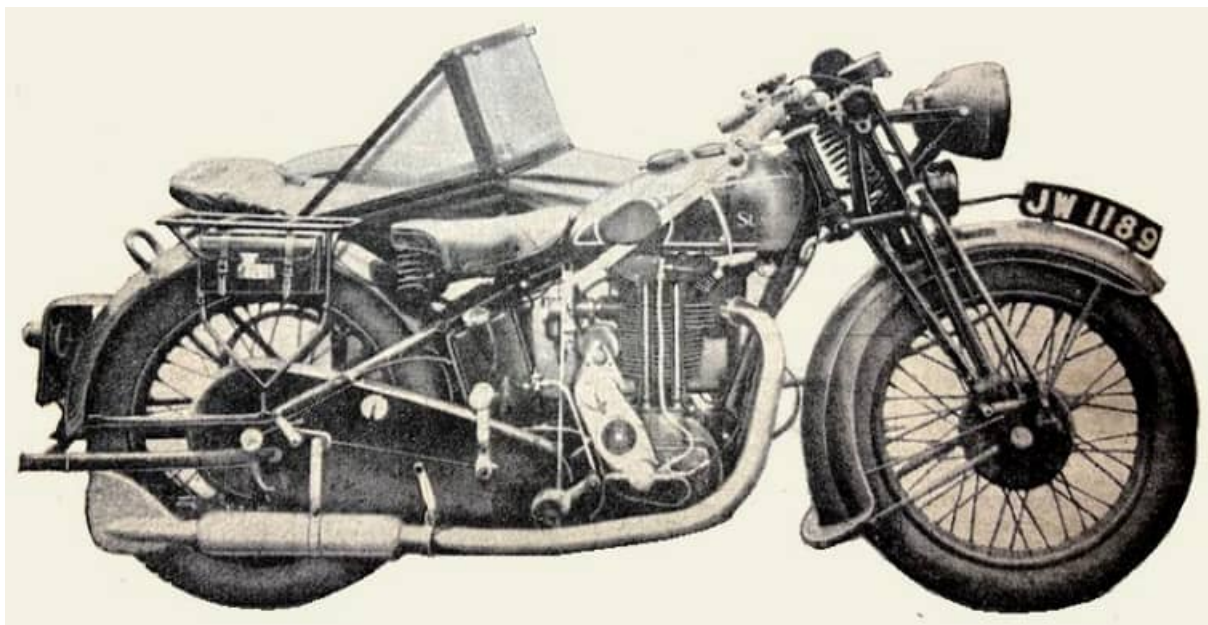
“READERS WHO KNOW PORLOCK HILL may find this interesting. My 1927 long-stroke ‘Beam was under the usual touring handicap, ie, a sizeable blonde on the bracket, three well-filled haversacks, and myself in Arctic regalia, when the screw on which the gear lever pivots decided to slacken, allowing the lever to jump out of the bottom gear notch into neutral, right on the bend of the first hair-pin. Ignoring the AA scout’s well-meant appeal to get off, I opened the throttle, held the lever in bottom and, with a prayer to Ixion, the god of motor cycling, let in the clutch. Believe it or not, she got away without a foot-slog from either Myrtle or myself, Mr Marston! To finish the hill one-handed, with the engine alternately peaking and petering out, is easy if one avoids the deeper ruts and the larger boulders. In case this is read by a lad who has climbed it sitting backwards with Teddy Brown on the pillion, I have three very reliable witnesses, to say nothing of Myrtle on the upper deck.

**WG SMITH.**

*Talking of Sunbeams, here’s a roadtest of a 600cc ohv Sunbeam combo...*

EVER SINCE THE MAKERS OF Sunbeam motor cycles entered the market they have had a reputation as builders of really high-class machines. They have moved with the times, and their present models incorporate most of the features which, to-day, are recognised as being necessary or desirable. In producing the 600cc version of the well-known Model 9, the aim of the designer has been to provide a high-performance machine which shall be easy to maintain in proper order, and which shall give that standard of reliability demanded by the hard rider who

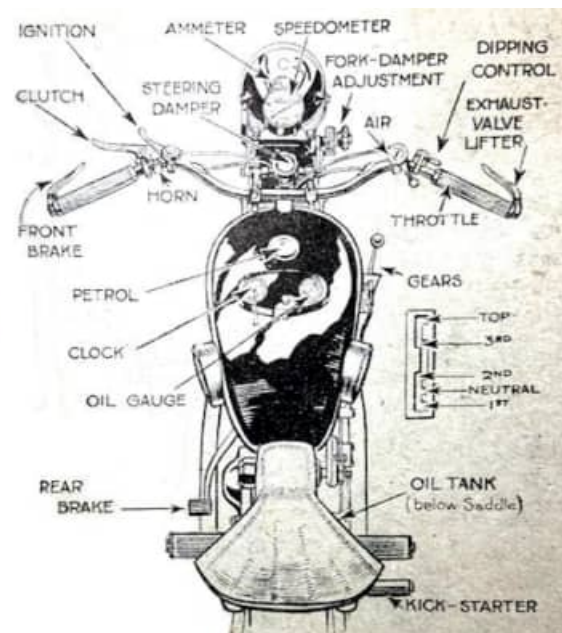
uses his mount throughout the year. Thus the wheels are quickly detachable and interchangeable; the transmission is completely protected in oil-bath cases; and the main oiling system ensures the positive lubrication of all vital parts, including the rocker gear and valve stems. Obviously, a machine such as this, with a big 600cc ohv engine and a four-speed gear box, should be particularly suitable for fast and comfortable sidecar work, and it was in this capacity that the machine was tested. Some hot-stuff overhead-valve engines involve considerable effort in starting; the Sunbeam's engine, however, was delightfully free, and never became 'gummed' with oil after a cold night at rest. The exhaust-valve lifter is on the same side as the throttle twist-grip, a position that is undoubtedly convenient for sidecar work, if a little unusual. When experience had shown the best throttle setting, and with an almost fully retarded spark, it was generally possible to start the engine at the second kick; quite often the first real kick would be effective. Idling was almost phenomenal for this type of power unit, and, with careful setting of the controls, the engine would tick over almost indefinitely at about 300rpm. Naturally, at this speed, its impulses could be definitely felt. From the point of view of mechanical noise, the engine was in some respects rather disappointing. With a fully or nearly fully retarded spark there was almost complete mechanical silence, the merest tapping from the valve gear being the only noticeable noise. With the spark advanced, however, pronounced piston slap set in and remained throughout the speed range, either with a cold or warm engine. The only other mechanical noise was just a slight whine from the third gear ratio. As regards exhaust noise, the twin silencers with their large fishtails did their work very well indeed, and the exhaust note, while distinctly healthy, was deep-toned and rather pleasing. A Sunbeam rider expects smooth transmission, and the machine tested did not disappoint. With a sidecar and passenger the minimum non-snatch speed on top gear was 12mph, which can be looked upon as most



"The Sunbeam and sidecar; the outfit has the typical, superfine Sunbeam finish."

creditable. In second gear the machine would travel without snatch on a slight up gradient at a speed of less than 3mph. On bottom gear the speedometer refused to register the non-snatch speed! The clutch was unusually light to operate, took up the drive smoothly, and, when fully engaged, transmitted the power positively. No more delightful gear box than the new four-speed could be desired. As already indicated, the one on the machine tested was a little musical on third, but it was a sheer joy to operate the gears. Either going up or down, and no matter what

the speed, a sure and absolutely silent change could be made. The rider just snicked the lever from notch to notch, and the tap of the lever on the gate, as it reached the end of its travel, was the only noise that could be heard. This box was certainly in keeping with the traditional Sunbeam excellence, and the ratios were well chosen. Steering was definitely good, and very little damping was necessary. There was no pronounced pull to the left, and long, fast runs could be undertaken without any fatigue whatever. The control of the front fork movement by means of the hand-adjusted shock damper was found convenient when a stretch of bad road was encountered. A point which affects the steering is the method of attachment of the sidecar. There are three connecting points—one below the steering head, one below the saddle and the other from the chain stay. The last-named is by a flexible ball joint, and, since the other two connections are capable of a certain amount of whip, the outfit flexes slightly on corners. At first this was a little disconcerting, and on left-hand bends gave the impression—false, of course—of a lifting sidecar wheel. The system, however, is a sound one, and does assist comfort by absorbing road-shocks. Two tests of all-out speed were made on a level stretch of road during a period when there was practically no wind. The results of each were identical. One way, a maximum of 59mph was reached and held; in the reverse direction the maximum, which was also held as long as it was safe, was 62mph. These were speedometer readings, and, of course, a passenger was carried in each case. On third gear the machine had the useful maximum of 53mph. During the road test the carburation seemed a trifle faulty, the mixture appearing to be weak. Raising the needle to its highest point made a slight improvement. but, even so, the engine occasionally protested that it was not receiving fuel fast enough. Petrol consumption was fairly low considering the weight of the outfit, and the fact that it was driven fairly fast all the time. During the course of the consumption test the average speed was nearly 37mph, and petrol was being used at the rate of, almost exactly 60mpg. In the course of 540 miles one pint of oil was added to the tank, so it will be seen that the oil consumption was low. The brakes were excellent. Each brake is of seven-inch diameter, and the rear brake would stop the outfit on a gradient of 1 in 7 from a speed of 25mph. The sidecar was the 'Lion' model, a very neat polished aluminium design, with hood and screen. Passengers reported that it was unusually comfortable.





IT WAS THERE WHEN I passed in the morning. It was still there on my return in the dusk—an elderly 172cc two-stroke, leaning against a milestone, near a mountain tarn. In the saddle a young snowdrift had started to freeze, while the spokes had grown almost to the thickness of exhaust pipes with encrusted ice. Pieces of wire held various parts of the machine together, aided by string and a multitude of rubber bands. Long since the enamel had faded from the tank, leaving rust, which the snow valiantly did its best to hide. The whole simply shouted ‘neglect’, or possibly ‘utility’. Its market value could not possibly exceed the cost of even a moderately priced bicycle. I tried to picture its cruel and impecunious owner. Perhaps a poorly paid farm hand using it for hack work; maybe a shepherd, gone hunting for his flock in the snow. But no farm was near. Neither could I imagine sheep grazing on the semi-frozen surface of the lake on one side of the road, nor on the sheer face of the cliff that graced the other: I could imagine no path leading anywhere from the deserted milestone. Perhaps it was a case of breakdown, the deserting of the bike, and a dash to catch the next bus at the cross-roads, possibly to keep an appointment? Some time, no doubt, the owner would return to collect it, but not to-night. It was a jolly sight too cold. What if it were stolen? It would serve him right in return for his gross cruelty—cruelty to a steed that had long since qualified for a tranquil retirement. A second glance reassured me. No one could ever steal such a machine. It was a moral impossibility, even for a maniac. Then voices disturbed my thoughts; a cheery laugh as somebody slipped in the snow. Soon two figures loomed up and clambered over the wall; two huge figures, each hinting at a generous thirteen stone. A heavy rucksack rested on each shoulder, while, in addition, one carried a coil of climbing rope. Both had ice axes, and a glance down revealed the presence of two pairs of huge, heavily nailed boots, of a size that would turn a self-respecting bobby green with envy. Of their plus-fours the least said the better—they were simply disastrous. With a cheery ‘How-do?’ they made for the two-stroke, and, horror of horrors! proceeded to embark. While one lit the lamps the other playfully scraped the ice off the saddle with his ice axe. In a jiffy the little engine coughed into life, and before my startled gaze the strange trio departed towards civilisation, with the frame almost visibly bending under the load of humanity, impedimenta, and ice. I leant weakly for support against the milestone, and solemnly took off my hat to the three toughest specimens I have ever met...”



This is ace xylophonist and band leader Teddy Brown.

NOT FOR THE FIRST TIME, let's settle down for a TT report courtesy of successful competitor and editor of the *TT Special*, Geoff Davison: "It was obvious that the 1932 races would present Norton-Rudge duels in the Junior and Senior, with Ridges and New Imperials fighting it out in the Lightweight. The Norton camp was in a stronger position than the Rudge, perhaps, for it had four star riders—Guthrie Hunt, Simpson and Woods—in the Junior and Senior, whilst the Rudge riders—Handley, Nott and Walker—were competing in all three events, with Tyrell Smith also in the Junior and Senior. The Rudge camp was a busy one that year! So far as the Junior and Senior were concerned, Nortons and Ridges had equalled each other out in 1930 and 1931. In the former year Ridges had filled all three places in both events. except third in the Junior, which had gone to Simpson (Norton), whilst in the latter year Norton had all three in both races except third in the junior, which had been filled by Nott (Rudge). Clearly, therefore, 1932 was to be the deciding year. In practice Jim Simpson had made fastest lap in both Senior and Junior, with Wal Handley from the other camp second in each case. Whereas, however, Wal's best Senior lap was only two seconds slower than Jim's, he was a full three-quarters of a minute slower in the Junior. It looked as if Nortons would have it all their own way in the Junior race, but that there would be a very close finish in the Senior. As it happened, things turned out just the other way round. Stanley Woods, of course, won both races, but in the Junior he was very closely followed by Wal Handley, who ran second to him after Jim Simpson had retired at half distance. In the Senior, however, Nortons scored a 1-2-3 victory, with Rudge



“Prince George shaking hands with Stanley Woods (Norton), the winner, prior to the start of the Senior TT. He chatted to each rider in turn and later, after viewing the race from the stands, watched the cornering at Governor’s Bridge and Craig-ny-Baa.” (Right) Stanley Woods on his way to his Senior TT victory.

fourth, sixth and eighth. Stanley Woods took the lead from Jim Simpson on the third lap and won by over a minute from his team-mate, Jim Guthrie, with Jim Simpson a few seconds behind in third place. Wal Handley had been running third for the first three laps when he crashed near Kirk Michael. He told me in hospital the next day that that crash was one of the most unpleasant he had ever had, for he damaged his spine and lay for some seconds in the road, unable to move and at the mercy of any approaching machine; and furthermore his Rudge was alongside of him, with the engine roaring away and petrol flowing all over the place, so that Walter himself was soaked in it. Paralysed as he was, he was terrified that the pair of them would go up in flames before help could reach them. Yet, even a few hours after that grim episode, he was as cheerful as ever and in his own inimitable style was describing it as a humorous incident! No wonder we all thought the world of him. The 1932 Lightweight, which as usual was run on the Wednesday between the Junior and Senior, resulted in a surprise win for Leo Davenport on a New Imperial. I say ‘surprise’ because in practice Rudges had made the best times, Ernie Nott being ten seconds faster than Wal Handley with a lap in 31min 40sec,

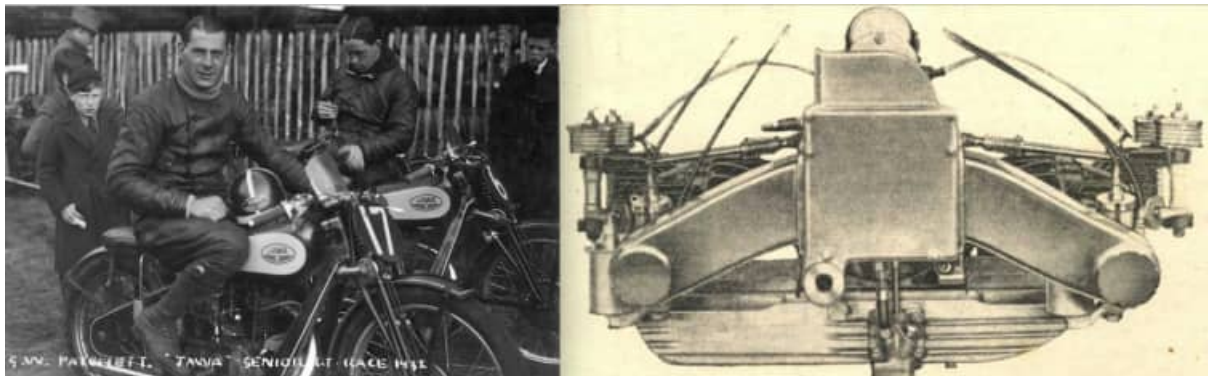


Jimmy Guthrie was runner up in the Senior, finishing between his Norton team-mates Stanley

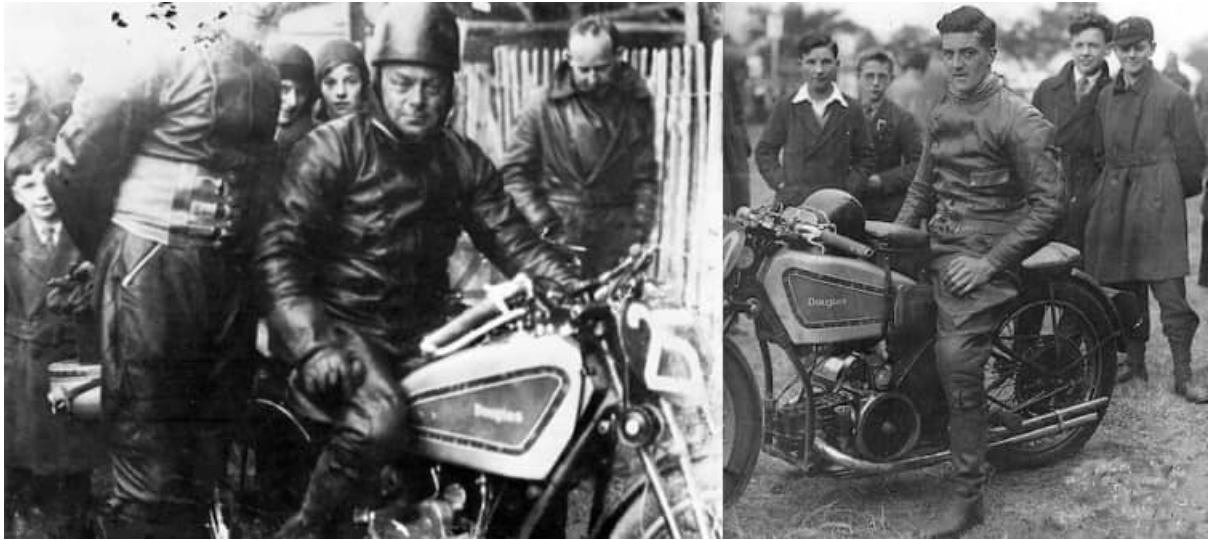


Woods and Jimmy Simpson. (Right) Tyrell Smith gets airborne en route to third spot in the Junior, behind his Rudge team-mate Wal Handley.

whilst Davenport's best lap was 32min 46sec. During the practice period, also, Davenport was not considered as the most likely winner of the New Imperial team. I rather fancied New Imp's chances that year and when I went to see my usual bookie he offered me 8s on Gleave, 10s on Mellors and 25s on Davenport. I invested on Davenport, principally because the odds were so much better; and when the race day came and it was found that both Mellon and Gleave were non-starters, that bookie gave me another of his dirty looks. When Davenport won the bookie's expression was dirtier than ever and in the years that followed he just closed his books when he saw me approaching. Leo rode brilliantly in a race that was more open and exciting than either the Junior or Senior. He was fifth on the first lap, fourth on the second and third, and third on the fourth. Next lap he went into the lead, with Ernie Nott (Rudge) only 18 seconds behind. Nott overtook him in the sixth lap and led by 22 seconds, only to retire near Ramsey on the last lap. Wal Handley, who had led for more than half distance, made record lap." **Results:** Lightweight: 1, Leo H Davenport (New Imperial), 70.48mph; 2, Graham Walker (Rudge); 3, Wal Handley (Rudge); 4, Tommy Spann (New Imperial); 5, Chris Tattersall (CTS); 6, DS Fairweather (Cotton); 7, JG Lind (OK-Supreme); 8, OH Warburton (Excelsior)—15 riders failed to finish. Junior: 1, Stanley Woods (Norton), 77.16mph; 2, Wal Handley (Rudge); 3, HG Tyrell Smith (Rudge); 4, Charlie Dodson (Excelsior); 5, Graham Walker (Rudge); 6, LJ Archer (Velocette); 7=, Leo Davenport (New Imperial) and Alec Bennett (Velocette) 9, Sid Gleave (New Imperial); 10, CJ Williams (Velocette). Senior: 1, Stanley Woods (Norton); 2, Jimmy Guthrie (Norton); 3, Jimmy Simpson (Norton); 4, Ernie Nott (Rudge); 5, Charlie Dodson (Excelsior); 6, Graham Walker (Rudge); 7, JG Duncan (Cotton); 8, HG Tyrell Smith (Rudge); 9, AE Simcock (Sunbeam); 10, GL Emery (Sunbeam).



GW Patchett, back on The Island for the first time in six years, was part of a three-man Jawa team. He and R Uvira failed to finish, but F Brand rode his Jawa to 14th place. That was Brand's Island highlight; he went on to ride Jawas in three more TTs and the Manx Grand Prix without finishing a race. (Right) "This is the TT Douglas engine, which, though produced rather hurriedly before the races, showed that it has considerable stamina."



Two Douglasses started the Senior TT; Frank Longman finished in 15th place.; CJ Williams (Right) dropped out in the second lap.



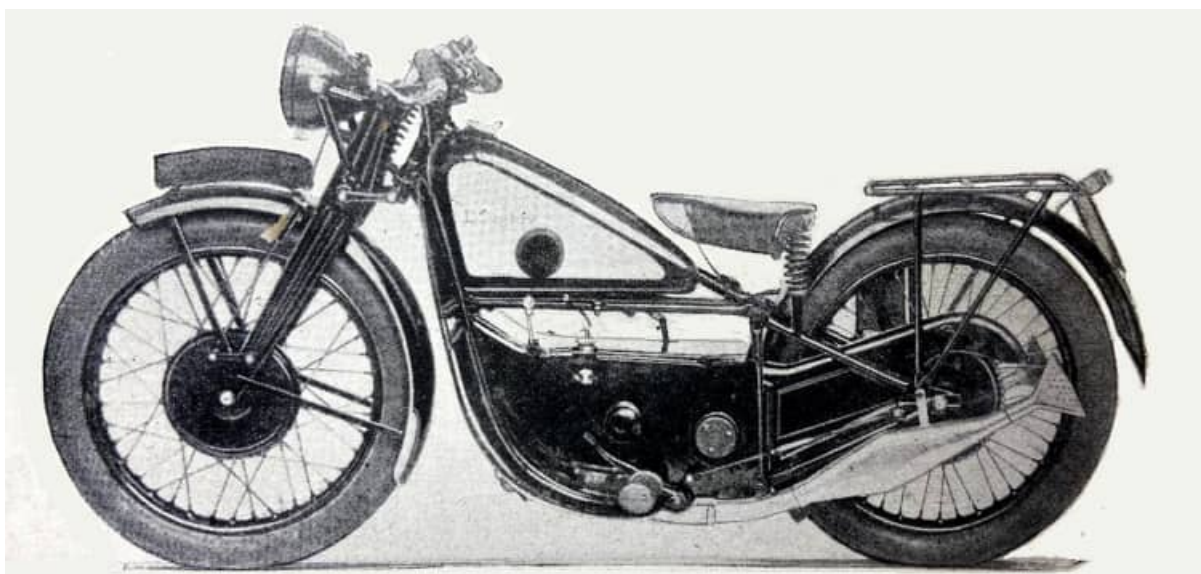
Fox press agency caption: "JG Lind, one of the riders in the thrilling Senior Tourist Trophy race in the Isle of Man yesterday collapsed after passing Governor's Bridge two laps from the finish. Our picture shows spectators running to give assistance to Lind immediately after he collapsed.

HAROLD WILLIS RODE THE BLOWN Velo known as *Whiffling Clara* in the Junior and Senior TTs but dropped out of the Junior with a broken rocker; its Senior outing was ended, frustratingly, by

a loose carburettor jet. At least Whiffing Clara was a nice nickname: New Imp's 250 leaked so much oil that works rider Bob Foster dubbed his Lightweight TT winner the *Flying Pig Trough*.

"NINETEEN THIRTY-THREE will go down in motor cycling history as the year when Douglas first produced a single; the name so long synonymous with the horizontally opposed twin engine, now comes boldly into the lightweight single-cylinder market, for the new programme—the first under the new management\*—includes a 150cc single-cylinder two-stroke model. Let there be no misunderstanding; this does not indicate any lack of faith in the flat-twin type, for the standard Douglas models—350cc, 500cc, 600cc and and 750cc—are retained, though considerably different in engine detail from their predecessors; furthermore, other entirely new models of this type—one with a transverse engine—are already on the stocks. The new programme may be summarised as follows: (1) The new light 150cc Villiers-engined model. (2) The standard twin side-valve models in the four capacities previously mentioned, redesigned in many details. (3) A 'Powerplus' model of 1,000cc—a high-speed luxury mount. (4) A 250cc gear- and shaft-driven transverse flat twin, which should be the star feature of the range. At present the first—the lightweight single—is the only model actually in production, but it will be only a few weeks before the standard models are available and at subsequent dates in the ensuing months the Powerplus and Transverse models may be expected. These latter should be available to the public by the New Year. The Douglas Bantam, as it is to be designated, is a genuine lightweight, with a standard Villiers two-port two-stroke engine (53x63mm=148cc) set horizontally in a tubular frame; the engine mountings are rubber-bushed to damp out vibration. In the lower-priced model—there are two varieties—the full Villiers lighting-ignition system will be used, while in the other the flywheel magneto will function for ignition only, and lighting will be by a Lucas dynamo set. The moulding of this engine, with an Albion three-speed gear box and the dynamo, is so arranged that it becomes virtually a semi-unit-construction job. A base-plate, which forms a stage for these three components, is slung in rubber at four points, and the whole can be removed from the frame in one piece, together with the exhaust expansion chamber, which is bolted under the base-plate. The dynamo chain drive is taken from a smaller sprocket on the crankshaft, behind the primary drive. The cradle frame is tubular, of the bolted-up type with only two brazed joints, and forks are of pressed steel with a central spring and no dampers. Complete enclosure of 'the works' is arranged with the aid of quickly detachable metal panels, the front being open to expose the cylinder head, while any necessary adjustments can be made through ports in the screens. The wheels are quite massive; the hubs turn on taper roller bearings; 25x3in wired-on Dunlops are to be standard, while unusually large brakes—8in—are fitted. The saddle-tank, mounted at three points, holds three gallons of fuel and a quart of oil; petrol lubrication is used, but the oil tank facilitates conversion to a separate-oiling system if the rider desires it. The riding position is very much lower than that of any existing Douglas, and the low centre of gravity makes for good steering. The lightweight's performance, if it is stated, is above the average for its type; 48-50mph is its top speed, and it is an excellent hill-climber. \*"The Douglas business," the Blue 'Un reported, "has been taken over by a new organisation (described by the London Douglas MCC's excellent marque history as 'a group of investors')...Distribution of Douglas machines will be through duly appointed dealers only. There will be a dealer in every town of importance throughout the world. A new aftersales Service Department has been created for the benefit of every Douglas dealer and Owner. Liberal interpretation of the Douglas Guarantee will further aid the Douglas user. Complete re-organisation of the Douglas factory, covering 23 acres, ensures strict laboratory control of all materials and eliminates machining or assembling errors."

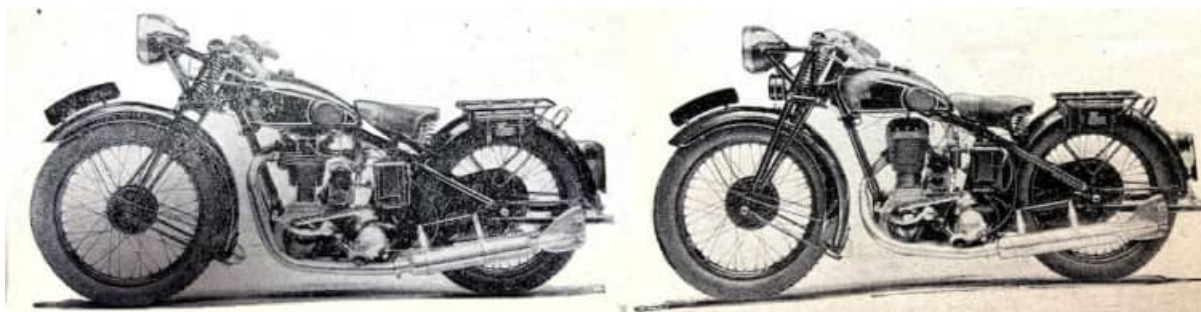




“The enclosure of the engine, and the deep tank and large brakes, give the new 150cc Douglas an extremely pleasing appearance.”

“TWO NEW MODELS HAVE been added to the Sheffield-Dunelt range for 1933, one a sporting ‘one-fifty’, and the other a high-efficiency 250cc mount. The smaller machine has the 148cc long-stroke Villiers engine inclined in the frame, and transmitting power via a pivot-mounted three-speed gear box. Up-swept exhaust pipes are fitted as standard, as is Miller dynamo lighting. This model, known as the V1 Special, costs £25 17s 6d. With Villiers direct lighting, it is priced at £23 17s 6d. The second new model, known as the T Special, has a 250cc four-valve engine in a duplex frame and the four-speed gear box has foot control, while up-swept exhaust pipes are provided. The price is £39 17s 6d. Next in order of capacity comes the V4 Special, with a specially tuned two-port engine, four-speed box with foot change and upswept pipes.”

“HIGH QUALITY, COMBINED WITH high performance, are synonymous with the name of Sunbeam, and the Model 90 is regarded as one of those exceptional machines which is coveted by most sporting riders, even if they cannot raise the £90 which is necessary to obtain possession. This famous model has been modified only so as to make it a replica of the machines which were raced in the Isle of Man this year. It is the only ohv Sunbeam to have a single-port cylinder head, the valves, of course, being returned to their seats by the Sunbeam system of duplex hairpin springs. Foot operation is provided for the close-ratio four-speed gear box, but a kick-starter has been added in order to make the machine more suitable for normal road purposes. Though in general design the frame, with its sturdy single top tube, remains unaltered, it has been lowered to some extent. Other modifications include fuel and oil tanks, incorporating large, quick-acting filler caps, and the use of different sizes of tyres on the two wheels in conformity with modern road-racing practice. The sizes chosen are 26×3.25in for the rear wheel, and 27×3in...Though it has a smaller engine, the 350cc Model 80 holds a somewhat similar position in its own class to its big brother 90. In its 1933 form, however, it becomes the new model, for, though it retains all the salient Sunbeam features, it now has a twin-port cylinder head and several other special features.”

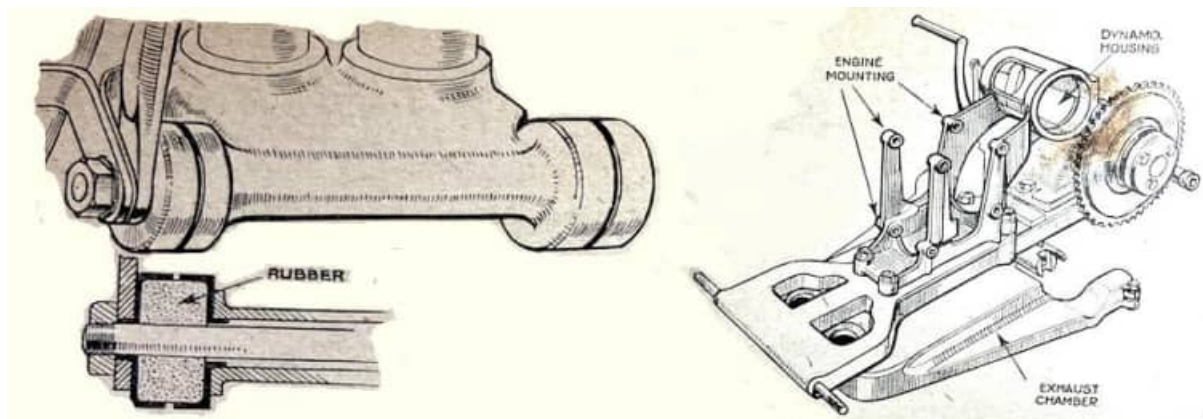


“Model 8, the touring edition of the new Model 80. A two-port 350cc engine is fitted. (Right) A handsome and sturdy side-valve—the 1933 Lion.”

BY REDUCING THE NUMBER of models in the range, and by a careful study of modern requirements, the James Cycle company has been able to add practical refinements to many remaining types without any increase in cost. In future, all James models will be supplied ‘ready for the road’ with electric lighting, licence holder and horn. In the main the new programme consists of light- and medium-weight machines, but the firm remains faithful to the medium-powered (500cc) twin, a type for which the factory has been famous for many years past. For 1933 only the side-valve twin will be listed; at the price of £57 10s this model provides excellent value. The 64×77.5mm cylinders (499cc), are set at a comparatively narrow angle, and the heads are detachable, complete with valves. The valve gear is shielded by aluminium covers, and lubrication is by a double pump system, the supply being drawn from a separate tank and fed to the roller big-ends and front cylinder...At the price of 24 17s 6d there is a James-engined two-stroke model of 196cc. Twin exhaust ports are employed, and, even at this figure, full dynamo lighting with 7in lamp is supplied. The engine is mounted in a sturdy loop frame and transmits its power through a three-speed gear box. Legshields and an under-shield form part of the standard equipment. An almost identical model with the smaller size (148cc) James two-port two-stroke is available at the price of £23 10s. This little engine has already proved to be a great success, and, with the improved equipment and side-tank gear control, the model should find a ready market. For those whose purse is strictly limited a similar engine will be available in a machine having a less ambitious specification. A two-speed gear is used, with tank control, ignition and lighting are both by means of a flywheel magneto, and lubrication is on the petrol oil system. This machine is by no means a toy, but a very practical runabout at the modest price of £19 19s.”

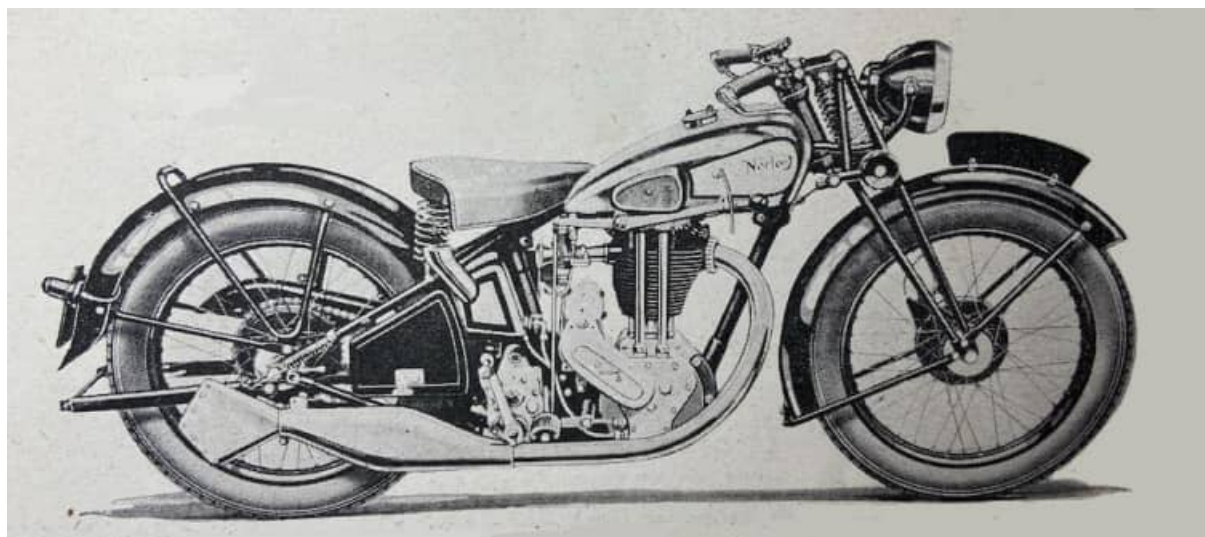


“The James twin is retained in its side-valve form for 1933. (Right) The 196cc James-engined two-stroke is a well-equipped little mount.”



“The rubber mounting of the engine group of the new James 150cc model; the device is also shown in part section. (Right) The detachable base-plate which carries the engine, dynamo and gear box, while the silencer is neatly accommodated beneath it.”

“WITH SO LONG A LIST of successes to their credit it seemed unlikely that Norton Motors would make any drastic changes for the year 1933. Though this expectation is borne out to some extent by the new programme, several important refinements have been ‘introduced and two new models have been added to the range. Both are in the 350cc class, and are identical, except that one has a single-, and the other a twin-port head. The object in the mind of the manufacturer was to offer the public a 350cc machine of high performance at a price rather below that which is possible with the overhead-camshaft design. Typical of Norton design, and almost indistinguishable from their 500cc prototypes, the engines are of 348cc (71x88mm.). Gear-type oil pumps attend to the dry-sump lubrication system, and the magneto, chain-driven from the camshaft, is placed behind the cylinder.



“The single-port edition of the new three-fifty.”

SOUTHPORT’S CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING does one good service for which alone it is ‘worth the money’. It does settle a lot of argument as to what speeds real and not-so-real racing models will do over the flying kilometre. Granted, weather and sand conditions have some bearing on the matter, but they are more or less the same for everybody, and they are more liable to be detrimental to the meticulous tuner than to the rank and file; for example, on Saturday morning there was a half-gale down the course for the flying kilometre time tests, and some of the ‘nth degree’ merchants made frantic sprocket changes to gear up. No sooner had they done so than



the wind changed and held steadily as a half-broadside for the rest of the morning! A couple of cars made a mere 100mph look rather silly, but Jack. Carr and his big Brough Superior restored the pride of the two-wheeled exponents when he topped 110mph. HF Brockbank, on his 'filleted' Norton, did 102.61mph solo and 93.99mph with the sidecar (although, as he admitted, 'it's not so much a sidecar as an excrescence on the side of the machine'). TL Edmondson, riding. Meageen's TT Velocette, did more than 95mph, and was easily the fastest three-fifty, with the faster of Parkinson's two AJS models second at 91.68mph. 'Brook's' Norton was only excelled by the big-twin Brough, but Parkinson and Anderton, both on 495cc AJSs, did 101.68 and 100.76mph respectively, and so collected gold badges. Now, in this matter of speed, there were some quite interesting figures. Propert (596cc Douglas) did 98.98mph, for example, but, eliminating more or less sprint machines, Nortons appeared to like speeds of between 89 and 99mph, Tim Hunt's doing 97.26, for instance. Rudges were consistent at well above 90mph, with Highley fastest on this make at 96.42mph, a speed exactly equalled by Charlie Dodson on his TT Excelsior-JAP. Three Scotts performed and showed rather wide variations; all were 596cc models, and Jefferies did 91.68, Hatch 87.38, and Allardice 58.62mph. Only two Sunbeams ran, Gilbert Emery being unfortunately an absentee; Lord clocked 90.93mph, but Fletcher only attained 78.77mph. Flying Kilometre. 500cc Sidecars: 1, HF Brockbank (490cc Norton sc), 93.99mph; 2, W Lord (493cc Sunbeam sc), 77.14mph. 750cc and Unlimited Sidecars: 1, HF Brockbank (490cc Norton sc), 93.99mph). 350cc Solo: 1, TL Edmondson (348cc Velocette), 95.20mph; 2, RF Parkinson (348cc AJS); 91.68mph; 3, RF Parkinson (348cc AJS), 89.48mph. 500cc Solo: 1, HF Brockbank (490cc Norton), 102.61mph; 2, RF Parkinson (495cc AJS), 101.68mph; 3, S Anderton (495cc AJS), 100.76mph. 750cc Solo: 1, HF Brockbank (490cc Norton), 102.61mph; 2, WW Propert (596cc Douglas), 98.98mph; 3, P Hunt (490cc Norton), 97.26mph; 1,000cc Solo: 1, JH Carr (998cc Brough Superior), 110.74mph; 2, HF Brockbank (490cc Norton), 102.61mph; 3, P Hunt (490cc Norton), 97.26mph."



"The start of the 50-Mile Race, in which JH Carr (998cc Brough Superior) was first home."

BEING AN ACU CENTRE STEWARD has its little excitements. A friend who occupies such a post has been telling me of a spot of bother he recently shared with two fellow stewards. A club in his centre had taken upon itself to organise a grass-track meeting without an official permit. It was duly warned, but without effect. So down went the stewards three, disguised as spectators (presumably wearing bowler hats and a frightened air) and prepared for a ticklish job. They had to warn the affiliated riders that the meeting had been 'outlawed'. As soon as they approached the paddock they found a bunch of local cavemen waiting for them, like 'bouncers' in a Wild West saloon. As soon as the intrepid three started their job of work they were approached, given their money back, and told to beat it. They did so, but very, very slowly, taking nearly ten minutes, while the cavemen loomed behind them, ready for any departure from the path leading to the exit. The whole affair had an element of humour, but it had its serious side, and the club

might have been sharply rapped over the knuckles had not explanations been forthcoming. It appears that certain officials had been acting on their own authority.” THE CLUBMAN.

“MANY CLUBS START WITH high ideals in mind, and many succeed in attaining them. The other day I received a note from the secretary of a newly formed club, describing its objects. He pointed out that only those who are certain to show the public how motor cyclists can display courtesy and good sense will be allowed to join. Ideals like these do the sport and movement as a whole an enormous amount of good, and I am most anxious to see this little club attain (and maintain) the splendid standard it has set itself.” THE CLUBMAN.

“I HEAR THAT EVERYTHING has been settled up at Brands Hatch, the grass-track de luxe situated near Kingsdown, Kent. For a while activities had been temporarily suspended owing to a small disagreement between the owner and the clubs [*the West Kent, Owls, Bermondsey and Sidcup MCCs, operating as the Brands Hatch Combine*], which ran the meetings on a combine basis. Racing will be resumed next year, with an improved track surface.” THE CLUBMAN.

***Here’s a batch of news agency photos; the first four arrived from my chum Francois’ inexhaustible archive complete with original agency captions which I’ve reproduced because if it ain’t broke you don’t fix it innit?***



For severe motor cycle tests and colonial runs members of the North Manchester Motor Club are using a large private estate in Cheshire which contains some extraordinary rough going.

O.P.S. Mr. L. Flowers one of the club, members negotiating 10 feet high bull rushes.  
FOX OCT. 21st.32.





A new form of sport was introduced as a test at South Chingford today in the form of Motor Cycle Hockey. The game is very fast and full of thrills, tangles and crashes being frequent.

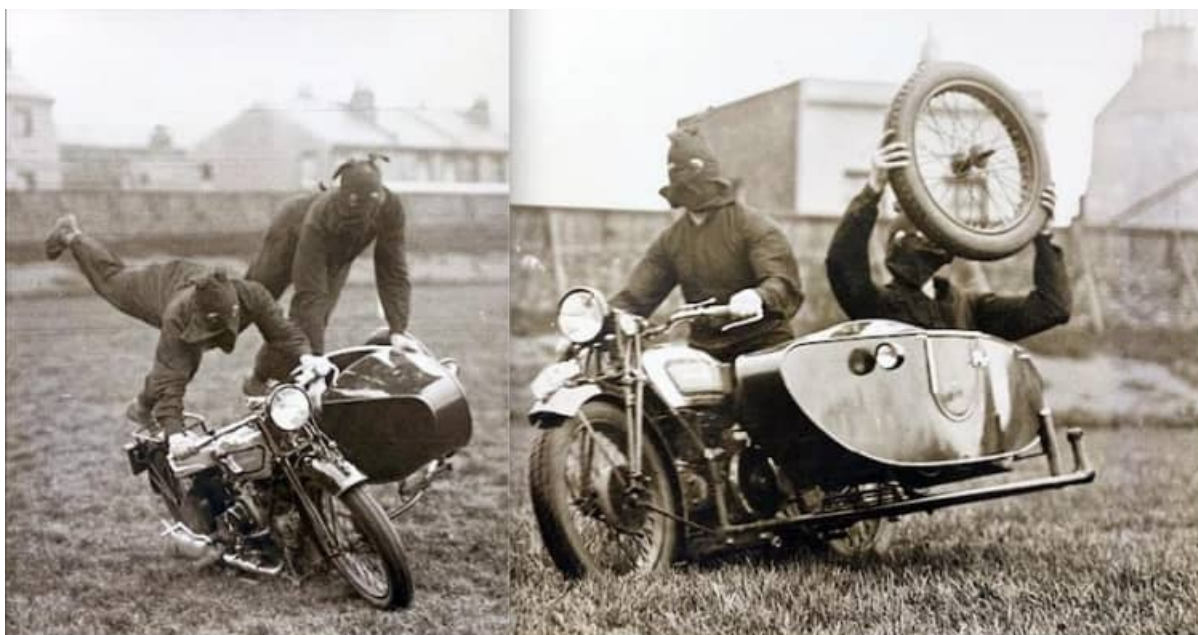
Photo shows- A tight scrum in front of the goal.  
FOX Oct 2nd, 32.



Competitors being hauled out of the mud in a tricky part of the course near Wantage during the North Berks M.C.C. Autumn Trial which attracted entrants from all parts.

FOX November 1st. 32.





The ex-Army dispatch riders who appeared in the Tidworth Tattoo last year have spent their gratuity on a motor cycle and sidecar with which they give displays in various parts of the country in aid of charity. They wear a devils costume to conceal their identity.

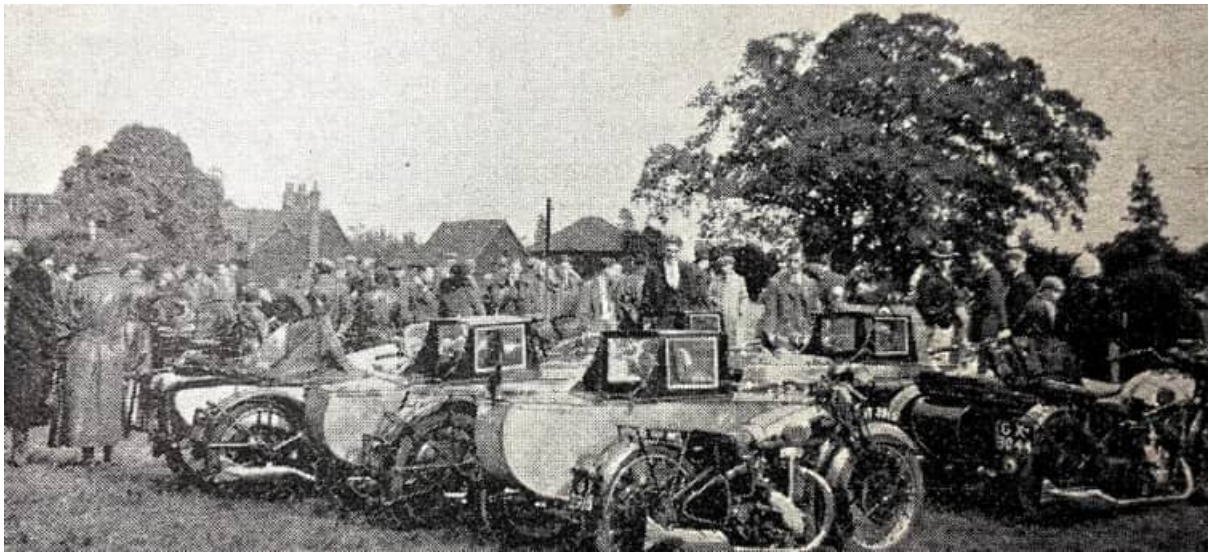
Photo Shows- Removing the sidecar wheel while travelling at 40 miles per hour is one of the feats.  
FOX May 24th.32.



"To absent-minded readers: Is either of these machines yours? If so, you are too late—they were



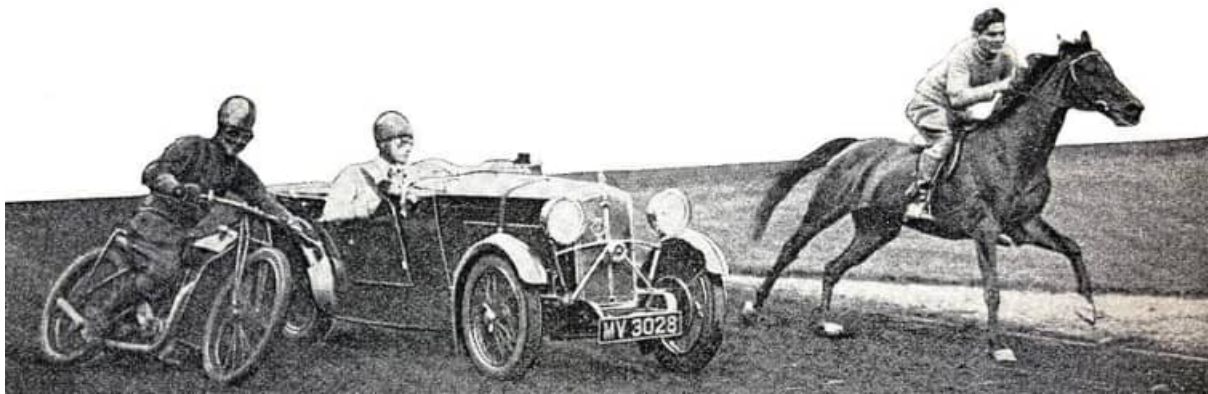
put up for sale last week at Waterloo Station, along with umbrellas, straw hats, marrows, barometers and other oddly-assorted articles left in Southern Railway trains and stations.”



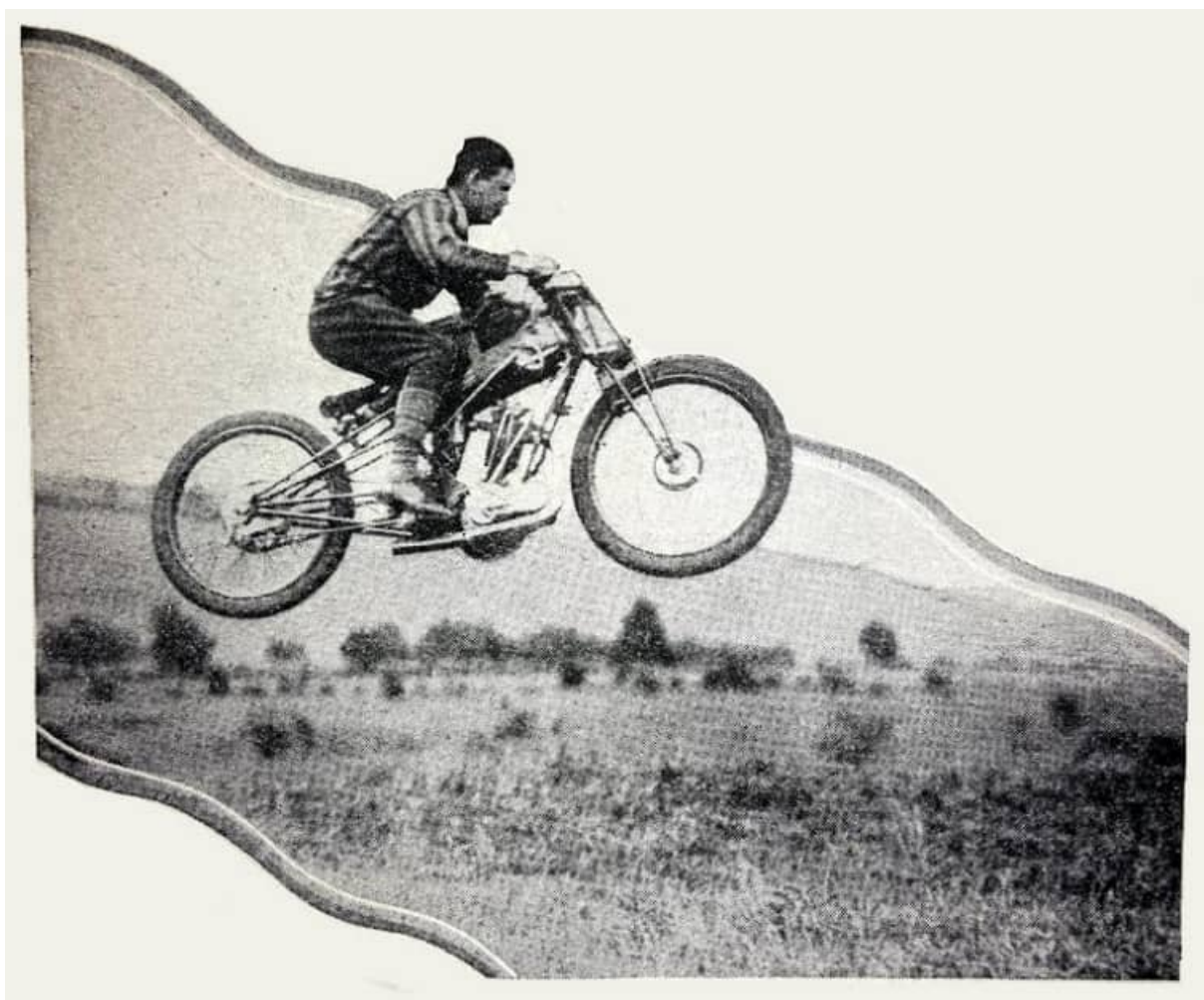
“Sidecar owners foregather. A few of the scores of outfits that were seen at the Watsonian Rally, held recently at Epping. Ten silver cups were awarded.”



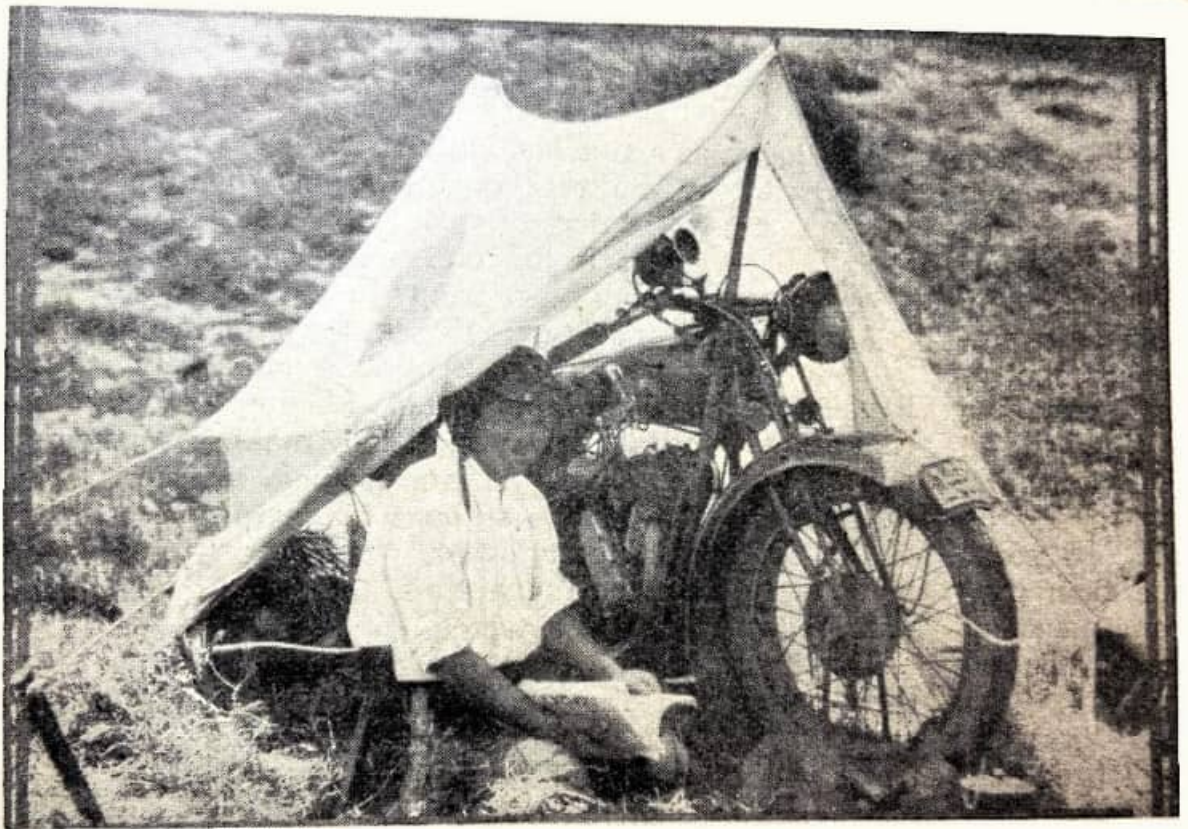
“The higher the slower! This competition in the annual slow hill-climb held in the streets of Montmartre, Paris, covered the course, of rather under half a mile, at a speed of threequarters of a mile an hour!”



“The one horse-power model, having gained the inside running, and by dint of superior acceleration, won this novel three-sided contest at Wembley Stadium. The motor cyclist is Wally Kidminster.”







“There is nothing of the frail lady about Miss Violet Porter of Aukland, New Zealand, who has done 30,000 miles of lone touring on her BSA since August 1929.”





“The fleecy-lined waterproof leggings in the accompanying illustration are designed for fair pillion passengers. They have small leather-protected toe-caps, and button over the shoes by press-buttons. An elastic band under the instep keeps the lower parts in place, while the tops, which cover the knees, are elastic. A small strap serves to tighten the legging at the knee. Priced at 4s 6d a pair, these useful wet-weather accessories are sold by James Grose, 379-381, Easton Road, London, NW1.”

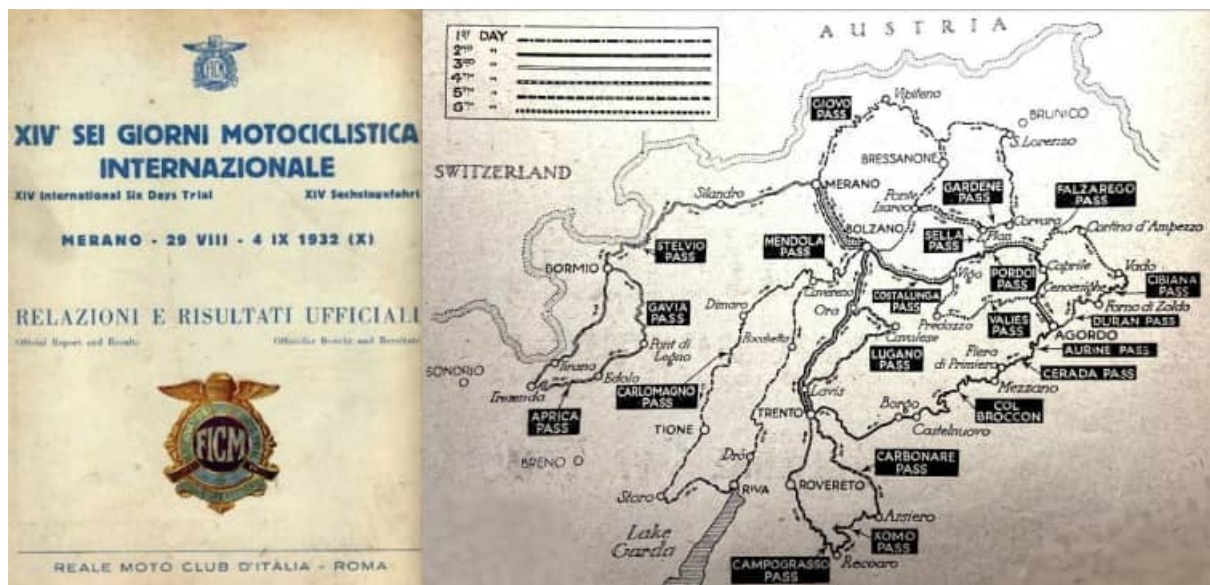
“A LONG DISUSED AND NEGLECTED Roman road over Blackstone Edge, Lancashire, is being restored.”

“ONE OF THE LEADING CAR manufacturers is fitting...direction indicators which will show red, amber or green at will. The amber light, like those of traffic signals, indicates ‘caution’.”

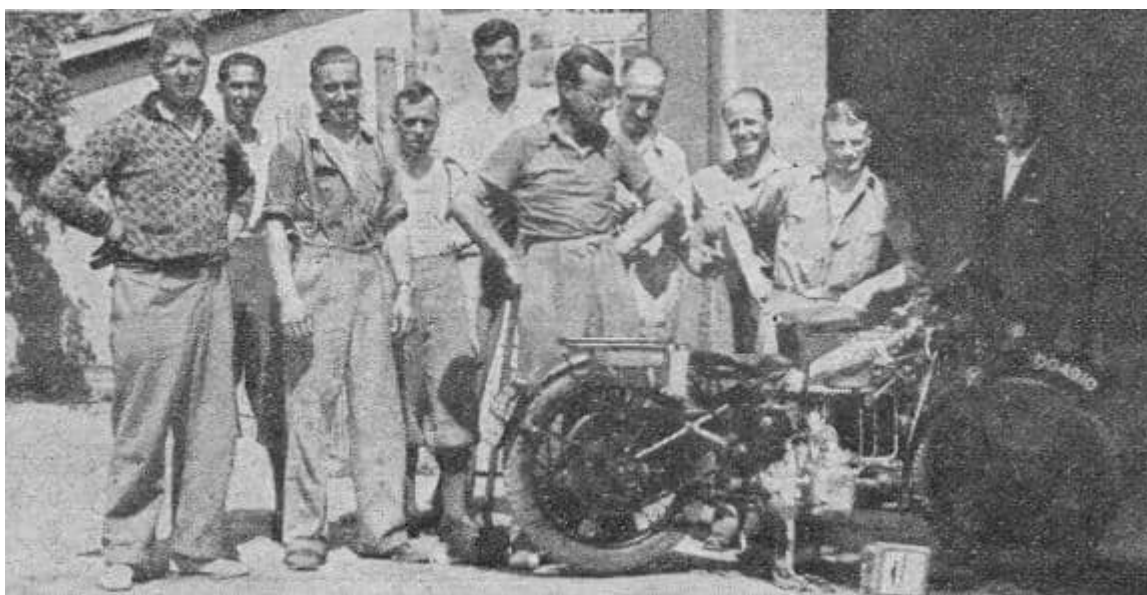
“MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING ON A ‘SNOWDEN’: JM Leyden, the South African artist whose humorous drawings have appeared from time to time in The Motor Cycle, recently

accomplished a journey from Durban to Maritzburg and back [84 miles] on a 98cc Excelsior. This trip took just over five hours, and entailed a climb from sea level to over 2,000ft.”

“A FARMER SUMMONED recently at Haverfordwest for allowing a rope to be stretched across a road in connection with some farm machinery, with the result that a motor cyclist was pulled from his machine, was fined a pound and ordered to pay costs.”



THE 14TH INTERNATIONAL SIX DAYS TRIAL was back at Merano, Italy—and after two successive Italian victories the Brits were back on top, returning home with both the International Trophy and the Silver Vase having pipped the Italians at the post by winning both speed tests. The Italians, who had won the Trophy in 1930 and 1931, were runners-up in the Trophy and Vase competitions. The British and Italian Trophy teams both finished with no penalty points; the Czechs finished third with 26 points, ahead of the Germans with 66 points. In the Vase league table the British ‘A’ team and Italian ‘B’ team made clear runs. The German ‘A’ team was third with a single penalty point, ahead of Italy ‘A’ (12 points), Switzerland (35), Czechoslovakia A (39), Great Britain B (42), Holland A (421), Austria (429), Holland B (500), Czechoslovakia B (602) and Germany B (1,101). Of 128 starters 70 won gold medals with 11 silver, 14 bronze and four finishers with no award—29 retired. There was worldwide interest in the trial—under the heading GREAT BRITAIN WINS the Brisbane Courier reported: “Great Britain scored a great triumph in the International Trophy and Vase six days’ reliability trials in Italy, winning both events. In the trophy the British and Italian teams had lost no marks, the British team, consisting of NPO Bradley (Sunbeam), AE Perrigo (BSA) and GE Rowley (AJS), winning as the result of the speed test. The vase was captured by the Rudge team, comprising Graham Walker, Jack Williams and Bob MacGregor. During the fourth day of the trial Miss Foley, the British rider, skidded and fractured an arm.” The Glasgow Herald noted: “General admiration was expressed for the fine riding of the two English girls, Miss E Foley, on a Gilera, and Miss M Cottle, on a BSA.” The Blue ‘Un listed the nationalities of the bikes entered, compared with 1931. Heading the list was Great Britain with 50 bikes in the trial, up from 46 in 1931. Italy was second with 39 (up from 27); Germany, 25 (8); France, 4 (5); Belgium, 0 (3); Czechoslovakia, 5 (3); Switzerland, 3 (0); Netherlands, 2 (1); Austria, 2 (0). There were 40 marques in the ISDT, *The Motor Cycle* listed all the marques with two or more entered: AJS, 2; Ancora, 3; Ardie, 6; Ariel, 10; Bianchi, 7; BMW, 7; BSA, 6; Dollar-Majestic, 3; Douglas, 3; D-Rad, 2; Eysink, 2; Gilera, 11; Guzzi, 6; James, 2; Jawa, 4; MAS, 9; Matchless, 2; NSU, 4; Puch, 2; Rudge, 6; Sunbeam, 8; Triumph, 5; XX, 2.



“At

Merano last Sunday – Len Crisp, ALS Denyer and George Rowley can be recognised in this group of British riders and visitors.”

“SIX DAYS CAREERING over crazy hairpinned mountain passes, six days of constant risk because of the high speed, and then, on the seventh, two nations racing against one another in the rain to decide the destiny of the Trophy. This, in a nutshell, was the 1932 International Six Days Trial, from which Britain emerged supreme, regaining both the International Trophy and Vase. Thousands saw the titanic struggle between Britain and Italy in the culminating high-speed test, which proved a veritable TT. They saw Britain gain the mastery; they witnessed the drama when Perrigo temporarily dropped out; they saw him rejoin the fray and speed up to 80, and even 90—yes, 90, on the wet-tramlined road—to catch the Gileras which, through his plug trouble, had passed him, and they watched Bradley and Rowley in their magnificent response to the signal to quicken. All this was unfolded before their eyes in a ‘high-speed test’ that, for its thrills, equalled any road race ever witnessed. The British team eventually won by 2min 13.8sec. But what they did not see, and can have little conception of, were the difficulties and dangers of the preceding six days. It was my privilege to encounter those difficulties, to ride over the various ‘sticky’ sections of the route, including those which were closed to other traffic, and thereby gain an impression that was denied to every other Pressman. The route was dangerous—that must be agreed. There were literally thousands of blind corners and hundreds of places where it was possible to skid off the road and either drop into space or go rolling down the mountainside; and there were scores of unguarded level crossings and mile upon mile of rutted, loose track that cannot be given the dignity of the term ‘road’. Add to this clouds of dust, ordinary traffic, the high schedule for the ‘over 250s’ of 25 to 30mph (depending upon the conditions), and you have some slight idea of the difficulties faced by the competitors. But, above all, there was the fear of punctures and, for members of the official teams, the worrying anxiety lest they let their countries down. Small wonder that many yearned for the end of the week, and several had frayed tempers. To a large extent, the dangers were what each individual made them. Especially at the beginning of the week many of the riders failed to cultivate a nice balance between taking risks and gaining time in case of punctures. They were arriving at the end of 50-mile sections with 25 and 30 minutes in hand. Their first duty was to themselves—to take the minimum of risk—and their second to gain a reasonable amount of time in case of minor trouble. Early on, machines were thrashed to an extent that was both unnecessary and undesirable. There were exceptions to this—a number of them—particularly among the British



contingent. To mention names is perhaps a little invidious, but there was no finer example of sane generalship than that displayed by Peter Bradley, who never hurried and was never flurried. However, to revert to the question of gaining time in hand, the need for this must be laid first at the doors of those who live in the Dolomites, for they wear hob-nailed boots and seem to scatter nails by the hundred. During the week poor Len Crisp mended no fewer than six punctures, while at one check an official picked up a largish handful of assorted iron in the space of minutes. Secondly, the blame must be laid at the factory gates of British manufacturers. To change a tube, even in the case of a man who knows how, is often a 20-minutes' task. What are needed—how much longer must we drum it in?—are wheels which are quickly detachable and interchangeable. There is no excuse for having to fiddle with the brake anchorage and with the rear chain, or even for the use of spanners, and none at all for the task of removing the wheel from between the frame members, mudguard and stand being a Chinese puzzle. Tyre trouble probably lost Italy the Vase, for one of the Guzzis punctured in the high-speed test; it put the British 'B' Vase team out of the running, and it was the major factor causing crashes, for its possibility—or rather probability—made competitors take risks. Nearly all competitors had nail-catchers, many used locally obtained tyre filling—some with success—and a number of the foreign riders carried small compressed air cylinders, capable of inflating about five tyres, instead of stupidly small inflators. Incidentally, why should not similar cylinders of compressed air be available for tourists at home? They would be a boon. One feature of the competing machines which, on first thoughts, appeared surprising, was the small-sized tyres used. The speedy Guzzis, for instance, employed 27×2.75in. Large ones might have been anticipated; they would have saved both

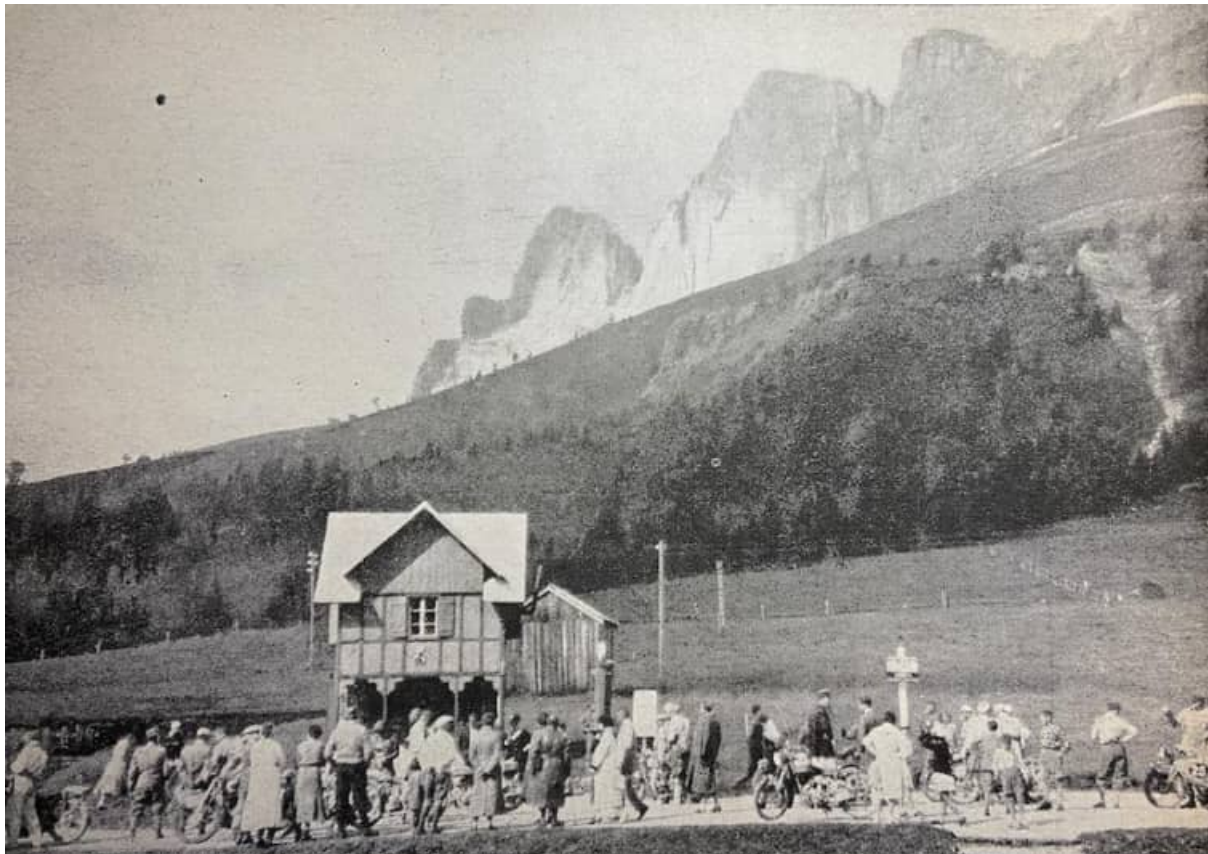


“The Italian defenders of the Trophy (left to right) Miro Maffei, Luigi Gilera and Rosolino Grana. They are all riding side-valve 500cc Gileras.”

machines and riders on the loose, bumpy roads, judging from my own experience, and probably they would have helped to overcome the puncture boggy. There was, however, the speed test at the finish to be considered—most entrants did consider it—and for this large tyres would have been a grave handicap. What was really strange was the number of 500 and over 500cc solos in the national teams. Two-fifties would probably have been a wiser choice, for they had a lower

schedule on both the road and the speed circuit. Moreover, being lighter, they would have been easier to handle on the rough going, and especially on the thousands of corners. Riding a normal 500 at the speeds required was real hard work. As to condition of machines at the finish, it was truly amazing. This year, by way of contrast with last year, brakes were little short of perfect, and in certain cases were never adjusted throughout the week, while the machines as a whole finished in such excellent condition that the majority could be expected to emerge from a further 1,300 miles of a similar nature with flying colours. Compared with that of many of the foreign riders, the British riders' garb was far from spick and span. The German team wore smart, tailor-made white suits—clean ones each day—with an eagle crest on the pocket, provided by the ADAC; the Italian Bianchi men had light blue boiler suits; and so on. Why should not our body, the ACU, turn out our men equally smartly? It may seem a small thing, but the result would be an excellent advertisement for Britain. That the scenery was magnificent will have been gathered from the photographs of the trial...The beauties of the Dolomites were lost on most of the solo men. Except when stationary at checks and on the few easy sections, their eyes had to be fastened upon the road, which more often than not had a big hump running down the middle, lesser humps along the sides and only two rideable hard tracks—the twin ruts. On corners and bends one used the humps as banking, riding to inches to avoid the loose. During the trial there were many examples of sporting actions on the part of competitors. Two of these give an inkling of the friendliness between the actual riders of the many nations. First, there is the action of Rebuglio, an Italian competitor, who, when Shepherd screamed into a check with no time to spare, grabbed his time card and planked it in front of the timekeeper. Then there is that of Stelzer, of the German Trophy team, who kept behind Graham Walker instead of in front of him, because the latter had no air filter and the dust was appalling. The officials, too, must be given many marks. Their organisation as a whole was magnificent, and their route-marking, in particular, superb. If there was a direction in which the arrangements fell short, it was that of collecting those who became disabled—an almost impossible task in view of the wild country traversed. Poor Saunders, for example, after his crash, spent a night without proper medical attention. Someone should have cared for him, whether the organisers or the ACU. As it was, one of the kindest people in the world, Mrs Panzer, wife of the proprietor of the Park Hotel, where the British contingent stayed, searched him out and brought him in on her own car. Now a personal word. My own trip was adventurous. Almost at the last moment I decided to take a Rudge, and learned that a spare International machine was available should I care to have it. Time was short, as I say, and by some mistake a much-used spare was turned over to me without being checked over. In the few hours available I fitted that very essential item for mountain roads, an electric horn, fixed up a kilometre speedometer, cleaned out the oil filter, replaced the saddle with one which did not bottom, and generally ran over the machine. All went well on the 830-mile run through France, Germany, and Austria. But I was unlucky in the trial. At the farthest point of the course, miles from anywhere—it would be!—the gear box became immovable. Eleven hours later, with the aid of free-wheeling, pushing, a car and three trains, I was back in Merano. There was a spare 500cc Jawa in Merano, which was quickly made available for me. Like the Rudge, it handled superbly in the loose, and on I went, providing a puzzle for the populace, who, time and again, came up and spoke to use in some language I could not understand, thinking I was a Czech. However, more about this interesting machine anon; the immediate question is, where will the next International be held? Britain, by virtue of her win, has the right to organise it. One suggestion, however, is that she should forgo her right, and that the event should be held in Germany. This would be popular with all who have toured in Germany and know her people. Another proposal is that the trial should be run in Scotland. This, too, seems good, particularly as the idea of organising the trial in England appears out of

the question for two reasons: first, that Continental riders are accustomed to charging through towns and villages at 40, 50, and even more miles an hour, and, secondly, the difficulty of finding a course which is fair. Whatever the decision, it should be made with the least possible delay. Now a last word about the men who have brought back the spoils. They deserved to do so, and all honour to Perrigo, Bradley and Rowley, of the Trophy team, and Williams, MacGregor and Walker, of the 'A' Vase team. They have done everything that was expected of them, and more; they and the other British riders upheld British supremacy in a manner of which one and all of us cannot help but feel proud.—**The Editor.**"



"This might be a scene from one of the big spectacular theatrical plays. Actually it is a view of the Costalunga check in the International Six Days."

...AND OF COURSE IXION had his say: "Hats are flung high in honour of the six stout fellows who have brought home both the International Vase and the International Trophy. Honesty compels me to admit that such a double-barrelled success is something of a lottery—we all know that a single puncture at an awkward moment can torpedo the hopes of the best team in the world. But this year we had chosen splendid teams, splendidly mounted, and left no stone unturned to command success, so far as mortals may command it. And it was our turn, for we have not had the best of luck for some years past. The riders themselves would not claim to be better men or better mounted than their rivals, who for once strove without profit. But another win for us is only poetic justice, for lumping one thing with another, output against output, racing against racing, and so forth, the British motor cycle industry is still easily the best in the world. Therefore it deserves its due share of such competition awards as may be going; and of late years, if we have almost monopolised racing honours, we have been unlucky in the big road event."

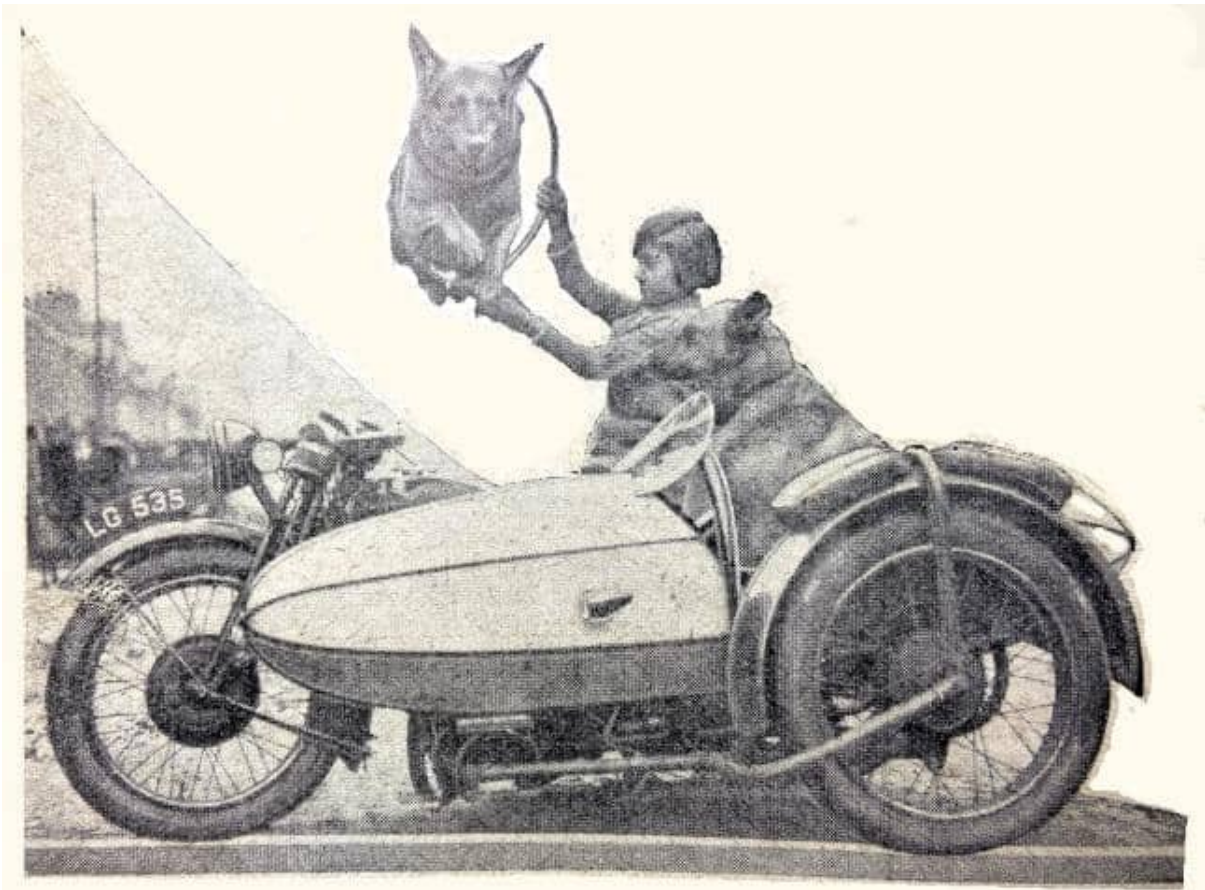




The ISDT was decided by the high-speed test on the two-mile circuit at Merano. L-R: Two sides of the triangular circuit; one of the course's three apices.

“THE ‘HAUNTED’ BARN—An International Competitors Eerie Experience: It was somewhere in Austria, after dark, and raining like blazes. En route to the International Six Days, we were proceeding down a pass at a fair speed, when my friend, whom I was keeping just in the rays of my lamp, hit something with his sidecar wheel; out shot his right leg, and he saved himself. In the meantime I had arrived at the same spot, and hit the obstacle fair and square. Bump! went my forks, and pulled out all my headlamp wires from the switch. I felt round very gingerly with my feet and found that the road, which was being repaired, was about one foot higher on one side than on the other. It was pretty hopeless to try to do anything in the rain and without any better light than a match, so I crawled on in the dark until I came to a village which I could see in the valley. A weird place it was, with not a soul about and only a few electric lights on the top of poles. However, it was a real haven at the time. I had lit a Player and started to tinker with my head-lamp, when from a barn behind me came a most eerie noise just like someone in clogs running up and down on loose boards. Gee, my hair stood on end! I swung round like lightning, but everything immediately became quiet, so I got the largest spanner I had in the sidecar, put it on saddle, and turned round so that I worked facing the barn. Shortly afterwards the extraordinary clatter broke out again. I had just succeeded in getting a dim light, and ye gods! how I chucked everything in the sidecar, kicked the engine into life, and left that place behind. My light was not a lot of good, and I was mighty glad to catch up my friend at the Customs. After nearly wiping off a steam-roller or two and a few unlighted stuck in the middle of the road we arrived safely at that haven, the Parc Hotel at Merano.

**WHH**, Birmingham.”



“HOUP-LA! This clever Alsation, owned by Miss Vesta Kelly, a BBC typist, can jump 24 feet. His companion looks quite at home in the super-sports sidecar.”

“THE VERTICAL-CAMSHAFT OK SUPREME of the most interesting machines it has been my good fortune to test. Like every other motor cycle, it has its faults—the standard (£48.10s) model tried had, perhaps, its full share—but it is essentially a machine to arouse the rider to enthusiasm. Every one of those 248 cubic centimetres does its work, and, owing to the way the OK handles, every atom of its power can be used. Traffic work and a day out formed the main portion of the test. In crowd-infested streets the OK prefers a rider who will use his gear box and ride rather than drive. That is not to say that she demands skilful tap-twiddling, but the engine, with its 7.4 to 1 compression ratio, is designed to rev rather than slog. About 25mph was the minimum non-snatch speed on the top gear of 5.9 to 1. The only excuse for not using the gears was that the second ratio of the three-speed box was unduly and unusually noisy. As with all Burman clutches, the clutch was sweet in take-up and finger-fight in operation, while the gear change itself was equally light, quick, and, once the rider had got the hang of the simple gate, absolutely foolproof. With the one exception, there was every reason to slide from one ratio to another, since the gears of 59, 75 and 13.4 to 1 are admirably chosen for all ordinary road work and the revs of the engine practically unlimited. Quite early on I had grave doubts as to the accuracy of the speedometer. Its sixty-fives seemed too sixtyish, so a simple check was made with a stop-watch to find that for 40mph one should read roughly 37mph. All the same, the figures obtained on the three ratios were impressive enough, especially considering the lighting set: 51mph on the 13.4 to 1, 59-60 on the 7-5 to 1 and 68-70 on the top gear of 5.9 to 1. Assuming the speedometer error to be proportional, we have actual maxima of approximately 47, 55 and 64mph. The first of these figures spells the amazing engine speed of roughly 8,000rpm, yet the machine was reasonably smooth. The unit was not vibrationless, although well up to average in

this respect. It will be realised from these speeds that the OK is capable of putting up an unusually good average. This, as a matter of fact, is where it scores so heavily over lesser machines. The acceleration is useful, too. In bottom it picks up from 20 to 45mph in 6.4sec, and in second in 9.7 sec, which means that the man who will use his gears is rapidly back at his cruising speed. And that cruising speed, to judge from my experience, can, if desired, be the machine's maximum. On two occasions the twist-grip was kept against its stop for distances of approximately five miles, with, at the most, a couple of cases of throttle-shyness caused by traffic conditions, and in neither instance was there a sign of the engine flagging. Once I thought there was. I decided that it was about to dry up and was on the point of endeavouring to catch it when my dull senses caught the rattle and clatter of something astern. Obviously some gentleman on a fast but elderly side-valve was cutting me down. I was wrong. All that had happened was the fixing of the rear-chain guard had snapped and the guard was flapping against thy chain! On fast bends, and at speed, the steering was all it should be; at low speeds there was a slight tendency towards a roll as if one of the steering-head races were pitted. Actually, the cause, I think, was not the head races, although the machine was by no means brand new, but slight malalignment of the fixed steering damper plate. Whatever it was, the trait was only annoying at very low speeds. On fast work the steering, as I say, was perfect, and there was no sudden swinging of the bars if a pot-hole were hit with the machine flat out. Ruts and slime proved that the OK was particularly stable. The only real tail-wag experienced was on wood-paving covered with hoar frost, and even then there was no trouble in straightening up. Nothing spectacular was tackled in the way of hills, the day out consisting of a cruise around Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire and the Chilterns. Given the



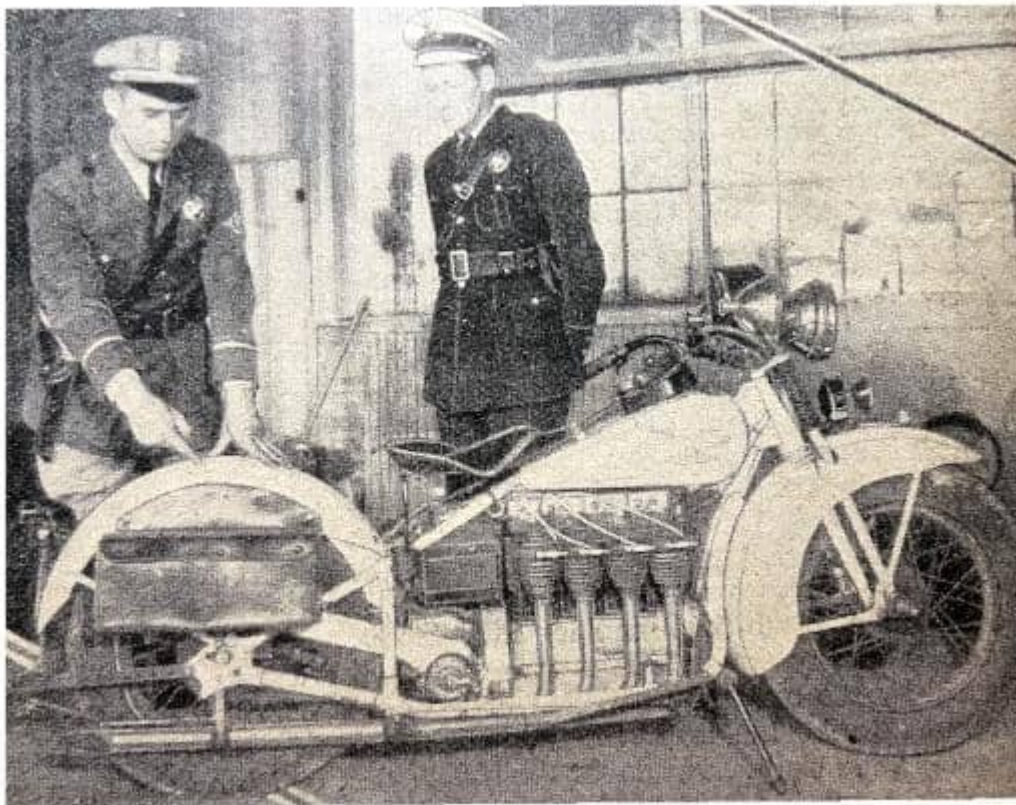
“...a lively two-fifty that will never tire... (Right) Restarting on the 1 in 4½ gradient at Dinah’s Hill, near Chequers. It was once a trials hill!”

necessary speed at the foot the OK will romp up almost anything. At the top of the new Dashwood Hill, on the Oxford side of High Wycombe, the speedometer was showing 51mph—the minimum for the climb—which, with the necessary correction, spells about 47mph. Tests on Kop and other hills showed that, for ordinary use, as opposed to trials work the machine has ample power on its bottom ratio of 13.75 to 1. Starting was merely a matter of one good, swinging kick—usually the very first kick. As to the fuel consumption, this was slightly over 70mpg with a type of riding such that this figure can be taken as rather unfair, being just about the worst that could be obtained. While No 1 petrol could be used, more suitable fuels were found to be ethylised petrol or a fifty-fifty mixture of petrol and benzole. The oil consumption was so low that, probably, an owner would find that there was some left to drain out when his



1,500 to 2,000 miles was up. Riding comfort is well up to scratch. The bars are of a good shape, the riding position good, and the saddle, with its wide nose, excellent. Both brakes are spongily progressive and good, but could do with a little more iron. They will stop the machine from 20mph on a 1-in-4 descent; but, like the brakes on the majority of other motor cycles, they would, I think, be better with additional leverage. A peculiarity of the OK tested was a slight shudder transmitted to the rider via the footrests and saddle as the machine gathered way; it was as if the rear chain were snatching, although the speed was well above that at which snatch set in. Perhaps, erroneously, I put it down to an engine period that caught the frame on the raw. In this article I have gone out of my way to be critical and pick the machine to pieces; it is a mount that will stand criticism, for its many good points completely outweigh its faults. It is a motor cycle to delight the heart of an enthusiast, and therefore my recommendation to enthusiasts who are looking for a lively two-fifty that will rev yet never tire, and which handles in true TT style, is to consider most carefully the vertical-camshaft OK Supreme."

**Torrens**



"Puzzle—

find the wireless! This wireless-equipped solo machine is being used by the Culver City (California) police. The scheme has been very neatly carried out: the batteries are in the pannier bag, the set is under the saddle, a loudspeaker is on the bars, just behind the head lamp, and the aerial runs along the last foot of the exhaust pipe."

"THE SENIOR MANX GRAND PRIX, run last Thursday under atrocious weather conditions, resulted in a victory at 67.32mph for N Gledhill (Norton), with HL Daniell (Norton) second and BW Swabey (Rudge) third. Swabey also made the fastest lap, at 69mph. If the weather had been somewhat unkind on the Tuesday it was as nothing compared with the conditions that greeted the Senior competitors on Thursday. All the previous night it had poured in torrents and, although there was a 'bright interval' early in the morning, the clouds again closed down and it was raining hard as the riders paraded to the start. As the Governor of the Island arrived at the

stands the strains of the National Anthem rang out, and then, in a few moments, a muffled roar heralded the arrival of the machines at the pits. Weather reports were given on the loud-speaker, at first they were not too bad, for it was not raining at several points along the course. The last-minute reports, however, gave the depressing information that the weather everywhere was shocking. Actually, even this is an understatement; it is fairly safe to say that never in the whole history of rang in the isle of Man has such dreadful weather been encountered. Throughout the whole race the rain poured from the low-lying clouds, and at times sheets of water descended, turning the roads into rivers. Even before the riders were due to depart they were practically wet through, and it is a wonderful tribute to their pluck and powers of endurance that so many of them struggled through to the finish. There were 44 starters out of an original field of 48, and 21 completed the course; of these 11 gained replicas—a very fine show on such a day. One by one they got away and it was clear that each and every man intended to play for safety, throttles being used with the utmost discretion. On the whole, the machines started well, but one or two had some had moments. Attempting to mount his machine, SC Vince (Norton) slipped on the treacherous road and failed to hold the model before it had taken him through an advertisement banner stretched below the score board. JS Ward (Sunbeam) had some difficulty in persuading his engine to fire, and F Williams, also on a Sunbeam, executed a wild skid, fell, rose, and then stopped his engine. Almost immediately came news of the retirement at Ballacraigne of ME Crossland (348cc Norton), with ignition trouble, a fault not to be wondered at in the circumstances. At Quarter Bridge, R Rogerson (348cc Norton) turned up the road back to Douglas to make adjustments, afterwards proceeding round the course. A fall was suffered by W Radley (Excelsior) but he continued, while J Buckley (Sunbeam) had come off at the Gooseneck. Yet another retirement was reported; this time it was TS Warburton (Enfield) who seized his engine at Union Mills. He was not alone, however, for CD Reich (Excelsior) went out at Governor's Bridge, and A Ashley (Rudge) filled his magneto with water at Crosby, thus putting an end to his trip for the day. It was noticed that R Stobart (Excelsior) was moving very slowly, and then it became known that he had punctured a tyre. He completed a lap in easy stages, and then retired. Some form of plug trouble was holding up H Trevor-Battye (Scott), but at the pits he located the fault and screamed away. In the meantime, H Levings (Norton) was moving well, keeping nicely ahead of Gledhill, and SB Darbishire on a similar machine was also doing his best to cheat the pitiless rain. A fine scrap, destined to last throughout the entire race, was going on between FL Frith (348cc Norton) and J Fletcher (Sun-beam). At the end of the race there were only 41 seconds separating these two and, as Fletcher started half a minute behind Frith, his ultimate lead was only one of a few hundred yards on the smaller machine. With so little between them, all eyes were on Levings and Gledhill, and it came as a great disappointment to hear that what promised to be a fine duel was cut short at Kirkmichael by the retirement of Levings with gear box trouble. Riding under the existing conditions was quite trying enough in itself, but MN Mavrogordato (Scott) added to his difficulties by having the misfortune to fall at Quarter Bridge and lose a footrest. Couple to this the fact that he also had to stop during the race several times to change plugs, and one is left with the impression that to finish fourteenth, as he eventually did, was a particularly fine performance. Frith and Fletcher, continuing their dogfight, got as far as Quarter Bridge on the second lap when Frith unknowingly scored over his rival by running through a pool of water and shooting it all over him. DJ Pirie (Excelsior) was out of luck; he oiled two plugs, and also reported water in the magneto. Once again, Dame Fortune was too much for WN Jordan (Excelsior)

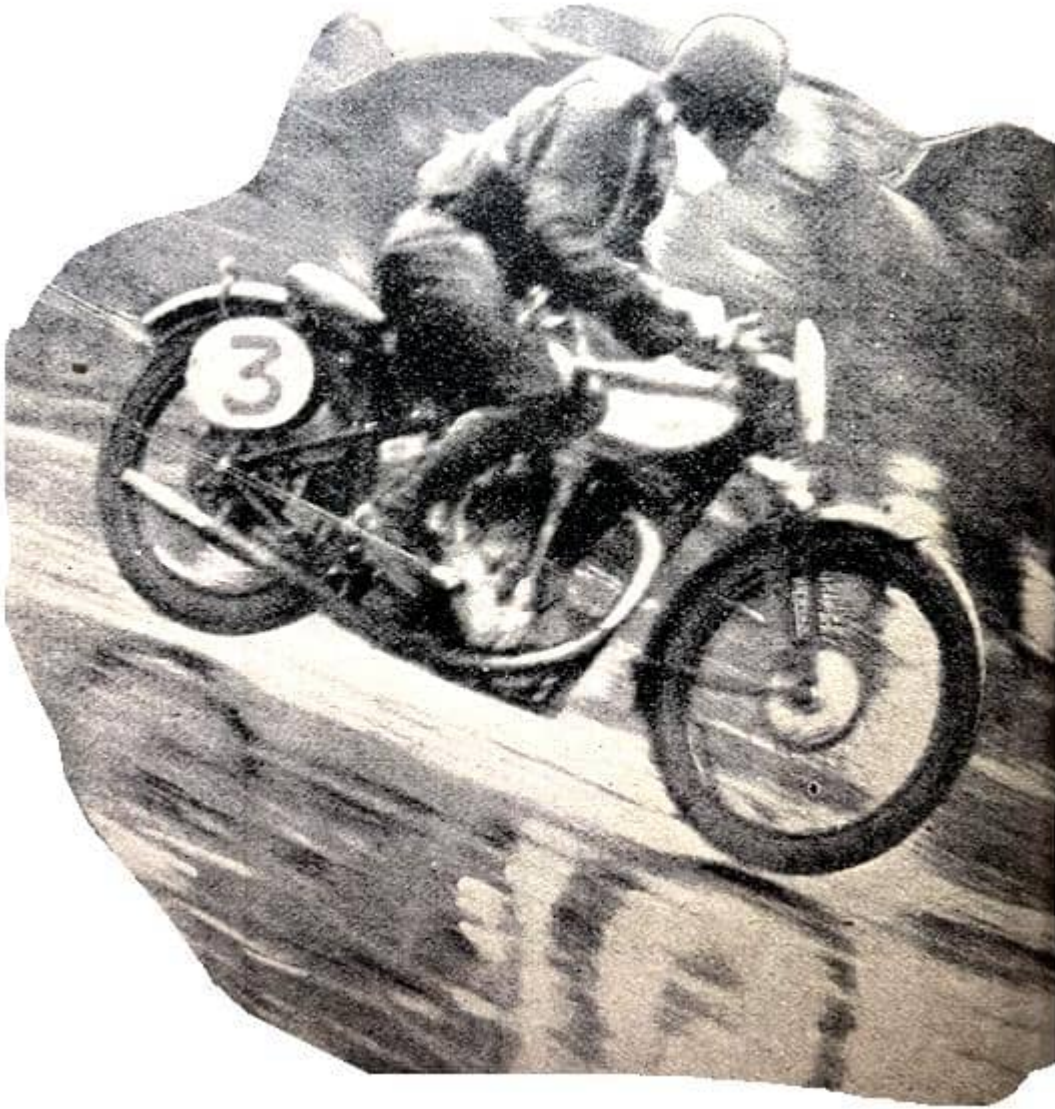


L-R: “‘May as well keep my head down as up—can’t see anyway,’ Mavrogordato is probably thinking as his Scott leaps clear of the streaming road near Quarter Bridge. In the words of the song, ‘It don’t do nothin’ but rain.’ Here are Swanston (Norton) and Buckley (Sunbeam) at Quarter Bridge.”

who, after a very slow first lap, retired at Ramsey with trouble in the gear box, while another Excelsior, in the hands of SH Goddard, passed out of the race at Ramsey with a broken fork spring. Trouble robbed F Harvey (Norton) of ten minutes at Quarter Bridge, but he eventually proceeded, and J Buckley, struggling round on only two gears, took another toss at Glen Helen. All this time ‘Q Ack’, on his 350 Velocette, was riding a great race and was lying fourth; Darbishire had dropped back to fifth place and Fletcher had become next to Gledhill, while Daniell had moved up a couple of places. During this lap, BW Swabey (Rudge) put himself just on the edge of the leader board as a prelude to better things. Another of the stars who ceased to shine on this lap was Pirie. This rider, be it remembered, damaged his hand on the Tuesday, and the doctor only gave him permission to ride two minutes before Thursday’s race started. Pirie’s pluck is proverbial in Manx Grand Prix circles, and he carried on doggedly until forced out of the running due to water in the magneto. Gledhill raised a cheer when he came in for replenishment at the end of his third lap, but he had to push quite a long way before his engine would restart. One who can scarcely have been having an enjoyable ride was J. Pattison (Norton) who was reported to have only third gear left, and to have taken a toss at the Bungalow. Then came news that W Radley (Excelsior) had crashed on the mountain. WA Rowell stopped to see how he was and later stopped again at the Bungalow to report Radley’s plight to the marshal. A fall at Keppel Gate robbed JS Ward (Sunbeam) of one of his footrests, and broke his brake pedal, and GA McLeslie (349cc Rudge) retired at the end of the third lap, a course also followed by JH Lafone (Norton), who pushed in from Governor’s Bridge with a magneto full of water. In the fourth lap Fletcher nearly spoiled his chances by hitting the wall at Quarter Bridge; he did no damage, however, and proceeded. Not quite so lucky, J Blyth (Velocette) was forced to retire from causes not stated. After doing so splendidly, and just as he was getting on the heels of the leaders, who were riding bigger machines, the mystery man’ of the race, ‘Q Ack’, struck a patch of engine trouble which caused his withdrawal. In this lap, too, a game struggle against misfortune was ended when J Pattison gave up the chase at Governor’s Bridge. At about this time Darbishire rode back into the picture, beating Fletcher and Frith, while the three leaders still held their positions, with Swabe doing all he knew to catch Daniell and Gledhill. By now the race had strung itself out rather, and was completely devoid of any excitement, though it is perhaps unfair to make such a remark when riders were battling so manfully with the appalling conditions. That in itself was quite exciting enough for them, but so regularly were they lapping the Island course



that they made it seem easy. Never can riders have been more sorely tempted to seize on any excuse for retirement, but, to a man, they held on even when the luck as well as the weather was against them. To complete the course was a formidable task, so one must not forget such people as C Redfearn (Norton) celebrating his first visit to the Isle of Man; likewise J Buckley, who, although he retired in this, the fourth lap, did well to get so far on a four-year-old machine. F Williams, too, was going well, having apparently decided that his firework display at the start, while perhaps entertaining to watch, was hardly the sort of thing that would help him to finish the race. The race did not go on quite without incident, for there was a crop of trouble involving several rulers. Nothing, however, happened to the three leaders. This time Gledhill received the 'slow down' signal from his pit, so that he knew he had merely to hold his position and had plenty in hand. Such a message must have been a great comfort to him, and he availed himself of it with a nice judgment, reducing his speed just sufficiently to guarantee a win. Daniells' last lap was his fastest and came within three seconds of Swabey's best time. It is a pity, from Daniell's point of view, that his first two laps were not a little better; had they been as quick as his later laps Gledhill would have been given an entirely different job. With a good finishing position well within his grasp, poor Darbishire made the discovery on the very last lap that all his work had been done for nothing. Something happened to the 'works' at Union Mills and caused his retirement. All this time H Trevor-Battye had been fighting a very game battle against heavy odds. His times had been slow, but he persisted in fighting it out until the last lap, when he was forced to admit defeat, being beaten by persistent ignition trouble. During this lap JS Ward (Sunbeam) attempted to take liberties with the wall on Sulby Bridge, but discovered that a stone parapet can do quite considerable damage to a motor cycle, even when hit while travelling slowly! Yet another retirement took place at this late stage, H Hartley (Norton) being the rider concerned. This also happened at Sulby, but Hartley was not pursuing offensive tactics against the bridge wall. Due to the retirement of Darbishire, Fletcher, Frith and Harris moved up a point each, and this was the only alteration in the positions. Gledhill rode a very fine race under conditions that defy description, and really deserved his victory, While the highest praise is, indeed, due to every single starter. **FINAL RESULT.** 1, N Gledhill (Norton), Kirkburton, 67.32mph; 2, HL Daniell (Norton), Grantham, 66.97mph; 3, BW Swabey (Rudge), Grantham. Fastest lap, BW Swabey (Rudge), 69mph; Club Team Prize, Grantham 'D'—FL Frith (Norton), JM Sugg (Norton) and SC Vince (Norton). Club awards, Crewe MCC, Watford MC, Manx MCC and Peveril MCC."

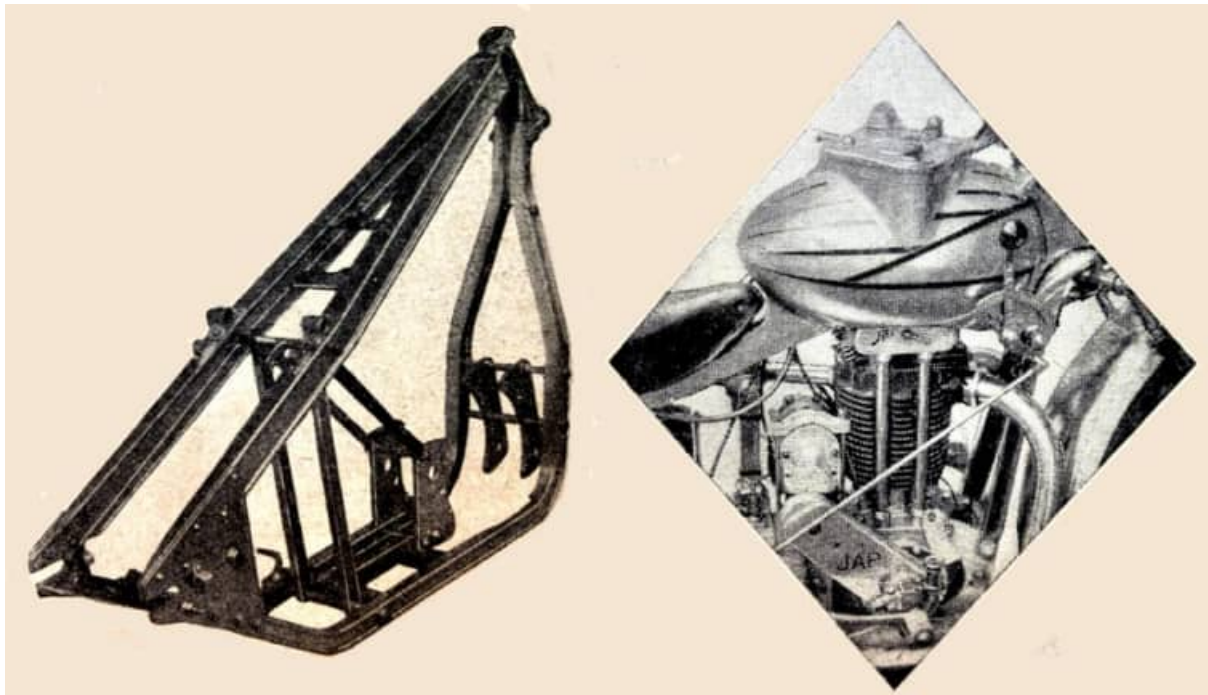


“How would you like to streak down Bray Hill at 80 or 90mph under such conditions? This photograph of Gledhill (Norton), the ultimate winner, is one of the most striking ever taken at this famous vantage point.”

“THE WINNERS’ IMPRESSIONS. Norman Gledhill never has much to say—he does things instead. Questioned by *The Motor Cycle*, however, he admitted that he could say quite a lot on this occasion—about the weather! Being honest, he did not attempt to mislead people into believing that he enjoyed it as enjoyment is usually recognised, though he said, quite sincerely, that it ‘was all right when you had got used to it’. Daniell was questioned at the prize-giving in the evening after he had had time to forget much of his discomfort. He said much the same as Gledhill, and declared that ‘it really was quite a bit of fun—now that it’s all over!’ Swabey admitted at once that it had been ‘horrible’. He did not like it one little bit, but could think of nothing else to do but try and obey the callous demands of his pit attendant for more and yet more speed. Viewed in retrospect he said it ‘had all been very magnificent!’”

“EXISTING METHODS OF TAXATION have emphasised the importance of losing unnecessary weight...metallurgical science is constantly evolving new materials...one thinks at once of such substances as stainless steels, chromium plate, and even of aluminium itself (for it is a

comparatively 'modern' metal)...there is an alloy in commercial production which is 40% lighter than aluminium...Elektron...can be supplied in various compositions, but, speaking broadly, it consists of about 85% magnesium to 10% aluminium, and has small percentages of such substances as zinc, silicon and manganese...I have been lucky enough to find a manufacturer who is in the process of changing over from one material to the other...it appears that the crank case and gear box of his 350cc engine, cast in a normal aluminium alloy, weighed 14lb 3oz, whereas, in Elektron, the weight is only 8lb 5oz...Elektron, by the way, is easy to machine, and produces very little scrap, while the risk of fire during machining...is almost negligible if suitable precautions are taken...If we take a normal, commercially produced steel as a basis for comparison, Duralumin...will weigh about one-third, bulk for bulk, and about one-half strength for strength...A pressed-steel fork suitable for a 350cc machine weighs about 14lb, and, allowing for such parts as cannot be replaced by the alloy, it should be possible to save about 6lb with the aid of Duralumin, and possibly another pound or two in parts of the hub and rim...even if we leave the frame out of the question (except for a passing reminder that there is a French motor cycle with a cast-aluminium alloy—Alpax—frame and a German motor cycle with a forged Duralumin frame) it should be possible to save over 20lb elsewhere by the use of light alloys...On the whole, I am inclined to stress the importance of weight saving in the front fork group...if light alloys were employed to their best advantage in forks, rims, hubs and brakes, our machines might steer and hold the road even better than they do now. All the same, Mr Manufacturer, please don't forget the rest of the machine; my 300lb 350cc bus takes quite a lot of hauling on to its stand."



"Duralumin Frame of the German Ardie. (Right) Frame and tank of the French MGC are largely of Alpax."

"AMONG THE ENTRIES for the Sunbeam Club's Pioneer Run on March 13th is one from a Southsea enthusiast who is nearly seventy years of age. "

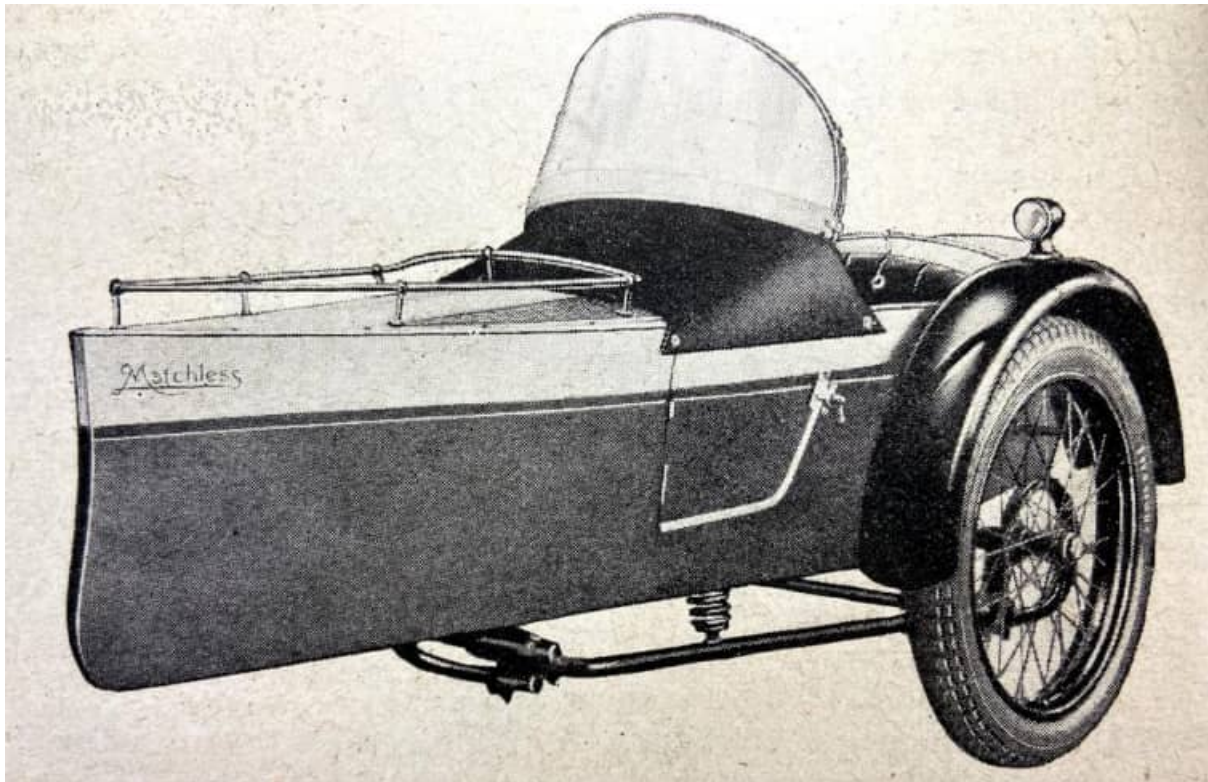
"J GILL, THE BRADFORD WORLD TOURIST, has set out on another lap of the globe, which he hopes to complete in nine months. He is driving a P&M. sidecar outfit." On his previous global



trip, in 1929, Gill had been chased by Bedouin tribesman. Forewarned is forearmed; his luggage this time included a revolver and a shotgun.

“2XAF—OR JUST DIRTY PLUG POINTS? ‘It has been noticed that the sparking plugs in motor cars cause interference with those listening to short-wave radio stations.’—*Philips Radio*. Idea for plug-testing—rev up your engine and listen on the headphones!”

“FOREIGN COUNTRIES HAVE CONTRIBUTED little or nothing to the development of the motor-cycle...The motor cycle in its form of to-day was designed and built by America.’—From a hook of popular ‘knowledge’ recently published in the States.”



“This new sidecar is marketed by the makers of the Matchless machine, and is specially suitable for their C, C/S, X/3 and XR/3 models. There is a luggage locker at the rear, and the finish is in black fabric with a white top band. The price is £17 7s 6d, while a special spring-frame model for the Silver Hawk or Silver Arrow machines costs £3 extra. An aluminium finish is an optional extra at £1 5s.

“OF THE 3,370 MOTOR CYCLES in use in Ceylon at the end of last year, no fewer than 3,036 were British.”

“FOLLOWING COMPLAINTS OF DELAY at a level-crossing, the RAC observed the gates from 9am to 8pm and found that during this period they were closed for a total of 5¾ hours and open for only a little over 5 hours. Traffic was sometimes kept waiting for a quarter of an hour. “

“ACCORDING TO THE LATEST taxation returns there are now 93,098 motor cycles in use in Italy.”

“THOSE MAGNETIC BRAKES! A number of London trams are now equipped with ‘Stop’ signals. And they need them!”

“WE TAKE WITH A PINCH of Salt the tale of the rider with a burst inner tube, who reached home last week by stuffing his outer cover with snow.”

“TOO EARLY! A MOTOR cyclist summoned at Ealing for riding with an out-of-date insurance policy had his case dismissed. It was found that the police had stopped him three-quarters of an hour before his policy expired!”



Here are some letters that appeared under the heading “A Ride I Shall Not Forget”...

“RACING THRILLS—Before the Day’s Work Begins: Dawn, on a raw misty morning last May. I push my old side-valver into life and am soon chugging Dublin’s deserted streets to watch the riders practising for the Leinster ‘200’. The city is soon left behind. In the country a white frost covers field and hedge. The sun is low, the air keen, bracing as a tonic. Riding is sheer joy on a morning like this. We are on the course now, watching a fast S-head. crackle. A crackle and a rider approaches, lying right down: he banks left, then right, he’s gone. ‘Stanley Woods!’ yells the crowd. What marvellous riding! Another machine: a rider well back on the mudguard; a throbbing roar; another left and right sweep and he shoots past. This is real life! They come thicker now, banking in perfect unison. What men! What machines! Thrilled, I look on, while mingled envy and ambition rise within me. All too soon the official car tours past opening the roads. Excited still, I chug homewards. Houses, offices rise up; we’re home again; back to the realities of the realities of the world with the morning’s ride only a memory—but what a pleasant memory!

**CG**, Dublin.”

“THE TURNING-POINT—A 336-mile Ride and a Change of Fortune. I had been out of work about six months, and was nearly reduced to selling my Panther, when one Friday morning came a letter. Would I, on the following day, go to a certain town in Somerset for an interview? At that time I was living in Nottingham, and it meant a 336-mile trip. Thank goodness I hadn’t sold the bike. At 4.30am on the following day I was ‘kicking-up’ in the rain; then on through Leicester, Coventry, Stratford, starving hungry and wet through to the skin; on through Evesham, Gloucester and Bath, concentrating hard on the job in hand. I was offered the job, and with the acceptance acquired a new outlook on life. Wet through as I was, neither the prospect nor the experience of the ensuing 168 miles of rain had the least dampening effect on my spirits.

**CASSO**, Leicestershire.”

“THE PILLION RIDE—A Memory of a March Gale. It was on one of those cold, windy days in March, when the sky is alternately bright and overcast, that I set out (reluctantly, I must admit) on the pillion of Arthur’s Ariel. But my reluctance was short-lived, for, as we sped northward into the teeth of the gale, the rushing wind, the boom of the exhaust, the sight of the clouds scudding over the Cheviots in the west, and the grey, distant North Sea to the east, gave me a sense of freedom and exhilaration. We slipped quietly through Morpeth, battled along the Great North Road to Alnwick, then turned seaward, and soon we stood on the breakwater at Seahouses. The gulls wheeled and screamed on the gale over the tumbling, white-capped rollers of the North Sea, steel-grey under the leaden sky. Then, suddenly, the scene was transformed as the sun broke through in the south-west. The sullen greyness of the sky gave way to a cold, brilliant blue, and soon the distant Farne Islands stood out sharply in a sea of translucent green—truly a piece of Nature’s magic, which I should have missed had I followed my inclination to stay at home. (Miss) **GMM**, Co Durham.”

“IN FAST COMPANY—A ‘Four’ and a Two-stroke on an Autumn Run. A wet, windy day in early autumn, and many miles to cover. My brother starts his peppy Ariel Four. Sixty is his normal cruising speed; we are scheduled to average forty. That will be about my maximum in the teeth of this wind, for, since my own hot-stuff motor is on the bench, I am using my ancient baby two-stroke. I know this baby well—and he needs knowing! We have tried to ‘hot him up’ with a new piston. Very special alloy; some of it is still there; the rest has been peeled off the cylinder walls with a penknife. Long, deserted, rain-washed straights. The Ariel fades into the distance. Mile after mile, flat down at thirty-eight. My head, hanging out over the front wheel, receives a perpetual shower-bath. A shade more throttle, and the piston begins to tighten. I ‘blip’ the engine; he carries on. No risks, but we must save all we ran on corners. Towns and villages are a relief, hills a nightmare. But we get there, if not quite to schedule. Tiring work, pushing an aged lightweight against adverse conditions, especially when there’s a sticky piston to nurse. Tiring work, but rather fascinating.

**RLA**, London SW.



“Not the latest anti-gangster squad in America, but a Japanese motor cycle machine gun section looking for trouble in Manchuria.”

“I REGARD WITH AMUSEMENT the battle raging between the ohv, sv and two-stroke enthusiasts. Clearly it is bias, and not facts, which determine their opinions. As a matter of fact, the overhead-valve engine can be designed to develop the highest thermal efficiency obtainable, not excluding the steam turbine, which gains by lack of friction, etc. Respective thermal efficiencies may be realised when it is stated that a turbine uses approximately 8.6% of heat input in work and an ohv CI engine 42.5%. The Diesel-type engine loses approximately 35.0% in exhaust gas and 22.5% in cooling. The engine with the highest efficiency applied at present to the automobile industry is the twin-overhead-camshaft multi, which also eliminates much of the intermittent contacts of the push-rod operated ohv engine. The side-valve engine is no doubt good for touring work, but, apart from combustion-chamber design, the valve chest causes tightening and distortion of the bore when warmed up, while the two-stroke is



undoubtedly thermally inefficient, but attracts its users by its better torque. Let the Sunbeam 'Lions' try a Model 9 or 90, and the 16Hs a Model 18 or a 'camshaft', and find the error of their suppositions in their own clan. The Scottites are incurable, unless they take to bee-farming.

**DESIGNING ENGINEER, Lancs."**

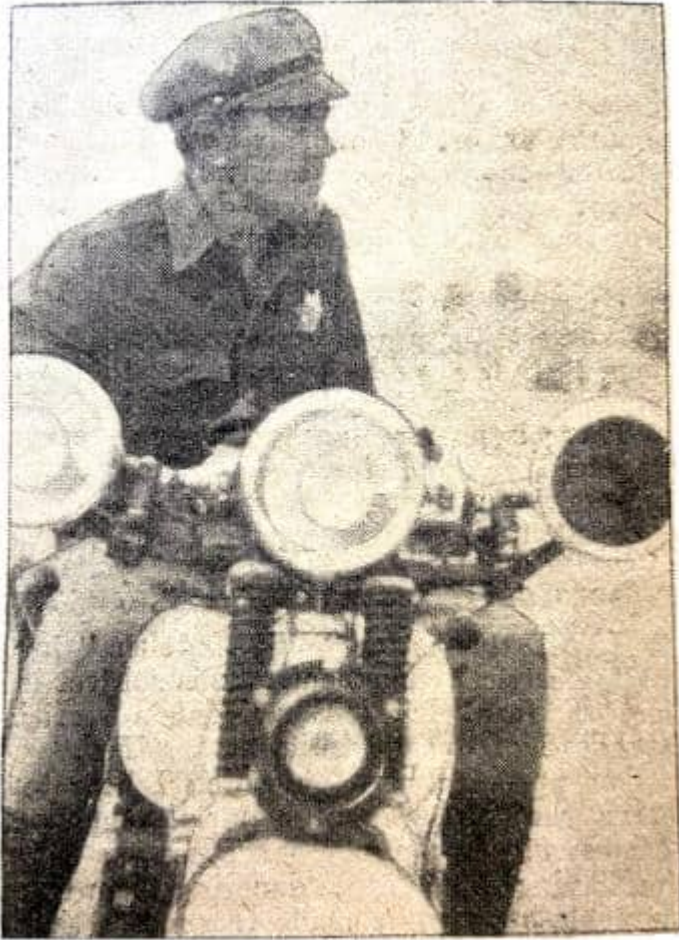
"I HAVE FOLLOWED the side-valve vs overhead-valve argument with immense interest, and feel that I must needs give tongue at last. The whole point is this: Nine-tenths of present-day riders know next to nothing about engines. They read about ohv jobs being used exclusively for racing, and at once jump to the conclusion that side valves cannot be fast. Let me tell them here and now that this is sheer bunkum. Obviously, if a side-valve 500 can be made to do 80, and an ohv 500 100mph or so, the racing man will use the latter. Now, a mere 80 compared with 100 sounds very slow, but how many of these mass-production ohvs will do 80, and how many of those who ride them have done a genuine 80? Think twice before an answer is made. I agree that the average present-day ohv is faster than its side-valve brother, but it annoys me to hear the uninitiated, who have probably never heard of a BRS Norton, say that no side valve is as fast as the present-day ohv...Do not forget that class will tell, always, and do not forget that if you fellows who ride mass-produced ohvs start playing with fire, in the shape of nifty 16Hs or 'long-strokes', you will one of these days get burnt Very badly indeed. So don't say you haven't been warned! As the poet said: 'A lad with an ohv Chromium Was scrapping a Flying Harmonium, In the midst of their game They were both put to shame By the roar of a side-valve Nortonium.'

**ONE OF THE OLD BRIGADE, Denbigshire."**

"IN YOUR GREAT LITTLE MAGAZINE the pros and cons of a massed start at the TT held my attention; seems that it's a great point of argument. Well, here goes my angle on the set-up of a massed start: To begin with, who are the riders riding for? Not to please one another, nor exactly any certain factory; who, then, but the public? I can readily see any American race starting one at a time; the crowd would be gone before the second lap was over. At the famous Muroc Dry Lakes here in California they often stage a 250-mile race, and the starters usually number 60 to 70. They have a massed start; by so doing one knows who's who, and why; also there is always a race for some position, be it first or second or 30th or 31st. I agree with Graham Walker on the subject of starting positions; over here we have qualifying laps, fastest time getting the pole position, the next fastest second place, and so on down the line. In order to encourage a real time in the qualifying trials the fastest man is awarded a prize or cash award. Then, in the longer races, small fast laps get cash prizes or merchandise awards—tins, tubes, plugs, gloves, or what have you. By this idea, if a man holds the lead for two laps, he gets a new tyre, or something like that, as a reward. Regarding the danger at the start, from all I've read about the IOM TT they don't have flop merchants wheeling those mounts around that course; they know what it's all about. Therefore the danger would be only for the first lap; by that time they would be more or less spread out, so that a real jam would not occur. Best of luck, and continued success for the greatest motor cycle magazine in the world.

**JOHN Q MACDONALD, California Highway Patrol, Court House, El Centro, California.**

[Our correspondent, who organises speedway meetings in his off-duty hours, encloses some interesting snapshots of racing at a local track; in several of these pictures—which, unfortunately are unsuitable for publication—British machines can be seen.—ED.]



“John Q Macdonald, of the California Highway Patrol, on his all-white Henderson.”

“IN RESPONSE TO REQUESTS which have appeared in your columns for the formation of a club for owners of antique motor cycles, the Veteran Car Club has decided to cater for anyone so interested by making membership open to such persons. As a member of the committee, the VCC has asked me to organise this side of the club, and I should be very glad to hear from prospective members. Motor cycles must conform to the classification of cars belonging to members of this club—that is, they should have been manufactured prior to December 31st, 1904.

**CS BURNEY**, Brooklands Aerodrome, Byfleet.”

“THERE MUST BE QUITE a number of famous bikes in everyday use. ECE Baragwanath, for instance, hacks around on a most disreputable-outfit which no one would suspect of housing the first engine to lap Brooklands at a hundred an hour—one of the late Bert Le Vack’s jobs. A friend was chatting with Harold Taylor (the winner of the recent Southern Experts’ Trial) the other day, and Taylor divulged that his ‘boy’ is converting the big-twin Coventry-Eagle with which they have obtained many sidecar records in the past for use as a solo roadster. The idea is to make the job look as ‘innocent’ as possible, so that it will be a snare and a delusion to the local lads. There seems little doubt about its fitness for the purpose, for it should have a road speed in excess of 100mph! I hereby apologise to whoever is to ride this Eagle in goose’s plumage if I’ve given the game away; and I hope that his first challenger doesn’t turn out to be a speed-cop in mufti!”

“HOW MANY OF THE undermentioned makes of motor cycle are familiar to you? All of them have been on the British market—some for a very short period, I admit—during the past ten years: Witall, Norbeck, New Era, Beaumont, Akkens, AEL, Consul, Venus, JNU, Defy-all, Supremoco, Mountaineer, W&G, Morris-Warne, Dalton, Pax, Vulcan, Dreadnought, CC, Vasco, MPH, Rockson, Hoskinson. How we forget names! But I should not be in the least surprised to hear that odd examples of most of these makes are still in existence. I chose the names at random while glancing through The Motor Cycle Index, which is reviewed elsewhere in this issue.”

“DURING THE FIRST NATIONAL Motor Cycle Congress, held recently in Rome, a young leader of the Giovani Fascisti said that everything possible was being done to make the 700,000 members of the movement motor-cycle-minded. The president of the Moto Club d’Italia, Baron Ricci, promised that the Club would give its aid towards this end.”

RUDGE WERE ONE OF few manufacturers to publish the top, as well as bottom, speeds of which their bikes were capable. Quoted minimum non-snatch and maximum speeds in 4th gear were: 250cc, 10/60mph, 250cc TT Replica, 12/78mph; 350cc, 12/70mph; 350cc TT Replica, 14/87mph; 500cc Special, 12/75mph; 500cc Ulster, 12/80mph; 500cc TT Replica, 14/95mph.

“ALL MATTERS CONCERNING AJS spares and service from now onward are being dealt with by AJS Motorcycles at Plumstead Road, Woolwich, London, SE18 instead of at Wolverhampton.” Matchless was working on the cammy 350 and 500cc Ajays. Also included in the AJS deal was a cammy 990cc V-twin that the Stevens boys had designed as a world speed record contender. It was being evaluated at Brooklands when news came that Ernst Henne had been to Hungary with the blown 750cc BMW to set a new record of 151.86mph.

“SINGE, SIR? THEY HAD ONE at Birmingham. Many owners of machines fitted with Burman gear boxes will be surprised to hear that the makers also manufacture barbers’ clippers. It was this department of the company’s Ryland Road, Birmingham works that was damaged by fire last week. No damage, happily, occurred to the machine shops or other parts of the factory concerned with gear box manufacture.”



Feeling smug as I own a set of Burman clippers and, on my M100 Panther, a Burman BAP gearbox.

“NO SURER WAY OF DEGRADING speedway racing in the estimation of the general public could be found than the introduction of betting, which was proposed last week in connection with a London track. Metaphorically, and almost literally, if betting is allowed speedway racing will go to the dogs, and, what is more unpleasant, it will tend to debase the sport of motor cycling. The speedways, even under the conditions obtaining in past seasons, have provided all too many



examples of questionable riding tactics, and it needs little imagination on the part of anyone versed in motor cycling to appreciate the depths to which this form of racing may fall if the present project is brought to fruition. Fortunately, there appears little chance of this, for the National Speedway Association, backed by the ACU, immediately demanded an assurance that the particular track will conform with the rules, which categorically prohibit all forms of public betting. What the outcome will be is uncertain at the time of going to press, but it may safely be said that, even if this one track introduces betting, the vast majority will stand firm, knowing that nothing is more calculated to bring speedway racing into disrepute, and, therefore, irretrievably to harm their own interests.”

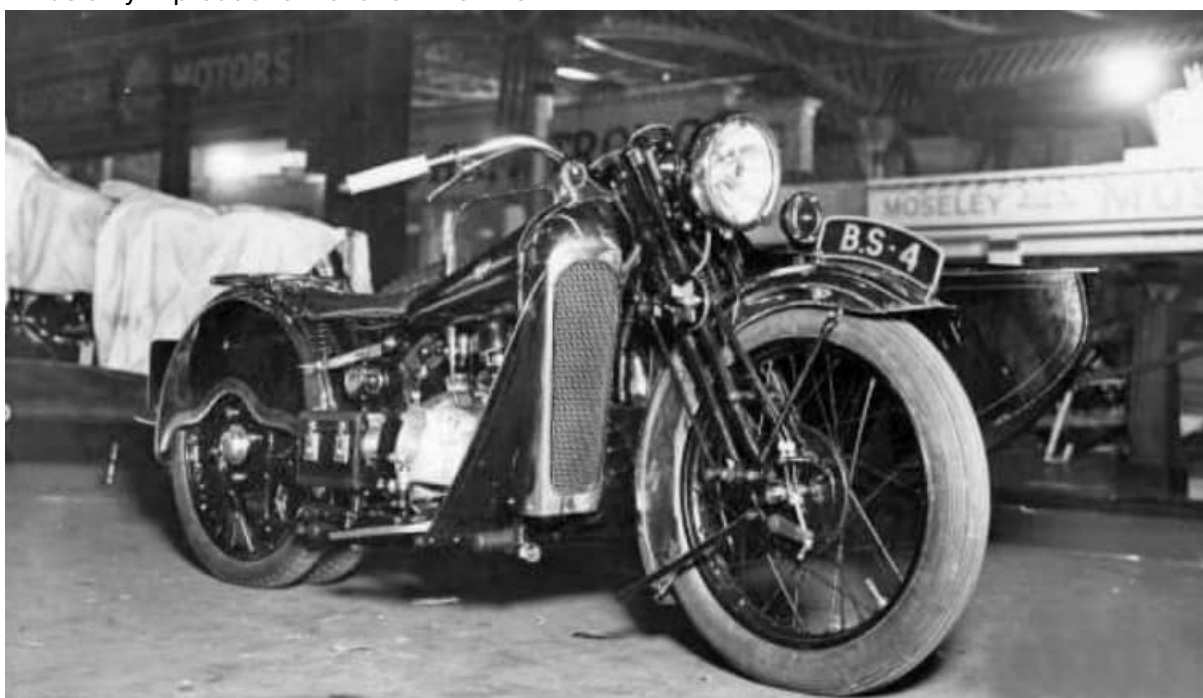
BSA LAUNCHED THE SPORTY 350/500cc ohv Blue Star, based on the works trials and scrambles models campaigned so successfully by Bert Perrigo, who received a halfpenny royalty for every one sold. The Stars—Blue, Empire, Silver and ultimately Gold—would shine brightly for years to come.



The Blue Star was the first of an illustrious line of Beeza 'Stars'.



From Moto Guzzi came a 500cc ohv triple, with its unit-construction lump mounted horizontally in a sprung frame. The 'Tipo Tre Cilindri' was a 'gran turismo' roadster. Its 120° crank layout would be seen again in MV's 1960s world-beating racers. But the triple's time had not yet come; it was only in production for a few months.



For his traditional show stealer George Brough squeezed a modified 750cc Austin 7 in-line four into a bike frame with two rear wheels...





...and in 2016 a barn-find example sold for a record-breaking £331,900.



BMW went into

the light CV sector with the F76 Dreirad-Lieferwagen (tricycle van). It featured a 200cc/6hp engine and shaft drive; about 250 were built and production ceased after a few months.

REX ACME, ONE OF THE great names of the early British industry, merged with sidecar pioneer Mills & Fullford but within a few months the partnership went bust. Other marques to disappear at this time included AKD Chater-Lea, Grindlay-Peerless, Ivy, LGC, New Comet, NUT (with its noble V-twins), P&P, Radco and Rex-Acme.



SHOW ATTENDANCE FELL to 68,000 as motorcycle sales slumped by 50% and more.

THE UK EXPORTED 16,299 motor cycles, valued at £629,553. Some exporters were desperate enough to accept payment in kind, leaving them trying to sell everything from cocoa beans to carpets on a depressed British market.

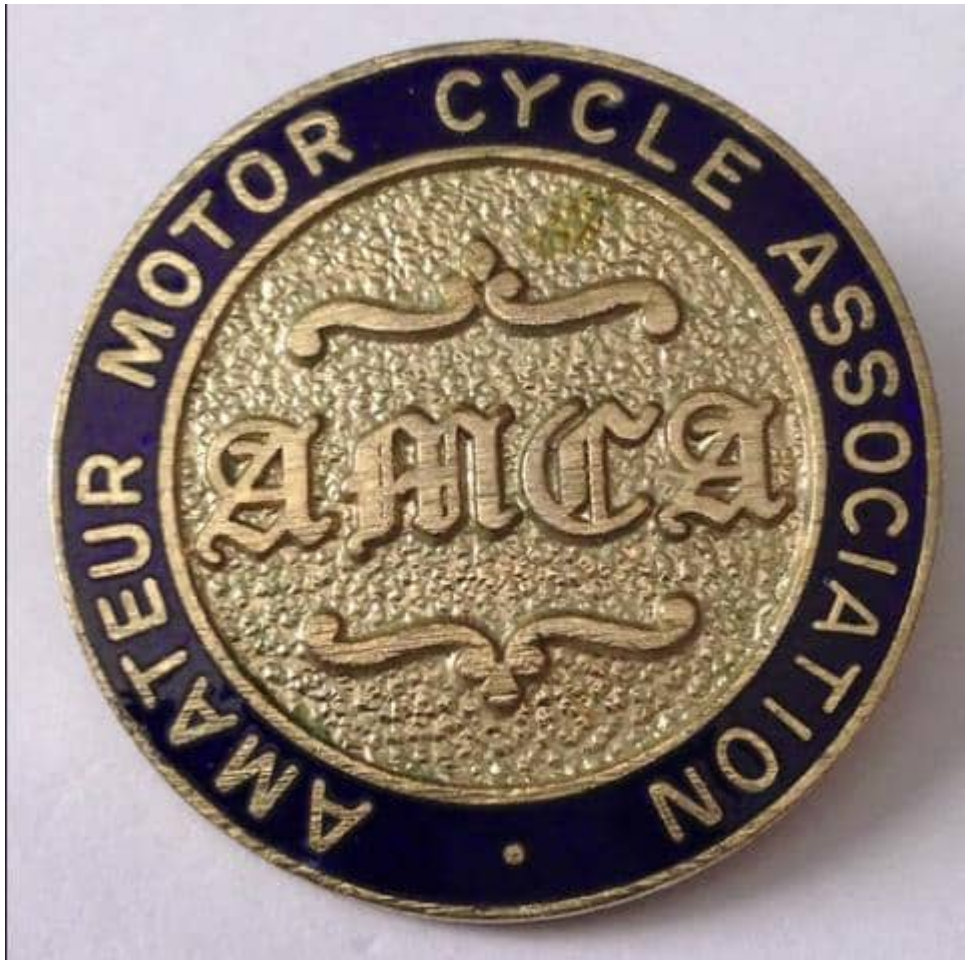
HAVING PIONEERED A positive-stop foot gear-change Velocette came up with a throttle-controlled pumped lubrication system on its two-stroke GTP. Many years later Japan would reinvent this technology (but the vast majority of British two-strokes soldiered on with the traditional petrol mix so let's not get too cocky).

HIGH-LEVEL EXHAUSTS, which were introduced for practical reasons on trials bikes, became popular fashion accessories. Twin-port heads also had more to do with form than function.

THE MOTOR CYCLE TEAMED UP with the British Motor Cycle Owners Club to establish the annual Clubman's Day at Brooklands. With a mixture of races for amateurs and factory star riders it was soon established as one of the highlights of the season. The offbeat finale was a two-leg challenge between 350cc ohv Velos and 1,500cc Lea-Francis cars. One race was won by the cars, the other by the bikes.

FROM A US BIKE MAGAZINE: "...England, where motor cycling is such a widespread sport, and they have more or less set the mark for the rest of the motor cycling world to aim at..."

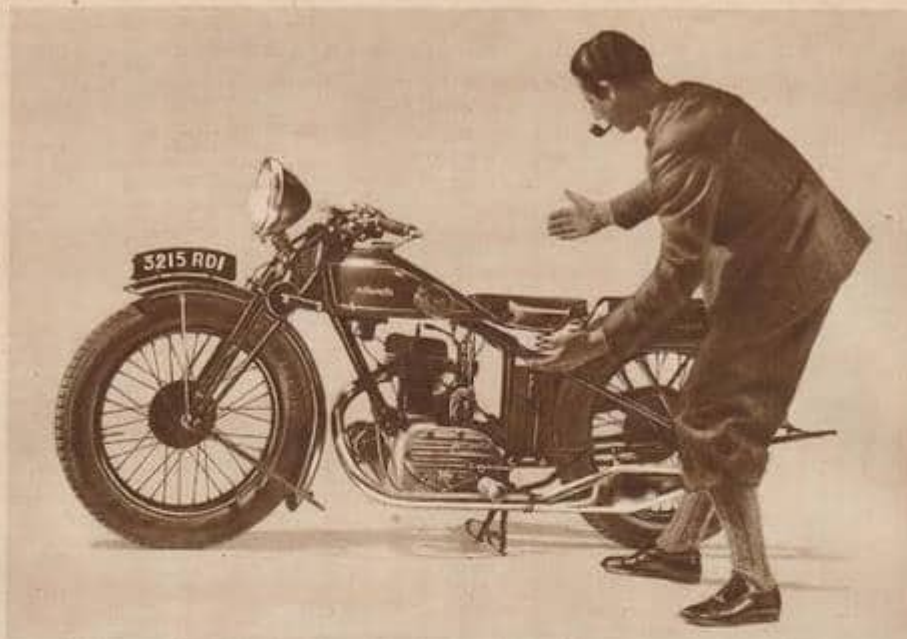
THE AMATEUR MOTOR CYCLE Association was set up in the West Midlands to promote off-road sport. It is still very much in business, with more than 200 affiliated clubs throughout the UK and issues permits for some 900 moto cross events every year.



IN GERMANY DKW, which was the world's biggest motor cycle manufacturer, merged with Wanderer and car makers Horsch and Audi Auto Union to form Auto Union.

ILLUMINATED GLASS SIGNPOSTS were erected in Liverpool; the first pedestrian-operated traffic lights were installed on the Brighton Road, Croydon.

*As usual, a selection of contemporary ads for your delectation.*



## CE MONSIEUR EST PARTISAN DU BLOC-MOTEUR...

car il a besoin tous les jours de sa machine et ne peut consacrer beaucoup de temps à son entretien.

Avec le Bloc-moteur plus de chaîne primaire à nettoyer et à retendre, un graissage automatique comme dans une auto, une machine toujours propre, toujours prête aux départs inopinés.

Mais il a choisi une **Automoto** car il veut concilier les derniers perfectionnements techniques à la fabrication soignée et à l'élégance de la ligne qui sont de tradition chez **Automoto**. Il y a des Automoto Bloc-moteur, 4 temps, 3 vitesses à partir de 2.850 frs.

# AUTOMOTO

A. 2078

SAINT-ÉTIENNE (Loire)





# BENELLI

QUATTRO VOLTE  
CAMPIONE D'ITALIA !

1932



# DOLLAR

## 1932



# Fly Over the Roads

**ZOOM** to the crest of a hill—dive down into the valley—bank around that sharp turn in the road—and “gun” her for the straightaway!

All those thrills of flying are yours when you ride a Harley-Davidson. Yet you are on solid ground all the time, safe and sound.

No wonder red-blooded men get a kick out of motocycling—it's the greatest sport on wheels. And so inexpensive!

## New Models—Lower Prices —a Single at \$195!

The 1922 models are out—at lowest prices in Harley-Davidson history! See them at your nearest dealer's. A Single

—a true Harley-Davidson—speedy and thrifty—at only \$195 f. o. b. factory! Ask the dealer about his Pay-As-You-Ride Plan.

Mail the coupon for literature showing the 1922 Twins, Single and Sidecars.



Ride a  
**HARLEY-DAVIDSON**

Harley-Davidson Motor Company  
Dept. M.M., Milwaukee, Wis.  
Inspected in your motorcycle. Send Literature.

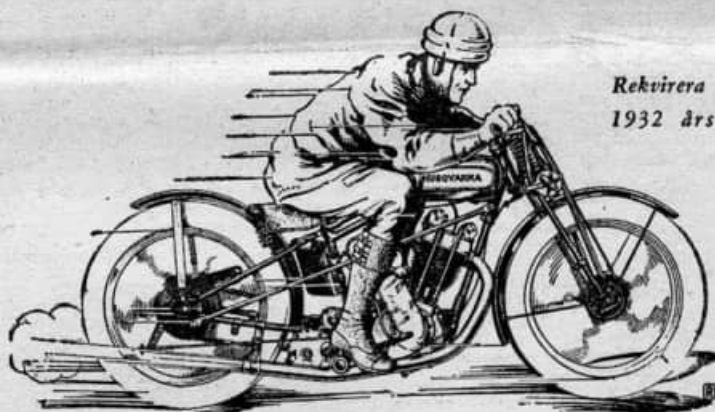
Name .....

Address .....

My age is ☐ 21-25 years, ☐ 26-30 years,  
☐ 31 years and up, ☐ under 21 years.


Check your age group.





Rekvirera katalog över  
1932 års modeller!

# Husqvarna



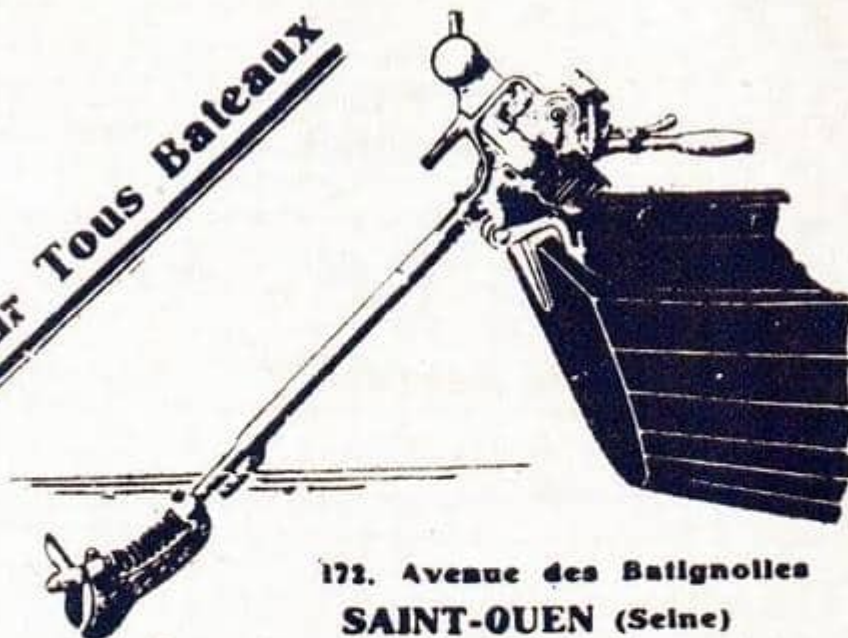
## *Motorcyklar*

*Säljas även på förmånliga avbetalningsvillkor.*

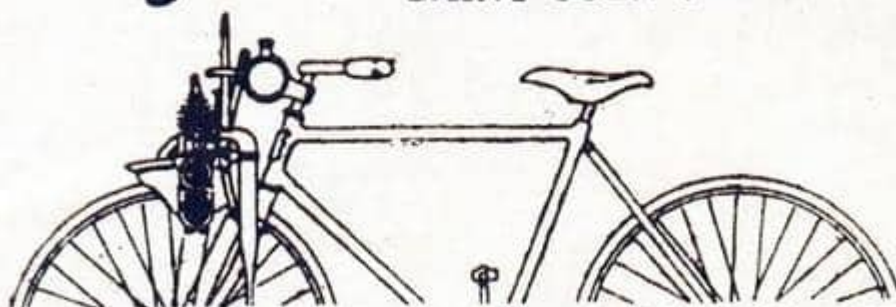
HUSQVARNA VAPENFABRIKS AKTIEBOLAG - HUSKVARNA

# Microrameur

Pour Tous Bateaux

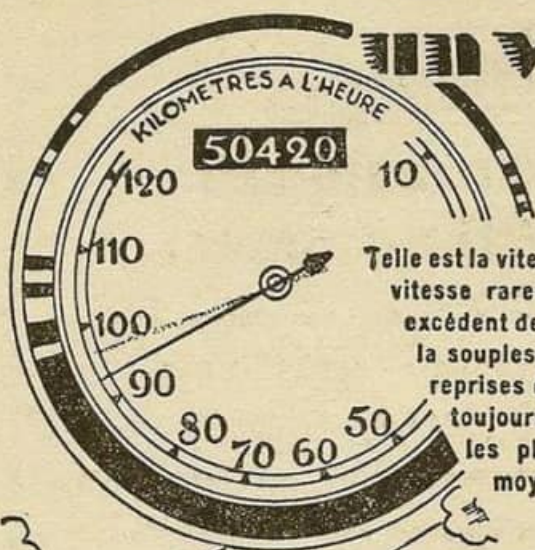


172. Avenue des Baignolles  
SAINT-OUEN (Seine)



## MICROMOTEUR

*pour tous vélos*



**un vrai 90**

Telle est la vitesse de la Superstandard MONET-GOYON, vitesse rarement utilisée qui laisse un généreux excédent de puissance que vous constaterez dans la souplesse étonnante de cette machine, ses reprises énergiques, l'aisance avec laquelle, toujours en prise, elle se joue des côtes les plus dures et par les hautes moyennes qu'elle vous autorise sur tous parcours.

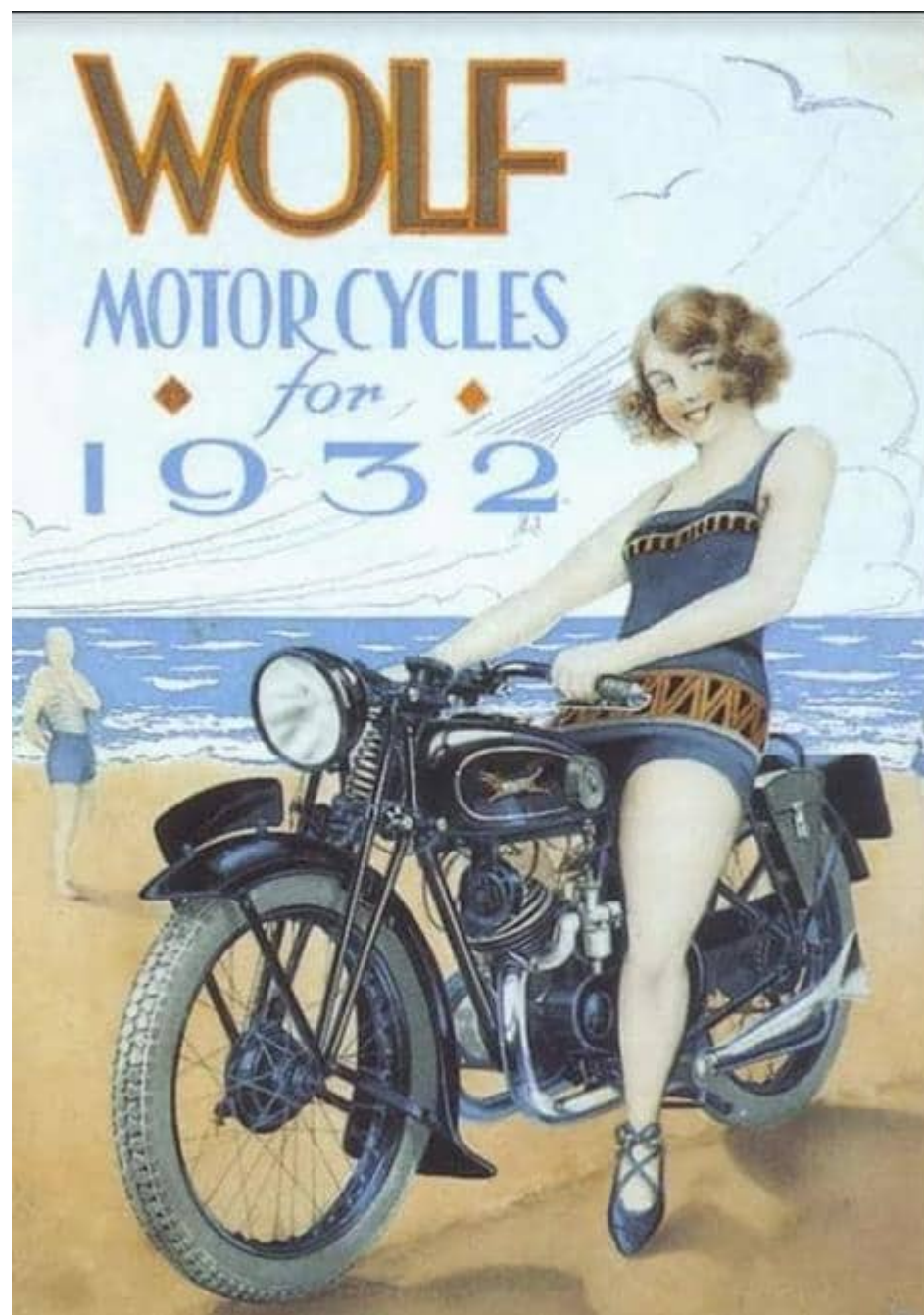


**MONET & GOYON**



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**MACON** °





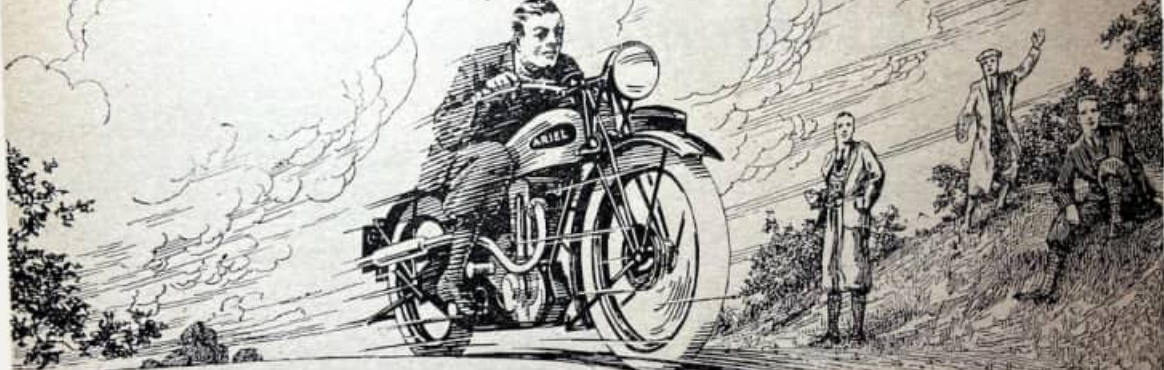
WOLF

MOTOR CYCLES

♦ for ♦

1932

**BUY YOUR M.P.H. from ARIEL**  
**IT COSTS LESS!**



*The* **RED HUNTER "500"**

"Read what *Motor Cycling* said about what the Red Hunter can do—'...it was 50-50 benzole mixture...The timing was done with two watches...Times: 9.8sec one way, 10.1 the other. In mph 91.8 and 89.1. Mean speed, 89.9mph. Any complaints? I'll say not."



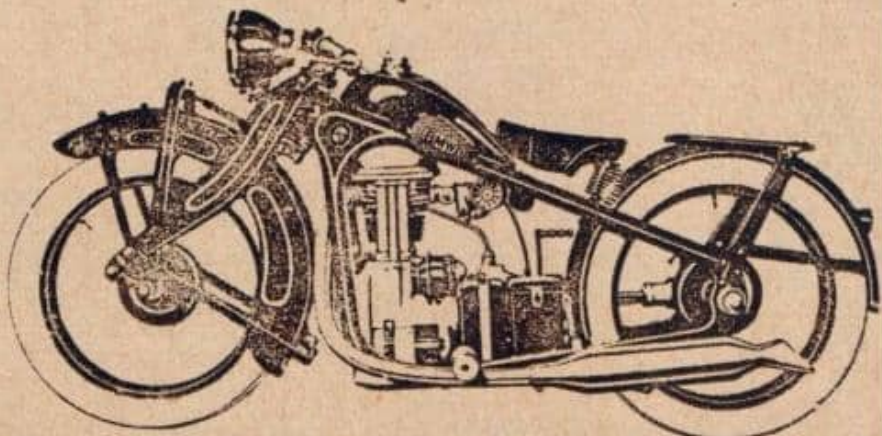
**B M W 1932**

Bloc moteur — Cadre tôle emboutie  
**TRANSMISSION PAR CARDAN**

**5 cv**  
complètement  
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Catalogue  
gratuit.

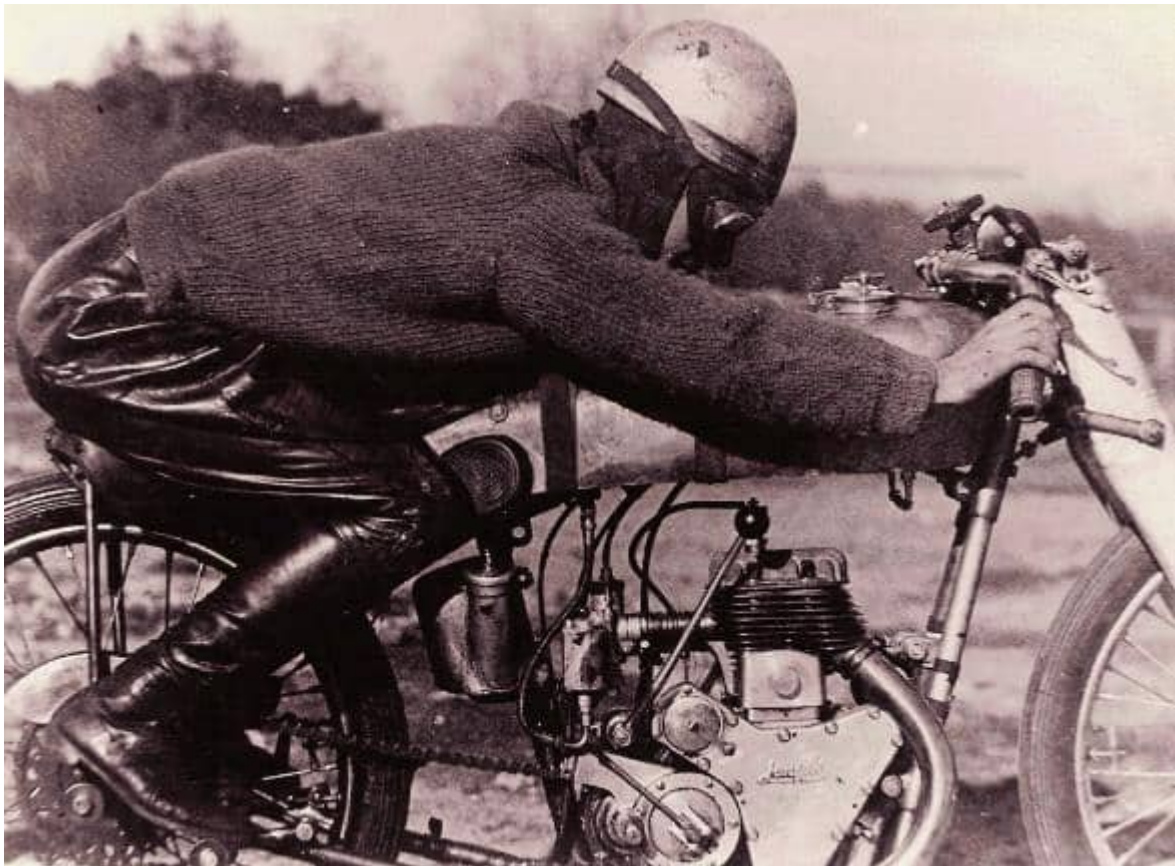


**Agence B M W 56, Boulevard de Clichy, PARIS**



1933

LOOKING FORWARD TO THE new year, *Motor Cycling's* pundit Carbon wrote: "1934 will undoubtedly be a good year for motor cycling. National prosperity is on the upgrade and with improved conditions generally, thousands of would-be riders will acquire the wherewithal to invest in machines. Our top priorities must be to win back the world's fastest record [held by Ernst Henne and the blown BMW] and to regain the International Six Days Trial Trophy [also held by Germany]." Germany had become the most motor-cycle minded country on earth with more than 750,000 riders; motor cycle competition was booming with major events attracting crowds of over 100,000.



Guiseppe Remondini, an Italian engineer who lived most of his life in France, made motorbikes, backed by an Argentinian named Tito Rodolfo Jonghi; and Jonghi as the name on the tank. Remondini clearly knew his stuff: a 350cc side-valve Jonghi covered 1,741 miles at an average of 74mph to set a world record.





Ben Bickell lapped Brooklands at 110mph aboard a supercharged 498cc Ariel Square Four but engine failure scuppered his bid to win The Motor Cycle prize offered to the first British 500 to cover 100 miles in an hour

“FIGURES, IT IS ALLEGED, can prove anything. Last year 50,072 new motor cycles were registered for the first time while at the peak period of 1932 the number of machines in actual use was 599,904. Thus we have the fact that roughly one in every twelve machines in use was new. Does this prove that the average motor cycle lasts for 12 years? A slide-rule enthusiast might maintain that it does, but as we all know, the life of a motor cycle, given due care, attention, and, now and then, new parts, is everlasting. What the figures for 1932, which have just been issued, do prove beyond all doubt is the popularity of 15s tax and passenger machines. A total of 8,902 light motor cycles of under 150cc was registered in 1932 together with 8,981 passenger motor cycles, consisting of 4,105 three-wheelers and 4,876 sidecar outfits.”

“REGISTRATIONS OF NEW MOTOR cycles for December last show an increase of no less than 34% as compared with the corresponding month in 1931. The figure is 2,428, as against 1,807. According to a recent return, there were 56,875 motor cycles in use in Switzerland at the beginning of the present year. The total of motor cycles registered in New Zealand as at November 30th, 1932, was 36,314.”

“NO HUMAN BEING CAN expect comfort from a rigid position occupied for six continuous hours,” Ixion wrote, “that ideal is a physical impossibility, unobtainable in a first-class carriage on the Flying Scot. It is equally true that no motor cycle can furnish several changes of position, all compatible with comfort and control. Hence, the designer is up against it in this respect. He is further hampered by the variations in riders’ physique. ‘Torrens’ has the luck to be of normal dimensions, in which he resembles the typical TT rider; so, when he roadtests a winner for us, he feels topping. But if I, scaling fifteen stone, and standing 6ft 3in, take out a TT winner, I am miserable. I have to fake my own buses for my own riding, and often experience a great difficulty in wangling a decent position; if I succeed, most of my pals exclaim with horror when they try my buses round the block. No standard machine fits me at sight, and the chief problem is to accommodate my legs (trousers, 35in inside leg-length measurement), so that they can (a) keep

cramp at bay on long runs, and (b) operate the brake pedal quickly, naturally, and powerfully. All of which shows that the factory designer has a tough furrow to hoe when he plans one riding position to suit all and sundry; and each new invention—super saddle, steering damper, and clean handlebar—complicates the job of providing a good range of adjustments. To quote a single example, my long legs have never been really comfortable since saddles were dropped to their present height—or should I say ‘lowth’?”



“In a globe of steel mesh these two French motor cyclists circle round and round until they are actually riding upside down.”

“THE SUGGESTION HAS BEEN put forward that a motorist involved in two serious accidents within a year should have a yellow disc attached to his car and be subject to a 25mph speed limit. Further accidents would entail the carrying of more discs.”

“A ROUNDABOUT SYSTEM of traffic control is to be tried out at Hunters Bar, an important junction in Sheffield.”

“EACH WHEEL TO ITS OWN BUMP. Car designs for 1934 in America will tend towards the elimination of the front axle, the front wheels being independently sprung, it is predicted in an American contemporary.”

“A £420,000 SCHEME to reconstruct and widen Chelsea Bridge to take four lines of traffic has been approved by the London County Council.”

“FOLLOWING AN ACCIDENT, alterations may be made to the road at Ballig Bridge, in the Isle of Man, but it is said to be unlikely that the famous hump, responsible for so many TT thrills, will be removed.”

“SILENCING THE GAY CITY. The ‘zones of silence’ scheme in Paris has proved so successful that the period during which drivers must not use any loud warning instrument in certain districts has been extended to operate from 11pm until 6am.”

THE ROADTAX SYSTEM CHANGED AGAIN, and from now on it would be based entirely on capacity rather than weight. Bikes up to 150cc paid 15s (75p); 150-250cc, £1 10s (£1.50); and over 250cc, £3 (£3). A whole class of 150s poured onto the market—more than a third of British manufacturers, from AKD to Wolf, jumped onto the 150cc bandwagon. Many of them, including Wolf, used Villiers engines but a number, including AKD, BSA and Royal Enfield, made their own. Cheap road tax for 150s was designed to help low-paid workers afford powered transport as well as boosting demand during a recession and many 150s were utility transport. But New Imperial’s 150cc Unit Minor was among those to show how much motor cycle could be squeezed into the 150cc package. Dorking, Surrey dealer Harry Nash sleeved down a Unit Minor to 125cc, fitted it with partial streamlining and lapped Brooklands at a shade under 73mph.

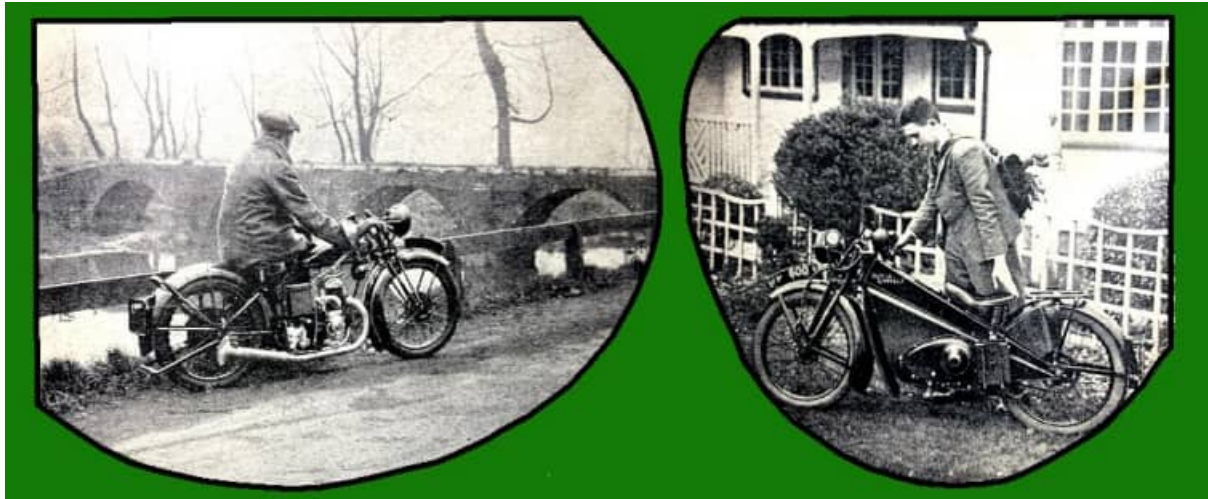




Triumph promoted its 150 by sending one round its nationwide dealer network. Marie Vernon, a secretary at Manchester dealer Deansgate Mart, rode to Liverpool; she's was seen off by actor Marie Burke. *The Motor Cycle* tried one, recording a top speed of 47mph—at a steady 25mph it returned 112mpg.

“THERE HAS ALWAYS BEEN a tendency among the hard-bitten riders of ‘big stuff’ to consider that anything with under 250cc in its cylinder barrel is unfit for consideration. At one time the thick black line was placed higher in the scale, but during the last few years the 250 has proved itself to be more than satisfactory for strenuous road work—a result largely attributable to track- and road-racing experience. The two smaller classes, 150cc and 100cc, have been left to

themselves and to the tender mercies of the average rider for development. Actually, the most startling feature of these sizes is an ability to stand up to unlimited hard work without tiring. Your 98cc machine may not provide an extravagant performance, but it will do its work well and without complaint, and it will give you full value for the extraordinarily small capital outlay. Its running costs, too, are ridiculously low. Excluding depreciation, and allowing for a 5,000-mile year, it works out at something in the vicinity of 2½d per mile. This figure is based on a tax of 150s a year, a third-party insurance premium of 30s, a petrol consumption of 130mpg, and an oil consumption of 2,000mpg. These consumption figures are not just imaginary, but are those actually obtained from a machine which was being given all the hard work I could give it. This particular model was, of course, a two-stroke—a very good example—and would hum merrily along at 28mph, with a sustained maximum on the level of 36mph. It had a low top gear and would take all normal main road hills in its stride, while the two-speed box provided a low ratio for really heavy going and for getting away. A single-lever carburetter and fixed ignition reduced the control work to a minimum of gear lever, clutch, throttle, and brakes. These last were more than adequate, despite their small size. The machine was not silent, but the exhaust note was pleasant, and the engine two-stroked regularly except when running light. Mechanical noise was confined to a primary-chain swish and to slight piston rattle when the engine was cold. Such a light machine—it weighed little in excess of 100lb—was ridiculously easy to manhandle in and out of a normal house gateway, and it was on two occasions lifted right round bodily without excessive physical effort. Its lightness was reflected in the steering, but this was perfectly sound, and at the low cruising speed the machine clung quite miraculously to the earth. Neglecting a short scamper on a real racing job, and a long tour on one of the fastest of fast big twins, my most interesting and instructive ride last year was in the saddle of an ohv 150cc model. I set out with the intention of covering a minimum number of miles on what I expected to find a dull affair, and finished up, after various test runs, with a more-than-200 miles' week-end jaunt, with luggage, in hilly country. Cruising, to start with, at a meagre (?) 35mph, the little mount was finally driven mile after mile at a figure within one or two miles of its maximum, which was 48mph. I took it up freak hills, thrashed it in its intermediate gears, and entirely failed to make it turn a hair of one of its control cables. In every way it conformed, with its sound layout and smooth performance, to one's idea of what a big machine in miniature should be. A petrol consumption of better than 110mpg was more than challenged by an oil consumption so small that a measured beaker was necessary for its calibration—something like 4,000mpg, as far as I can remember. Mechanical noises consisted of a faint middle-gear whine, a negligible primary chain swish, and the inevitable valve patter of the type. Mudguarding was sound, the standard legshields neither rattled nor got in the way of normal adjustments, and the whole machine, fully equipped, cost a good deal less than £30. When I remembered the slow and unreliable hacks on which I had expended any sum up to £50 six or seven years ago, I rather wished that I had been born that much later. In those days its tax would have been 30s a year, against the plain 15s for which we have to thank Viscount Snowden.



Then, too, there was no compulsory insurance; but all sensible riders insure the safety of other people, and it now costs somewhere between £1 and 30s a year to do this with a 150cc machine. Using those figures, allowing for a regular change of oil in the sump, and using the Technical Editor's slide rule, I find that a 10,000-mile year, again excluding depreciation, comes to £11—a matter of  $\frac{1}{4}$ d per mile. The additional mileage which has been allowed, you see, removes any difference in running costs between this and the smaller machine. The racing machine I mentioned a little while back was of the 250cc size, and its maximum was rather better than 85mph, but it would be fairer to deal with the performance of a more normal and much less expensive machine of the same capacity. This had a toned-down ohv engine, but the fact that the make has done well in road racing proves that all the firm's engines need not be toned down. However, if I mentioned one interesting mechanical feature round which swings the rest of the design I should be giving away the identity of the machine. Two features stand out in my memory. One was its firm, 'large machine' steering and roadholding, and the other was its mechanical quietness. It sat on the road, in fact, a great deal more comfortably than most of the 'large machines', and was an almost ideal bicycle for long-distance touring on a light purse. Not only is its tax 30s and its insurance against third-party 40s at the most, but the petrol consumption under normal running conditions was better than 100mpg—in fact, 132mpg was obtained with a rather weak mixture on one occasion—and, the oil consumption, so far as could be measured, was small, and allowing a change every 1,000 miles, was 2,000mpg. Here we have a 'per mile' sum of  $\frac{1}{3}$ d in a 15,000-mile year—and it would be easy enough to cover this distance on such a comfortable machine. The machine costs well below £35 in a fully equipped condition, so even the dreadful boggy of depreciation need not loom largely on the otherwise rosy horizon of a prospective rider. A checked maximum speed of 56mph was obtained on the level, but, more important, a cruising speed of 50mph could be held indefinitely, up hill and down dale. The engine pulled easily enough to cope with any main-road hill in top gear when the ignition control was used with discretion, and the low ratio of 18 to 1 put real trials hills on the map for the adventurous tourist. Its handling under trials conditions was perfectly straightforward, and, for that matter, a light machine, provided that its steering is faultless, is much more easily dealt with in most freak going, though weight and pulling power assist under certain conditions, notably in deep mud. There is no doubt at all that the present-day light-weight not only does its job thoroughly, but can give a performance that will surprise and convince the experienced rider of heavier metal. It is no longer to be regarded with polite amusement.



WITH UTILITY 350s TAXED AS heavily as luxury big twins demand rose for 250s while 350s were soon being sold off at knock-down prices. Price slashing was not so much the order of the day as the order of the decade.

“LAST SATURDAY’S COLMORE TRIAL, organised by the Sutton Coldfield and North Birmingham AC (‘Sunbac’), the first open event of 1933, gives a splendid send-off to the open competition year. For the past two or three years the Colmore seemed to have settled in a groove and was, perhaps, in danger of losing some of its popularity. This year a great effort was made to provide something different, and the venture was an unqualified success. For some reason a new spirit surrounded the event; the atmosphere was changed—the sporting, rather than the serious, side was uppermost. Again, there was a new course. Very few of the competitors knew anything about it, but they realised that it was going to be a little more difficult to keep a clean sheet, and they were all ‘on their toes’. Out of an entry of 76, only six riders, all on solo machines, completed the course without loss of marks, and, considering the nature of the new hills, these enthusiasts can congratulate themselves on their riding ability. Some of the hills were especially difficult for passenger machines, so, in dealing with the results, the stewards decided to disregard Camp Hill as far as sidecars were concerned, and Camp and Kineton hills for three-wheelers. There were several ‘Snowden’ models in the trial. They performed very creditably, and in some cases showed wonderful power, but none of them qualified for a first-class award. A 350 carried off the premier award and made the best solo performance—in the list of solo first-class awards, outside cup winners, 250, 350, and 500cc machines shared the honours evenly. Only one sidecar obtained a first-class award, and it was fitted with sidecar-wheel drive! The day previous to the event was a perfect example of early spring weather, and the Cotswolds were bathed in delightful sunshine. February, however, is notoriously fickle, and Saturday morning dawned upon ice-covered roads and snow-clad hill-tops. Had there been an early start conditions on the observed sections would have been easy, but by the time the hills were reached the sun had got to work and had succeeded in thawing out much of the frost. Although the riders were compelled to travel between tapes on Lark Stoke—the first hill—few



“W Nicholls watched by critical spectators as he takes his 349cc SOS outfit up Kineton.”

experienced any real difficulty, and all carried on gaily to the brake test. Here WT Tiffin (348cc Velocette) showed the best figure of merit—4,225. He was followed by LG Holdsworth (346cc New Imperial), with 4,230, and J Sinclair (498cc Calthorpe), 4,270. Of the sidecars, WS Waycott (352cc Velocette sc) was the best with 4,780, and DK Mansell (490cc Norton sc) next with 5,110. Fish Hill, the next test, was a new hill under an old name. It runs close to the main road hill of that name which rises from Broadway. First there was a 1 in 4 grass descent with a right-angle turn through a field gate, with both the descent and the turn observed; then a straightforward ‘stop-go’ test on a 1 in 4 track—an up-grade—with a hardish surface that included a tree root or two; next a leaf-strewn narrow track, and finally, a very snappy, taped-off left-hand hairpin. As a test of riding, ease of handling, and engine power, Fish Hill was really excellent. The fastest of all off the mark in the restarting test was Jack Williams, in 2.4sec, on his new love—a very ‘hot’ 348cc Norton. The 150s, as was to be expected, found the task of restarting on so steep a gradient a tough proposition. S Jones (146cc New Imperial) had to paddle his way out of the section, while LA Welch (148cc Francis-Barnett), who followed the copy-book and put his feet on the rests as soon as his clutch bit, came to a hurried stop which a little pedal assistance might have obviated. Another 150, a Triumph in the hands of T Robbins, got going well with the aid of a few lusty foot-slogs. Harsh throttle and clutch work caused WT Tiffin (348cc Velocette) to topple over. Then three perfect descents and ascents by RC Cotterell (348 Velocette), N Hooton (348cc Norton) and HJ Breach (348cc BSA). Both WE Cook (249cc Rudge) and GF Povey (499cc BSA) snaked a bit, as they accelerated off the mark. The latter’s acceleration was magnificent, and so was that of AE Perrigo (348cc BSA), who blipped his throttle once to aid wheel grip. Quite one of the best of the small machines in the restart was the 148cc Francis-Barnett ridden by TG Meeten. With another 24cc, LH Vale-Onslow, on a water-cooled SOS, was also masterly. L Crisp (493cc Triumph) dropped down the slope with his

back wheel locked, and, skidding round, nearly started going up again! Mounted on the make he is to ride in the Junior TT, HG Tyre11-Smith (348cc Velocette) made an excellent show, and so did another TT star, VN Brittain (Sunbeam). S Slader, on a 150cc Triumph, re-started in magnificent style. Another Triumph rider, JH Amott, on a 249cc model, was particularly good. The left-hand hairpin higher up caught a few, but the majority, like GE Rowley (496cc AJS), TF Hall (246cc Matchless), and AA Chinn (146cc New Imperial) took it in their stride. For sidecars and three-wheelers the re-start test was a real problem. DK Mansell (490cc Norton sc) was using his sidecar-wheel drive, and, no doubt thinking of his clutch and the load on his transmission generally, got away gingerly and safely. One after another the sidecars



Jack Amott (249cc Triumph) negotiates the ruts of Gipsy Lane; his rear wheel is in a rut and his front one out of it." (Right) "Tim Robbins gets his 150 Triumph off the mark in the stop-and-go test on Fish Hill."

failed with wheelspin W Nichols (349cc SOS), GV Scott (348cc Velocette), RGJ Watson (498cc Ariel)...With bouncing, WS Waycott, on EF Cope's Velocette outfit, all but got away. HS Perrey (493cc Triumph) stopped. RU Holoway (498cc Dunelt), however, managed it, and so did NPO Bradley (599cc Sunbeam), who shot straight off the mark; they were far and away the best of the passenger-machine men, taking only 4.2sec. Great things were expected of GH Joynson (599cc Sunbeam), in view of his sidecar-wheel drive, but his engine momentarily lost its urge and he went down instead of up. For three-wheelers, too, wheelspin proved the stumbling block. Only GC Harris (1,096cc Morgan) succeeded—due not merely to twin rear tyres, which two others had, but also to using his throttle to perfection. Warren Hill was next, and proved rather troublesome. It winds through woods, has a mud-surface—not deep and a sharp bend at the foot and a considerable gradient subsequently. It was anything but easy, but L Heath 499cc Ariel) and G Stannard (493cc Triumph) did it without fault. A 246cc New Imperial was handled admirably by AR Foster, and AN Foster (346cc New Imperial) was even better. Yet another New Imperial (246cc) was 'clean', but its rider, S Rigby, had to call on all his skill in order to keep his feet up. New Imperials were much in the picture, for the, next faultless ascent was made by LG Holdsworth, on a 346cc model of that ilk, the ultimate winner of the Colmore Cup. Jack Williams (348cc Norton) was, perhaps, just a little better than anyone else at this point, and Tim Robbins, despite an absurd cap, took his 147cc Triumph up with just one little dig with his foot. WT Tiffen was quite 'at home' and rode splendidly, and FE Vigers (348cc Ariel) swerved about a lot, but got away with it. On a 246cc Matchless, FW Clark was another of the clever ones, while two more splendidly judged climbs were made by AE Perrigo (348cc BSA) and GF Povey (499cc



BSA). After a long absence from competitions, HS Perrey (493cc Triumph sc) was as good as ever, and other successful passenger machines were those driven by RU Holoway (498cc Dunelt sc), WS Waycott (352cc Velocette sc) GC Harris (1,096cc Morgan), and SH Creed (1,096cc Morgan). Camp Hill, the next point, was much worse than it looked. It was very greasy and the two bends were difficult to negotiate. Perrigo and Povey took it in their stride; after that, one after another rider failed or only just managed to struggle to the top. Two perfectly outstanding efforts were made by KR Bott and GE Rowley on 495cc 'Trophy' model AJS machines. They swept up the hill, when it was in its worst state, in a manner that was a joy to behold. Another who appeared to be faultless was SH Goddard (249cc Excelsior); he cut the corner at the bottom—a quite legitimate act. Everybody thought he knew about Kineton. It turned out to be not the 'old' hill, but another just to the right, strewn with boulders and things. There were 12 clean solo climbs. They were made by L Heath, AR Foster, LG Holdsworth, RC



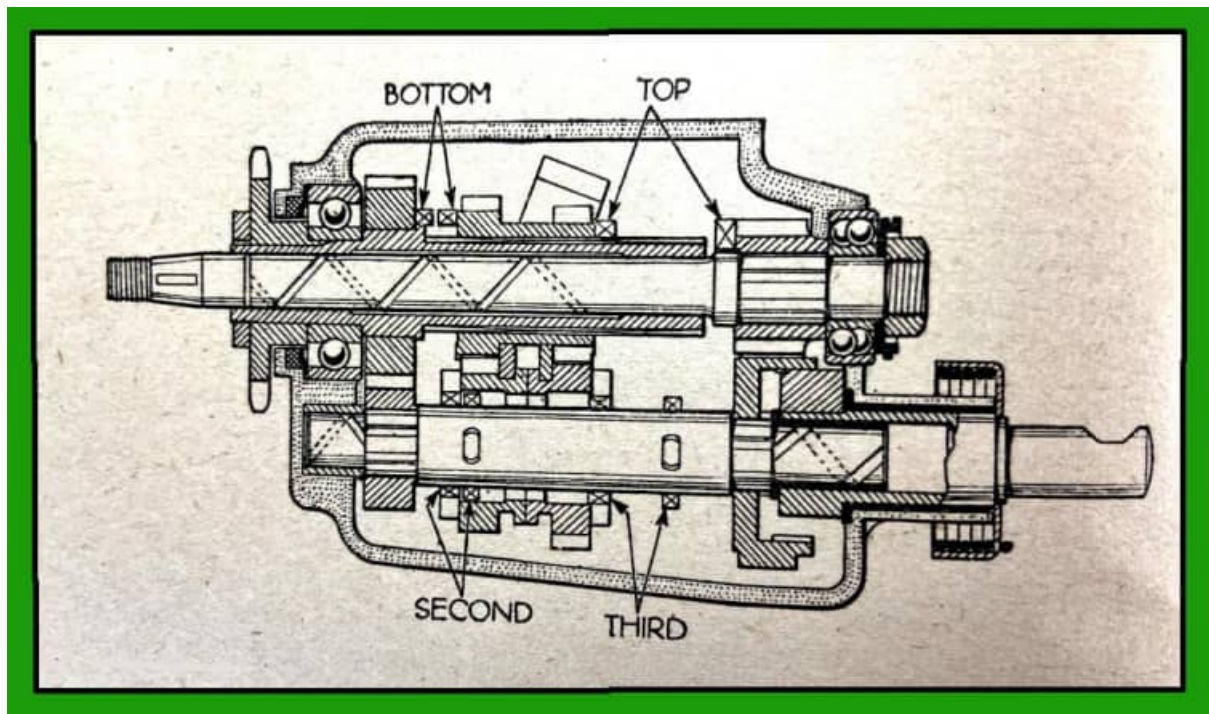
"RC Cotterell (348cc Velocette) takes the bend of Warren Hill on the inside."

Cotterell, GF Povey, FE Vigers, D Cooper (344cc Excelsior), AE Perrigo, VN Brittain, L. Crisp, KH Bott and GE Rowley. DK Mansell, With his sidecar-wheel drive, was the only sidecar driver to get up without touching, and most of the other sidecars failed altogether. As already stated, the hill was 'washed out' for three-wheelers. Lower Guiting hill was hardly worth observing, but Gipsy Lane, near Winchcomb, was quite another story. The mud was just hard, chawed mud—so hard and so rutted, particularly towards the end, that the use of feet was definitely the better part of valour. Probably the but climb of the day was that of Rowley, who, not deigning to adopt the modern trials rider's artifice—standing on the footrests—sat in the saddle and sped up the hill with hardly a wobble. Another star solo climb was that of Bott, who kept his feet up and corrected every plunge. For sidecars the hill was easy, and fast touring was the rule. W Nicholls (349cc SOS), L Simpson (497cc Ariel), and HS Perrey (493cc Triumph) were all particularly good; while WS Waycott (348cc Velocette) was outstanding, in that his gear jumped out and he got it back again before the outfit had time to do more than think about slowing! The driving chain for his sidecar wheel had disappeared from Joynson's Sunbeam outfit; nevertheless, he was

excellent over the worst part, though he found trouble—apparently the bank—higher up. NPO Bradley (599cc Sunbeam sc) had bad luck. He came to a hurried and momentary standstill as if a stone had caught in his driving chain. Good luck, on the other hand, favoured CS Rigby (493cc Sunbeam), who fouled both banks and yet got up non-stop. ‘Sawing’ on his steering wheel to aid the grip of his front wheels, GA Norchi (1,075cc BSA) made a fastish climb. H Laird (1,096cc Morgan), too, was excellent, leaping up the hill at speed and hopping to such an extent that his passenger pulled her woolly cap off for fear it would tumble overboard. Then came Mill Lane, once a terror, but on this occasion perfectly easy. West Down, too, was comparatively simple, and produced nothing really outstanding, apart from the spectacular manner in which Jack Williams and George Stannard extricated themselves from difficulties. The finish came at Winchcomb, where everybody declared that this had been the best Colmore for several years. Keep it up, Sunbac! **Provisional Results:** Colmore Cup (for best performance), LG Holdsworth (346cc New Imperial), marks lost, nil; figure of merit, 4,230. Cranmore Trophy (next best solo performance), J Williams (348cc Norton), nil, 4,315. JM Moxon Cup (best performance under 150cc), S Slader (147cc Triumph), 20, 5,300. Calthorpe Cup (best performance 150-250cc), AR Foster (246cc New Imperial), nil, 4,600. Norton Cup (best performance 250-350cc), AE Perrigo (348cc BSA), 4, 4,280. Kershaw Cup (best performance 350-500cc), GF Povey (499cc BSA), nil, 4,430. Watson Shield (best sidecar performance), RU Holoway (498cc Dunelt), 11, 5,950. Hassall Cup (best performance 350-500cc sidecar performance), WS Waycott (352cc Velocette), 16, 4,780. Carr Cup (best three-wheeler performance), GC Harris (1,096cc Morgan), 11, 4,950. Phosphor Bronze Team Prize, Sunbac 11, AE Perrigo, J Amott, LG Holdsworth.”

“ON THE COLMORE ON Saturday I ran across Graham Oates, who, while over in Manxland, his island home, had a look at the TT course to see if it was still there. Apparently it is, but with a difference—a big difference: the bend at the notorious thirty-third milestone is being altered and will be ten feet wider, while all the way from Windy Corner to Keppel Gate there are big ‘improvements’ afoot. These modifications which the Manx Highway Board makes year after year, while they may be improvements from the Island’s viewpoint, seem to me to take quite a lot of sting out of the TT course. As a result, one can never be sure how much of the speed increase in any one year is due to the machines being better and how much to the course having been made faster.”

“IT IS NOW GENERALLY RECOGNISED that the lower-powered mounts need four speeds even more than do their more powerful brethren. To meet this need a new Albion lightweight four-speed gear box, suitable for use with engines up to 150cc, is to be marketed. The gears are of similar design to those in the heavier four-speed boxes, and the ratios are 1, 1.35, 1.8 and 2.9. The box is identical in size with the Albion lightweight three-speed box, except that it is  $\frac{5}{8}$ in wider. Fitted with a single-plate clutch, the gear box weighs 12lb 10oz, top fitting. The Albion Engineering Co, of Tower Works, Upper Highgate Street, Birmingham, 12 are the makers.”



“The new Albion lightweight four-speed box in section, showing how the various ratios are obtained.”

“OVER 600 MORE NEW motor cycles were registered last December than was the case a year before. The total number of machines registered for the first time in December was 2,428, as against 1,807. The total of 2,428 consisted of 1,089 under-224lb solos, 572 over-224lb solos, 276 machines of under 150cc, 20 under-224lb. sidecar outfits, 176 over-224lb. sidecars, two under-150cc sidecars, 292 three-wheelers and one motor-assisted pedal cycle. All told, 50,072 new motor cycles were registered in the whole of 1932. Of this 8,902 were under 150cc, 32,188 larger capacity solos, one a motor-assisted pedal cycle, 4,876 sidecars and 4,105 three-wheelers. The previous year the total was 52,562.”

“SEVERAL CHANGES IN DIRT-TRACK rules were decided upon at a recent meeting of the ACU Council. Like the already instituted clutch-start rule, they have as their aim the speeding-up of programmes. In the first place, a rider will not be allowed to change his machine for another once it is out on the track. A second new rule is that no restart will be allowed in match races if a rider falls or has machine trouble. The first rule, says the Union, will ensure that the rider gives proper attention to his machines in the paddock. The second cuts out the right that a rider had in previous seasons of claiming a restart if he fell or had mechanical trouble in the first lap of a match. It has been stated that the privilege has been very much abused, and it is felt that its elimination will not prove any hardship. Match races, incidentally, will be decided with a flying start, and not with a clutch start as in League races. Another new regulation empowers stewards to impound unsafe or ‘un-official’ crash helmets, with a view to preventing riders from using such helmets, once they have been banned, on other tracks in the hope that less observant stewards will not notice them. Helmets thus impounded may be destroyed with or without the consent of the owner.”

FRED CRANER, A GARAGE OWNER and secretary of the Derby & DMC, reckoned that the British mainland needed a full-sized race circuit to match the big Continental tracks. He got together with the owner of a private estate named Donington Park; they staged a series of races to try out a 2.19-mile circuit. Facilities were almost non-existent and the track was barely wide enough for



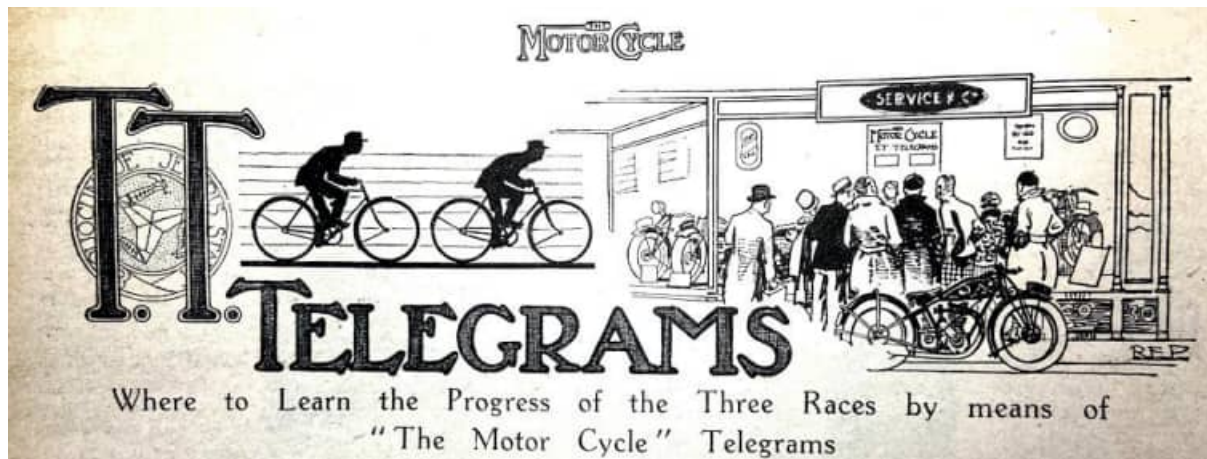
combos (too narrow for cars) but riders and spectators flocked to Donington, encouraging the organisers to invest in it for the following season. Meanwhile, as you'll see if you can be bothered to read through the year, Donington Park was used for the ISDT speed test—and a sidecar was named after it.



In its inaugural season Donington Park used paths and driveways in the grounds of the manor house. This rider came off on a hairpin during the first event of the year which was staged by the Derby & DMCC.

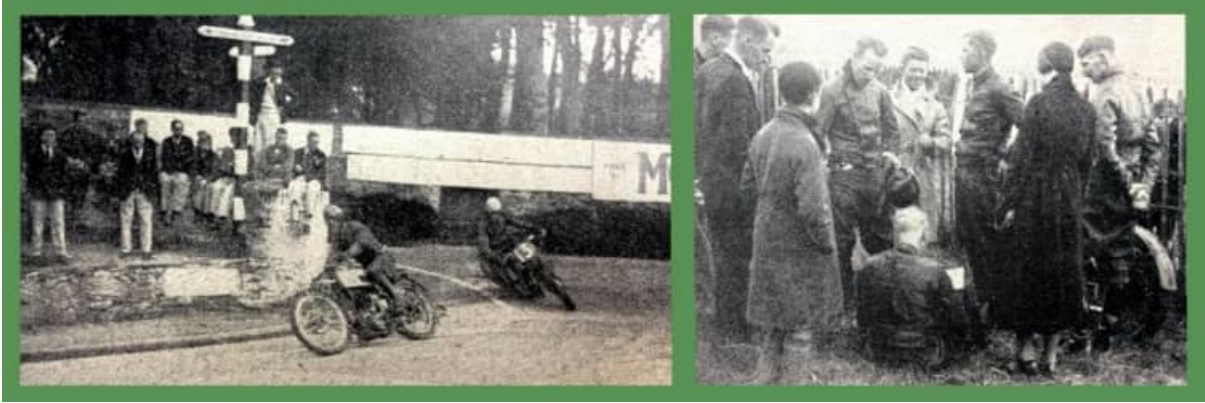
“LESSONS OF THE TT: How They Are Sometimes Lost, Not Upon the Manufacturer, but Upon the Ordinary Rider: Four days hence the first of the three TT Races will be held, with its tale of success, of defeat, and of ill-luck. In the brief span of a few hours designers will have their theories proved or disproved, and one and all will come back from the Isle of Man with fresh knowledge; but how much of this knowledge, an outside observer might ask, will be applied to the improvement of motor cycles? This side of the TT is liable to be overlooked. The Tourist Trophy provides such a great sporting week, and, for those with eyes to see, such a fine spectacle, that the true significance of the Races is sometimes missed. Each year there are lessons to be learned. There are some which, we suggest, stare motor cyclists and designers in the face, yet are never fully heeded. Take, as an example, the foot gear change. This type of gear control is universal in the TT. In our experience with all types and makes of motor cycles it affords a quicker change and a better change, and, because both hands are retained upon the handlebars, it is altogether a safer method of control. Yet something like 90% of the motor cycles sold to-day are fitted with hand control. Why? Because the average motor cyclist is conservative—because, not having had lengthy experience of a foot change, he does not realise its several valuable advantages and prefers to keep to the type of control he knows. Then there is the question of tyre sizes. Every single rider in the TT uses a small-section front tyre because of the improved steering it affords. On all machines of the sports type there should be a similar arrangement. This is seldom the case.”

“[XION] REGARD THE ABOLITION of the Sidecar TT as most unfortunate. The one serious drawback to motor cycling is its solitariness. Man is a gregarious animal. From 17 to 70 he is also an amorous animal. Limit him to two wheels, and you limit him to a pillion passenger. The range of the feminine pillion passenger is obstructed by the cost of silk stockings, and the publicity afforded by the pillion to serious ‘ladders’ in same. So the sidecar is the best solution for the motor cyclist who hates solitude, and who, for any reason, is not enthusiastic about pillions. But we are doing little or nothing to boost the sidecar; and I had hoped that an all-in sidecar and three-wheeler TT would fill the gap. Is it too late to suggest that during the Amateur GP week an event should be staged open to amateur-owned three-wheelers of all types, including Morgans, BSAs, Coventry Victors, and the like.”



The Blue 'Un made great use of the available technology by sending lap-by-lap TT reports to hundreds of sites where they were posted for the edification of enthusiasts—no doubt smart bike dealers made the most of this captive audience. The list of venues ran from Aldershot, Amesbury and Andover to Wrexham, Yeovil and York, sites extended from from Tintagel to Inverness. Dunlop, New Imperial and Norton took part as did the regional offices of *The Motor Cycle*.

“DOUGLAS, FRIDAY, JUNE 2ND. Heavy rain, thick mist blanketing even Onchan Head, and something resembling a rough sea—one of those mornings when only someone with a job to do would turn out at 4am. There were 29 heroes out with their machines to see how well they had memorised corners they could not possibly see. Doing 90 into an impenetrable wall of mist is no sinecure. The fastest lap was 34min 41sec, done by local talent, to wit, that of WA Harding (Velocette). Perhaps he likes heavy rain, because he put in three laps while most people were more than content with one. His knowledge of the course must have helped him a whole lot, because, even up at Signpost Corner, the mist completely blotted out the bends in either direction. At this corner a little bunch of people waited with water running down their necks for the crackle of the first rider's exhaust, and the Motor Cycle man wondered whether it wouldn't be a good idea to purchase an editorial gamp for this sort of thing. ['Gamp' was slang for 'umbrella', inspired by the Dickens character Sairey Gamp, a drunken nurse who invariably carried an umbrella.] At 5.15 the first man, Pringle



“Even at the dim and chilly hour of 4.30am there were crowds of local enthusiasts to watch the opening of practice last Thursday.” (Right) Autograph-hunters were busy even on the first day of practice. VN Brittain may be recognised in the group.”

(Junior Norton), came through, looking miserable. No excitement followed—just a steady stream of hunched-up riders waiting for the tricky bits to loom up and thinking of hot drinks to be dispensed by Mr. Dunlop or Mr Cadbury. Even Wal Handley slowed right up as if to read the signpost, looked as if he was going to visit Onchan Village, and then suddenly swung his Velocette round. CS Barrow was out on his first conducted four with the Mechanical Marvel, the new Excelsior, and it certainly sounded terrifically hot. The Jawa camp was the only one out in force—Ginger Wood going quite quickly, Brand, who is getting to know his kinks, and Tommy Spann of the wasp jersey. George Patchett handed in his checks at Ballacraigne and one can hardly blame him—it was horrid. Even if Van Hamersveld is not placed he and his mechanic deserve very special praise for the incredible tidiness of their small depot. Every spanner is hung on its own nail and all the bits are laid out on clean paper to await use. The Eysink machine is of conventional but clean design, has nice lines and is powered with a Python engine driving through an Albion gear box. Van Hamersveld has done great work in Holland, but he has still to learn the Manx course and is taking things sensibly. Regrettably *The Motor Cycle* man over-slept to the extent of half an hour, and reached the Craig with his stop-watch after ten racers had



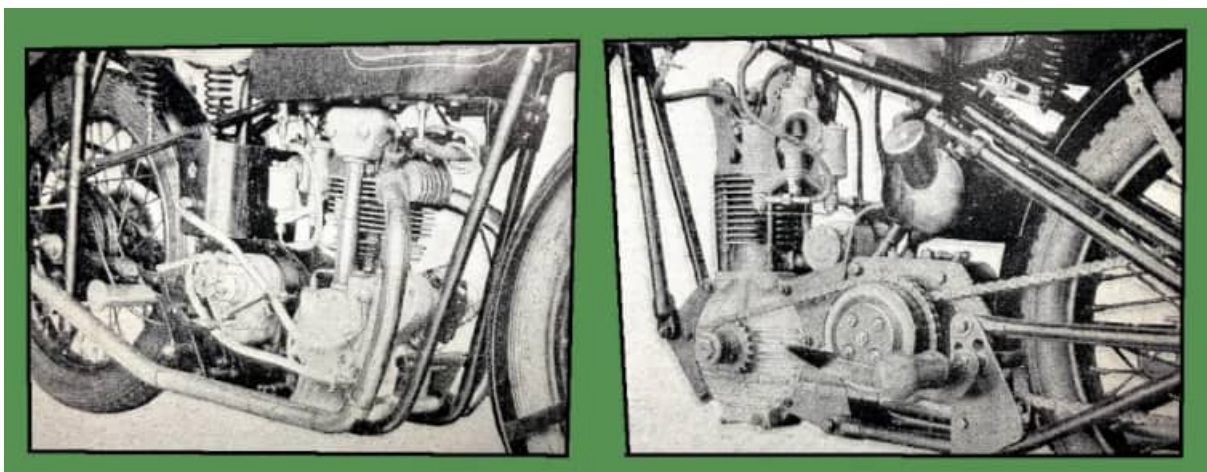
“D-D-Dodson d-d-dropping d-d-down Bray Hill!” (Right) “Graham Walker, Wal Handley and Arthur Simcock—not to mention a small hero-worshipper—caught in a cheery mood in the cocoa tent.”





“Portrait of an inquisitive gentleman asking for trouble.” (Right) “Overheard in the *Manxman*: ‘I see Tyrell-Smith lapped in 31 minutes 36 seconds this morning. What do you think of that?’”

rattled by. The ends of the two straights could just be seen and he amused himself by taking a few times from the top to the bend. The sole representative of that famous breed of twin two-strokes that has made Manx history in past years is TL Hatch’s Reynolds Special. The frame, which, of course, is of the duplex triangulated type, has been strengthened and modified to give better weight distribution having regard to the amount of petrol to be carried—very nearly five gallons. Improvements have also been made in construction of the radiator, which has a larger cooling area and incorporates a steam valve; the latter enables the engine to run at a higher temperature and conserves the water supply. A striking feature is the enormous petrol and oil tanks; the former, as indicated above, carries  $4\frac{7}{8}$  gallons, and the latter  $1\frac{1}{3}$  gallons. The power unit has been considerably redesigned, as a result of intensive experimental work. An Elektron crank case is employed, differing considerably from the usual construction, and employing larger diameter bearings. Scott owners will also be interested to note that in the new design the cranks are a parallel fit in the flywheel instead of a taper, and that the familiar crank case doors have been replaced by the new Scott multiple-plunger (swash-plate-operated) type of oil pump on the right side and a magneto-drive housing on the left-hand side. This arrangement allows the magneto to be bevel driven from the engine, and dispenses with the usual driving chain. Included in the magneto drive is a neat revolution counter.”

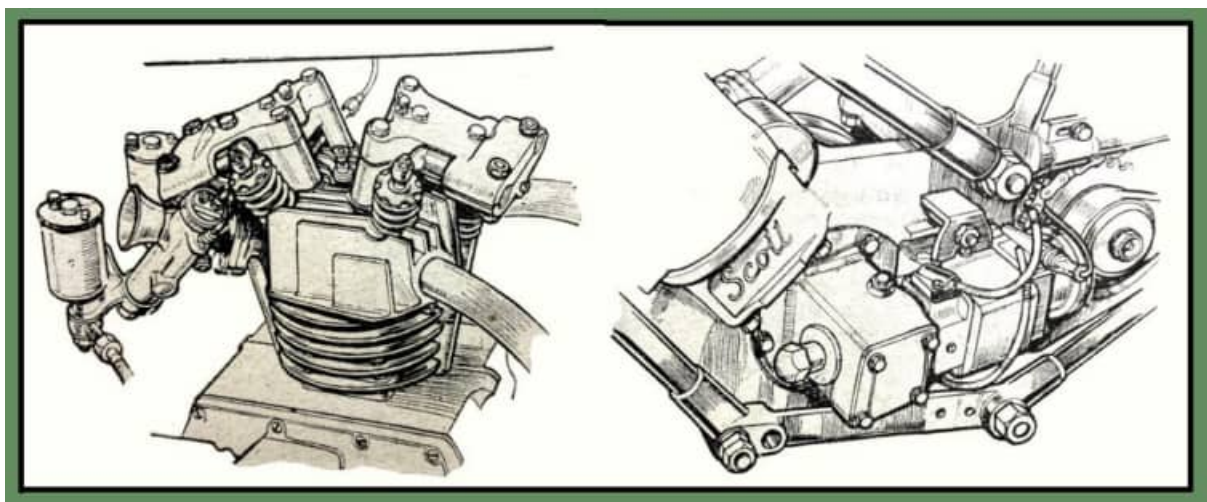


“A Python engine and gear box are fitted to the spring-frame OEC for the Senior. A duplex loop

frame and a normal steering layout are employed.” (Right) “An unusual view of the 350cc JAP-engined Cotton. Twin float chambers, it will be noticed, are provided for the Amal carburetter.”

“THE COURSE—264 miles 300 yards is the official length of the course in all three races, Junior, Lightweight, and Senior. The world-famous and gruelling Isle of Man circuit is lapped seven times, each lap being 37 miles 1,300 yards.”

“THE AWARDS—First Prize: The entrant of the wining machine will receive the Tourist Trophy (Junior, Lightweight, or Senior) and a cash award of £200. Second Prize: To the entrant, a cash award of £125. Third Prize: To the entrant, a cash award of £100. Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Prizes: The entrants will receive, respectively, cash awards of £75, £60, and £45. Finishers: Each finisher, other than the above, who completes the course within a time not exceeding that of the winner by more than one-eighth, receives £10. Replicas of the Trophy will be awarded in each race to every entrant winning an award.”



“Four valves, two camshafts, and two carburetters are features of the Lightweight Excelsior.” (Right) “A crankshaft bevel drive is used for the magneto on Hatch’s Reynold Scott. Provision is made in the bevel casing for a tachometer drive.”

NOT FOR THE FIRST TIME in this timeline I am indebted to Geoffrey Davison, editor of the *TT Special*, and a TT rider of some note, for details of race week. In this case his report is a model of concision: “Nortons definitely had it all their own way in 1933, Stanley Woods winning both Junior and Senior for the second year in succession, backed up by Hunt and Guthrie in the Junior race and Simpson and Hunt in the Senior. Stanley’s average speed for the latter event was 81.04mph, the first time the race had been won at over the 80 mark. He led all the way through in each race and it seemed that this brilliant Irishman was invincible. The amazing thing, too, was that he never seemed in such a frantic hurry as most of the others—he just went round and round, getting faster and faster and winning all the time! An interesting feature of the Junior race was the strong entry of Velocettes. Whereas previously this event had been a Norton-Rudge duel, this year Velocettes took the place of Ridges. There was, indeed, only one Rudge finisher—Fernando Aranda, from Spain—but after the winning Norton trio came seven Velocettes [*Velos finished 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th—Ed*—no mean demonstration of reliability. As in the previous year, the Lightweight event was much more ‘anybody’s race’. Excelsiors, New Imperials, Cottons and Ridges all had a go, with Wal Handley and Sid Gleave now riding Excelsiors. Walter led on the first lap—I almost wrote ‘of course’—but Sid Gleave overtook him in the next lap and led from then onwards to the finish. The race



was marred by the death of Frank Longman, winner of the 1928 Lightweight, who crashed near Ramsey.”



“The winners of the 1933 Senior TT: Tim Hunt (3rd, number 25), Stanley Woods (the winner, number 29 at 81.04 mph) and Jimmie Simpson (2nd, number 15). That’s Arthur Carroll again at Woods’ left shoulder.”



“The winners of the 1933 Junior TT: Jimmy Guthrie (who came 3rd, number 20), Stanley Woods (the winner, number 16, at 78.08 mph) Tim Hunt (2nd, number 30). Bill Mansell is behind Woods, at his right shoulder. At the far right of the photo is Arthur Carroll having a celebratory drink! At Arthur’s right shoulder is a well-known Norton mechanic, Frank Sharratt.”



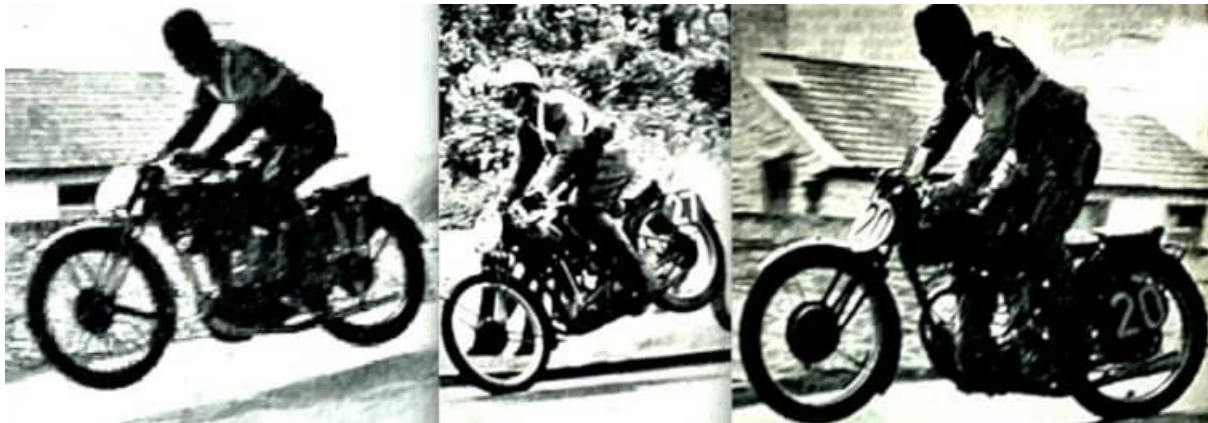


Jimmy Guthrie gets under way; he took third place in the Junior.



Cec Weatherby travelled to the Island from Australia to ride his brand new MkIV KTT Velo to 15th place in the Junior.

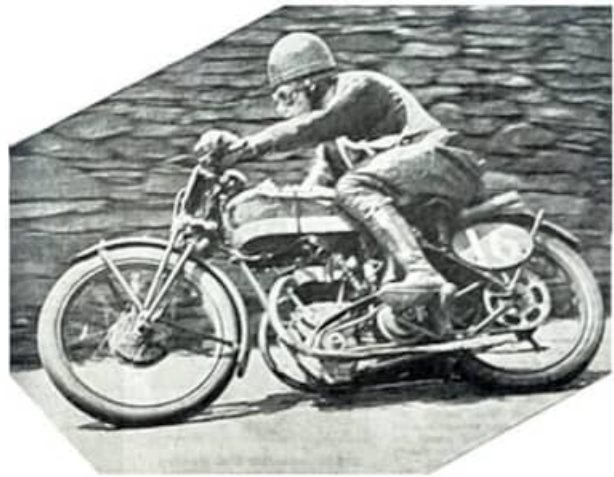
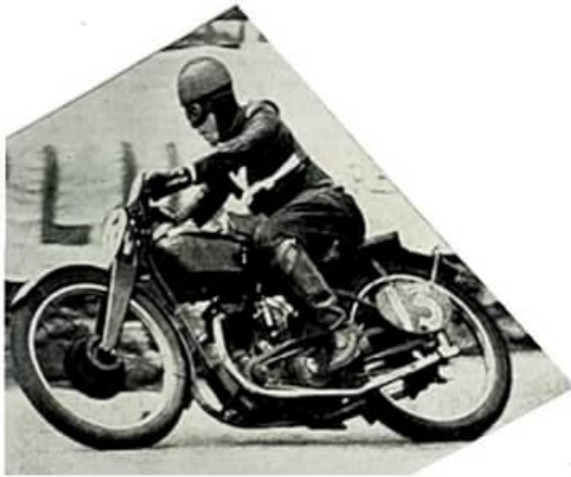
“*MOTOR CYCLING’S MAN ON THE ISLAND* turned his purple-prose knob up to 11—these excerpts from the Green ‘Un’s reports of the Senior and Lightweight races are a joy: “The fingers of a watch pointed to 11 hours, 14 minutes, and 30 seconds. A man said, without too much enthusiasm, without much excitement, without much interest, even, just one word: ‘Right!’ The motorcycle, which was labelled ‘29’, was put forward a few paces, the engine fired, and a valuable piece of machinery weighing a couple of hundredweight and more, went roaring away towards Bray Hill. Crouching over its tank was Stanley Woods, 28, red-faced, curly haired, Irish. He had set out grimly, purposefully, to travel over 264 miles, 300 yards of Manx roads in less time than any other man would need...And he succeeded. No man of the 29 there present, pick of the world road-racing stars, could overtake him; of the motorcycles they rode, none could approach his Norton. And so he rode for seven laps of that terrible Manx course, always leading, the despair of those behind. Of these none challenged his Norton with such measure of partial success as the other riders of the same brand. A Norton led, a Norton was second, a Norton was third and (from the second lap onwards) a Norton was fourth throughout the race. Of such ingredients, a thrilling contest is not made. At least it would appear not. But stay. Forget, for a moment, the machines, and think of the man who is/them. Think of JH Simpson—hard luck Jimmie as they call him, lean-faced victim of so many of the Wheel of Fortune’s sideslips, breaker of many a record lap-speed, winner of never a TT race.



L-R: "Ernie Nott, the first to finish behind the Nortons, with his Rudge on Ballaugh Bridge...his clever riding tactics won the crowd's plaudits everywhere. The Landing. C Redfearn (348cc Velocette) nose dives to earth after a hair-raising jump at Ballig Bridge. 'We are now passing over the Isle of Man,' says the aviating Vic Brittain (Sunbeam) at Ballaugh."

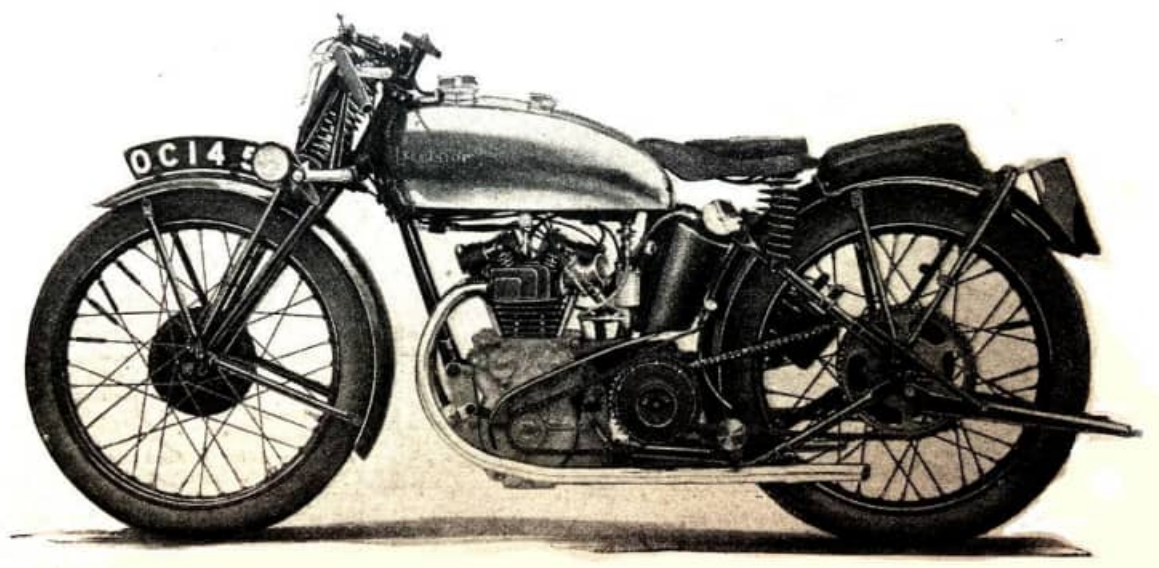
Think of him, the disappointed, the determined, the dauntless, and the dashing, hanging as close as he might to the Irishman's tail for seven full laps, always striving to go faster...never succeeding. Once he had thought he had Woods beaten, for he broke the lap record. But Woods broke it again. Once Simpson was only 16 seconds behind Woods; he could not better that. When there was Guthrie, James o' that ilk, a dour Scott. Winner of third place in the Junior, he remained in the same position throughout six of the seven laps, only to drop to fourth place on the last lap of all. And the man who stole Guthrie's third place from him: Percy Hunt, called Tim, for some odd reason. Tim made a bad start; he had to change the plug when the race was only a few seconds old! And then he rode like mad, annexing fourth place on the second lap and holding it until the last lap of all, when he forged ahead of Guthrie! Of a truth, we must think of Friday's race as a battle of men, rather than of the machines. From such a viewpoint it was an exciting race; from any other angle it was—a mere procession. As anticipated, Wednesday's Lightweight race proved exceedingly interesting. There was a battle royal between S Gleave (Excelsior) and CJP Dodson (New Imperial) for first place. At the finish the former, who had led since the second lap, was 2min 26sec ahead of his rival. He averaged 71.50mph and beat Leo Davenport's 1933 record made on his New Imperial by exactly 2¼min. Dodson also bettered last year's figures. WL Handley (Excelsior), who's terrific scrap with Dodson, for second place was a feature of the race, was unfortunate enough to retire with engine trouble on the last lap. He it was who set the pace on the first circuit. Another make—Rudge—occupied the third place. It was piloted by the Irishman CH Manders, a performance which is all the more creditable when it is realised that his was entirely a lone-hand effort, without works support. New Imperial, and Excelsior machines occupied the next two places, with Mario Gherzi, the Italian challenger, on the Guzzi, a plucky sixth.





“CH Manders, placed third on a Rudge, was a private entry in the race. (Right) Sid Gleave, who rode the Excelsior to victory.”

The other six trophy replicas were divided between New Imperial, Rudge, Okay-Supreme, and Cotton. The last mentioned make had been well in the picture until JG Duncan retired with engine trouble. The New Imperial Trio carried off the Manufacturer's Team prize, but Handley's record lap, made 12 months ago on his Rudge, remained unbeaten, perhaps, because of a strong breeze. The day, which had been dull in its early stages, soon cleared and a warm sun shone in a blue sky. A fatal accident marred the day. Frank Longman, riding a somewhat old Excelsior, broke his forks when descending Bray Hill on his second lap. He stopped for 20 minutes at Braddan and effected a temporary repair, pluckily, refusing to withdraw. He told an onlooker that the forks were not safe for high speeds and so he was presumably riding at a reasonable speed when he crashed at Glen Tramon, on the road to Ramsey. Although he was rushed to Ramsey hospital, he succumbed to his injuries—a fractured spine—within a short time. Longman, who leaves a wife and two children, was a veteran racing man, having frequently ridden at Brooklands, on the Continent, and in the TT, winning the lightweight event in 1928. He has been closely connected with the trade in Ealing for some years. This death was the result of a gallant attempt to finish on a partly disabled machine. Extraordinary scenes were witnessed at the conclusion of the race, when the A-CU's organisation for once slipped up badly. Nearly half an hour before the official time for the termination of the race a road opening car came from Craig-ny-Baa to just short of the timekeeper's box. Smart work to some extent stopped the crowd on the grandstands and Governor's Bridge from overflowing on the road, but three men had to finish on roads officially open to the public. Nor is this all, for at approximately 3:40pm Crash! Went the maroons and quite a thousand people must have been strolling about the finishing straight when Tommy Span (New Imperial), the last man on the course, arrived! It was a truly amazing spectacle to see a man finishing a TT race well within time yet having to force his way through crowds of spectators. Somebody had blundered badly.



“In this view of the Excelsior, the caps covering the ends of the camshafts can be seen. The cylinder bolts pass deep down into the boss formed in the side of the crank-case.” A brace of camshafts and a complex rocker assembly earned it the nickname of Mechanical Marvel—until Wal Handley’s engine let him down on the last lap Excelsior were on course to take 1st and 2nd spots in the Lightweight.

FOLLOWING VELOCETTE’S IMPRESSIVE showing in the Junior TT Les Archer rode one to victory in the Brooklands Hutchinson 100 at an average 100.6mph; the first time 350 to cover 100 miles in an hour in Britain.

ALSO LAPPING BROOKLANDS THAT YEAR was the Dynasphere monowheel, built by Douglas (who contributed a 500cc flat-twin) lump and the British Aluminium Co to the design of Dr John Archibald Purves, who claimed it was the “high speed vehicle of the future”. What about visibility? “The solid portions of the lattice work spherical shell pass before the eyes so fast that they become invisible,” he claimed. “Only the picture of the country in front affects the eye.” Its commercial failure, according to Popular Science magazine, was a tendency to ‘gerbiling’—passengers sometimes spun inside the wheel when braking or accelerating.

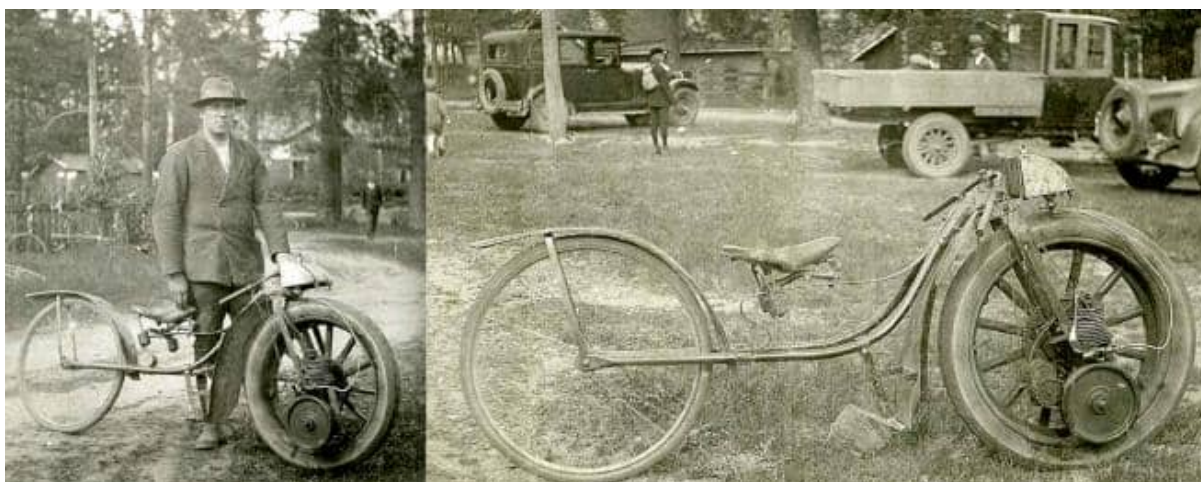


Roads full of 10ft monowheels...there's a thought.



Carlo Guzzi mated a pair of Albatross 250 engines to create a 120° V-twin 500, superseding its four-valve single and blown four. It was developed into a race winner.



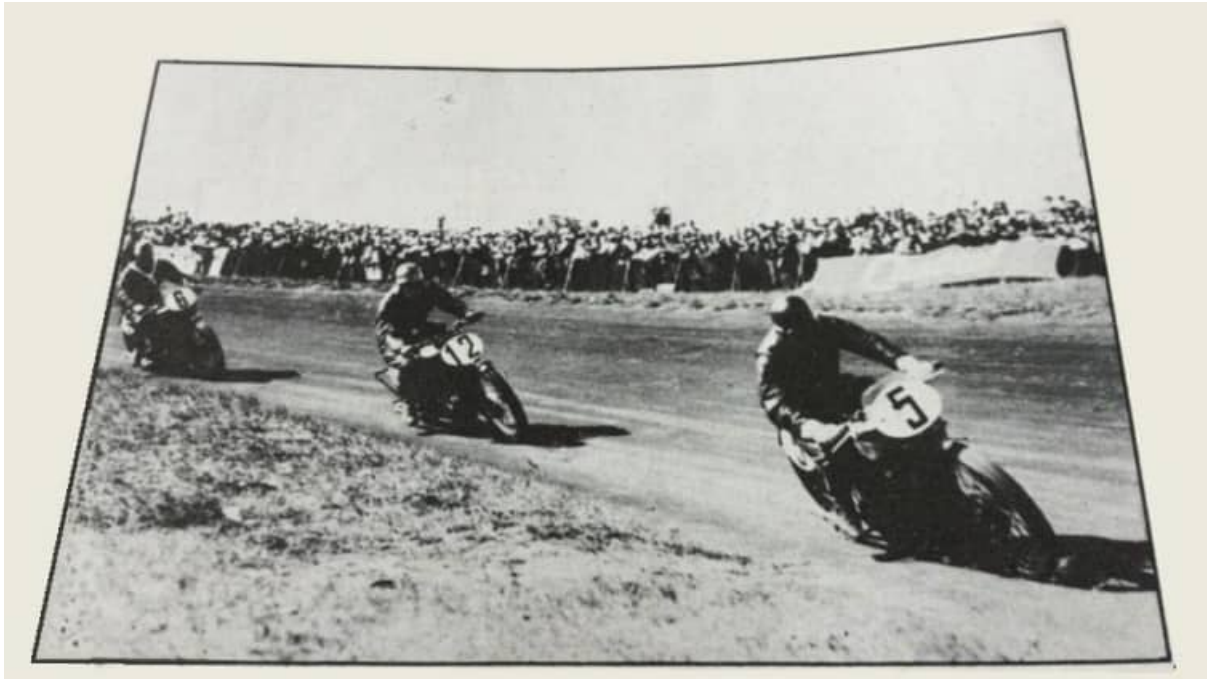


A Finnish blacksmith named Ilmari Niemi had a theory that motor cycles were too short and too high for proper control so he built his own, using a 250cc, two-stroke Levis engine to power the front wheel. The front axle was extracted from a Model T Ford; and Niemi forged the spokes, which also served as the suspension. A ski could be fitted under the rear tyre to suit brisk Finnish winters. It survives in the Finnish Motorcycle Museum.

“DURING THE LAST YEAR or two a big improvement has been noticeable in the important feature of accessibility and ease of adjustment. Many machines of the 1926-1930 era were very bad in this respect, but since that time great strides have been made. We would, however, urge manufacturers to continue the good work, while there is time, in the production of their 1934 models. There is still room for improvement, particularly in lower-priced machines, on which one bolt or similar fitting is often made to serve a variety of purposes; there are still too many mounts on which half a dozen parts have to be dismantled or removed before one part can be reached. Particularly is this true of primary chain cases. Bearing in mind that nowadays almost all motor cyclists do their own maintenance work, designers might do worse than to hand over to a non-expert a new model equipped with only the standard tool-kit, and make a study of the time and trouble he expends in dismantling and assembling various parts.”



Stanley Woods and his Norton were also in action at the Dutch TT in Assen; he won the 500cc class. .



It's that man Woods again leading the pack again, this time during the Swedish TT at Saxtorp; his Norton team-mate Tim Hunt is third in this snap—the filling in the sandwich is Ragnar Sunnqvist aboard a Huqvarna twin. For once Woods was out of luck, retiring after 20 of the 30 laps. It looked like Sunnqvist's race until a snapped chain took him out of the running on the final lap, leaving Husqvarna team-mate Gunnar Kalen to win the race which, that year, made him European champion. Woods was clearly impressed by the Swedish bikes, as you'll see in the 1934 TT report. The race was marred by a fatality. Woods, Hunt and Sunnqvist were riding neck-and-neck on the start-finish straight when local rider Eric Lundberg, who was about to be lapped, suddenly slowed down with engine trouble. Woods and Sunnqvist scraped by but Hunt crashed into him. Lundberg died on the way to hospital; Hunt suffered a fractured femur and hip damage, spent the first three months in hospital in Sweden before being flown home for more operations, ending his racing career.

“THIS YEAR'S PIONEER RUN ('motor cycle old crocks' run') of the Sunbeam MCC has attracted over 50 entries. The oldest machines include WT Mansbridge's 1898 149cc Werner, which has front-wheel drive—and twist-grip control! It is alleged to have acted as a stop-gap in a hedge since 1922.”



“A matter of opinion. The Greenwich MC optimistically called this ford at New Bridge Hill a ‘splash’ when they included it in the recent Wickham Cup Trial. Competitors gave it other names.”

“A THOUSAND MILLION gallons of petrol were used in this country during 1932. Petrol is consumed in Great Britain at the rate of 30 gallons a second, day and night. Its cost is 2½d a lb, of which 1d. represents taxation.”

“GREAT ADVANCES ARE BEING made in the treatment of coal for the production of oils and petrol. Hydrogenation and low-temperature carbonisation will be very much in the public eye in the ensuing months.”

“AN IRON COMPOUND is, it is reported, being used successfully on the Continent as an anti-detonating agent for fuels.”

“DESPITE THE FACT THAT whole sections of the concrete have been relaid in an endeavour to eradicate it, the ‘Birkin Bump’ under the Members’ Bridge at Brooklands is still very much in evidence, according to a rider who has sampled the track on a fast 500.”

“OF THE 5,876 MOTOR CYCLES imported into Holland during 1932 no fewer than 3,937, or over 67%, are credited to the United Kingdom, as against 958 to Germany, 396 to Belgium, 311 to the United States, and 223 to France.”

“THE SOLO MACHINES WHICH took part in the recent Bavarian winter trial—which involved climbs of mountain roads deep in snow—were fitted with a ski on each side.”



“‘ROADCRAFT’—WHAT IS IT? ‘Ambleside’ Explains How and Why it is Road-sense *plus* a Little Something Else...

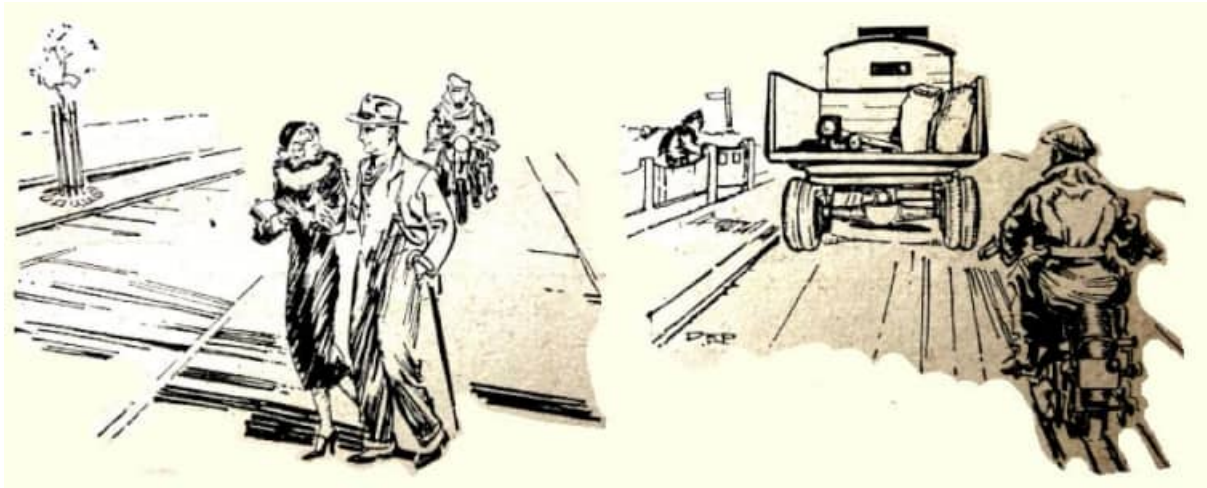
One thousand eight hundred women are killed in this countsperry every year by falling downstairs and by tripping over buckets and broom handles. This startling disclosure was made by Miss Margaret Bondfield, an ex-Cabinet Minister, at the National Safety Congress last year. But that is not all. It was also announced that 2,000 children are killed in their homes every year through similar accidents. This makes very startling reading; in my view it also has a very significant bearing on the fact that road deaths occur almost every hour of the day. If 10 people lose their lives every day while still in their homes, obviously through carelessness or forgetfulness in the majority of cases, how many thousands of similarly negligent individuals are abroad on our pavements and roads? I ask this question because I am certain that well over 90% of the accidents and tragedies that occur on the roads of to-day are due to sheer carelessness, either on the part of the pedestrian or of the motorist (ourselves included). Over 98% of the fatal road accidents which occurred in England and Wales during two months of last year were classified as avoidable. You will see that I am not going to blame the much-maligned pedestrian by himself, for we who are motor cyclists are all basically pedestrians, though with the advantage of a little knowledge of road traffic and its ways. In spite of this knowledge, most of us have experienced a little draught behind the ears when we have suddenly found ourselves ‘jay-walking’ across a busy street



“About 100 yards ahead, on the near-side kerb, was a middle-aged woman, surrounded by children.”

or crossing. Bearing this in mind, how can we blame those who are unable to enjoy the open road in the way that we can? The pedestrian proper never has the same chance to acquire that mysterious quality commonly known as ‘road-sense’. If he had, then I am convinced that the toll

of the road would be more than halved. However, since we must accept the position as it is, what can we do to minimise the accidents which do occur? I have just mentioned the term 'road-sense'. I look upon it as a misnomer, for to me it suggests a kind of sixth sense—something which is born in an individual and not bred. So I prefer the word 'roadcraft', for it implies an art or a craft which can be learnt, pride being taken in its very learning. It is in roadcraft that I believe we have the solution of the tragic accident problem. If we—and I include pedestrians as well—were all experts in the art of road-craft, then accidents would be reduced by at least 50%. How can we learn? To begin with, each of us must be something of a psychologist; we must be able to understand the way most people react in moments of emergency. Does this seem very 'deep'? Let me give a common example. If two people are walking across a road arm in arm, and perhaps talking, and they are suddenly taken unaware by a motor vehicle, what will they do? I can guarantee that, in the large majority of cases, they will immediately separate; one will perhaps stay where he is, while the other will dive for the nearest pavement. In any case they will both 'fill' the road. Why is this? The reason, I suppose, is the automatic reaction to Nature's law of every man for himself. Together they are liable to obstruct one another, so they naturally separate. Yet, had they not been surprised, they would have walked across as they had started. Obviously, the good rider or driver, in such circumstances, takes every precaution to prevent the element of surprise. By that I mean that he does not sound his horn if he is less than 20 yards away. As trouble is to be expected he uses his brakes instead. In other words, the good rider, using his knowledge roadcraft, has anticipated trouble before it has overtaken him. Here is another little example which I witnessed only the other day while riding in London. About 100 yards ahead, on the near-side kerb, was a middle-aged woman, surrounded by children. Judging by her agitation I presumed she was about to cross the road. The only other traffic was a lorry approaching from the opposite direction. The woman took a hasty glance in my direction and then looked to her left to study the slow progress of the lorry, which was at least 50 yards away. Then, never for a moment realising that by that time I would be in danger of hitting them, she pushed the children in front of her and dived for the other side, still worrying about the lorry. But experience had taught me that the average pedestrian concentrates too much on a slow-moving vehicle, usually on his left, to be able to realise the difficulty in estimating the speed of a vehicle approaching from his right. In fact, they normally ignore traffic coming from this direction, perhaps because the almost dead-ahead view of such vehicles does not give any true idea of their speed of approach. The foregoing remarks apply to only one branch of roadcraft as I like to see it. We all know that a moving shadow behind a stationary vehicle usually indicates that some careless individual is about to dash across the road without dreaming to look out for approaching traffic. But do we all realise the significance of the local delivery van which shows signs of slowing up in the middle of the road? Having been once 'bitten', I always regard such vehicles with the gravest suspicion. To the uninitiated I would offer the suggestion that this slowing-up is an indication that the vehicle is going to turn suddenly down a road on his off side,



“If two people are walking across a road arm in arm and they are taken unaware by a motor vehicle, what will they do?” (Right) “We all know that a moving shadow behind a stationary vehicle usually indicates that some careless individual is about to dash across the road...”

and therefore it is highly dangerous to overtake in the circumstances. It is of no avail to sound one's horn, as the driver is in all probability doing the same thing and will not hear yours. Incidentally, he usually pokes a couple of fingers out of the side of his cab the moment he begins to turn. Upbraid him afterwards, and he will smilingly reply that he put his hand out and blew his horn—little consolation for the hectic moments that one has suffered! If you are travelling along one of the main roads to the coast at night and the road surface gradually becomes worse and worse it is often an indication that the surface is being attended to a little farther on, so look out for a violent bump as the road level goes up three or four inches on to the remade stretch. It was not very long ago that I struck such a ramp at speed and without any warning. Luckily, I was on a model which steered perfectly. Talking about roads, there is one little point well worth mentioning. Buses, like the majority of motor vehicles, are liable to deposit grease, so beware of bus stops, particularly in busy city centres. Incidentally, while in a big town during a rush hour, a good rider proceeds cautiously, for he remembers that pedestrians have a dangerous habit of stepping into the road with their backs towards the traffic. If pedestrians pause when about to cross a side street, it is a sure sign that something is going to emerge—another reason for immediate caution. Finally, remember that big motor buses and mammoth lorries, when turning down or emerging from a narrow side turning, have to swing out wide by reason of their length; it is true that the operation is usually heralded by ample warning. The foregoing remarks are but a mere indication of all the little points which a good and experienced rider is able to absorb instantly, realising their significance and using them to promote his own safety and those of other road-users. A knowledge of roadcraft is something of which to be proud; for myself, I am proud that I am still willing to learn and sympathise.”

“I AM SOMEWHAT ALARMED after reading ‘Veteran DO 357’s’ statement that he has spent less than £1 on necessary replacements after 300,000 miles—alarmed to think that I have been ‘done’. I actually spent £7 on replacements after 65,000 miles, patrolling for one of the road services. Possibly the figures given by your correspondent are erroneous, a decimal point having, been omitted. I sincerely hope ‘Veteran’ will not scrap his machine; I will gladly exchange my present magneto and one empty Castrol can (the cap will do for a medal) for his super spark-box. Joking apart, I should very much like to know how his original tyres are



wearing.

**Extravagant**, London, SE12.”



“The club’s six-year-old ‘Mascot’, Stanley Spinner, riding a specially built miniature machine, sets the ball rolling at a recent grass track meeting of the Bishop’s Waltham MC.”

“FROM TIME TO TIME attention is drawn by motor cyclists to the bargains obtainable in the second-hand market. Most of the machines thus acquired, however, seem to be used for riding round a field (with the silencer removed) or some such travesty of motor cycling. My own experience in this direction may, therefore, be of interest, as I bought my old crock with the idea of working it hard—and I have. I told a dealer in South-West London that he would not get a better offer for that 1926 700cc NUT than the £3 that I had in my hand. He replied, No, he supposed he wouldn’t, so that was that. The price included six weeks’ tax, a horn, a pump and an electric head lamp. I rode it home (I was subsequently fined 5s. for excessive noise for this little trip) and spent £6 3s on the following: Two covers, one inner tube, rear chain, gear box, rear-drive sprocket, fork spindle, two hub cones, set of balls, two plugs; four valve springs, one valve, four piston rings and two Flexekas attachments. Of these, only the plugs and the valve were essentials. What was essential was to cut the induction pipe in such a way that it did not foul the inlet valve guides, since in the condition in which I found it it was, I imagine, impossible to make an air-tight joint. I now have a machine that has covered 750 miles in England and some 2,500 in this country (Nigeria). Not an enormous mileage, certainly, but the conditions have not

been exactly ideal, and the cost, apart from petrol, oil, and tax, has been two-pence for a silencer bolt; moreover, there appears no reason why the expenditure should be any greater in the next 5,000 miles. I can guarantee a first-kick start every time, hot or cold, and at a steady 40mph burble a gallon of petrol of doubtful quality lasts at least 90 miles. And the long wheelbase, 4¼ to 1 top gear and vibrationless engine provide comfort not met with on many more pretentious bikes. The native of this part of the country is a keen trader, and the second-hand market is full, but I could sell to-morrow at a handsome profit over the original cost, plus cost of replacements. The eleven previous owners (if any of them should be this) might be interested in the subsequent history of ON 7636.

**‘OYIBO’**, Abeekuta, Nigeria.” .

“I HAVE JUST READ ‘Steamboat Bill’s’ remarks about high mileage and petrol consumption; perhaps he would let us into the secret of how the figures he quotes were obtained. The best performance of my last machine—a 172cc two-stroke—was 70mpg, and this could not be improved upon without overheating. At that time the machine was under one year old, and I spent many hours of labour and changing of needles, but without avail. I now have a 1932 model 3½hp side-valve machine, and have just overhauled for my holidays. I have never had more than 66-70mpg, and during the overhaul the carburetter was checked against the makers’ instructions, but the performance could not be improved without impairing the efficiency of the engine. Apparently, ‘Steamboat Bill’ is the man I am looking for to tune my carburetter: perhaps it may be the Devon air. I shall be down that way shortly, so maybe I shall find the answer.

**‘Petrol Complex’**, Croydon.”

UNDER THE HEADING “New Machines to Suit All Purses” the Blue ‘Un compiled a comprehensive price list of something like 500 models. They ranged from an Excelsior 98cc two-speed two-stroke for £15 19s to a Brough Superior four-speed 988cc ohv twin with spring frame for £159 10s. Which, according to a CPI inflation calculator, translates as £1,500 for the Excelsior and £15,000 for the BruffSup. But a further trawl through the net revealed that a few years later, in 1938, a three-bed semi in Edgware sold for £835; a similar house now costs around £700,000. By this measure the Brough’s 2023 cost would be nearer £115,000—or, as the Brough sold for about a quarter the price of a semi, maybe £170,000. Which is about what you’d have to pay for a restored Brough today. George Brough’s bikes have been likened to Rolls Royces, and the saying goes that if you have to ask the price of a Roller you can’t afford it. Enough said.

“TORRENS” INDULGES IN SOME —

## *High Adventure*

“Storming Lakeland Hills, Possible and Impossible, with an 1,150cc Sidecar Outfit: The Tale of Two Truly Adventurous Trips.”

“THIS IS A TALE OF DEFEAT, some would say of folly. It is the true story of an attack upon the wrong hill, of a sheep that sent a baa-a-a echoing across the mountainside to coincide with our admission of defeat and of a side-valve sidecar outfit with the average-speed capabilities of a hyper-sports solo. The cause of everything was a manufacturer writing to the effect that he had digested all we said some time ago regarding oversize twins for the Canadian police, that he had gone ahead and produced such a machine and would we please try it out, putting it to a really strenuous test. And—oh, yes!—the maker would come, too, and sit in the sidecar. Now, gentle reader, remembering that the accent is upon the word ‘strenuous’, what would you do in like

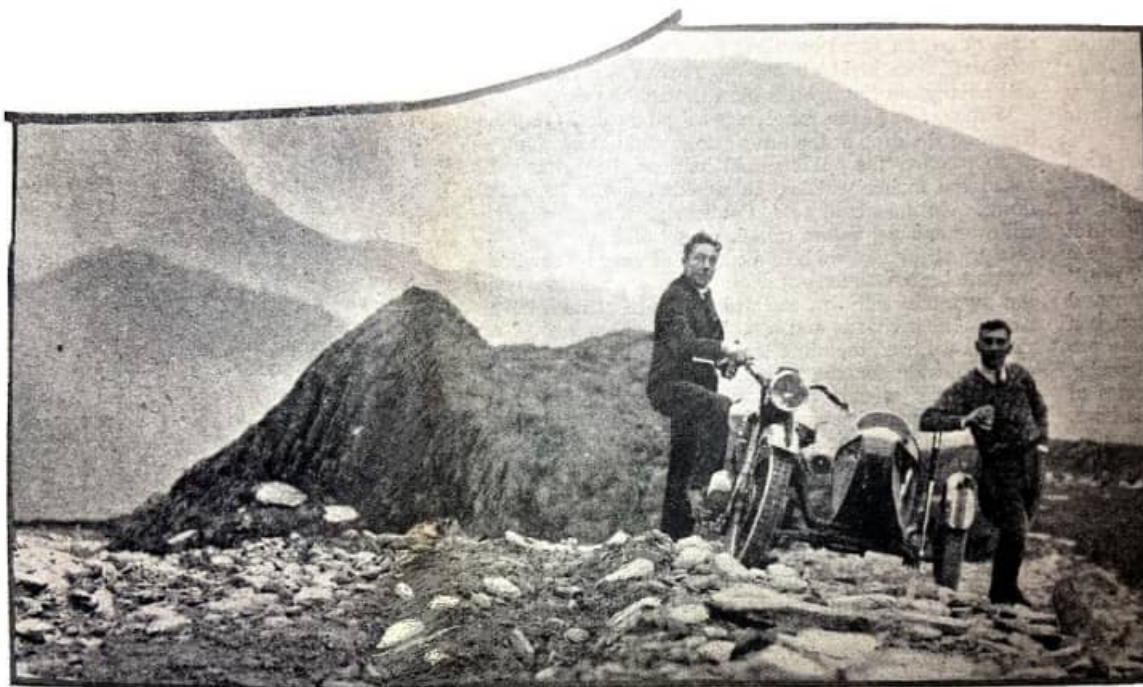
circumstances? Given the pleasant task, and having read about Walna Scar in the Lake District, I decided that an innocent inspection was indicated plus a little open-throttle motoring. So one recent Friday evening saw me making Nottingham, the home of the said maker, to wit George Brough, by way of the Great North Road. I arrived soon after ten to find Mr Manufacturer at home, the last of his men having just gone after much overtime turning out new models, and ready and waiting the new 1,150cc JAP-engined Brough Superior with a monster sidecar designed to accommodate 6ft 2in 16-stone (and more) policemen. Praise be! the sidecar was attached to the left, though perhaps you've never driven a right-hand outfit; believe me, for one used to the English arrangement it is \*\* \*!!!†††. Footboards there were, also a hand clutch and a foot gear change. Later I learned that the four ratios were of TT closeness with a 4.2 to 1 top and 8.75 to 1 bottom. Shades of Walna Scar, and that bottom gear! Next morning, at the highly respectable hour of ten, we hit the highway. It rained; it teemed. For the first 80 miles it did nothing else, and the maker had come too—without even a windscreen. We were heading for Southport so that we might take a look at the Southport '100' en route. Just north of Warrington we turned into the new East Lancashire By-pass; the mighty road that leads as straight as a tee-square into Liverpool. Never have I seen such a highway. It looks twice as wide as the Great West Road—so wide that I can foresee people getting hopelessly 'at sea' on it when there is a fog. On the way the Brough, with its huge side-valve engine and mighty sidecar, had already shown its paces—65; 68; 70; 72; 75...78. This last was with the aid of a slight downhill swoop. The honest maximum was around 75, and the great, wide outfit would cruise—yes, cruise—with the speedometer needle around the 68 mark. But would the engine stand up to wide-open throttle work for anything more than a short burst? On the by-pass we were faced by a strongish wind. The intention was that we turned off and went into St. Helens. We missed the turning—we were in Liverpool. The engine would stand up! At



“A sample of the surface tackled on ‘Old Man Coniston.’ (Right) “On the road up to the slate quarries on ‘Old Man Coniston’. The huge police-model sidecar will be noticed.”



the Liverpool end of the road a bus driver decided to thrust me out of the light. I refused to be done down, being, I considered, on the main road. Unfortunately, my path thereafter lay towards Robert; his away from Robert, who had turned round in time to see us having words. Politeness pays, I decided, and Robert, who did most of the talking, incidentally, went to great pains to explain the best way to Southport. So to Southport and on to the Lake District, with a cheery encounter en route with some Northern lads who objected to being passed by a sidecar outfit. On we went to Kendal to arrive beside Lake Windermere soon after sunset, just as the greys of night came down. At one bend, where the road overlooks the lake, I coasted and stopped to drink in the glories of nightfall beside the lake. Neither of us spoke, except to pass some remark about what lucky dogs we were, and why did not more motor cyclists, making full use of their buses. employ their week-ends similarly. Before finding an hotel at Ambleside we tried Kirkstone Pass from the Ambleside end. Second gear—6.75 to 1. Then a four-course meal in spite of the late hour, and BED. Next morning a dutiful journalist was to be seen in his bedroom, up before breakfast, writing his report of the Southport '100'. At ten we were off again; this time for Coniston and Walna Scar. The road to the Scar from Coniston is a pukka trials hill in itself. Right at the start there are twists and turns and hummocks and gullies and rocks. There was also mud. However, with a short series of rushes, the Brough got safely up. If it's like this here, what on earth is it like when we get to the hill proper? For a bit it flattened out, and after going through two gates we decided to look at the map. It was not too clear, and the pukka road seemed to go to the right, so we went to the right. At first it was roughish, but reasonable. We rounded a bend to find, partially hidden by mist, one of the finest panoramas I've ever seen in Lakeland. The hill became steeper; we rounded a rough right-hand bend, literally fighting our way. Steeper, still steeper; the Brough, with its 8.75:1 bottom gear, was on full throttle. Upward we wound, to come to a scene of wild desolation—rock shale everywhere. A sharp turn left, with a horrid rock-strewn roll, bowl or pitch on the right. With the rough surface, our inability to get up speed and so keep up the revs, I was already resorting to slipping the clutch. Round the bend was a stretch of shale-covered roadway rearing skyward with a gradient of 1-in-3. The five-plate clutch became odoriferous—we stopped. One huge rock was placed behind the back wheel, with another behind it to act as a strut. A photograph; then we walked upwards for some two or three hundred yards, finding en route a slate quarry, in  $2\frac{1}{3}$  gradient (measured), and a rock-strewn hairpin bend almost too narrow for the outfit and having, on the right, a most devastating drop. With care and some misgivings we



“George Brough and FW Stevenson snapped alongside the banking sidecar, when the 1,150cc sidecar Brough Superior finally came to rest.”

got the outfit round. Knowing the drop at the bend below, and having doubts as to whether the outfit would hold on the surface, I asked the maker whether he wouldn't prefer to walk down. No. he would not! Cautiously, in bottom gear, with the exhaust valves raised, we set off downwards—safely. At the foot we held a council of war; we decided we were beaten—a long, drawn out ba-a-a-a floated down the mountain side—we decided to return again with a narrow-track chassis and a really low bottom gear. Then we tried the other track. The 52in track outfit was too wide for the rutted, narrow road, and after bending the off-side footboard and the sidecar mudguard, and much heaving, we returned. Ba-a-a-a again! Then some motor cyclists arrived, and later some hikers. The former were out to see the Scar, having read the correspondence in *The Motor Cycle*. The latter pointed out which was the. Sear—it was the narrow track that was too narrow—and told us that the road we had been on was out of the question. Defeated, we went back to Coniston, made rapid strides with eggs and locally cured ham, and, full of plans, set off for Nottingham, and in my case London, to call it a day. The Second Expedition. A date was fixed some 10 days later. Again an evening run to Nottingham. Again an outfit was ready. This time it was an 1,150 with a narrow-track (39in) banking sidecar—Freddy Dixon's famous TT design—and a 15.2:1 bottom gear. At 6am next morning we were up. It was fine. Soon after 6am we were off, with FW Stevenson trailing us on an 1,150 solo. The maker was not to operate the banking lever until I got the feel of the outfit. Then I gave the signal. We were going into a left-hand bend. Our actions did not coincide. As he let the lever forward the whole machine leaned in on the sidecar; round we went at 50 or 60—I feeling not too happy about the leaning business. Soon we were working in unison. It was uncanny; bends normally taken at 40 could be negotiated at 60 and more. Once, on a tight-hand bend, I entered the turn hurriedly, and signalled. Nothing happened...I used the camber, the bend was an open one, and all was well. Later I found that with the one joystick fitted (Dixon used two in the Isle of Man) it was real hard work pulling the sidecar up for a right-hand bend, so generally we only banked for left-hand ones. Given a passenger you can count on, such as I had, and assuming you are on a route which you both know by heart, this banking sidecar is a masterpiece. Even in my

untutored hands it put miles an hour on our average speed, but beware of turning the outfit to the left in the belief that your passenger will bank the outfit for you when the correct route lies to the right and your passenger, not unnaturally, is expecting you to go right. Such an occurrence happened near Weatherby, and I nearly had the maker round my neck. One other contretemps occurred on the way to the Lakes. The first 40-something miles out of Nottingham were covered in 40-something minutes. Life was good, and the roads wide and clear. Then I had a suspicion that the outfit was slowing. I looked down: instead of 68 to 70 the speedometer showed 65. I tweaked the throttle to see if the engine really was 'catching'. There was a hiss and a shushing, plopping noise, and



"A glimpse of the track up to Doe Crag. To the side of the track, just above the point where the machine is stationed, is a hidden drop into a hole fifty of more feet deep."

we coasted to a standstill. An experimental high-compression light alloy cylinder head had a hole in it, burnt through around the plug, so new standard heads were procured hurriedly by 'phone and sidecar outfit from the works. These fitted, all was well, and we made the Lake District, devoured more ham and eggs, and set off for Old Man Conistone again. This time the rough lower section, owing to the narrowness, high centre of gravity, and lightness of the sidecar, was not so easy, and once, after a more than usually vicious gully, I keeled the sidecar up and had to foot it down with the aid of a convenient portion of bank. Then over the level section, and off to the right for the road into the mountains. Instead of being dry and hard the lower section was slimy and muddy. Upward we wound—now with the rear wheel spinning, now with the outfit kangarooing, its front wheel lifting owing to the combination of the rocks, steep gradient, and rearwardly set sidecar body, so arranged to assist wheel grip. We passed the 1 in 3 section, where we stopped the previous time; up the part which we measured as being 1 in 2½; then the rocky, narrow hairpin with the drop on the right...Yes, the front wheel came up, we slewed, we stopped. Three or four attempts, and we were safely past this danger spot. Then the track divided into two; we went right, and soon found ourselves marooned amid rocks. It was useless; we tried the other track. That, too, was hopeless. The surface was smoother, but we could not get sufficient wheelgrip on the steep gradient, so we prospected on foot. Stevenson, by herculean efforts, had got his big solo within two or three hundred yards of where we stuck, and leaving his bus where it halted, perched on its crank case, helped us in our restarts and stood by to pick up the pieces if, in our leaping and crabbing, we went over the edge.

Determined to get up somehow, he raced ahead on his two feet to where the track ended at a final slate quarry, and then disappeared skyward over the rocks—on hands and knees! It was no



use ; we doubted whether any wheeled vehicle could climb those last slopes with their vicious gradient and deep, loose shale. No wonder we saw no tracks—not even of the sledges they use lower down. We returned and made for Walna Scar, the correct hill. The track became rough—so much so that we were soon ploughing through masses of rocks like the dried-up river bed on the Mamore Section in the Scottish. We lurched, we crashed up and down, we scrunched. At one point more vile than the rest the sidecar came up and we landed on the bank with the outfit on top of me. ‘Shall we turn back—if we can?’ I asked the maker. ‘No, we’ll get through somehow,’ he replied. ‘Righto!’ I answered, ‘I was only asking you, for it’s your outfit, and it may be smashed up.’ We struggled onward to land at another quarry. Then over a series of extraordinary rock-covered humps of about eight-foot span and shaped like a semi-circle. By short rushes we scraped over all except the last two, where, mercifully, we stuck, grounded with the wheels in the air. Not 10 feet ahead, on the edge of the track, was a sheer drop of 50 or more feet into a great hole with green, sinister-looking rocks at the foot. We looked at each other; had we got those few feet farther with the steep gradient and the inevitable crabbing there would be an unhealthy chance of there being only battered remains. We prospected; this could not be Walna Scar, for nothing could get up here, whereas some cars, we’d heard, had been over the Scar. On our return we met a bronzed hiker in an officer’s tunic. He laughed; we had tried to tackle Doe Crag, a haunt of climbers, where two had been killed earlier in the year. Wrong again! We should have turned left along a grass track. To say that a hill you fail upon is easy is, I suppose, hardly done. The trouble was wheelspin resulting from the wet weather, for the shale-covered, hairpinned gradient of the Scar was innocuous compared with the wild tracks the Brough had negotiated. We returned—defeated, and dog tired. To our surprise, it was 9.30pm, the time at which we were due back at Nottingham. So we filled up—men and machines—and set off on the 200-mile run. This time I was on the solo. I was too tired properly to appreciate the solo, but this I did learn: that it is the most effortless, thrilling, gliding batting-iron I have ever been on. So to Nottingham, safely reached at 3.30am, where three red-eyed men crept off to bed, defeated, perhaps, and Old Man Coniston still laughing, and the sheep still baa-a-a-ing, but three men who had had one of the most enjoyable trips of their lives.”



As speedway boomed Aussie champion Vic Huxley was among the Antipodean and American stars appearing on British tracks; Huxley and his Rudge-JAP were pictured at Wimbledon.

“DURING THE LAST YEAR or two a big improvement has been noticeable in the important feature of accessibility and ease of adjustment. Many machines of the 1926-1930 era were very bad in this respect, but since that time great strides have been made. We would, however, urge manufacturers to continue the good work, while there is time, in the production of their 1934 models. There is still room for improvement, particularly in lower-priced machines, on which one bolt or similar fitting is often made to serve a variety of purposes; there are still too many mounts on which half a dozen parts have to be dismantled or removed before one part can be reached. Particularly is this true of primary chain cases. Bearing in mind that nowadays almost all motor cyclists do their own maintenance work, designers might do worse than to hand over to a non-expert a new model equipped with only the standard tool-kit, and make a study of the time and trouble he expends in dis-mantling and assembling various parts.”

THE AUSSIES (WHO ELSE?) revived chariot racing at the Police and Firemen’s Carnival. The Sydney Morning Herald reported: “A more spectacular attraction has never been seen on Sydney Showground...A shining duet of V-twin Harley-Davidsons bolted abreast, each towing an elaborately decorated chariot with full-size H-D wheels, these contraptions exceeded anything conceived by filmmaker Cecil B.”



This still comes from a Pathe newsreel which you can find at <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1avID4bj3pw>

MAX REISCH, A 20-YEAR-OLD student from Vienna, and his pal Herbert Tichy clearly felt in need of adventure: they planned to make the first overland journey on a motor cycle to India. Max was no novice—when he was just 16 he made a ‘test run’ through Italy, France and Spain, by sea to Morocco, Algeria and Libya, returning via Sicily and Italy. With this record Reisch persuaded Puch to sponsor the expedition with a 250cc two-stroke model 250T. Their 8,000-mile, six-month odyssey took them across the Balkans, Turkey, Syria, Iraq, Iran and Pakistan to Bombay. They detoured round Afghanistan which was too dangerous for Europeans. A crash on the first day and bent the bike’s forks and set a pattern for the rest of the run; they came off several times most days. Puch used the run to demonstrate the 250’s durability: the engine and gearbox were sealed and those seals remained undisturbed. The only attention the bike needed was a periodic decoke, although it did break an alarming number of spokes. The pair had to deal with fever, heat exhaustion, bush fires, customs problems and unwelcome attention from men with guns, although they brought back tales of extraordinary hospitality too. As if they needed reminding that this was a dangerous journey, at one point they passed the grave of a European motor cyclist. Luggage included a hefty glass-plate camera and typewriter, Reisch wrote a book, *India, The Shimmering Dream*, which is still readily available. In it he wrote: “There were many things on our journey which we could take in only superficially, but we did so with wholehearted enthusiasm. I do not envy Americans who slave away their entire lives to go around the world in their old age. For them, such a journey is the fulfilment of a life but for us it was an education.’ Talking of the hardships they faced he added: “This was how we lived in the desert, because we were young and did not need the approval of civilisation and because our eyes were set on our final goal, the wonderland of India. Nothing is achieved by fussing over trivialities.’





Sometimes the lads clearly had to dig their way to victory.



Tichy took a turn on the front seat now and again. The Puch proved itself capable of carrying a pillion and huge amounts of luggage over trackless desert.



Reisch's invisible man act indicates says a lot about the riding conditions, though his plimsoles, shorts and pith helmet look like standard issue for Europeans in hot climates.



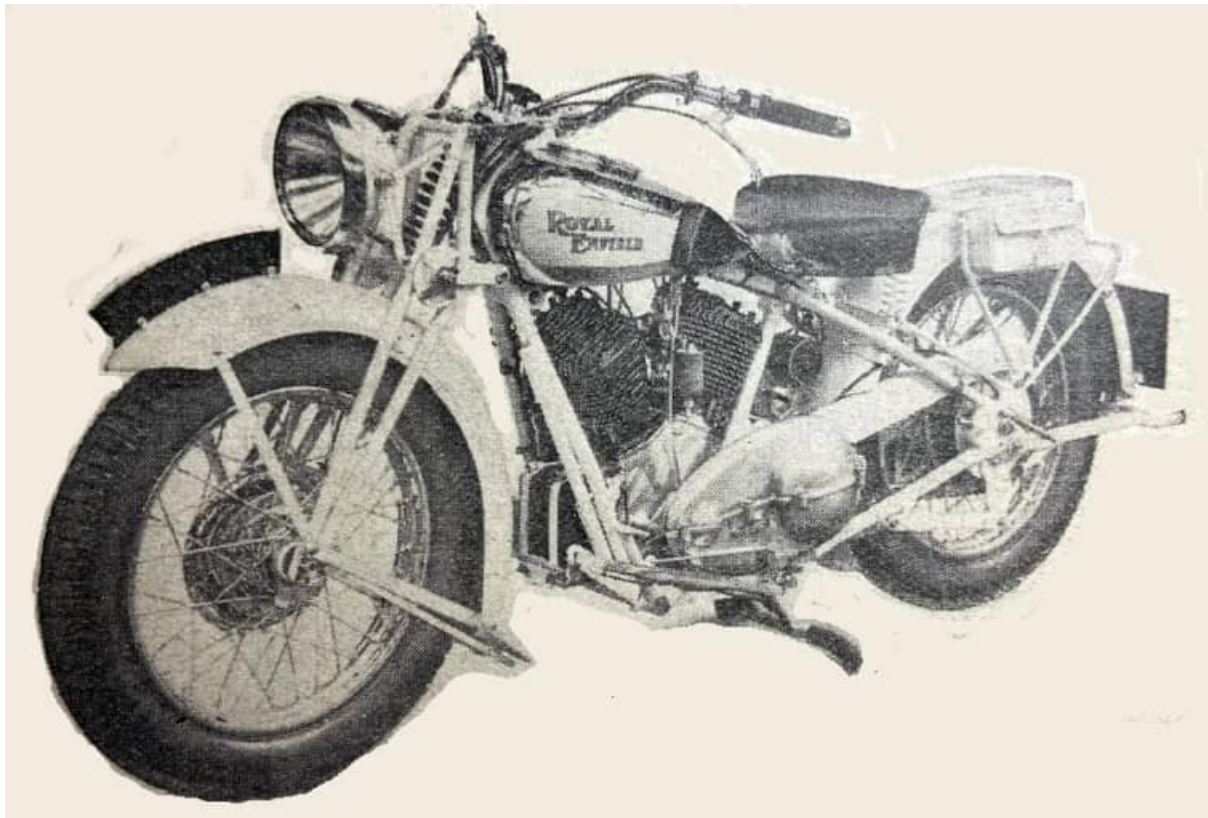
You have to wonder what Reisch and Tichy would have thought of 1,000cc 'adventure bikes'. The Puch 250T didn't miss a beat. As someone (well, me, actually) said: "The definition of an adventure bike is the bike you happen to be riding when you have an adventure."

“NOW THAT WE ARE ALL discussing motor cycle tailoring, may I appeal to our fair readers to give the men a lead?” Ixion asked. “Motor cyclists need a strong lead in dress from somebody. I despair of the men, but the girl motor cyclists might shame us. Some years ago I was lunching at a beer garden in the Tyrol, and a girl blew in dressed in white leather coat and breeches, scarlet leather leggings, gauntlets and helmet, with her scarlet leather leggings, gauntlets and helmet, with her machine painted red and white. She was literally mobbed. In conversation she confessed to having made the entire rig-out herself, with the exception of the helmet, which she had merely covered at home. If a couple of hundred girl riders set us a similar example with various colour schemes—though not quite so musical-comedy—they would shame us men as the American golfers shamed our own men golfers 20 years ago.”

“HOW I WISH THAT THE old-fashioned speed hill-climb was not so depressingly dead! I have just heard from a colleague who visited the recent climb at the one and only Shelsley Walsh—a speed climb for cars that has been steadily growing in popularity, since about 1905, I believe. Anyhow, this time, in spite of the most appalling weather, which reduced the whole thing to a mild mud-lark for the spectators, there were more people on the hilt than ever before, and the car parks were crammed full. Now, this success is due partly to steady advertising by the club members, but surely, also, it shows that the general public is keen on motor racing after all? And as for the competitors—! There were well over 100 of them, with super cars, fast touring cars, sleek supercharged racers, and home-made ‘GN’ devices, all hob-nobbing together. Two drivers had come all the way from Italy—one had towed his car from Milan!—and many of the best-known English drivers were there. Yet competitors get only two climbs, the hill is only a little over 1,000 yards long, and each climb is over in about 50 seconds.”

THE ANNUAL 100 MILES ROAD RACE of the Cookstown MCC was won by N McSorley (249cc Rudge), a resident of the district, who was making his first appearance in an event of this kind. He rode a good race, and finished with about three minutes to spare. At the same time, it seemed evident that the handicappers, in allowing him 18 minutes, had treated him too generously. Walter F Rusk, on the new 493cc Sunbeam, who was on the scratch mark, made best time of the day, despite a fall which displaced a footrest. Twenty-three competitors took part [eight finished] and the race was watched by a large crowd out to enjoy their half-holiday. Many dogs were also having their day out, and during the race amusement was caused on several occasions when the police had to remove the canine intruders from the course near the start.”





“Fit for a king—or a president. This very resplendent 1,100cc Royal Enfield has been built for the President of a South American republic. It is finished in cream and chromium, with every bright part highly polished. The equipment, in addition to the American-style handlebars and footboards, includes two electric horns, three stands, and a stop light.”

“SELDOM HAS THE LONDON-EDINBURGH Trial been blessed with such perfect weather as it was last week-end. It was the 26th version of the MCC’s annual ‘classic’, and, as in past years, the start was from Wrotham Park, near Barnet, by kind permission of the Earl of Strafford. Last-minute adjustments were made in ease and comfort (none but competitors and their friends were allowed in), particular attention being paid to the electrical equipment. Then everyone drifted over, as is rapidly becoming the custom, to see George Brough’s latest, which in this case turned out to be a 1,150 c.c. side-valve twin, with a banking sidecar—the outfit with which ‘Torrens’ had entertained himself a week or two previously. At 8pm the first man set off on his long trek up the Great North Road, through Stamford, Doncaster, and Wetherby to Harrogate. As far as Stamford the run was in the twilight, and over the welcome cup of coffee provided by the Stamford MCC the competitors complained bitterly of the unwelcome attentions of myriads of small flies. The run thereafter to Harrogate was without incident, and only at times could it be called at all cold. After breakfast (at 3.30am!) there came the business part of the trial—Park Rash and Co. But—and it was a big but—there was something very different from hills to contend with: an early-morning mist in the Yorkshire dales; clammy and soaking, it reduced visibility at times to nil, and, to make matters worse, the route marking was far from good, while many of the early numbers had the greatest difficulty in finding the stop and restart test on Middle Tongue. When they did arrive there the test proved to be almost too easy, although the long section along the top was a bit of a teaser in the matter of time. Close on 6am the first men arrived at the foot of Park Rash—easier this year than in the past, for the loose stones on the steep approach to the left hairpin seemed to have disappeared. Some excitement, however, came right at the beginning, when JT Dolby (499cc BSA) passed H Lapping (496cc OEC) just

before the bend and then slowed, with the result that they both got a shade muddled and Lapping had to foot on the bend. Although worried by the early morning sun, H Trevor-Battye (596cc Scott), EB Kay (490cc Norton) and CN Rogers (346cc Royal Enfield) were excellent. Then came George Brough (1,150cc Brough Superior sc) and FW Stevenson (980cc Brough Superior sc), both fast and both certain, the former making full use of the banking sidecar. They were followed by AJ Hicks (346cc Levis) and TG Meeten on his Francis-Barnett 'Cruiser', the latter being unlucky enough to have his gear jump out at the critical moment, so that he wavered into the bank. SH Goddard, on a 150cc ohv Excelsior, romped up with plenty to spare. DA Newberry (598cc Panther sc) went too strongly at the bottom and soon stopped with wheelspin, in contrast to HN Harrington (996cc Brough Superior sc) who, in spite of one or two naughty misses, was very fast. Both the big Harley-Davidson outfits, in the hands of CS Parrott and RW Prail, were quick, while HH Norbury (976cc Royal Enfield) was almost lurid. After Park Rash came Askrigg, which was in very easy condition, causing only RA Lanchester (497cc Ariel Four) to stop—and that through a variety of causes (which, soon afterwards, caused his retirement), ranging from clutch trouble to a retarded spark. The long run from Askrigg over the moors to West Stonesdale for the next stop and restart test was distinctly tricky. Stonesdale, in the now brilliant sun, was very easy and only GN Gamble (496cc Panther) had the misfortune to fail, through stalling his engine. Twelve more miles of rough going and the main road was reached at Brough, so that, in a very short time, the competitors were sitting down to lunch at Carlisle. After lunch a new route to Edinburgh was taken via Langholm, Selkirk and Eshbank; it was a route which helped considerably in keeping the drowsy riders up to the job until the end was reached in the Waverley Market, which, only a fortnight before had seen the start of the Scottish Six Days."



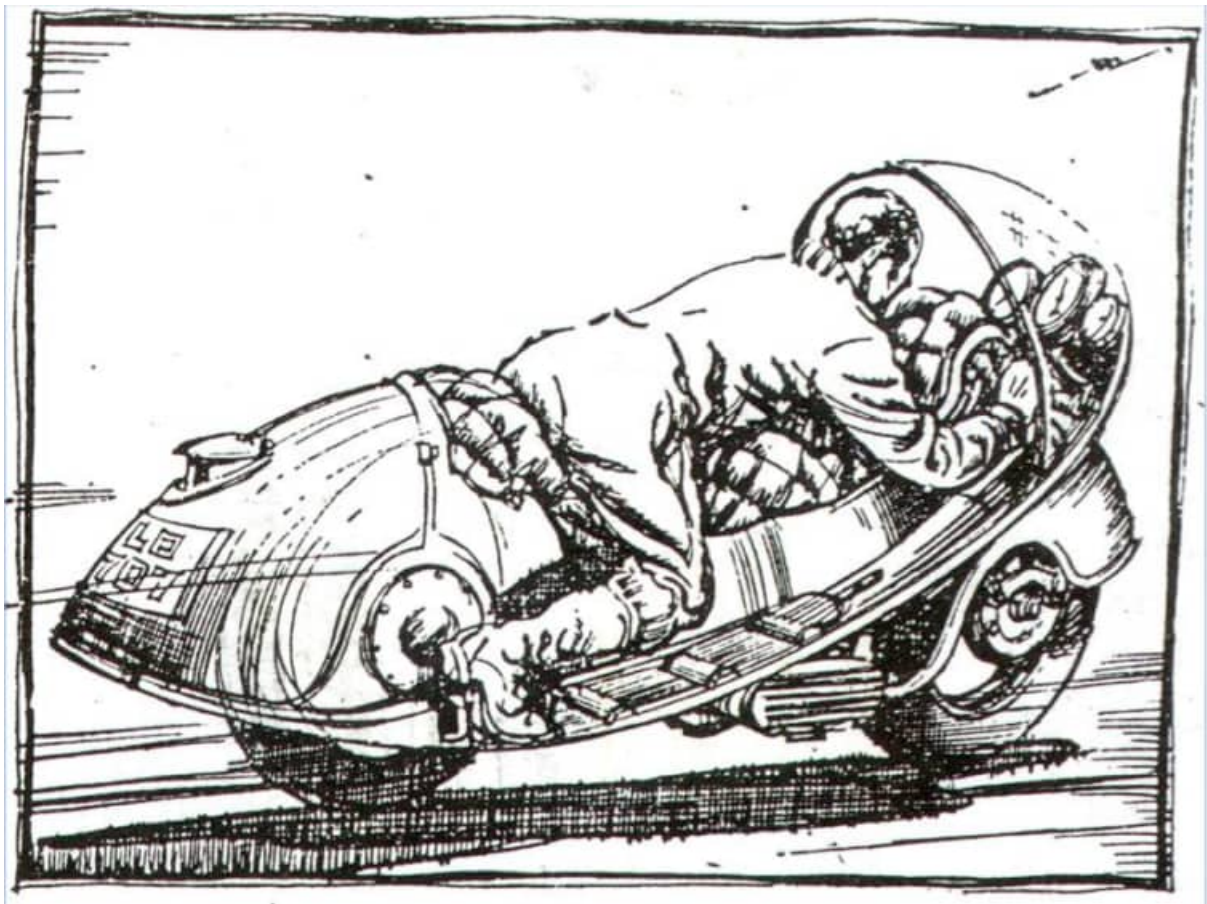
"JH Bower (347cc Sunbeam sc) rounding the left-hand hairpin on Park Rash, which, as usual, was the most difficult hill."

MAJOR HR WATLING, DIRECTOR OF the Manufacturer's Union, wrote: "The motorcyclist himself is a type of individual possessing personal courage, cool skill and a sound mechanical knowledge."

"ILLUMINATED GLASS SIGNPOSTS, indicating destinations in five directions, have proved so successful in Liverpool that they are to be extended to the junction of Menlove Avenue and Queen's Drive."

“AND IT CERTAINLY IS SHOOTING! ‘...England, where motor cycling is such a widespread sport, and they have more or less set a mark for the rest of the motor cycling world to shoot at...’ From an American contemporary.”

“THE MOTORCYCLES OF 1953—AN ARTICLE in Prophetic Vein, which Indicates the Possible Trend of Design Twenty Years Hence. By Prof AM Low ACGI, MIAE, FCS, DSc, PhD, FIPI, FRA, FRGS, FGS: The method I always adopt when I want to know what is likely to happen to any particular mechanical invention or art is to attempt to produce the curve of historical progress. I can visit Olympia and see an exhibit of old motorcycles, only to realise that with the exception of a few unimportant details such as increase of engine speed, the adoption of chain drive and heavier tyres, motorcycles have hardly changed at all during the past 20 years. Yet these museum specimens look entirely ‘different’, and therefore I can say with reasonable assurance that as alterations have occurred ever since the first day of the mechanical two-

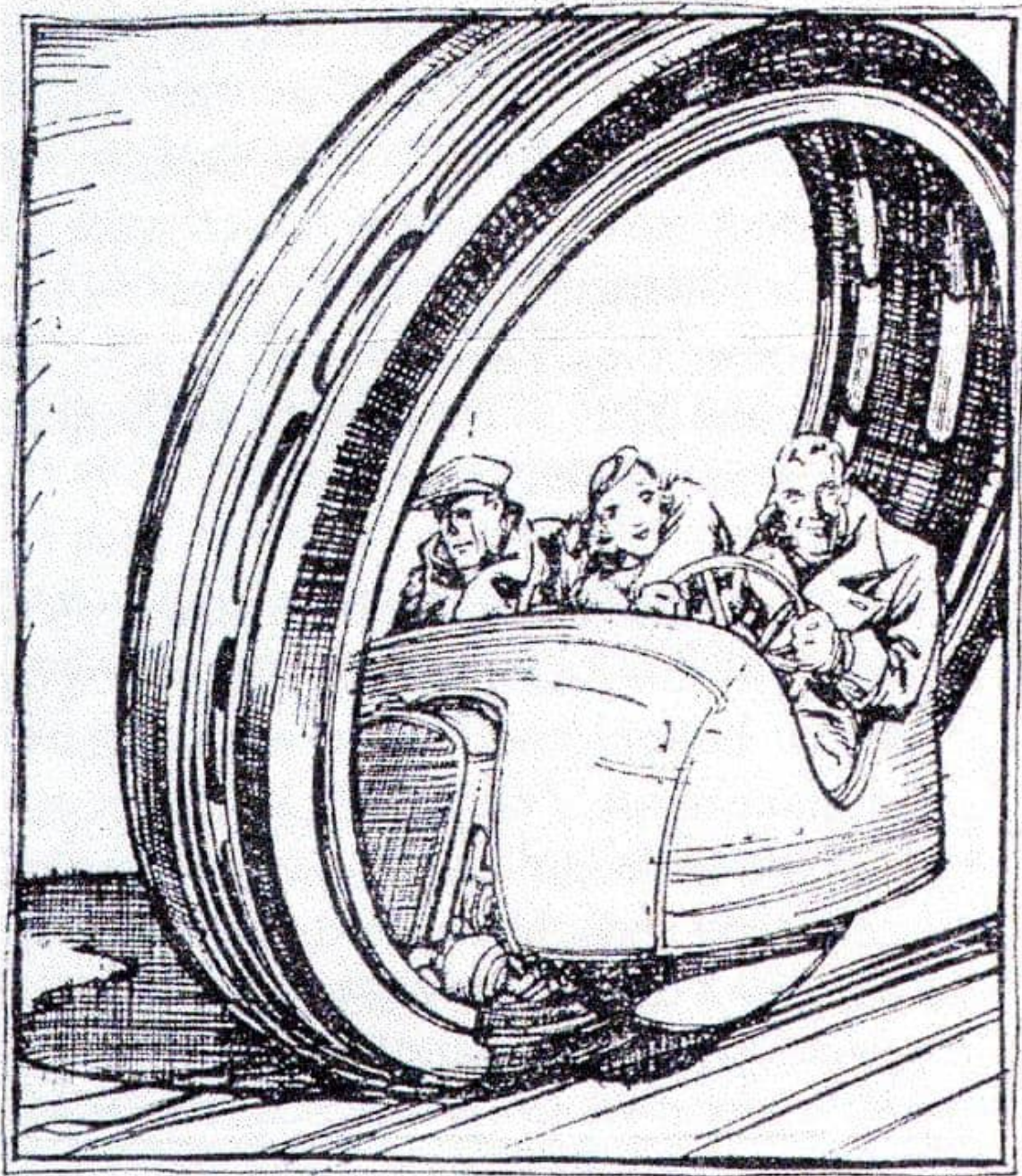


“There is already a tendency for the saddle to remain unused during the greater part of a road race. Why? Because it is not in the best position for high-speed work. Our artist, therefore, suggests that a long, soft mattress with a choice of riding positions may oust the saddle altogether in 20 years’ time.”

wheeler, some variations must occur in the future. Then I can make a list of the details of 1933 models, to discover that if I took the oldest machine on show, replaced the engine by a motor which can turn at 5,000rpm instead of 2,000rpm and made the frame, balance, saddle, handlebars, tyres and controls more comfortable to use, I could have automatically designed a perfectly modern motorcycle in the year 1910! From the point of view of power production, engines cannot be said to have progressed along really useful lines, for the internal combustion engine is by no means well suited to road work. It has no starting torque and a negligible degree



of flexibility. I think it would be right to assume that an old 1914 Triumph had a motor that was generally more 'comfortable' than a modern TT winner, and it was certainly more capable of direct speed variation. Quite a number of up-to-date machines are of very little use until the revs exceed 2,000, and in consequence it is essential that they should be nursed by means of an efficient gearbox. Engineers are at a great disadvantage in this matter of flexibility. The modern driver likes to possess a machine which will leap forward at the touch of a finger, and which can be retarded by less than a flick of his toe. The multi-cylinder engine is one solution of the balance and torque problem, but the four- or six-cylinder motor exposes a large area of combustion chamber to the burning gases and consequently reduces thermal efficiency. It is not that petrol consumption is in itself a very important item, but weight and space occupied increase out of all proportion as the heat efficiency of an ordinary engine is reduced. For racing and sporting purposes the difficulty is easily avoided because speed is the almost only consideration, and the rider is perfectly willing to sacrifice silence, smoothness and every other detail which the ordinary tourist considers so essential. The high engine revs, which are so sought after in up-to-date motorcycles, naturally imply a compression ratio so high that an engine may need to be decarbonised every 1,000 miles. The position is really rather amusing, because the designer raises his compression so that the burning of the mixture may be efficient, finds it essential to increase his piston speed to turn the resultant heat into mechanical work without too much loss by radiation, and then works hard to find some means of reducing the explosion speed in order to obtain reasonable flexibility! Unfortunately the mixture of petrol particles and air, which is cheerfully assumed to be a gas when it is nothing of the kind, is only convenient on account of the ease with which petrol can be converted from chemical to heat energy. The carburettor is often one of the most farcical instruments possible to imagine, because it never carries out the work for which it was primarily intended. If carburettors produced a perfect gas the explosion would probably be far too quick to be followed by the piston; and if these instruments were heated to prevent condensation of the mixture as the result of the cold of partial vaporisation, the weight of the affected mixture would be so much reduced that volumetric efficiency would go by the board. The difficulties of the unfortunate designer do not end with those of carburation, for although he has increased the speed of his engine so that top gear driving becomes possible over mildly hilly roads, he has still only the same 14psi of atmospheric pressure to drive the gases into the

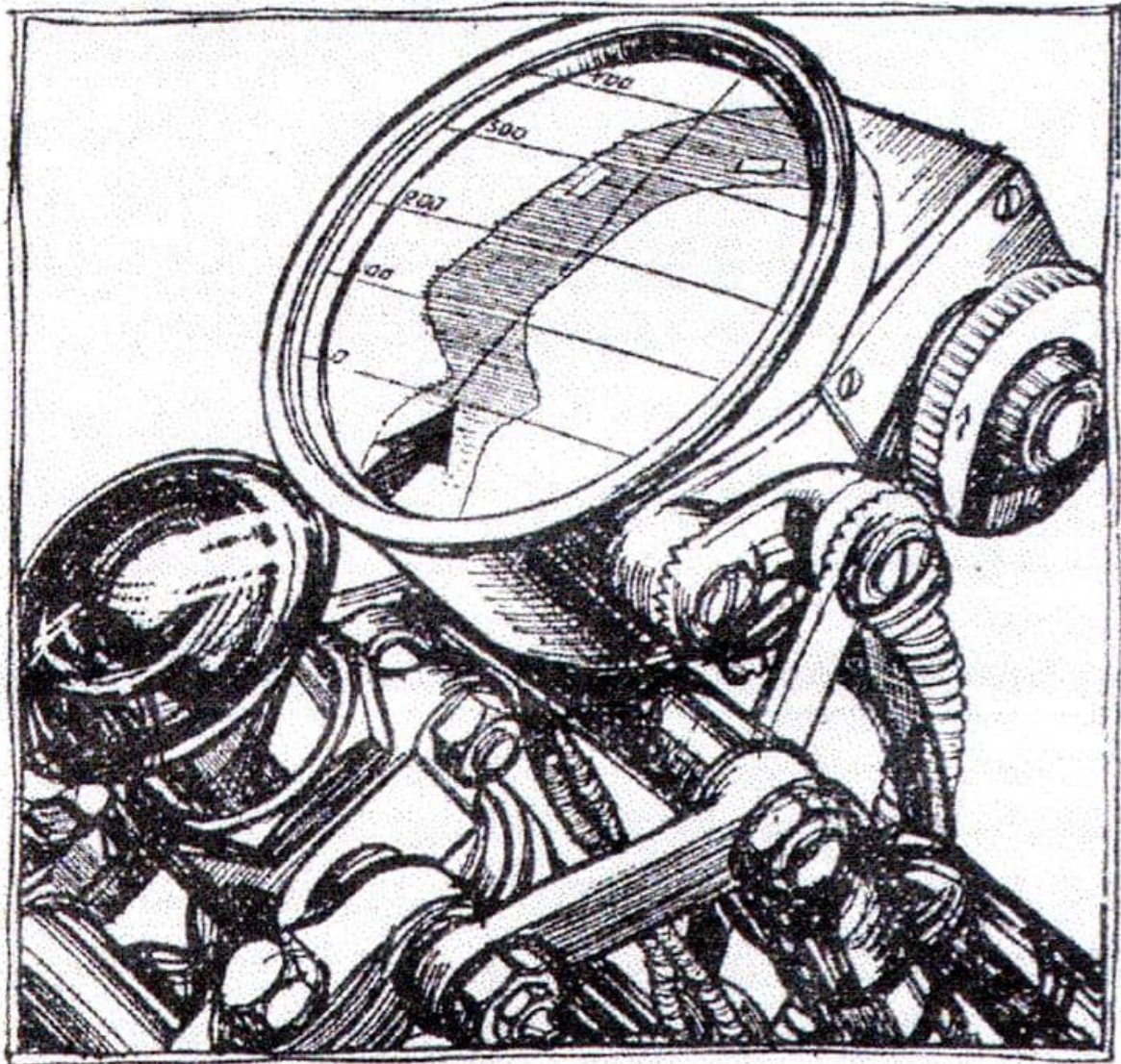


“A sports three-seater mono-wheel turnout of two decades hence. A single giant wheel enclosing a comfortable body and a powerful engine is, to our artist’s mind, not outside the bonds of possibility—and why not?”

engine; exactly the same pressure, in fact, as apply to an engine turning at a mere 1,000rpm. The high-speed record breaking engine, which is greatly to be admired for not breaking down under so many unbalanced mechanical stresses, requires a peculiar system of timing in which the valves are quite commonly never closed together. In other words, the real timing relies upon gas inertia, and not upon the drawing board movement, which indicates that gas should ‘drift’ into the cylinder. Gas has a very high inertia value at speed, and under these conditions is extremely sensitive to shock, or changes of temperature. These rather obvious faults of internal combustion engines as applied to motorcycles are not likely to remain indefinitely unchanged. It is unsatisfactory to rev an engine to obtain efficiency and to be obliged to sacrifice power

through gearbox friction. The more obvious line of progress is to burn the fuel at a rate variable at will, in the manner of a flash boiler or Diesel engine, in which the air alone is compressed to a far higher and more efficient point than is practicable in the ordinary system, and the fuel injected to burn slowly or quickly in accordance with the required speed of the motor. On motorcycles it seems improbable that such a step will take place for a good many years, because the higher stresses imply greater weight, which is not sufficiently counteracted by the absence of normal ignition apparatus on a motor of self-ignition type. Not many years from now noise will be 'taboo' in all forms of mechanical transport, and in any case there is no doubt that the abominable noise and clatter from chain and valve gears must be eliminated. Motors may be of the valve-assisted two-stroke type, and it would not surprise me to see an electrically or hydraulically operated system of timing, so that changes could be made while running. Is it not probable, therefore, that motorcycles in 20 years' time will be divided into two rather distinct classes? There will be the semi-diesel multi-cylinder engine fitted in a pressed-steel frame, and made so readily detachable that whole units can be exchanged at any service depot; and the lighter type of machine, which will be wanted by the increasing number of those who dwell in flats or cities. I am taking it for granted that in 20 years our roads will be almost perfection from the modern standpoint, because no such thing as finality is ever possible. I am even assuming that men will use aeroplanes





“Riding ‘blind’! The illuminated disc, calibrated by lines representing distance 100 yards apart, shows every twist and turn in the road and the exact position of other traffic. Who shall say that such apparatus is impossible?”

for weekend trips to Cape Town, that the kerbs of main roads will be floodlit and that a number of our main streets in cities will be provided with landing grounds. All this also suggests two classes of motorcycles. There will be long main by-pass roads over which an average speed of 80mph will seem quite reasonable, entirely on account of the comfort with which a rider will be able to accelerate or stop. The popular automatic gearbox of the 1933 car really owed its beginning to early motorcycle experiments, and I believe that some mechanism of this kind will be incorporated in my ‘1953 multi-cylinder comfort model.’ Gearboxes are not likely to become infinitely variable in type because internal combustion engines of any kind must be expensively made if they are to run at their most thermally efficient speed. All of us like to drive a high-capacity car, however much we may pretend that the joy of changing gear amuses us on a fine summer afternoon. The question of weather protection is extremely important, for I do not suppose we shall have learnt how to control the elements by 1953. Men and women are becoming a trifle ‘lounge lizardy’ in their bodies in order that their brains may have more time to think. I very much doubt if people of either sex will be willing to travel long distances with wind and mud touching their faces on a bad day. We must remember that in a few centuries

civilisation will probably have cost us our hair, our teeth, our eyes, and our ears. All these commodities will require mechanical aid, and the motorcyclist will not be able to vary his bodily characteristics to suit his own sport. The long-journey motorcycle will be a protected vehicle and will have some kind of streamlining in order to prevent the waste of power which would be abhorrent to the futuristic engineer. So I think that we can safely assume there will be partial streamlined semi-enclosed motorcycles with enormous tyres and a microscopic, multi-cylinder high-compression engine with some form of springing for the driver. I realise, however, that I am upon very dangerous ground in the matter of suspension, and that for sporting machines a great deal can be done by frame, engine, and steering balance. But bumps are really very interesting things and the motorcycle can be treated in quite a different category to the motorcar for the excellent reason that the weight of the driver bears some comparison with the total weight of the whole machine. The greatest difficulty in springing a car is that the springs have to bear a certain amount of the driving and braking load while they are expected to respond equally well between 10-60mph, or with loads varying by as much as 40 stone. The two-wheeler has few of these difficulties and it seems that steps might be taken to cure the vibration trouble over both cobbles and high speed by a similar method to that adopted by some car manufacturers, who spring the passengers on a really good seat suspension. (Remember that at the moment we are considering the comfort machine which does not rely for its success upon its power-weight capacity ratio.) In the field of sheer speed I am assuming that the smaller class of sporting machine will be sub divided. There will be the high-speed single-cylinder type with supercharged engine and perhaps some method of preventing an excessive flame rate. Four-speed automatic



Professor Low: the archetypical Number 8 Hat.

gearboxes will be used, and it will never be necessary to wave hands in the air while effecting a change. On these models our billiards-table road surface will prevent the need for special springing for they will be devoted entirely to the sportsman who, with a motor capacity of perhaps 100cc (a curve shows that cylinder capacity has fallen and speeds increased over the past 20 years), rubber sponge supported handlebars and a press button gear change, will devour distances at his pleasure. One can see the angry letters to the papers from those who demand that corners shall be banked, and equally irritated replies from old gentlemen who will say that 70mph is the speed of their own bath chair and that no sensible person would ever need to exceed that gentle pace. Correspondence on this subject will, in fact, read exactly the same as that which took place when pedal cycles were first introduced. The figures will be



slightly multiplied and the terms of abuse rather more parliamentary and offensive. I must not forget the utility riders of the future, who will devote their evenings to the sponging down, with antiseptic liquid, of motorcycles weighing 50lb, carrying large tyres and elegantly sprung pan seats. I shall expect these machines to be made of alloys about which we know nothing at present, to use small engines of 20cc capacity and to be driven by hydrogenated fuel. Perhaps they will have internal combustion turbines giving absolute silence and comfort, so that the over sensitive nerves of riders may not be disturbed. There is, of course, the very great possibility of some method of comparatively effective electrical storage being invented. It is now possible to produce several hundred hp for very short periods by means of accumulators which can be lifted by a couple of men. The grid system makes recharging and interchangeability much more simple, so that a really good accumulator would give us a delightful form of low-range motorcycling. My only anxiety is that motorcyclists in those far-off days will have little about which to complain. Yet, on second thoughts, one can imagine Clubmen wirelesslying their secretaries to explain that they were only a thousandth of a second late at the last photo-electric control. They will act and think much more quickly in those days..." *You'll find some notes on the prof in the gallimaufry.*

ONE 250 SUMMED UP THE dire state of the market. South London dealer Pride & Clarke was selling Red Panthers, launched the previous year at £42 10s (£42.50), for just £28 10s (£28.50). At that price they soon sold out so Pride and Clarke asked for more. Panther obliged, cutting the price even further to £27 17s 6d (£27 87.5p) including lights and tools. The factory didn't make a penny profit but the exclusive contract kept it in business. The name of the game was survival and it worked. Panther came through the recession (which bottomed out in 1933); Pride & Clarke was still selling Red Panthers in 1939, still priced at £27 17s 6d. *It was still selling bikes more than 40 years later but I came to hate the spares department. On Saturday mornings I'd phone in search of a part for my A10 to be told it was in stock. I'd catch the 109 bus up the A23 from Norbury to Stockwell, trek to the huge blood-red shop and join the queue, to be told "No, we ain't got it." I've wanted to get that of my chest for half a century—Ed.*



“Stretton-on-the-Foss, Warwickshire, looking towards the Ilmington Hills.”

THE ACU SET UP THE SPEEDWAY Control Board. It also launched the National Rally, although the inaugural event wasn't a great success.

RUDGE'S CREDITORS CALLED in the receivers. Road bike development continued but the race department was closed. However, the factory racers stayed in action courtesy of the Graham Walker Syndicate – a dream team comprising Walker, Ernie Nott and Tyrell-Smith. They all worked for Rudge, which gave them time off and some top spannermen.

FRANCIS BARNETT FOLLOWED the enclosure trend with the 249cc Villiers-powered Cruiser. Deeply valenced mudguards, legshields and engine covers placed the Cruiser in the 'Everyman' class of modestly powered, clean-to-use mounts. The same engine powered the enclosed Coventry Eagle Pullman (which was later available with a 250cc Blackburne four-stroke lump).

A 249CC WATER-COOLED VILLIERS engine powered two more enclosed models: the Excelsior D6 Viking, with the whole side of the machine enclosed; and the HRD-Vincent Model W. Yes, even Phil Vincent was looking for sales in the utility market.

TWO-STROKE SPECIALIST Len Vale-Onslow's SOS (originally for Super Onslow Special, later using the slogan So Obviously Superior) also used the water-cooled Villiers lump. Fair enough;

the engine was based on his design. SOS also pioneered the use of an electrically welded frame.



Sokol was a major Polish marque ('Sokol' translates as 'Falcon') produced from 1929 by the state-owned CWS (Central Automotive Workshops). The Polish army was using Harleys but wanted a home-brewed bike; what emerged was a copy of the Harley rolling chassis powered by a Polish copy of an Indian twin. Reliability was poor until this 995cc M111 appeared in 1933. Only 5% of the components were imported, it proved to be durable, easy to maintain—and it was faster off road than the Harley equivalent. By 1939 about 1,500 were in service. ('POCZTA' translates as 'COURIER' this example seems to be in service with the Polish post office.)

DURING THE SHOW MAURICE Schulte died. He and Siegfried Bettmann had set up Triumph; Schulte was its first managing director.

MONTY SAUNDERS RODE A 250cc Excelsior-JAP streamliner round Brooklands at 102.5mph. It's a record that has never been broken and the Excelsior remains the only 250 to win a Brooklands Gold Star, awarded by the British Motor Cycle Racing Club for lapping at over 100mph.

FLASHING INDICATORS appeared in the USA. Then they disappeared. Then they appeared again...





The British Empire Trophy meeting at Brooklands was primarily a four-wheeled affair. However, following the India Trophy and Canada Trophy races Motor Sport reported: "...the motor-cyclists took to the track, 26 of them, and for some time the air was full of the sharp, almost musical note of a well-tuned two-wheelers as they tore round the concrete. Once again quiet descended, and soon the cars were pushed out for the start of the chief event of the day, the scratch race for the British Empire Trophy..." which was snapped up by Count Czaikowski in a five-litre Bugatti. This snap features the famous Brooklands timekeeper 'Ebby': "A minor sensation was caused when it was seen that 'Ebby' held a brand new starting flag in his hand, to wit, a small Union Jack. At first this was thought to be merely Ebby's 'geste' in support of the Imperial nature of the meeting, but it was afterwards given out that the national flag will in future be the usual means of giving drivers the signal to 'Go!'"

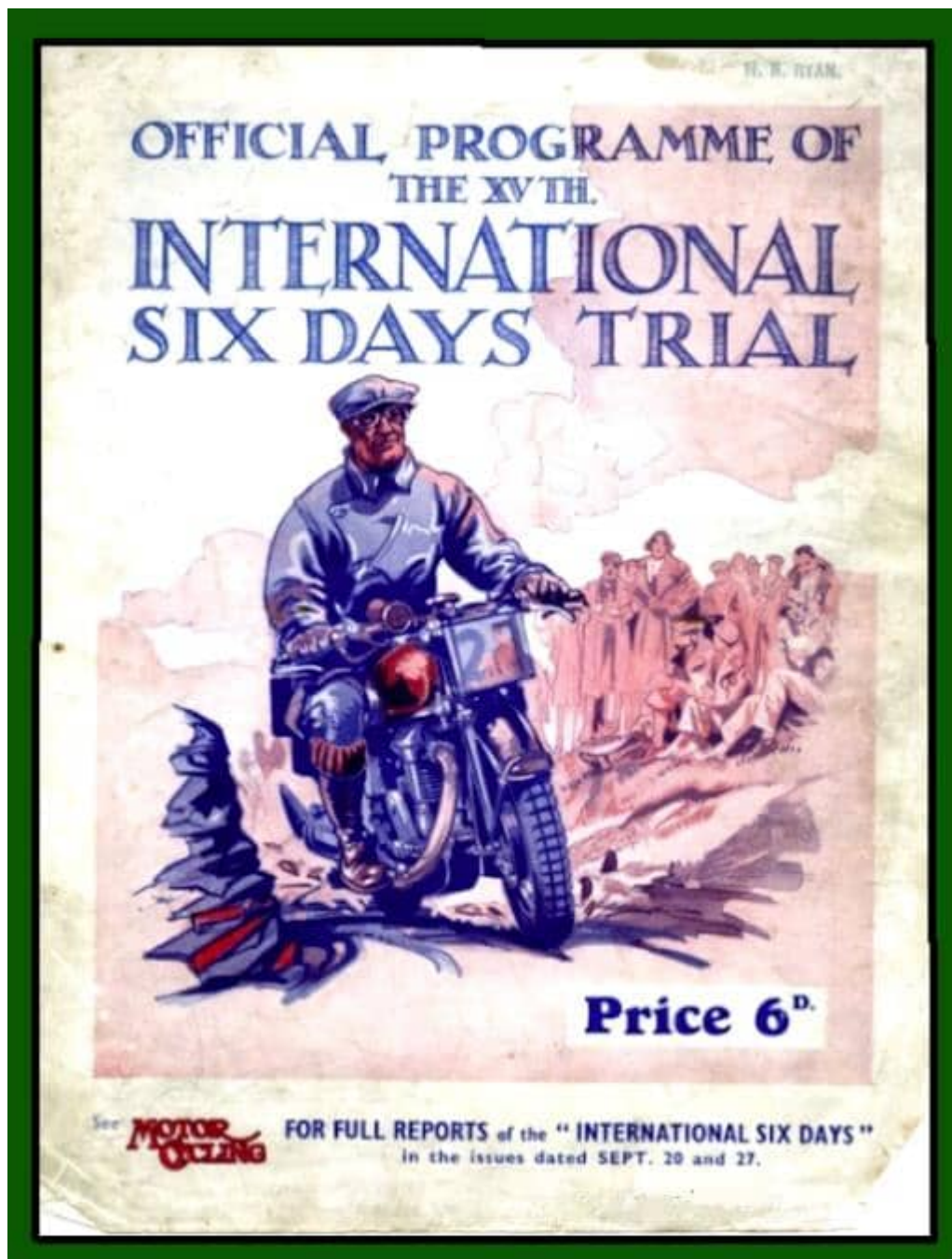
"THE 1933 TRIAL—THE FIFTEENTH International Six Days"—is being held in Wales. This decision to exercise our right to hold the Trial in this country was taken only after careful consideration of the pros and cons. It was realised that there are difficulties peculiar to Britain as compared with the Continent – the difficulty of finding a course that is both fair and yet severe enough, the difficulty of suitable accommodation nearby, the crowded condition of our roads in the holiday seasons, the antipathetic attitude of various authorities, the fact that a success abroad must be

a better testimony to the excellence of British machines, and so on. On the other hand, it will be five years since the last Six Days' was held in England, a suitable course has been found, and it was felt that it was not only our right but our duty to run the Trial again, in that country which was its birthplace twenty years ago. The heartiest welcome, is offered to all those riders and officials from abroad who have honoured the Auto Cycle Union with their attendance at Llandrindod Wells for the XV International Six Days. Though the Welsh mountains cannot hope to outrival the Dolomites as a testing ground, their conquest will reveal unexpected charms. Duw sy'n llenwir cwd!

**TWL."**

*'TWL' was ACU secretary Tom Loughborough, who was also secretary-general of the FICM.*

"CONNING THE DETAILS OF the ACU's route for the International Six Days, I feel that one and all must congratulate the Union on the way in which it has tackled a difficult job. To ask anyone to provide a true 'International' course in Britain—that is, a gruelling mountainous route without freak stuff—is to ask the impossible. Most of the route chosen by the ACU consists of roads which at one time or another I have explored, and, believe me, they seem to have made the very best of a bad job. It is not generally known that observed hills are taboo in all International Six Days Trials; everything has to be done by means of time checks and the final speed test. The course and speed schedule, therefore, have to be such that hard driving is the rule, though it must not consist of freak, machine-smashing surfaces. The speeds will vary between 17mph and 30mph, according to the machine category and the nature of the section; 30mph is scheduled for the main-road run to Donington, where the final speed tests will be held."



FOR THE FIRST TIME THE ISDT was staged in Wales. *The Derby Evening Telegraph* explained: "Motor-cyclists from all parts of Europe—from France, Germany, Italy, Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, Sweden, Holland and Switzerland—will, with more than 80 British riders, take part in a reliability trial lasting six days, over gruelling roads in Wales. Two women are among the British entrants for the trial—the International six-day trial—which is to be held from September 18 to 23. They are Miss Marjorie Cottle, perhaps the most famous woman trials rider in this country, and Miss E Foley. For several years Miss Cottle has been riding motor cycles in reliability trials—trials of physical as well as of mechanical endurance. Each day the riders will set off in the early morning from Llandrindod Wells on a 200-mile journey over Welsh roads, returning to the 'base' in the evening. Over hills and valleys, through twisting, turning lanes, and, in some places, along grass-grown roads, the riders will test their machines. The trial has no racing element. In fact, the speeds required may, at first glance, seem slow, but the 22 miles an hour average which the



small machines, side-car vehicles and three-wheelers, and the 25mph average which the other machines will have to maintain, will test thoroughly the staying power of both riders and engines. At intervals of two minutes from seven o'clock in the morning the goggled and leather-coated riders will start in threes on their great trek. They will follow the 'great red way', for the route will be sprinkled here and there with red powder—through villages, over mountain roads and loose-surfaced lanes. Then, on



On the Wednesday riders tackled Dinas Rock. A number of them, unable to restart on the hill, went back on foot for another try. (L-R): WF Bicknell (346cc Royal Enfield), GA de Ridder (500cc Ariel), G Berger (496cc Douglas), PF Lucas (348cc Norton).

the last day of the trial, they will have a final burst of speed. They will travel across country at ordinary touring speed to the road-racing circuit at Donington Park, where they will open their throttles wide in speed tests." *Motor Cycling* reported: "Against the pick of the world's trials riders, a team of Germans, which included the redoubtable Ernest Henne, holder of the motorcycle speed record, has won the coveted International Trophy. Which is to say, obviously, that Great Britain has lost the Trophy. For that we are sorry; and we join with all other motorcyclists in this country in commiserating with the members of our trophy team, who put up a most gallant fight in an unsuccessful attempt to retain the much sought-after honour in the sphere of trials-riding. The greatest consolation of defeat, however, is that the famous Trophy was won by a team which deserved to win it. All three of its members, mounted on beautifully made (and very expensive) BMWs, the victorious German team furnished, every day of last week, a wonderful display of clever riding. Nothing seemed to bother them; they were as 'at home' in the valleys and mountains of Wales as in their own favourite trials ground—the forested slopes of the Harz Mountains, in Saxony. Not that the British trophy team did not do

almost equally well; Bradley, Perrigo and Rowley behaved throughout the week like the staunch trials' geniuses they undoubtedly are. Their machines, too—the Sunbeam, the BSA, and the AJS—stood up to the gruelling they received in a manner that wins our most cordial approbation. To lose the Trophy by a single point is galling; yet it is not so galling as it would have been had the honour been filched by a team that only secured it by an amazing stroke of good luck. It is pleasant to reflect that, although we lost the fight, it was cleanly waged on all sides. We have the pleasure, moreover, in acclaiming our own 'A' team—Jack Williams (348cc Norton), GF Povey (499cc BSA) and VN Brittain (490cc Norton) as the victors in the hard fought tussle for the International Silver Vase. The contest for this award was tremendously keen; no fewer than 11 teams had high hopes of securing it. One of the Irish teams—H McKee (498cc Levis), S Moran (495cc Matchless) and CW Duffin (498cc Matchless) was second in the Vase contest, and the other English team—R McGregor (499cc Rudge), L Heath (499cc Ariel) and FE Thacker (346cc Royal Enfield)—beat the German DKW team for a well deserved third place. So with a very close second place to our credit in the Trophy contest, as well first, second and third places in the Silver Vase competition, Great Britain and Ireland can well congratulate themselves. It was truly a magnificent achievement. It is tribute, too, to the wonderful reliability of modern motorcycles when it is recorded that no fewer than 87 of the original 140 starters finished. How great a tribute that is, can only be appreciated



The Bianchi team (L-R): G Aldrighetti, T Bandini and A Pignorini.

to the full by those of us who actually witnessed the event. The trial was calculated to search out the weakness in both man and machine; yet all its terrors could find no sign of weakness in the 56 men and machines who finished with clean sheet. Bravo! The 1933 International Six Days' Trial was, in every sense, a magnificent event, and every credit is due to the Auto-Cycle Union for the wonderful organization. The manufacturers of the motorcycle that were set to face such trying conditions deserve our most earnest congratulations too, and as for the competitors

themselves well. perhaps this instance will serve to illustrate the spirit of the riders: It was on Dinas Rock on Wednesday. The hill was far, far more difficult than was anticipated. 'Outside assistance' in any form was attended by penalization. A rider fell (not the only one) and his leg was being painfully lacerated by the driving chain of his machine, which lay on top of him. A spectator offered to lift it off him...The competitor's first thought, as he lay there, was to ward off the unwanted help of the spectator; his next was to reach for the compression-release lever, in order to stop the engine and the searing, whirring chain. This done, he heaved the machine from off him, wrested it into an upright position, restarted and went on up the hill...The spectators round about started clapping. But they did not clap on account of any spectacular display of trial riding; the man's performance, in fact, was not outstanding. Neither, for that matter, was his pluck—140 plucky men were competing. But it was for his pluck they clapped him; for the indomitable spirit that was typical of last week's International Six Days' Trial." Here are some excerpts from the comprehensive coverage by *Western Daily Press*—yes, in those days the general public took an interest in motor cycling: "Some of the worst of the third-class Welsh roads through the black mountains and a descent of Dinas Rock, one of the steepest and trickiest hills selected for the trial, were included in the 198-mile course which riders had to cover yesterday in the second day's. run





WS

Waycott (348cc Velocette sc) tackles Givenddur Splash ahead of GJ Spooner (348cc Ariel), FW Stephenson (988cc works Brough Superior sc) and AC Mapstone (750cc Zenith sc).

of the international six.days' motor-cycle reliability trial at Llandrindod Wells. There were 127 starters, 13 having retired on Monday. Only one crash was reported, that of G Aldrighetti, riding a Bianchi, member of the Italian International Trophy Team, who was uninjured. Although her petrol tank sprang a leak early on, Miss Chris Herbett continued with fuel pouring out in a continual stream on her engine. Every 20 miles she had to refuel, and she was faced with the possibility that the machine might at any moment burst into flames. Although her clothing became saturated with petrol as she jolted over the rough roads she finished the day's run. Wood, who crashed on a mountain road and fainted after completing the course, was yesterday

advised by his doctors that he was not to ride. Several riders found that the covers of their tyres were punctured by large nails or tin tacks. One rider pulled nine nails out of a tyre, one of which was two inches long. It is thought that most probably they were placed at some point on the course by mischievous children. In the International Trophy, Great Britain and Germany have lost no points. Italy has only one rider left, two having retired. They have lost 1,100 marks, as has Czecho-Slovakia, who has only one rider left. In the International Silver Vase, Great Britain (A), Ireland (A), Italy (B), Czecho-Slovakia and Germany (A) have lost no marks...The torrential rain on Tuesday night made the Welsh roads difficult and dangerous for the 114 competitors left in the international six-days' motor-cycle trial, who set out yesterday from Llandrindod Wells. Arthur Clarence Mapstone (London), driving a sidecar outfit, crashed into a boulder on the mountain road on the outskirts of Hay. His head was badly cut by his broken goggles. His brother, William Gordon Mapstone, of Newbridge, Monmouthshire, in the side-car, fractured his jaw and was attended by Dr Wilson. of Hay. He was taken to Llandrindod Hospital. Both were thrown clear of the machine on to the road. Miss Edith Foley, riding a New Imperial, was not allowed to start by the stewards this morning, owing to a broken spindle, and so she was the first of the three women competitors to retire. Miss Chris Herbert, riding a Cotton, had to retire owing to tyre trouble. This leaves only one woman in the trial—Miss Marjorie Cottle (BSA). Rowley (APS) one of the British International Trophy team, had tyre trouble, and when he checked in he lost two points. Ernest Henne (BMW), who holds the motor-cycling world speed record of 151.46mph, also had trouble. He is a member of the German



The German and British Trophy teams got together following the Donington speed test. (L-R) Josef Steltzer, George Rowley, Bert Tetsall (Bradley's passenger), Ludwig Kraus (Mauer-Mayer's passenger), Peter Bradley, Josef Mauer-Meyer, Bert Perrigo and the world's fastest rider at the time, Ernst Henne.

Trophy team. He lost one point. The other members of the British and German teams had lost no points, but Rowley's mishap cost Great Britain the lead in the International Trophy, the most

important award of the trial. In the International Vase three teams have still lost no marks, Great Britain (A), Ireland (A), and Germany (A). There were two non-starters yesterday morning and 14 retired during the day for various reasons. Out of the 140 who started on Monday 98 are left. Of these 70 have lost no marks during three days' gruelling tests...Yesterday was the fifth day of the international six days motor-cycle reliability trial at Llandrindod Wells, and the route for the run, the last one in Wales, was the reverse of Thursday's. There were 92 starters. A dog nearly brought disaster to Stelzer, one of the German trophy team riders. A large sheep dog leapt over a cottage garden wall, right into his path. Stelzer had no opportunity of avoiding the animal and' smashed into it. The rider, motor-cycle and dog fell into a heap and rolled into the ditch. Stelzer however, was unhurt, and was able to continue. R Uvira, a member of the, Czecho-Slovakian silver vase team, had a narrow escape when he crashed into a stone bridge on a corner. He was unhurt, but had to retire. The position of the International Trophy teams were unchanged last night, the Germans having lost one point, and England two points. In the International Silver Vase, the following teams have lost no marks: Great Britain (A), Ireland (A) and Germany (A). There were four retirements during the day...After a thrilling fight with the British team, Germany won the much-coveted trophy of the international six days' motor-cycle reliability trial which concluded at Donnington Park, Derby, on Saturday, by one point. There were originally 140 competitors, and they started from Llandrindod Wells on Monday



Marjorie Cottle was the only woman to finish the trial; she won a silver.

morning, and each succeeding morning, to ride over the most difficult and dangerous roads in the British Isles. Those roads took their toll and retirements were many. The competitors had ridden over 1,000 miles up to Saturday, when only 88 started on the last stage of the trial—to Donnington Park, 130 miles. Great Britain (A) had the consolation of winning the International Silver Vase, the second most important award. Ireland was second and Great Britain (B) team third. Fifty-six riders were awarded gold medals having lost no marks and 18 received silver medals, among them being Miss Marjorie Cottle, the only one of the three women competitors to finish. Nine bronze medals were awarded.” And here’s a snippet from *The Herald*: “The various nationalities wear distinguishing coloured armlets—German, white; Dutch, orange; Irish, white with green shamrock; Italian, red; Swiss, red and white; Czechoslovakian, red and white with blue triangle; Hungarian, yellow; English, green. On Tuesday the competitors made the descent of Dinas Rock, the steepest hill on the trial. Miss Marjorie Cottle had to dismount when the tool-box of her cycle broke away and threatened to jam in her driving chain. One of the best efforts was made by Miss Herbert, who, although her front tyre was punctured, went up Dinas Rock Hill without a stop. Miss E Foley was not allowed to start, as owing to a spill on the



previous day her machine was not considered safe. In the International Trophy contest 14 of the competitors had to give up. Although 98 reached the finish of the day's run at Llandrindod Wells, only 70 had unblemished records." **Results.** International Trophy: 1, Germany (1) penalty points; 2, Great Britain (2); 3, Czechoslovakia (1100); 4, Italy (1400). International Silver Vase: 1, Great Britain A (0) penalty points; 2, Ireland A (0); 3, Great Britain B (1); 4, Germany A (6); 5, Italy B (14); 6, Holland B (59); 7, Germany B (85); 8, Czechoslovakia (260); 9, Ireland B (500); 10, Holland A (600); 11, Italy A (1400). The FICM (now the FIM) analysed the results bike by bike. Five solos up to 175cc started the trial, winning two gold and two bronze awards; one did not finish (DNF). Solos, 250cc: 24 starters, six gold, two silver, 15 DNF. Solos, 350cc: 29 starters, 15 gold, four silver, one bronze, 8 DNF. Solos, 500cc: 49 starters, 21 gold, nine silver, three bronze, 14 DNF. Solos, 750cc, eight starters, one gold, two silver, one bronze, three DNF. Solos, 1,000cc: three starters, one gold, two bronze. Sidecars, 600cc: 10 starters, six gold, four DNF. Sidecars, 1,000cc: seven starters, two gold, one silver, four DNF. Three-wheelers, 1,100cc: five starters, two gold, three DNF. Total starters: 140, 56 gold, 18 silver, nine bronze, Seven finished with no award, 52 DNF.



HS Perry on a works Triumph 645cc 6/1 and Graham Oates on an Ariel 600cc Square Four during the speed test at Donington (Oates won an ISDT silver). Following the trial Perry took the 6/1 to Brooklands and covered 500 miles in 500 minutes, winning the Maudes Trophy. (Right) Oates was a Manxman; the Isle of Man Post Office proudly marked the 60th anniversary of his achievement.

HARRY PERREY MIGHT WELL have been the inspiration for Triumph's Maudes Trophy. He'd worked with Val Page at Ariel and in 1933 followed him to Triumph. Perrey's showmanship and riding ability sparked a thought that a Maudes challenge was possible. Page came up with a 645cc ohv vertical twin called the 6/1. Using almost the same rolling chassis as the Triumph singles, it featured a bolt-on semi-unit gearbox and a rear brake that could be locked on as the new model was designed primarily for sidecar use. Primary drive was by a pair of gearwheels (the engine ran 'backwards'), though surprisingly it lacked a foot gearchange. The 6/1 debuted at the Scarborough Rally with a 'Gloria' sidecar designed specially for it by Perrey, who then entered it for the ISDT. Few pundits thought this heavyweight roadster combo (which was designed as an alternative to the big V-twins) had a chance of finishing an ISDT. Not only did Perrey finish, he won a silver with only five penalty points—but for a delay caused by a puncture he'd have won a gold. Following the trial the outfit was returned to the factory for checking; nothing needed doing. It was then ridden to Brooklands for the 500/500 test. Thick fog slowed things down for the first three hours, then Perrey and two of his workmates were able to pick up the pace. They completed 500 miles in 8hr 17min, achieving the 60mph average target with just

three minutes to spare. The 6/1 had won its spurs but maybe Triumph made a mistake in aiming it squarely at the sidecar market because sidecar sales were beginning to flag. Only a few hundred vertical twins were sold before the model was dropped, leaving the stage clear for Edward Turner's Speed Twin...but that's a story for 1937. *[The semi-unit construction and other excellent features of the 6/1 were not forgotten by Page. His post-war BSA A7, which fathered my beloved 1953 Golden Flash, shares genetic material with the 1933 Maudes Trophy winner—Ed.]*



That timing chest gives Val Pafge's 6/1 vertical twin a definite 'Ariel' look. It deserved a better reception.

MAUDE'S TROPHY WON BY NEW MODEL TRIUMPH

TRIUMPH

A 650-c.c. O.H.V. Twin Triumph and side-car covered 500 miles in 500 minutes on Brooklands Speedway immediately after completing the International Six Days' Trial, and was awarded the Maude's Trophy. Hazell and Moore, Ltd., 36-38 Campbell-street, Sydney, will supply full details of the new 1934 models.

Word of the 6/1's exploits spread fast. This ad appeared in the New South Wales magazine *The Farmer and Settler*.

“DIRECTION INDICATORS COMPULSORY. In France, after the end of this month, direction indicators will be compulsory on vehicles with a greater width than 6ft 6in.”

“RECOIL FROM PROHIBITION? Agricultural interests in the USA are endeavouring to induce Congress to make compulsory the mixing of a certain proportion of alcohol with all petrol sold in the States.”

“MOTOR CYCLISTS AS FIRE-FIGHTERS. Volunteer motor cyclists are to precede the Fire Brigade at Wisbech (Combs) in the event of country fires to discover the nearest available water supply for the engine.”

“PEDRO PASSES OUT. During the first nights of dirt-track racing at Mexico City, many of the riders were so ‘blown’ after each race, due to the rarified air at the high altitude at which the city is situated, that they had to lie down to recover!”

“EVER SINCE THE DAYS when Graham Goodman conceived and put into effect the idea of a trial for experts only the British Experts’ Trial has been one of the most interesting and enjoyable events in the sporting calendar; in fact, it can be described as positively the most interesting trial of the year, for everybody who is somebody competes on equal terms over a really 100% course in the Stroud area—ground befitting the experts. Actually the trial is two events in one, for no attempt is made to classify the solos with the sidecars. There are two separate awards—the sole awards except that there are certificates for all who complete the course. Last Saturday, by using all his 17 years’ of hard-won experience, GF Povey (499cc BSA)—a rider who has been ‘knocking at the door’ for some time—won the Skefco Cup for the best performance, with VN Brittain (348cc Norton) only one mark behind him. Last year’s winner of the Palmer Cup for the best sidecar performance—HJ Flook (490cc Norton sc)—once again proved himself master of the third wheel. The 44-mile course, which included 14 observed hills, started from the Bear Hotel, Rodborough Common; near Stroud. The experts were required to cover two circuits of this route; it was very similar to that used last year, and it must surely be the most difficult and varied in England. At 10am the first men were sent off towards the bottom of Ham Mill, a rutted but interesting climb. ‘More Folly’, the next on the route card, could be described as a turning-round test in a rutted lane,





“All hands to starboard’—HJ Flook (Norton sc), winner of the sidecar trophy, on Hazlewood.”  
 (Right) “Stanley Woods—it was strange to see this famous road-racing man in a reliability trial.”

for the riders were sent down one side and had to turn round across some ruts and ride up the other side—a test which called for a lot of slow-riding skill. Here EJ Heath (497cc Ariel) had a very exciting time, shooting up the wrong bank. Nevertheless, he was feet-up. Stanley Woods, (490cc Norton)—it was strange to see this famous road-racing man in a reliability trial (though he does plenty of it in Ireland)—and R Cotterell (497cc Ariel) were both very good, but Jack Amott (348cc Triumph) had to dab once. GW Fisher (348cc Baughan) nearly emulated EJ Heath, but got out of his difficulty a little more easily. Jack White, on an oldish side-valve Sunbeam, was excellent and, after the worst was over, gave vent to an artful chuckle that greatly amused the spectators. Station Lane being in very easy condition, Ashmeads provided the next piece of excitement. This long, greasy climb had an awkward rut at the top which caused any amount of bother for the solo men. GF Povey (499cc BSA) took the hill as it should be taken—flat out, and stylishly at that. CH King (493cc Douglas) nearly rammed L Crisp (493cc Triumph), while J Douglas (498cc Douglas) sidled up at speed with his rear wheel in the rut. Both Jack Williams (348cc Norton) and GE Rowley, riding a 495cc ohc AJS with hairpin valve springs, were absolutely star, while Len Heath (497cc Ariel) was just as brilliant. FE Thacker (348cc Royal Enfield) struck a note that is unusual in these days by sitting firmly in the saddle all the way up. While Hazelwood Hill was moderately easy for the solos, the sidecar men. had the greatest difficulty in keeping on the move. The first section was narrow, with a deep gully on the left, while in the second section the gully was on the right, being at its deepest on a right-hand bend. In the second section HS Perrey (645cc Triumph sc) lost his rear wheel in the gully and headed straight into the bank. WS Waycott (348cc Velocette sc) also fell by the wayside, but RU Holoway (348cc Dunelt sc) was brilliant and got round the bend and clear of the section before he ended up on his side. NP0 Bradley (599cc Sunbeam sc) was the only sidecar man to get through the first section clean, but was unlucky enough to break a chain in the second. HJ Flook (490cc Norton sc) amazed everyone by getting round non-stop, with just two frantic kicks to avoid turning over. He was followed by. AE Morris (499cc Baughan sc), who was nearly as good, but stopped momentarily. DK Mansell (490cc Norton sc) also managed to reach the top like Flook—with a couple of hefty lunges at the bank. ‘BB2’, notorious for its high step and slippery

rock outcrop, was a little easier than usual. Stanley Woods and Jack Williams, on their Nortons, Len Heath (Ariel) and Rowley (AJS) all rode to perfection, as did Perrigo (499cc BSA). RS Bond (248cc Triumph) carefully rode round the step until the model elected to throw him. Quite one of the best was L Crisp (493cc Triumph), who was obviously having an 'on' day and at the top of his form. On the second circuit the stop and re-start test on Shadwell



“AE Perrigo (499cc BSA) on a steep leaf- and rock-strewn bend on Breakheart.”

caused almost as much trouble as it did on the first. Povey, the only man to gain full marks on the first circuit, repeated his performance—the only man to do it on both circuits. Immediately following Shadwell lay Breakheart, perhaps the most difficult hill in the trial, having an acute S-bend on a really steep gradient, with rocks and boulders galore. It was great fun to watch the experts run up the bank and foot hard! In spite of the difficulties, Amott (Triumph), and Brittain (Norton), managed to keep their feet on the rests. AR Foster (248cc New Imperial) had to foot for safety, but he was quite one of the fastest. TC Whitton (348cc Velocette) was also very fast, though the model got a shade out of hand on the top bend. J Douglas (Douglas) brilliantly rode feet-up, as did R Dee (346cc Rudge). Miss Cottle (249cc BSA) went straight up the bank, but made an excellent getaway and surprising to relate Len Heath (Ariel) did almost exactly the same thing, though it seemed he was going a shade too slow for once. AE Perrigo (BSA) was good, but a trifle jerky, while J Williams (348cc Norton) was less certain than usual. Riding without a footrest, GE Rowley (AJS) all but kept his feet up. Back once more at The Bear, the experts tried to calculate for themselves who was the winner, but it was not until late in the evening that it was announced that Fred Povey had won the solo honours—and nobody seemed more surprised than Fred himself. He seemed almost sorry about it—because the competitor whom he had beaten by one mark was none other than Vic Brittain, who has been three times placed second in this event, and twice third, but never first. This is an excellent example of the sporting spirit that pervades the whole trial. RESULTS. Solo (Skefco Gold Challenge Cup): GF Povey (499cc BSA), 304 marks (317 possible). Sidecar (Palmer Cup): HJ Flook (490cc Norton sc), 253 marks (260 possible).





“You can’t keep a good man down, thinks .....’s passenger.” (Right) “Highest to-day, Mr Thacker!”



“A wily organiser creates from his point of view (!) the right atmosphere—the start of a non-stop section in the Cambridge University Club’s Inter-Varsity Trial.”

“AT THE MOMENT WE ARE offered two types of standard gear change, and a third is in the air. The tank and the foot control are already with us; the handlebar preselector is being ‘talked up.’ The tank lever has been with us for umpteen years, and is steadily criticised because second-rate riders take their eyes off the road when they operate it, and speed merchants (even if expert) cannot always afford to steer one-handed when they change in a race. The foot control was invented for racing purposes, in which field it now rules. The preselector is slow in coming, but on paper need have no faults at all. Let us admit that any system is satisfactory in expert hands, with foot control ranking best for racing. Foot control is by no means ideal for duffers;



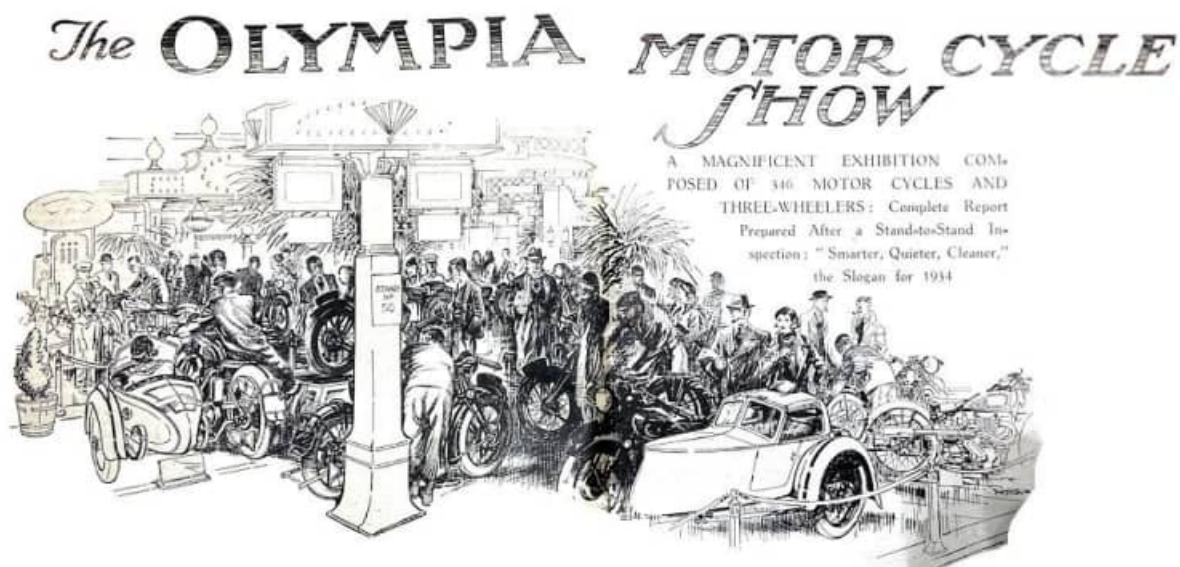
when a duffer gets in a traffic block he is usually a little hot and bothered, and it is far safer for him to glance at a high-up tank quadrant than to peer down at a neutral indicator.”

“THE BRITISH TWO-STROKE CLUB recently enrolled its first Italian member—he rides a 98cc model. Already they have members in Japan, Canada and the North-West Province of India—riders separated by thousands of miles, riding under very dissimilar conditions, yet all two-stroke enthusiasts!”

“NEW TERROR FOR THE TIMID. Unilateral parking has come to London. This method of permitting vehicles to stand on one side of the street only, the side depending upon the day of the week, is to be tried out in Jermyn Street, and signs indicating the correct side for the respective day will be erected. The system, which is designed to minimise inconvenience to shopkeepers, has been tried in a number of provincial towns.”

“TRAFFIC SIGNALS—’I am imposing fines of 5s in each case, because motorists have not yet acclimatised themselves to these signals,’ said Mr TE Rhymer, chairman at Tottenham Police Court, when several motorists were summoned for failing to obey the traffic signal lights...Operated in some cases with the aid of a wireless van on each side of the signal, police traps for motorists who ignore the signals are becoming common, and magistrates usually show far less leniency for this offence than in the foregoing cases.”

“SUMMONSES FOR NOISE OFFENCES were 9,871 fewer in 1932 than in 1931, it was stated in Parliament recently, when a member asked the Home Secretary whether this was because of a decline in this class of offence or because the police had not taken action when such noises occurred. Sir John Gilmour’s reply was that it was due to an’ extension of the system of giving verbal warning or cautions in certain types of cases, instead of issuing summonses, and also to a decline in the number of cases.”



“ALL TOLD, THERE ARE 346 motor cycle and three wheeler exhibits at Olympia. These comprise 257 solo motor cycles, 67 sidecar outfits, and 22 three-wheelers. Counting only those machines that are exhibited on manufacturers’ own stands, it is found that there are 36 150cc models, 83 of 250cc, 43 of 350cc 91 of 500cc, 28 of 600cc, 31 of 1,000cc, and 14 over 1,000cc. Overhead-valve engines take pride of place with 205 machines so fitted, followed by 66 side-valves, 46 two-strokes, and nine overhead-camshafts. In percentages, 81.4% are single cylinders, 15.2%

twins, and 2.4% four cylinders. Of the machines with single-cylinder engines, 98 have the cylinder inclined in the frame and 86 vertical mountings. The number of machines with four-speed gear boxes is no fewer than 199, while 115 are shown with foot gear changes. Spring frames appear on 30 of the machines. Magneto ignition is included in the specification of the majority of the models—226 are fitted with magnetos, 31 with flywheel magnetos, and 69 with coil ignition. Well over half the machines, namely 197, are priced with full electrical equipment. A total of 24 motor cycles are either totally enclosed or incorporate special shielding, 28 unit-construction or semi-unit machines, and 13 with pressed-steel frames. One of the most pleasing features...is the wide acceptance of the 'Everyman' ideal. On all sides one finds machines with their mechanism enclosed, mounts that are clean to ride and easy to clean, special silencing systems and designs that have as their keynote accessibility...One finds, too, that an increasing number of manufacturers are placing the question of engine flexibility, comfort, ease of handling, weather protection and ease of starting before all else...The day of the Everyman motorcycle has arrived."



"Twelve thousand miles to the show! Mr KS Jones, who, riding a 225cc Royal Enfield two-stroke, left Pretoria, South Africa and proceeded to Olympia. He told *The Motor Cycle* that he had enjoyed a no-trouble journey, though he had been considerably hampered by 'red tape' in various countries."

"WHAT THE SHOW REVEALS: A wealth of novelty, including a machine with a fluid fly-wheel and preselector gear, several all-enclosed models, a three-wheeler with a single wheel in front, a new four-cylinder three-wheeler, and another with a single-cylinder engine...The exhibition of a Diesel engine for the first time...Many new 1.5s-tax machines...Two new twins, one of 500cc and the other of 650cc; the latter has side-by-side vertical cylinders...That the 250 is becoming even more popular...That the four-speed gear box now exceeds the three-speed in popularity...That mechanical silence is one of the most general aims, and that the enclosure of valve gear is being brought to a fine art...That oil-bath primary chain cases are now found on quite inexpensive models...That water-cooling has suddenly come into its own...That the convenience of riders in the matter of detail fittings is now receiving really close attention from designers."

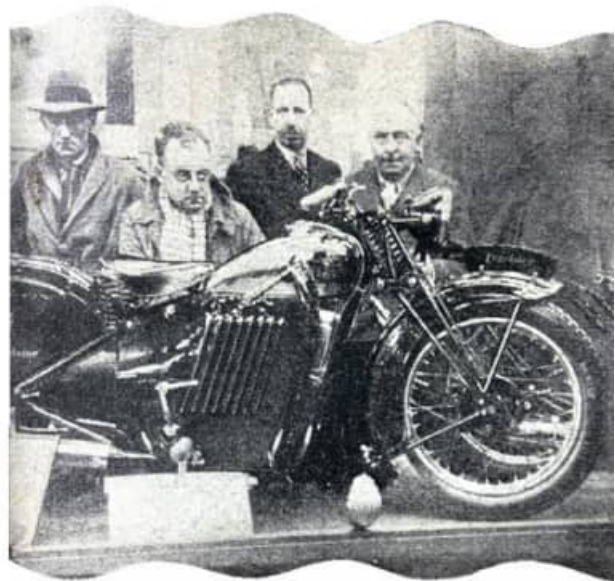
“UNFAIR CONDEMNATION OF MOTOR cyclists by the public was an emphatic point made by the Minister of Transport, Major Oliver Stanley, MP, in his speech when he officially opened the Olympia Show on Saturday morning: ‘Owing to occurrences in the past—actually, some few years ago—the motor cycle has a reputation which it no longer deserves. This has prevented the public realising the big strides that have actually been made in securing silence. No longer is it fair to condemn this particular means of transport in that respect.’ Major Stanley said that this was the first time since 1929 that a Minister of Transport had had the privilege of opening an Olympia Motor Cycle Show. Four years ago the great stock exchange slump in America had occurred, but nobody had realised what serious world depression was to follow in its wake. Depending as it did so largely on sales among weekly wage-earners, the motor cycle industry had been one of the hardest hit of all. It said a great deal for the skill, energy and courage of our manufacturers that they had managed to maintain their credit throughout; they had worthily upheld the prestige of British industry. ‘To me, as Minister of Transport,’ said Major Stanley, ‘motor cycles are an important factor, since there are between five- and six-hundred thousand on the road.’”

“MANY THOUSANDS OF NEW readers will receive their introduction to *The Motor Cycle* through this special Olympia Show Report, and will wish to know more about the journal and its features. In the first place, this enlarged Show Report is not representative of the normal issues, which are altogether broader in their scope. The aim of *The Motor Cycle* is to help its readers to obtain the maximum enjoyment and pleasure from their machines—to be a helpful friend to one and all—to keep them abreast of everything that is new in design; to suggest by its touring and camping articles ways and means of ensuring happy, inexpensive holidays; to publish informative, entertaining accounts of all the leading sporting events, both at home and abroad, and at all times to watch over motor cyclists’ interests (vide the exposure a fortnight ago of the inspired anti-motor cycling propaganda). *The Motor Cycle* illustrations are unique; many thousands of riders owe their intimate knowledge of petrol engines and motor cycle design to the clear perspective drawings which have been a feature of this journal for over 20 years. *The Motor Cycle* was founded in 1903; its staff is composed of a band of enthusiastic riders, and to-day the paper enjoys a circulation far in excess of that of any motoring journal in the world. Its pages form the recognised forum for the interchange of views, and among the many features of normal issues will be found articles dealing with the care and maintenance of motor cycles and their components, technical discussions, practical hints and tips, and helpful articles for the beginner. *The Motor Cycle* is enterprising, entertaining, and informative.”

A STROLL ROUND OLYMPIA WITH IXION. “Olympia plays many roles. To one firm it is a fountain of wealth; to another the grave of hope; to some it has been an epitaph. There we always see the machines of the moment, the machines of tomorrow, even the machines of yesterday; models with a future, models with a past—and, very occasionally, models with neither! And how the daily Press distorts it! The bloodhounds of the dailies have curious noses which can only smell something new. Almost to a man they were hypnotised (not unpardonably) by the fluid flywheel and Wilson preselector gear of the new BSA. Not a line did most of them concede to the stalwart, yeoman buses of the past which have been the backbone of the sport and industry for a generation. They raved about the 2,000 electric bulbs and three miles of wiring on the BSA stand, and never even noticed the haughty Norton stand, which has gigantic, iridescent red corner-posts carved in the shape of ‘1st’, and stages ‘pottery’ worth a fortune, including as it does the premier award in practically every European speed championship. Not that the new BSA isn’t extremely exciting, of course. It may inspire a positive stampede in the direction of new transmissions by November, 1934; and its oddest feature is that you can walk past it without



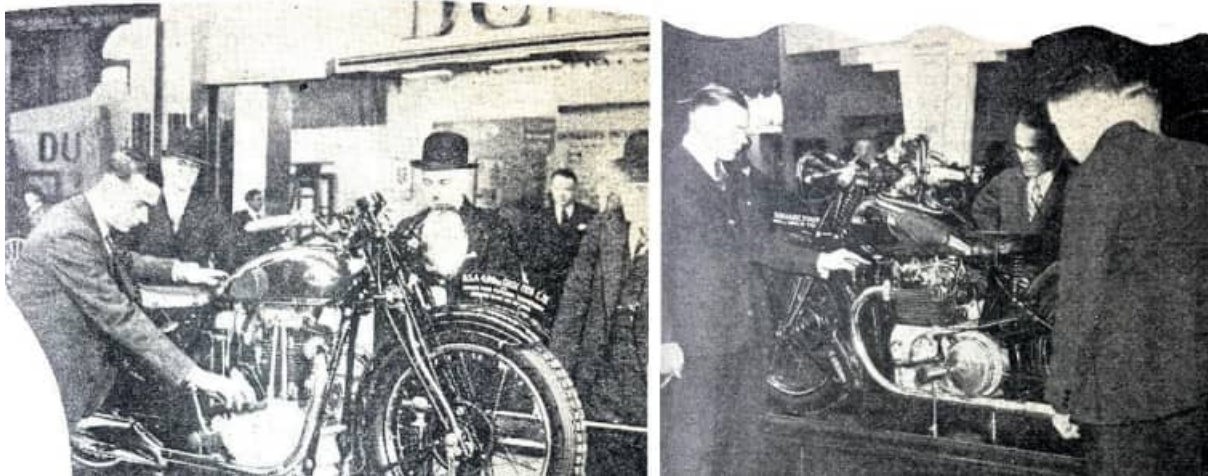
spotting anything revolutionary, so tidily are the new items incorporated in the frame. There is a strong tendency towards enclosure; with the treble motive of silence, good appearance, and easy cleaning. 'Nature,' as one salesman remarked, 'has not so far created any animal which carries its intestines externally: why should motor cycles be less decent than animals?' I hesitate whether to award the palm of beauty to the Francis-Barnett 'Cruiser' (an Olympic debutante, though an old and well-tried friend) or to the new Excelsior. The former is entirely 'hoseable', despite its air-cooled engine. The Excelsior, thanks to water-cooling, has the equivalent of a tiny motor car bonnet neatly bestowed in the main frame panel. It appears rattle-proof, and the side-shields lift off when you have undone two wing nuts per side. Its rear wheel is as nearly totally enclosed as is possible, and yet remains completely accessible. Not even a chain shows anywhere. Finished in red, black, and silver, it certainly is a beauty. And the beauty is not eyewash;



"HS Perrey, the well-known competition rider (in bowler hat) demonstrates the helical gear primary drive of the new twin Triumph." (Right) "Finished in red, black and silver, the new all-enclosed Excelsior certainly is a beauty."

for example, the primary chain runs in a grooved Sorbo rubber bed, saturated with oil. With two silencers and the damping of all metallic 'ring', this bus should be super-silent. The HRD people are content merely to enclose the power unit; they profess some fear of side-pressure in beam winds; but their contribution is charming—spring frame, four speeds, and the entire tank-side padded to form an enormous knee-grip, equally pleasant whether you stand 6ft 6in. or 5ft 3in. The dawn of the 150cc super-sports! Now that we expect 70mph from 250cc, sonic of the racing brigade plan to give us hot-stuff one-fifties. (I smell a 100mph Snowden about three years off!) So meet the new 148cc Royal Enfield. About 60mph. Four speeds. Dry-sump oiling. Totally enclosed valve gear. No external piping. Twenty-seven guineas fully equipped. The New Imperial works are very enterprising. Fired by the success of their helical primary drive on small engines they now stage a 350cc 'Unit Plus' with a four-speed box, and a very attractive job it is, eliminating that tiresome primary chain with its demand for attention and periodic renewals. They also stage two other new machines known as 'Grand. Prix' models which are practically 250cc and 350cc TT replicas, except that the crankcase and oiling are modified to suit road work. You can buy these in either racing or trials guise, as you may prefer. At the Rudge stand the new stuff was mostly 'inside'. Graham Walker has a humorous knack of comic exaggeration. He

says that you'd better not use the internal finish as a mirror unless you are a real good-looker; and they claim to have the best big-end in the whole world of motor cycling. So our 1934 Ridges should stable a few extra Shetlands. They are better-looking than ever, with quick-detachable side-shields to cover up some of the plumbing in the region of the gear box, and the nattiest black-and-gold mudguarding ever seen at a show. On the Triumph stand the new vertical twin is naturally a cynosure.



“AE Perrigo, the BSA rider, indicating the features of the fluid-flywheel BSA.” (Right) “Mr E Turner beside the Ariel Four, the child of his brain.”

It is already credited with abnormal advance sales. If you've ridden it you know that it has the punch of a Petersen and the manners of an arch-angel; and the men who serviced the experimental models during their 30,000-mile road test say that they never wanted anything doing to them. I have always thought—and still think—that the AJS method of driving an overhead camshaft by enclosed chain with Weller spring-blade tensioner cannot be beaten for maintained quietness, neat appearance, and general efficiency. You'll find a new version of it on the 250cc Levis, employing a plunger and oil dashpot to smooth the spring blade action. This 70mph Levis should make good. It has such a yank in it that, as a precaution, they've given it a 350cc-size gear box. Some of these two-fifties are a little on the small side, but the Levis people must have a corpulent fellow on their staff; there was a time when the 250 Rudge was. about the only machine of its power on which a big man could bestow his limbs—another feather in Graham Walker's cap. The 'Beam designer does not radically change his well-proved designs (why should he?) or allow a record depression to cheapen the finish, external or internal. These lordly machines develop a little extra power annually, as even Sunbeams were never quite omniscient. They are one of the few factories who give on flexible oil and petrol piping. It is no wonder that British machines are well on top when, in addition to the conventional mounts on which our super jockeys win all the races and in addition to the detuned replicas thereof which most people ride, our range includes all the sound novelties already noted, and such familiar super buses as the Brouchs, and the Ariel and Matchless four cylinders. Where in the world can you match any of the three? And, in quite a different field, is not the Velocette supreme? Compact, cobby, trim, neat, an engineer's job from stem to stem, in racing guise it is just compressed lightning, and as fine an example in petto of sheer mechanical beauty as a great liner is in a larger sphere. I must leave the sidecars to our chair expert, but I thought them much improved. The Watsonian people show a taking range, and the Triumph company have an excellent model for use with their new twin. Altogether, I welcome a most fascinating blend of enterprising innovation with ripened, conservative experience in the menu for 1934. If a friend

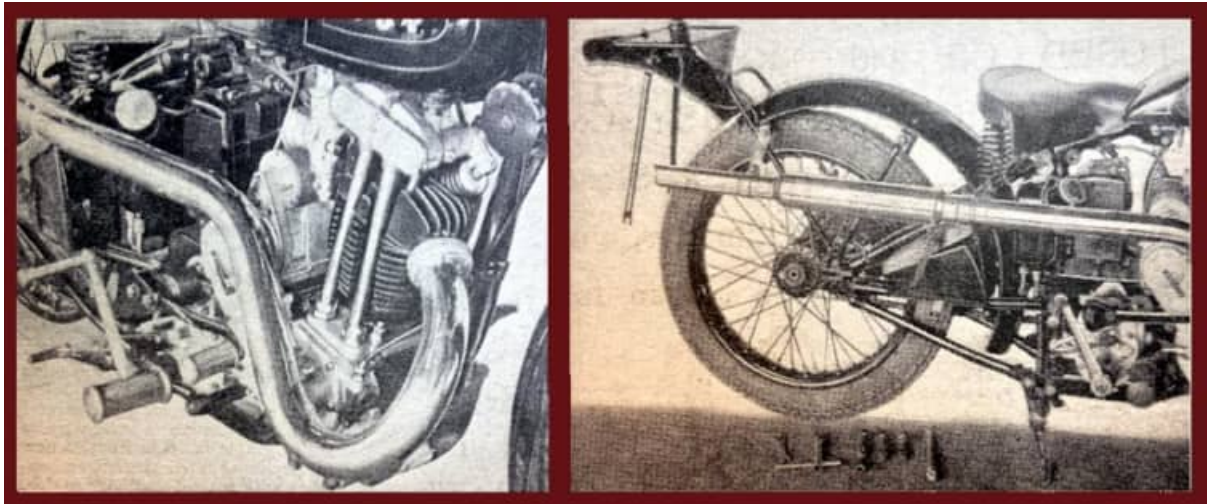
offered to stand me a pluperfect dinner by way of a great celebration, I should prefer most of the dishes to be old favourites, each perfectly cooked and perfectly served, surpassing all previous memories of them. But the dinner would be memorable if, in addition, it contained some slight admixture of novelty—at least, one new hors d'oeuvres, perhaps a strange entrée, and some quite unfamiliar wine. This is precisely what the trade offer us for 1934; and it is all extremely attractive. Thank you, gentlemen!”

“ONE OF THE MOST pleasing features of the present Exhibition is the wide acceptance of the ‘Everyman’ ideal. On all sides one finds machines with their mechanism enclosed, mounts that are clean to ride and easy to clean, special silencing systems, and, often, quickly detachable wheels, and designs that have as their keynote accessibility. One finds, too, that an increasing number of manufacturers are placing the question of engine flexibility, comfort, ease of handling, weather protection, and easy starting before all else. All these are features appealing to the everyday rider, and which this journal has so persistently advocated. As many will recall, our advocacy of this policy three years ago in a world which was idolising speed resulted in bitter controversy. That, however, is all past, and to-day we are gratified to find on every side evidence of the fact that our campaign has been heeded. As the Editor remarked in his broadcast speech last Saturday, the day of Mr Everyman’s motor cycle has arrived.”

THE BSA PORTFOLIO INCLUDED Daimler cars, whence came fluid-flywheel transmission that was fitted to a Beeza 500, but it found no favour with the riding public and was stillborn. “I welcome the new fluid-flywheel BSA for three main reasons,” Ixion wrote. “In the first place, it is in the absolute a most fascinating machine, and offers new sensations in motor cycling, just as the Scott and a Douglas and the Ariel and Matchless fours did at their debuts. In the second place, it is a symptom that better days are coming; when trade is in a trough or on the downward slope, factories simply dare not spend money on research and experiments, which may or may not captivate public taste. In the third place, the motor cycle industry has been mentally a little ‘groovy’ of late. In the allied pedal cycle industry a moment arrived when its massed brains seemed incapable of further development; stagnation may be pardonable in the evolution of such a simple commodity as a bicycle, but no sane man can claim that the motor cycle has attained perfection, and it is heartening to find that one designer at least is boldly breaking new ground—doubly so, when the new ground opens up a machine which should prove much simpler for a beginner to handle expertly.”

AS ALWAYS *THE MOTOR CYCLE* reviewed every bike on show, which offers a snapshot of the British motor cycle industry’s 1934 products. So, having been briefed by Ixion, I’m off for a stroll round Olympia: **AJS** exhibits ranged from a ‘big port’ ohv 250 (alongside the big-port 350 and 500) to a 900cc sv V-twin (including an export model aimed at US police departments) by way of four ohc models: 346 and 495cc road racers and ‘competition’ versions. One model featured a speedo and rev counter “neatly mounted in front of the steering damper”. **Ariel** made a virtue of standardising running gear; engines ranged from 250 to the 600cc Square Four. The sporty 250, 350 and 500 Red Hunters came with high-level exhausts; the sidevalve 557cc side-valve big single boasted a detachable head and fully enclosed valves. **BSA** had the biggest stand at the show and the biggest range, from a 149cc ohv Snowden baby to the 1,075cc





“How the components are arranged in the 498cc ‘Big Port’ model. Note the convenient position of the foot gear change.” (Right) “A hinged rear mudguard and a quickly detachable rear wheel are standard on the majority of ASJ productions.”

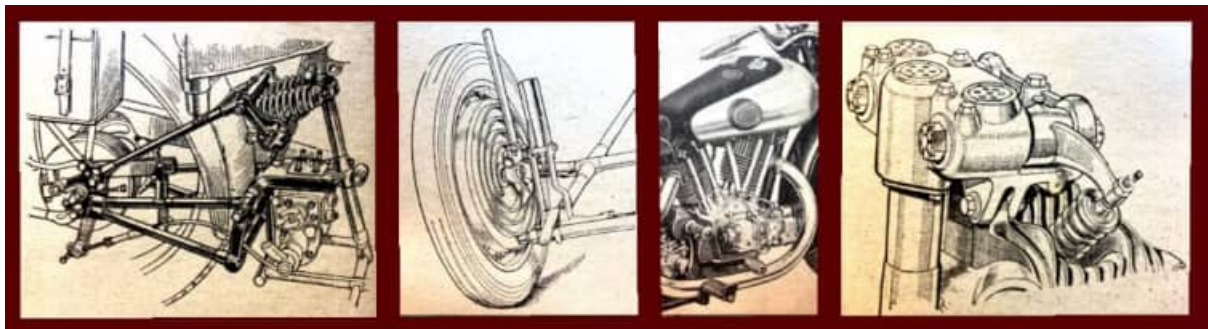


L-R: “A good-looking, sturdy super-sports mount; the 497cc Ariel Red Hunter. Compactness is a feature of the ohc four-cylinder Ariel. The camshaft is chain drive. All the 1934 Ariels have their valves and valve gear completely enclosed. Note the detachable rocker cover end on the ohv models.”

four-pot Special Sports three-wheeler. The Blue-Star 250, 350 and 500 were Beeza’s equivalent of the Ariel Red Hunters; “the 499cc and 595cc side-valve engines will appeal to the rider who likes quiet power”; the 990cc V-twin catered for heavy-duty sidecar work. Centre stage went to a new ohv V-twin 500 and the fluid-flywheel model with a ‘Wilson-type pre-selector gear mechanism’. “All the BSA machines are now electrically equipped as standard.” **Brough Superior** always attracted crowds—this time enthusiasts focussed on a banking sidecar chassis and the latest SS100 (which ought to have been renamed the SS110 because Brough had upped the ante to a guaranteed 110mph). George Brough was a great showman; the Blue ‘Un noted: “Though not on view the water-cooled four-cylinder model is demonstrated outside the Show. **Calthorpe** had more than 20 bikes on its stand but only two models: the 247cc Ivory Minor and the 493cc Ivory Major with a choice of coil or magneto ignition. All Cottons featured the duplex triangulated frame powered by a four valve 249cc ohv Python, 596cc ohv JAP, 350 and 500 ohv and sv and a selection of 150s from Villiers, Blackburne and JAP. **Coventry Eagle’s** entry in the 150cc stakes was powered by a specially made twin-port Villiers



L-R: "A lively ohv mount that is taxed at only 15s a year: the 149cc BSA. Engine unit of the new 500cc ohv twin. One of the outstanding features of the show: the BSA fluid flywheel dissected to show its construction."



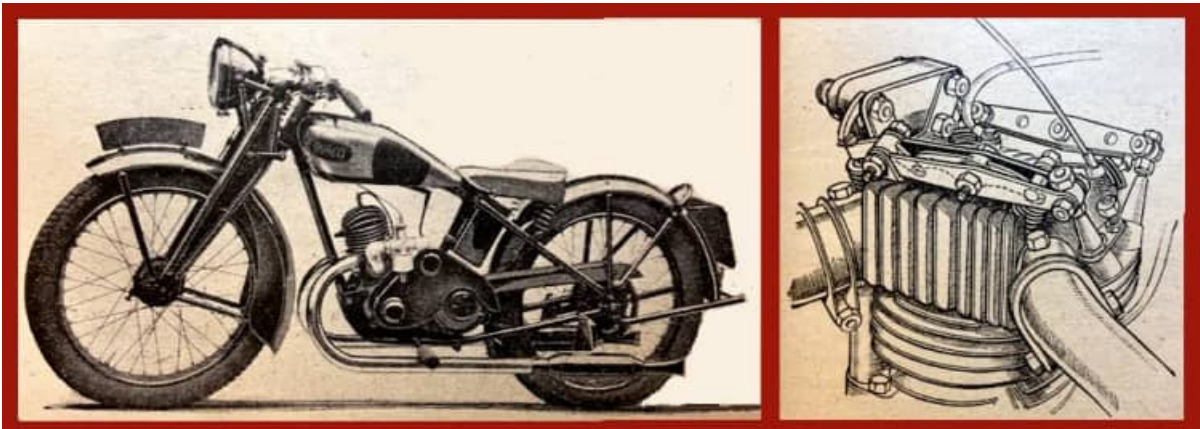
L-R: "A sturdy spring frame, with hand-adjustable shock dampers—the Brough Superior. The chassis of the Brough banking sidecar in the banked position—a pin engaging with the helix returns it to normal. Power unit of the new SS100 Brough Superior with the shield removed to show the twin ignition system—one instrument for each cylinder. Breathers are provided in the rocker box of the new 250cc Calthorpe engine—the various bearing surfaces are lubricated by oil mist."

two-stroke housed in a pressed-steel frame; "the power unit is particularly well silenced by means of a large aluminium expansion box in front, terminating in two large-capacity silencers at the rear of the machine...A similar model, but with a 250cc Villiers engine, is also shown" alongside a twin-port four-stroke JAP-powered 250. "A novelty is a special sidecar chassis built to suit the pressed-steel frame." **Coventry Victor** was known for its flat twins including a sidevalve 850 that powered a "family three-wheeler...the front seats have pneumatic upholstery and the rear seats are large enough for well-grown children". A 499cc ohv flat-twin solo was described by the Blue 'Un as "a sturdy, straightforward machine". Also on show was a 5hp ohv flat-twin diesel and a flat-four. **Dunelt** showed four models for 1934. The Villiers-powered 150 was "a handy little vehicle with pressed-steel forks and very efficient mudguarding, while the price [£25] is low enough to suit a slender purse. The Villiers-powered 250 had "a more generous specification" with a claimed top





L-R: "A sports four-valve 250—the Python engined Cotton. Excellent weather protection is provided on the 15s tax Coventry Eagle-Villiers, the 148cc model. How the gear lever on the latest models is contained within the pressed-steel frame."



"A neat yet inexpensive 15s tax mount: the 148cc Dunelt-Villiers, which is fitted with pressed-steel forks. (Right): Arrangement of the rockers and radial valves on the Python engine fitted to the 249cc ohv model."

speed of 60mph. The other two 1934 Dunelts had ohv Python engines of 249 and 499cc; "it is noteworthy that the 249cc model is available with a TT replica engine for £55 (without lighting)". No marque was more associated with horizontal twins than **Douglas** but the Bantam, its contender for the new 150 cc sector, was a single—and a two-stroke to boot—although it was still horizontal. It was also in the 'Everyman' mould, with rubber engine mounts to reduce vibration, detachable panels covering the entire side of the bike and substantial legshields. Flat twins still dominated the range: 250, 350 600 and 750 sidevalves with 500 and 650 ohv models. "It is difficult to say which is the highest 'high spot' on the **Excelsior** stand, but it lies between the 249cc water-cooled all-enclosed model and the 'Mechanical Marvel' which won the Lightweight TT." The D9 roadster was the Everyman's Everyman: "It is entirely enclosed from stem to stern in metal shields...the primary chain runs in a groove formed in a Sorbo rubber strip which lines the inside of the chain case." It topped a range of utility lightweight two-strokes from 98-249cc. But Excelsior's 150 contender (like the Douglas 150 it was called the Bantam, 15 years before Beeza used the name) was an ohv four-stroke; "its design is good and the





L-R: "A horizontally opposed twin with 30s a year tax—the new 250cc Douglas. How the oil tank is mounted within the petrol tank on the larger mounts. The 150cc two-stroke with one of the side shields removed to show the layout."



L-R: "Exceptional weather protection and silence are features of the new all-enclosed water-cooled 250cc two-stroke Excelsior, which looks a particularly handsome mount. How the four valves of the 'Mechanical Marvel' are disposed. A well-tried and successful model on which the whole of the 'works' with the exception of the cylinder are enclosed—the Francis Barnett Cruiser."

performance snappy". The four-valve Mechanical Marvel was going into series production and, not surprisingly, "the actual TT winner is on the stand". **Francis-Barnett** majored on the popular Cruiser; its 249cc Villiers engine was uprated with Villiers automatic lubrication with oil in a separate tank though petroil lubrication remained available as an option. A 10-bike display included three 148cc Lapwings; the entry level Model 33 had a three-speed box, legshields and direct lighting—the Blue 'Un reckoned it was "an excellent little job". The higher spec Lapwings boasted four speeds and electric horns. A brace of Black Hawks were shown with the 196cc Villiers engine; the Falcon was of the same capacity but with a 'super-sports' engine. **Levis** tweaked its well established ohv 350 with a twin-port exhaust with tubular silencers and rubber-faced legshields. "Among the points of minor interest are flexible oil and petrol pipes, plated tank and wheels and racing-type knee-grips moulded in the form of wings." The 350 was bracketed by a 250 and a 500 of similar spec "but perhaps the greatest interest centres round the new 247cc ohc model" which was "intended for very high-speed work. The engine has a compression of 8 to 1 and employs chain drive (with Weller tensioner) for the valve



L-R: "A new member of the Levis family that is attracting much attention at Olympia—the 247cc ohc model. Power plant of the Matchless 'Sports 500'. Note the convenient position of the gear-

change pedal.” The whole of the valve gear is enclosed on the ohc four-cylinder Matchless Silver Hawk.”



gear. The well-tried 247cc two-stroke makes a welcome reappearance.” Only months after launching its ohv Sports 500 **Matchless** upgraded it with fully enclosed valve gear, an inclined engine layout and handlebar-mounted instrument panel. The V4 Silver Hawk was virtually unchanged for 1934 but “pneumatic knee-grips are a small but useful addition”. Also on display were ohv and sv 250s, 500 and 600 sidevalve sloggers and the 990cc X4 sv V-twin featuring 8in brakes. “Unit construction of engine and gear box in a neat and practical form is a feature of three ohv models shown on the **New Imperial** stand.” The 146cc Unit Minor and 246cc Unit Major were joined by a 350. “Inspection of the sectional models displayed will bring to light the interesting fact that the engine runs ‘backwards’, the primary drive being of helical gearing running in an oil bath...another interesting feature is a serrated adjustment for the foot control lever of the four-speed box.” The 499cc Model 17 featured cantilever rear suspension “and in conjunction with unit construction makes an attractive proposition for the man who appreciates comfort and cleanliness”. New Imp also showed its successful Blue Prince range. “Cups, trophies, bowls—a wonderful array of glistening silverware are the crowning glory of this year’s **Norton** stand. Conspicuous in the display are the two Isle of Man trophies, for the Senior and Junior races, while in the centre of the stand is a 490cc International which, except for saddles, tyres and grips, is one mass of chromium plate and highly polished aluminium.” The 1934 Inter gained an oil-bath chain case; all models got a new



L-R: “Valve gear enclosure on the New Imperial Unit Minor. A newcomer founded on the New Imperials which have done so well in road races—the grand Prix model, made in 250cc and 350cc. The rear-wheel springing of the spring-frame New Imperials. How the tension spring front fork dampers are incorporated. These forks are fitted to all 1934 Nortons.”





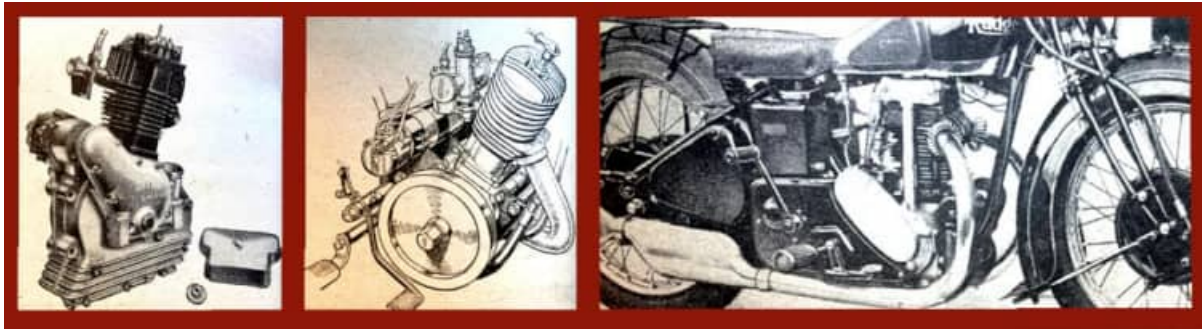
L-R: "A detachable cylinder head is fitted to the Norton 490cc side-valve engine, the 16H. The design of the Norton 490cc ohv engine is on sound straightforward lines. Note the ample finning. A shield covers the off-side of the crank case and gear box of the Flying Cloud OK Supremes."

clutch with "patent rubber-block shock-absorber that obviates the necessity for an engine-shaft shock-absorber". The ohc 348cc Model CJ and 490cc CS1 had cradle frames and "profiting by experience gained in racing the makers have equipped all models in the range with the racing-type forks fitted with two auxiliary damping springs". The cammy Nortons took the glory but most enthusiasts went for the more affordable ohv 490 and 596cc Models 18 and 19 and the sv 490 and 633cc 16H and Big Four. **OK Supreme** didn't adopt full enclosure but did encase the crankcase and rear engine plates of the 246cc Flying Cloud. The Britannia was shown with a 490cc ohv JAP and a four-speed box with hand or foot control; the Phantom was a touring version "equipped with a valanced front mudguard, deep-sectioned rear mudguard, carrier and huge pannier bags". OK also showed a "handsome sidevalve-engined sidecar outfit". One of the very few disappointments of the Show is that the four-cylinder **OEC** is not on view, though it will definitely be included in the 1934 range." Main feature of the OEC line-up was rear springing, even on the 148cc Villiers-powered tiddler which was one of the few 150s to boast a foot-operated gearchange. OEC relied on proprietary engines all the way up to the 990cc sv V-twin. "Unconventional in design but possessing an attraction peculiarly its own, the new



L-R: "How the new Lucas rubber-cushioned battery is mounted alongside the Royal Enfield seat tube. Spring-frame machine for less than £30! Here it is—the 148cc two-stroke OEC. Rear springing is found throughout the OEC range."





L-R: “Fully enclosed valve gear is an important point on this sturdy new 150cc ohv Royal Enfield engine. The valve cover is shown removed. The power unit of the redesigned 225cc Royal Enfield two-stroke, which sells at £23 17s 6d. A neat gear box shield is fitted on the new 499cc Rudge Special. A decompressor is fitted to facilitate starting. Other features are the valanced mudguards and the mounting of the speedometer drive within the front brake drum.”



The 150cc ohv Royal Enfield engine was put to good use in the Cycar—a prime example of the Everyman utility bike.

**Raleigh** three-wheeler, with the single wheel at the front, is proving one of the highlights of the show.” Under its bonnet was a 742cc Raleigh sidevalve transverse V-twin and a set of heavy-duty girder forks. “A welcome and last-minute addition to the ranks of the lightweight, the little 150 ohv **Royal Enfield** is causing an undoubted stir at Olympia. It is particularly noteworthy for its massive construction and clean exterior.” The 500 Bullet “possesses good lines coupled with a high performance. The engine is of the four-valve type, with independent adjustment for each valve...The central prop stand, with automatic lock, deserves close examination.” The Bullet family also included two-valve 250 and 350 models. The 976cc sv V-twin was “a machine for the sidecar enthusiast or for the man who requires effortless solo riding...a useful feature is the ratchet mechanism of the front brake lever. The range is completed with a delightful little 225cc two-stroke, two low-priced 148cc two-strokes [including the fully enclosed Cycar] and side-valves of 248cc, 346cc and 570cc capacity.” **Rudge** showed a straightforward family: two duos at 249 and 499cc. The standard 250 was hardly a utility mount, featuring as it did a four-valve head with a 14mm (rather than the more common 18mm) plug, linked brakes and four-speed box. Its sports stablemate came with racing cams and valve springs, a high-compression piston, upswept exhaust and foot-operated gearchange. This pattern was repeated with the 499cc Special and Ulster. Other noteworthy features were “a hand-operated central

stand...and, besides full electrical equipment, each model has a Smith chronometric trip speedometer and an eight-day clock neatly displayed on either side of the steering damper”.



L-R: “A hand-operated central stand is a valuable fitting on the larger Rudges. The simple and effective mounting for the clock and speedometer that are standard on the 500cc Rudges. A famous side-valve of 492cc—the long-stroke Sunbeam Lion.”



L-R: “This 493cc ohv Sunbeam Model 95 is a replica of the TT mounts. A helical-drive primary drive is employed on the unit-construction 649cc vertical-twin Triumphs. Among the features of the 493cc two-port ohv model are an oil-bath primary chain case and a spring-up rear stand.”

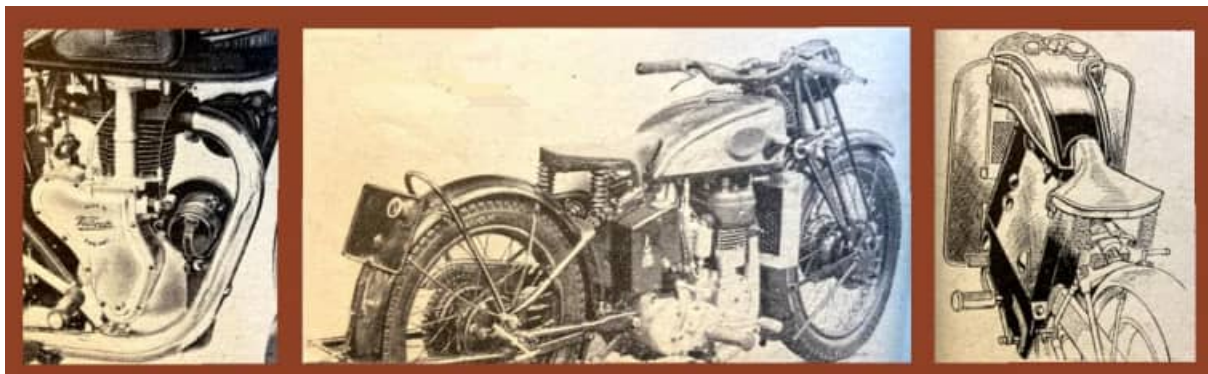
Two Rudges were shown with the Swallow and Watsonian sidecars which were offered as a factory fit. “Many will declare that **Sunbeam** has as fine a range of machines as any in the Show, and fine models they are, with the ohv 493cc 95 topping the list. Here a real racing performance has been the aim, the single port engine being most carefully produced. It is equipped with hairpin valve springs and an Amal racing carburetter...This machine has a younger brother—the 246cc ‘Little 95’. The Model 9 is a 493cc ohv machine fully equipped for fast touring, employing the Sunbeam four-speed gear box, adjustable dry-sump lubrication, enclosure for the rear chain, if desired, and many other refinements. It is available with a 599cc engine for those who want a really powerful dual-purpose machine.” The Model 8 was a similarly equipped 347cc ohv twin-port. “The Lion long stroke has long been famous among side-valve motor cycles. It embodies those Sunbeam ‘luxury’ features as detachable and interchangeable wheels, a hand-adjustable fork stabiliser, the oil-batch chain case and detachable rear mudguard. The 246cc ohv long-stroke model completes the list. This is a true sports machine lending itself admirably to fast road work under ordinary conditions. Altogether a very bright array, even in so excellent a show. Eighteen models are included in the **Triumph** range, which represents virtually an entirely new programme...there is a machine to suit the needs of every motor cyclist. Pride of place must be given to the recently introduced vertical twin which won the Maudes Trophy. Sidecarrists will be especially attracted





L-R: “The simple but effective Triumph ratchet brake lock. Crankcase arrangement of the vertical twin. The racing ohc Velocette—the KTT model, which has hairpin valve-springs and as four-gallon fuel tank. A neat prop stand is fitted to 1934 Velocettes.”

by this model, which provides just the type of performance for passenger work. Its design is outstanding, yet not freakish, accessibility has not been forgotten, and the dimensions of the moving parts are really generous. If you are an enthusiastic soloist have a look at the 3/5, a grand example of a modern 350 with its well-balanced appearance and compact design. All the ‘Mark 5’ sports machines bear a stylish stamp with the new Triumph finish. Right away from the sporting side, at the other end of the range, is a neat little Villiers-engined 148cc machine which, at £25 10s with lighting and legshields, is an excellent proposition.” Triumph also offered a more powerful option, the 147cc ohv XO5/1, including a sports version stripped of its legshields and with a high-level exhaust, and there was a 174cc variant as well as a choice of 250s and workaday 350 and 550 sidevalves.” World-famous on road and track, **Velocettes** are well known as exponents of the overhead camshaft. Recently, however, the makers have introduced 250cc [MOV] and 350cc [MAC] push-rod engines. They have kept the push-rods short by raising the timing gear, and taken special pains to ensure mechanical silence. The valve gear is entirely enclosed. The frame is of the cradle type, and both models are of typical Velocette excellence. Typical of the camshaft range is the KTS. A four-gallon tank is a new feature which adds to the appearance of the machine, and the four-speed box is now foot-operated. Special valanced mudguards and chain protection are employed. The KSS is a model of rather more sporting aspect; it sells at £59 10s. The KTT is a racing



L-R: “Totally enclosed valves are a feature of the new ohv Velocettes; this is the 350cc MAC. A water-cooled 600 sidevalve designed for sidecar work—the new Vincent-HRD-JAP. Soft knee-pads are let into the recesses of the tank on the all enclosed, water-cooled 250 Vincent-HRD.”

model, sold at £89. There is also the well-known 250cc two-stroke, which now has a transfer port cut in the piston. Lightweight of the **Vincent-HRD** line-up was the fully-enclosed Model W, powered by a 249cc Villiers lump with auto-lube, flywheel mag and four-speed foot-change box. “A real attempt has been made to protect both rider and machine...the frame is an ingenious combination of channel steel and malleable castings, and includes simple but effective rear



springing. Another outstanding new model is the water-cooled side-valve 600cc model, in which the water header is combined with the fuel tank.” The Model P was powered by a 499cc ohv Python driving via a four-speed foot-change Burman box and boasted “full rear spring suspension”. Its PS stablemate boasted the Ulster engine and twin drum brakes on each wheel. “The front brakes are operated through a rocking beam and the rear through balanced cable gear. Two sprockets are fitted on the rear hub, so that by reversing the wheel a second set of gear ratios may be obtained. A



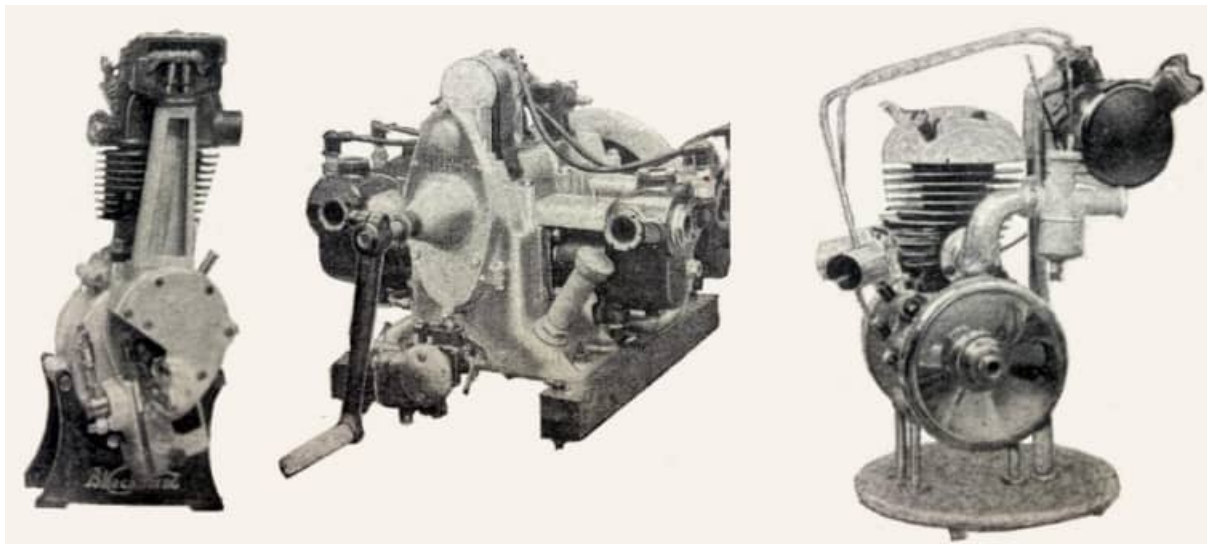
L-R: “Blue and chromium form the colour scheme of the 148cc Silver Wolf. Pressed-steel forks are employed on the Wolf. The inset shows the sturdy cross-section. A cradle frame and a carburettor with a horizontal mixing chamber are to be found on the 499cc ohv Zenith-JAP.”



NUT didn’t have a stand at Olympia—it couldn’t afford one. Having survived bankruptcy and a change of ownership the Geordie marque made its last bikes, including this noble 700cc ohv twin. Gan canny, man.

sprung pillion seat is another outstanding feature. There are also JAP single-port models of 490cc, one of which is a real super-sports machine.” Wearwell Cycle Co displayed three of its Villiers-powered **Wolf** lightweights: the 98cc Cub, the 148cc Vixen and the Silver Wolf, also with the 148cc lump but fitted with a four-speed Burman box and finished in blue with a chrome-plated tank. **Zenith** relied on JAP engines and launched two ohv models at 246 and 346cc with inclined engines and four-speed, foot-control boxes. “Both are commendably workmanlike and make a special appeal to the sporting rider. Also exhibited are 750cc and 1,100cc twins, the latter being a particularly impressive-looking machine. An excellent representative of the modern 500 is the 490cc ohv standard model; it is available also in de luxe and sporting forms. The Zenith finish of purple and chromium adds a tasteful touch to a small but interesting display.”

“WHAT WILL YOU IN THE way of proprietary engines? There are singles from 77cc to 600cc and twins up to 1,100cc. There is even a flat four of 1,500cc, though there are no conventional fours of proprietary brands. There are side-valve engines, overhead-valve engines, four-valve engines and two-strokes. On the Blackburn stand there is a fine range of singles—clean-cut, straightforward jobs from 150cc to 600cc in overhead-valve types, and 175cc to 600cc in side-valve models. The smaller side-valves and the 200cc ohv have skew-driven camshafts at right angles to the crankshaft, a neat arrangement which permits the oil pump to be driven off the front end and a magneto off the rear, if required. The remainder of the small ohv engines have valves inclined at about 60° and push-rods enclosed within a single die-casting into which a crank case breather is introduced. There are no tappets in this type of engine, the push-rods bearing directly on the upper and lower rockers. A neat single-spanner adjustment has been devised for the rocker gear of the ohv types. The makers of the JAP engine have no stand of their own this year, but their products are to be found in so many different exhibits that it is not difficult to obtain an idea of the many varied types and the excellence of their manufacture. The largest is an 1,100cc side-valve twin, but the new ‘8/75’ ohv model, with its deeply spigoted cylinders and rigid construction, is attracting much attention. There are JAP engines as small as 175cc, and there are side-valve and ohv types with dry-sump and ‘direct’ lubrication systems in almost every conceivable size. Horizontally opposed engines are a Coventry Victor speciality, and four separate types are displayed. The largest is a new flat-four water-cooled engine with side-by-side valves, and the smallest an air-cooled ohv twin of 500cc. There are also two 750cc engines, both water-cooled, with side- and overhead-valve mechanism. Python four-valve engines are to be seen on several stands, the 250cc and 350cc sizes having radially disposed valves. In the 500cc class some have pent-roof heads, and one type has radial exhausts and parallel inlets. When one thinks of two-strokes, one naturally thinks of Villiers.

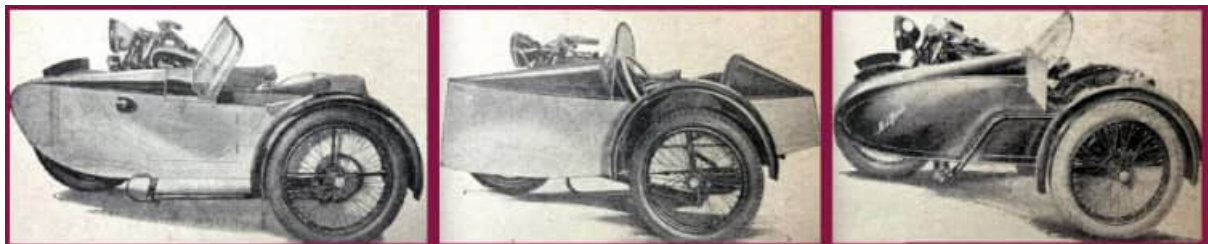


L-R: “The 150cc ohv Blackburn, partly sectioned to show the timing gear and push-rod enclosure. A show novelty—the Coventry Victor flat four. A 148cc Villiers engine, exhibited with the Villiers automatic oiling system”

Their range of engines now extends from 77cc to 350cc. Although the 77cc engine is not intended for motor cycles it is of considerable technical interest, for it is on a cast base which forms the fuel tank. The carburettor is floatless and draws its supply direct from the tank, air being admitted through a suction valve. The unit is complete with flywheel magneto, fan, silencer and clock-spring starter. The Villiers range includes both air- and water-cooled types,

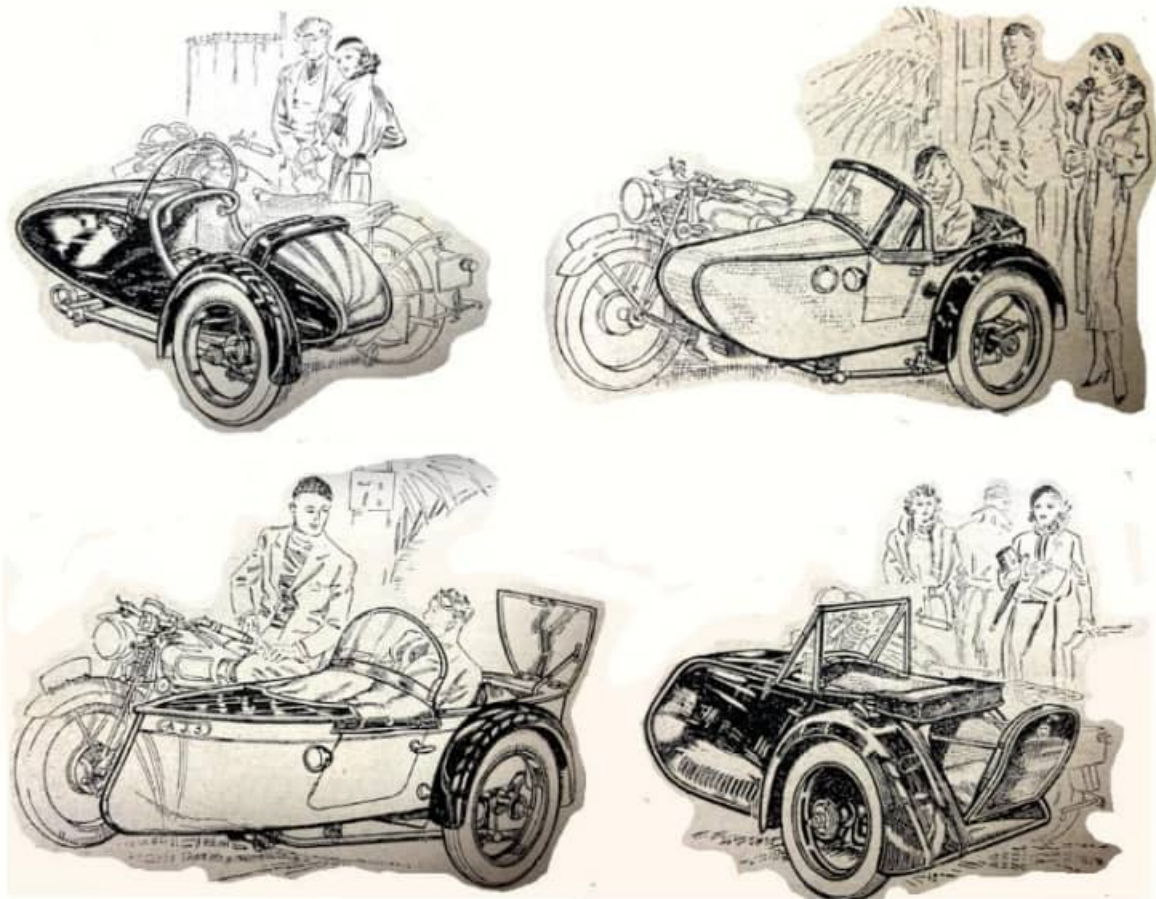
and, apart from fly-wheel magnetos and carburetters, the name is associated with a clever form of inertia ring to minimise the risk of 'sticky' piston rings, and a system of alternate bronze and steel rollers in the big end. As regards gear boxes, the four-speed is easily the most popular type. Though Sturmey-Archer are not themselves exhibiting motor cycle products, the make is well represented on various stands. The design, however, has undergone no radical changes. Burman gears have an enviable reputation, and the latest boxes displayed on their stand have a remarkably clean exterior, even the working parts of the foot-change mechanism being enclosed in a smooth aluminium cover. For the new four-speed box constant-mesh gears are employed, and the normal jaw-type dogs have given way to the internal-tooth type. There are two-, three-, and four-speed boxes to suit all sizes of machines, and the friction inserts are arranged to make the best possible use of the clutch-plate area. A flexible clutch centre can be provided. This last feature applies also to the Albion clutch, and among the boxes of this make on exhibition is a new four-speed type specially made for engines of 150cc. Albion gear boxes are of the constant-mesh type, with two pairs of sliding gears moving together. Jaw-type dogs are used on the main shaft and peg-type dogs engage with broached slots in the layshaft gears. The larger three- and four-speed boxes are similar in construction."

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L-R: "A smart Swallow semi-sports model. The racy Watsonian Schneider sports model. A Milford model fitted on the new 'bridge' chassis."

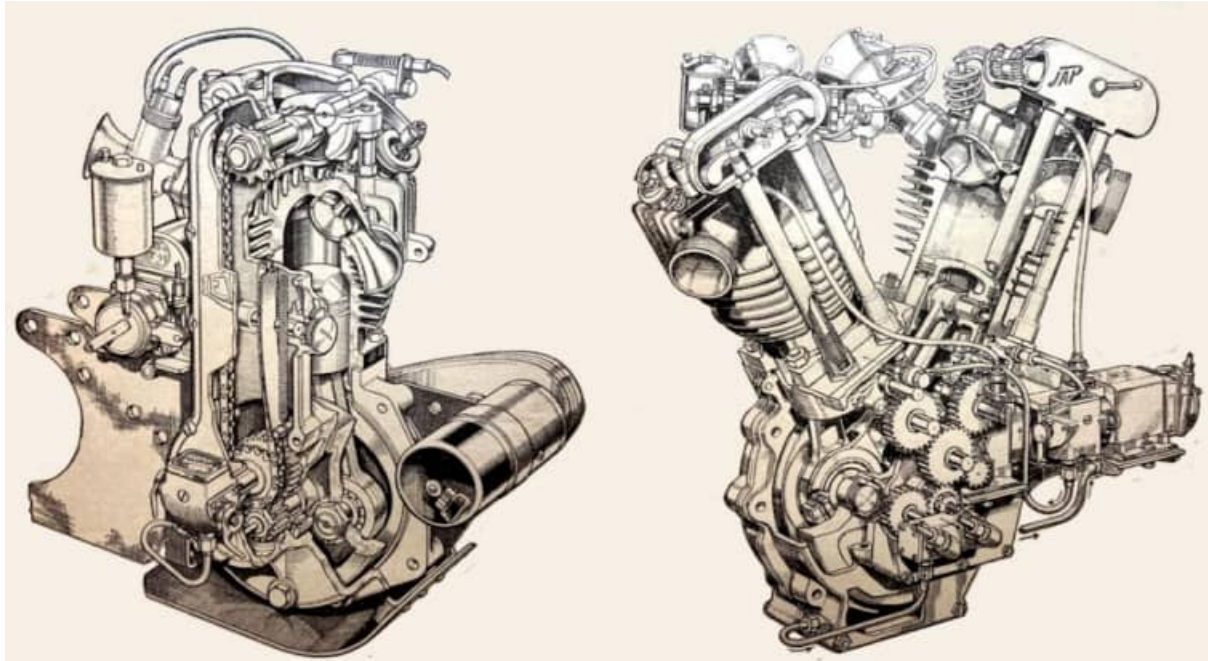




L-R top to bottom: “‘The Donington Special’ is the name of this Swallow model, which has an exceptionally neat hood, a plated hand-rail and is exhibited with a back and red finish. This example of a lightweight sports body was found on the Royal Enfield stand; the finish is in aluminium fabric. This launch model, to be seen on the AJS stand, is one of the smartest of its type—it has an aluminium finish with black decks and chromium beading. The chassis is enclosed in this new Triumph design; note the car-type wing and the dicky-seat. Black with red upholstery is the finish.”

UBIQUE, THE BLUE ‘UN’S TECHNICAL editor, made his own in-depth review of the technical developments. “Olympia shows us two new medium-capacity twins backed by firms with the highest reputations. It presents a transmission system which is new to motor cycles, though tried and proved in the world of cars. It offers novel three-wheeled runabouts. It reveals a gradual tendency towards unit construction in some form, even if that form is, in some cases, but the bolting-up of an engine and gear box to a sub-frame which may be removed as a unit. It discloses a further increase in the enclosure of primary chains and in total enclosure. It displays a general stiffening-up of engines to withstand high power outputs. Speaking generally, however, during the past two years manufacturers have concentrated upon perfecting existing designs and improving both performance and reliability by following the dictates of experience. Fast overhead-valve machines form the backbone of the exhibition. This tendency for the industry to concern itself mainly with the sporting side of the movement has spread even to the smallest class, and it is possible to obtain sturdy little mounts of 150cc which are capable of speeds in the region of a mile a minute. This is a sign of the times, and, though it cannot be ignored, it is safe to prophesy that, with the return of better times, there will be an increasing demand for the purely tourist mount. That this demand can be satisfied as soon as is warranted is evidenced by

some of the well-protected and enclosed exhibits. Still more attention to weather protection is needed, and will be forthcoming in proportion to the demand, but it is only natural that the energies of the designer should tend first and foremost to the purely mechanical perfection of his productions. In the matter of price there is a slight but definite tendency towards hardening: manufacturers are placing quality first rather than making low prices the primary consideration. The

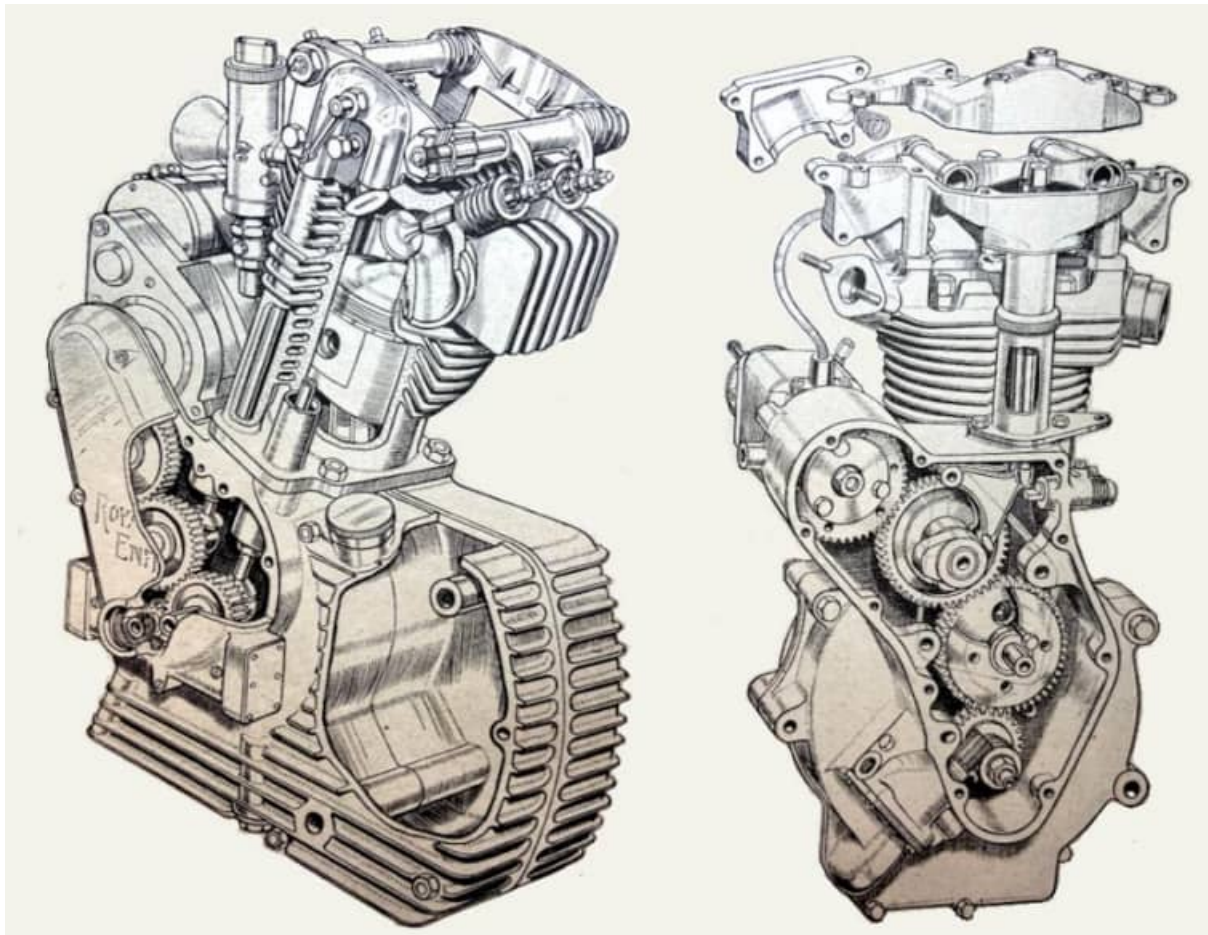


“A 250 with an overhead camshaft—the new Levis engine dissected to show its many interesting features. The overhead camshaft is driven by an automatically tensioned roller chain and lubricated positively from the duplex mechanical pump. The donned two-ring piston is chamfered off to provide the necessary clearance for the valve heads and gives a compression ratio of to 8 to 1. The inlet port is downswept at an angle of 15°.” (Right) “Two carburettors—both downswept to provide an easy gas flow—are fitted to the new 1,000cc twin-cylinder ‘8-75hp’ JAP engine. A separate ignition system is provided for each cylinder. The keynote of the engine is immense rigidity. Points to be noted are the deep spigots on the cylinder barrels, the construction of the big-end bearings, the needle-type rocker bearings and the lubrication system, in which no fewer than four pumps are employed; the arrows indicate the direction of the oil flow.”

appearance of two new medium-sized twins, backed by two of the most prominent manufacturers in the country, provides a straw which may indicate a growing desire for comfort and refinement as opposed to sheer speed; not that either of the newcomers is slow, for the case is far otherwise, as road and track tests have already shown. Exponents of the big twin have shown us that the market for their comfortable and luxurious products is steady, and, if not large, it shows signs of increasing. The two existing air-cooled four-cylinder machines continue without much change, and one of these engines is standardised in the programme of another make, an indication of further support for the multi-cylinder. As an interesting sidelight on the small four-cylinder engine a manufacturer who is in a position to know the facts has given an assurance that the servicing required for a given number of fours is no more than that for an equal number of singles. The new twins are of entirely different types: one is a conventional but very up-to-date V-twin with over-head valves, and the other a vertical twin with the crankshaft

set across the frame. Although the latter type is not new, it has not till now been exploited in this country with the advantages of modern engineering and constructional knowledge behind it. It has the advantages of even firing intervals, almost ideal cooling, and balance at least as good as that of a single of equal capacity. Further, the layout in this instance is particularly sound, and, with its unit construction and double helical primary transmission, it constitutes a real advance in design. Unit construction is embodied also in one of the greatest novelties of the year, this time combined with a fluid flywheel and preselector epicyclic gearing of the Wilson type. With this system it is possible to preselect any gear by means of a small lever on the handlebar, and that gear will come into action noiselessly when a pedal, corresponding to the clutch control, is depressed. There is, of course, no clutch in the ordinary sense of the word, but the construction of the fluid flywheel is such that there is practically no drive from the engine to the gear box below a predetermined number of engine revolutions per minute. It is therefore possible to stop, in traffic, merely by closing the throttle and applying the brakes, and to restart by opening the throttle alone. Further, the fluid transmission forms an ideal shock-absorber which damps out any snatch in the drive. To the ranks of the overhead camshaft brigade there is a new recruit, a 250cc engine having a chain-driven camshaft; it is a model of peculiar interest in that it is produced by a firm which has previously, and very successfully, stood by push-rod valve operation. In general, there is little outward change in the overhead valve single, though there has been an all-round stiffening-up of parts, particularly in crank case construction. The modern super-sports machine is popular with those who undertake their own tuning for track work. Many of these enthusiasts think mainly of high-compression ratio and fancy fuels, which may produce enormous tensional stresses on the cylinder castings. For this reason one manufacturer has standardised a cylinder base flange of no less than one inch in depth.

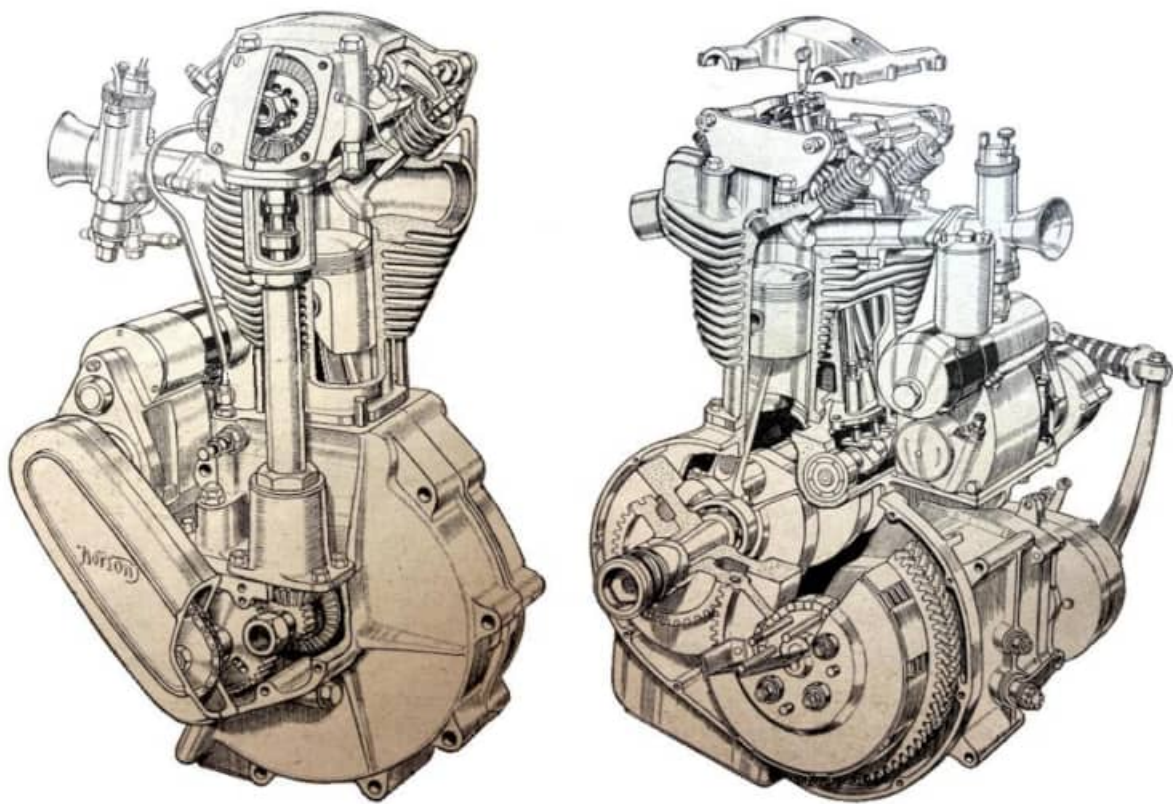




“On the 488cc four-valve Royal Enfield Bullet the push-rods are totally enclosed within tunnels in the cylinder casting. The oil for the dry-sump system is carried in an extension of the crank case, which is heavily ribbed for cooling purposes. Roller bearings are provided for the overhead valve rockers, which are fitted with simple but effective return springs.” (Right) “Complete enclosure of the valves is an important feature of the new 250 and 350cc push-rod-operated overhead-valve Velocettes. By arranging the cam wheel high up in the train of pinions driving the magneto the designer has succeeded in eliminating the need for long push-rods. Note the built-up fibrous magneto pinion, the downswept inlet port and the position of the outrigger or steady plate, which is indicated with dotted lines.”

Valve gear as a whole remains much as before; there is an increasing tendency towards total enclosure and improved lubrication, and a vogue for the so-called ‘down-draught’ carburetter, in which, as a rule, the induction port is canted downwards for a matter of perhaps 15°. In one side-valve engine tappets as such are avoided by the use of short push-rods between the timing-case rockers and the valve ends. Since there are no tappet guides there is a free flow of oily vapour to the valve springs and guides, which are, of course, totally enclosed. Lubrication of valve guides is now general, and has extended even to certain side-valve engines. Dry-sump lubrication is firmly established, but improvements have been made in filtration, and detachable gauze or felt filters are to be found in many instances. In the case of two-stroke engines, changes are confined to detail improvements rather than to basic principles. There is a newcomer with a famous name behind it which shows more sheer novelty than is usual, and this is particularly noticeable in that the piston rings are carried in a separate ring-groove carrier. This carrier is, in itself, divided into two halves, and the slight work between the parts is intended to keep the rings free from gumming up. Four-speed gear boxes are the rule rather than the

exception and even when three speeds are specified a four-speed may often be substituted for a small extra cost. Many de luxe models have oil-bath or semi-oil-bath chain cases for the primary drive, and this excellent move has been extended to all the products of a firm well known for successes in road-racing events. Shaft drive is not yet with us, nor, in any appreciable quantity, are the 'clean' engines and gear units to be found on certain Continental machines. The modern gear box is often, if not usually, foot controlled, and is immediately pivot-mounted such a way that the striking mechanism is not affected by chain adjustment. It is a pleasure to be able to record that the practice of listing machines 'all on' is growing. No one would think of buying a car without lamps or horn, and, with the possible exception of super-sports machines intended for racing, there is no reason why motor cycles should be supplied without these necessary adjuncts. Indeed, the matter might be taken farther, and the practice of employing built-in lugs for lamp brackets and horn fixings might be extended, for there are still comparatively few



“One of the most famous engines of the day, the 490cc ohc Norton is the epitome of sound straightforward design. Bevel gears are employed for driving the overhead camshaft. Special oil leads are provided for the valve guides. The carburettor and induction port, it will be noticed, are slightly downswept.” (Right) “A double helical gear primary drive is provided on the unit-construction vertical-twin Triumph. This engine, as will be seen, has push-rod-operated overhead valves and a Y-type induction pipe. Note the small flywheel on the end of the crank case. The engine has a capacity of 650cc.”

firms who have adopted the practice. A novelty of really practical utility appears in the form of a rubber-mounted handlebar. The arrangement is such that, though the steering is unaffected, the bars are insulated by a layer of rubber, and thus the rider's wrists are saved from shock and vibration. There is little that is new in frame or fork construction; a channel-steel frame design has appeared and consolidated its position since the last Show; there is a mild increase in the

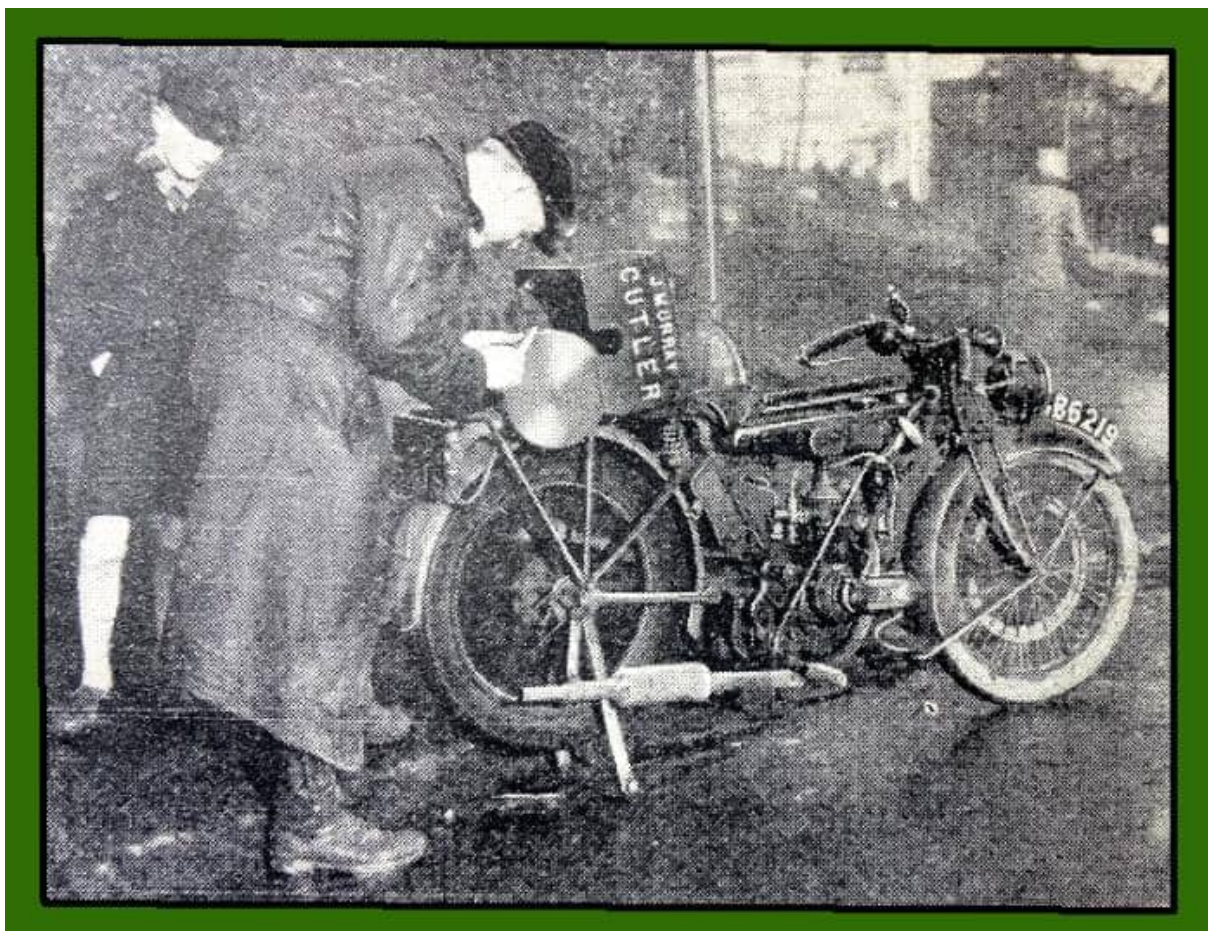
use of steel pressings; and a front fork previously confined to racing models has found its place in a standard range. As a rule, however, forks having a single central compression spring, and a damper accessible from the saddle, are standardised. Protection of running mechanism and for the rider has received attention in several 'last minute' designs, but there is still much scope in this direction if the touring community is to be attracted to our ranks in greater numbers. As a general rule, frames are of the semi-loop or duplex cradle constructions, but combined head and top rails, usually forged but occasionally malleable castings, are not uncommon, and pressed steel, channel steel, and composite frames are growing in number. Rear springing is not yet a usual fitting, though there are a few first-class examples on view. Brakes show a tendency to increase in size, and diameters of seven and eight inches are not uncommon. In one case twin brakes are fitted to each wheel. Tyres grow steadily larger, a 3.25in section being common on quite small machines, and 4in tyres are often available on larger mounts. A few more quickly detachable wheels are shown. A general improvement in battery suspension has led to an increase in the popularity of coil ignition, a system which in former times was sometimes used solely to save cost. Modern coil ignition, however, is very satisfactory. Designers of sidecars have recently made big advances in the appearance and comfort of their products, and it is now possible to obtain sidecars of all kinds, from the skimpiest racing shell to imposing saloon bodies, with almost every possible luxury included in the equipment. There is a marked and welcome tendency to provide more room for the passenger. This year there is something new in the way of banking sidecars. The idea of banking is not new, but the method of mechanical operation under the control of the driver is not only new but admirable from every point of view. Obviously the rider is the one to control the mechanism, for only he can tell exactly when the machine should be banked. Taken as a whole, the present Show displays an immense amount of solid mechanical improvement. It is devoid of freakish designs, and yet there is evidence that the latest engineering practice in car and motor cycle spheres is receiving the most careful and practical consideration."

Meanwhile in France Peugeot debuted a four bike range termed "de grande puissance" (of great power): the 350 ohv P115, 350 sv P117, 500 ohv P515 and 500 sv P517. The 515 and 517 were Peugeot's first 500s since 1920. The pre-Paris Salon press release promised: "Emphasis is placed on the qualities of power and performance obtained without flexibility, reliability and comfort being diminished." They all featured unit construction with three-speed transmission but the long-stroke (81x96mm) 515 got Peugeot's first four-speed box with foot change.





The 350 ohv Peugeot P115 lacked its big brother's foot-change but certainly cut a dash: that silencer is pure deco, n'est ce pas? Even the front numberplate sports the traditional Peugeot lion's head.



"Grinding noises when the engine is started usually prove expensive for the motor cyclist, but this rider finds them just the reverse! The photograph was taken recently in Glasgow."

“I WAS VERY MUCH SURPRISED to read in your sister journal, *The Autocar*, that the Chief Constable of Bedfordshire is of the opinion that cars are preferable to motor cycles for police work because, inter alia, ‘the men’s health has always suffered from driving these combinations in all weathers and at night.’ I can only say that my health has never suffered, and, as a doctor, I am convinced that motor cycling in all weathers is beneficial to the health, though it may not always be pleasant.

**HG Robertson** (Capt RAMC).”

“WENT DOWN LAST WEEK to watch the ice-racing at the Streatham Ice Rink. A really big crowd was there to see the five riders who had come up from the Southern Centre with their specially prepared machines, on which a skate replaced the front wheel, while half-inch studs had been inserted into the sides of the rear wheel cover. The racing was definitely good to watch—there was a real thrill in the sight of riders sliding the corners and showering up ‘snow’ into the faces of the men behind. One race in particular—the final for the Dunbar Trophy—caused the crowd to yell. T Bryant (Velocette) got well away from the start from S Corbin (Rudge) and L Derrick (Velocette), but suddenly Bryant’s motor cut out temporarily, letting Corbin into the lead. Bryant then went absolutely flat out, soon overtaking Derrick and just pipping Corbin on the line—to slide slap into the barrier after it was all over. By the way, have you ever heard open exhausts indoors?”

THE GLOBAL RECESSION was hitting sales hard. US motorcycle exports for January-November slumped to 6,360, from 11,032 in 1930 and 15,286 in 1928. Harley-Davidson sales, which had topped 21,000 in 1929 (the year of the Wall Street Crash) were down to 3,703 at year’s end.

DURING THE YEAR BRITAIN exported motorcycles and components worth £1.2 million. The top three destinations were Australia, South Africa and, rather more surprisingly, Germany where many smaller manufacturers were fitting British engines, forks and gearboxes.

BY YEAR’S END THERE had been 12,479 convictions in England and Wales for riding or driving without third-party insurance.

The RAC HANDLED 11,983 CAR breakdowns. Ignition problems were most common at 20.2%, followed by ‘axles’ (presumably including punctures) at 13.8%, accidents, at 11.6%, and ‘cylinders and pistons’ at 10%.

***You won’t be surprised to find a clutch of contemporary ads at the end of this review of 1933; let’s start with the biggest bargain of the year.***

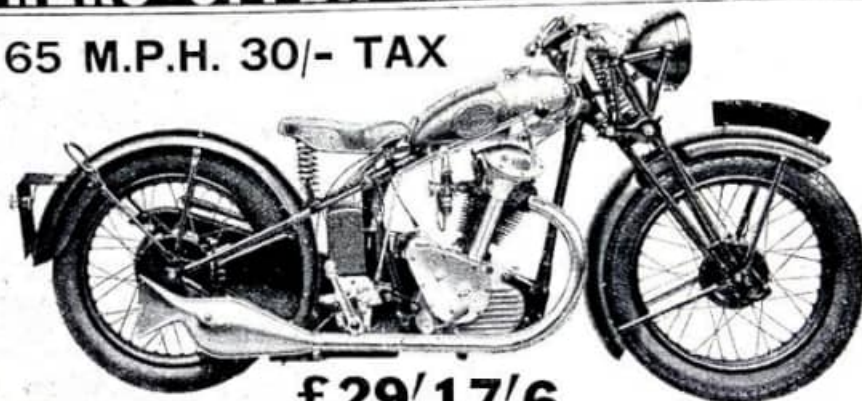
# RED PANTHERS OFFER RECORD VALUE

## STAR SPECIFICATION.

- ★ MILLER Dynamo Lighting.
- ★ 25 x 3.25 Balloon Tyres. (Car comfort at no extra cost.)
- ★ Very smart Chromium Plated 2 gallon Stream-lined saddle tank.
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- ★ Cam adjustment to rear wheel, ensuring correct alignment.
- ★ Webb Girder forks with hand adjustment to Friction Dampers.

CUT OUT BELOW  
BRINGS DETAILS

65 M.P.H. 30/- TAX



**£29'17'6**

**248 c.c. O.H.V. STANDARD MODEL**

£5 SECURES DELIVERY. 8/- WEEKLY.

248 c.c. O.H.V. DE LUXE MODEL, £33'10. 348 c.c. O.H.V. DE LUXE MODEL, £39'10.  
See and try All Red Panther Models at 3, HAMMERSMITH ROAD, opposite OLYMPIA. Nov. 25th to Dec. 2nd.

NAME

ADDRESS

**PRIDE & CLARKE LTD.** 158, STOCKWELL RD., S.W.9.  
'Phone: BRIXTON 6414. 'Grams: PRICLARKE London.



**MAUDES**  
48 PRAED ST. PADDINGTON W2  
117 CLAPHAM ROAD S.W.9  
Tele. PADD. 4484  
Tele. RELIANCE 3265  
(Hours—9 to 3 (Saturday 9).

**6/6 BATTERIES**  
6vlt. 12 amp. To replace all sizes—Miller, Lucas or P. & H. Outside terminals. Fully guaranteed. DITTO in first class make with written 12 months' service guarantee. 9/3; Exide make, clearance, all sizes, 12/6; BRACKETS 2/3 extra (with battery only). Separately, 3/9. Charging 1/3. Postage 1/3 with bracket. 1/9.  
4 volt Exide Batteries, 12 amp. complete in case..... 10/6

**HEAVILY PLATED 3/6**  
Solid Drawn Steel  
SILENCERS. Fitted with 3 baffle plates and straight tail. Length 20", dia. 3". Fitted 5 plates, 4/9 each. HUSHER spiral type, with fan tail (as illustrated). N.P., 5/6; Chromium, 6/9. Guaranteed efficient. Post 6d. Flexible Tubing, 1/- per ft.

**HOODS AND SCREENS. 4/6**  
SPORTS TYPE SCREENS. COMPLETE. Post 6d. Touring Screens with slide-curtains and large Apron..... 5/3 Super quality with N.P. fittings, as illustration..... 7/6 Genuine "Majestic" Touring Screens (usually 30/-)..... 10/6 HOODS. Collapsible hinge, heavy Leatherette with fittings (as shown)..... 10/6

**7 MILLER HEADLAMPS.**  
Bright and dim globes illuminated. ammeter, rear control switch, etc. Our price 25/-. With dip switch and all cables: shop-soiled..... 30/-  
7 ASTRA-PHAROS. "Magnificent" half-mile beam, complete with globe, ammeter switch, etc., as above. 32/6. Post 1/-

**6v. 6a. DYNAMOS**  
Best makes  
25/- Usually 12v. per motor new and fitted sprocket. Ditto, with cut-out..... 30/- Carrying Cables..... 4/6 Pumps, Engines or Dynamos 3/- P & H Dynamos 12/6. Post 1/-

**6/9**  
Latest SUPER SPORTS heavily plated and fitted 6" fantail, lug and clip. (Original price, 27/6.) In chromium, 8/6. Ditto, heavy gauge steel with all welded seams, 2/- extra. Post 9d.

**Foot Free**  
Beal Tungsten 8d. Platinoid .. 1/6; Solid per Platinum, 2/9; Large, 3/9 pair

**H.F. Horns**  
6 or 4 4/6 VOLTS Bracket and Switch .. 1/3 MILLER latest Type H.F. 5/9 ELAXON chrom. finish..... 15/- BOSCH..... 24/- Postage 6d.

**1/4**  
M.C. GREASE GUN. Best make, complete with Grease, Extra Grease 3d. per large tin. Nipples 2d.

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TWIST GRIP CONTROLS. Post 6d.  
Pantomime model all sizes 1/6 (list price 2/-); Proper design, as shown 3/3; Genuine "BOWDEN" quick action, 3/11 (list 12/6). Long or short. Dummies, with end caps 9d. Complete Cables 1/-

**SPORTS PILLION SEATS 1/9**  
Mudguard type, flock stuffed and complete. Post 5d. Ditto Leatherette with piped edges, nice make..... 2/9 Sponge rubber filled, very firm .. 4/6

**Pneumatic type, with float-on-Air interior 6/9.**

**SPORTS BARS. Black 1/9**  
cellulose finish. Best q'ty N.P. .. 2/9. Chromium .. 4/3 Extension Clips 2/9 pair. 1" or 1 1/2"

**BOWDEN LEVERS 1/-**  
All types, brand new, twin, 1/6. Clutch, 2/3; Inverted 2/3. Exhaust Triggers 1/9. Post 3d.

**EXTRA HEAVY BRITISH CHAIN**  
New & Guaranteed.  
1" section (any width) 1/6; 1 1/2" 1/8 per ft. MORGAN Chain, 1" x 7/16" 2/9 per ft. Spring links with each length. Clearance quality, 1" 1/3" 1 1/2" 1/6. Post extra.

**BOSCH Pattern PLUGS. Brand new and reliable. Each 9d.**  
All latest 3 point. "HOTSTUFF" PLUGS in boxes, 1/6. Postage 3d.

**1/- per LONG 9" RUBBER GRIPS** (list price 2/9), 2,000 to clear at 1/-.

**LINED BRAKE-SHOES. Why 4/9**  
waste time and ten per cent. Per ing? Brand Pair, new Knifed shoes ready to slip in. Also fit Norton, P&M, Brough etc. (8" drum) Postage 9d.

**3/6**  
AMMETERS. Charge and Discharge, 10-9-16 Replacement for Standard Electric Headlamps. List price 7/6, our price 3/6. Post 3d.

**1/9 DIPPER SWITCH.**  
3-Way Dipper Switch, neat and efficient. H.B. fitting 1/9, fitted with 3-way cable 2/6. Post 3d. Nickel finish.

**1/3 GOGGLES. fitted, un-splinterable lens. 1/3**  
R.A.P. Pattern, as shown 2/6 Ditto, genuine fur-lined 3/3 R.A.P. Goggles with real Triplex lens. Best make 8/6 Full Mask type, fur lined 6/9 All in boxes. Post 4d.

**ALL GOODS SENT ON APPROVAL AGAINST CASH OR C.O.D.**

Maudes, of course, is the dealer behind the Maudes Trophy for reliability—if you've read through the annual review you'll already know that Triumph won the trophy with its 6/1 vertical twin.



# IT'S REALLY ASTONISHING VALUE—

The **BELSTAFF**

**SENIOR T.T. COMPETITION**

**COAT**, made of supple, durable Beaveren, generously cut to the most practical design, and incorporating the unique Belstaff "built-in" Saddle and Tummy Protector which keeps the lower part of the body perfectly dry. Beyond question the most remarkable value ever offered to motor-cyclists. Ask for and see that you get the Belstaff Senior T.T. Competition Coat. Price

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With Fleece Lining 7'6 extra.

The NEW BELSTAFF SENIOR T.T. DE LUXE "CASHMERE" model is of exactly the same design as the above coat, but is made in HEAVYWEIGHT DOUBLE-TEXTURE BLACK CASHMERE. Not a rubber-surfaced cloth yet absolutely waterproof. Price, with Saddle and Tummy Protector

**34'—**



## AN ADDED LUXURY

The BELSTAFF DETACHABLE NUTRIA LAMB WOOL COLLAR buttons on to the existing collar of any Belstaff coat and is beautifully warm and cosy. It will wear twice as long as any ordinary fur collar. Treat yourself to this inexpensive luxury. Price

**10'6**



● BELSTAFF SENIOR STORM COAT built of finest Egyptian Fawn Gabardine in R.A.F. style. With Saddle & Tummy protector, Oilskininterlined and fleece lined throughout.

**45'6**

● BELSTAFF JUNIOR STORM COAT in smart R.A.F. style of finest Egyptian Fawn Gabardine, oilskin interlined and fleece lined throughout. A detachable pure wool neckscarf is given

**37'6**

FREE.

If with detachable Fleece Lining 3'6 extra. Saddle and Tummy Protector, if required, 4'6 extra.

If unavailable locally, write us for address of nearest Stockists.

The BELSTAFF MFG. CO. LTD.,  
Longton, Stoke-on-Trent.

To the Trade: We do not supply the public direct. Write for full details.



### TANKS.

**T**ANK Transfers; any make c.o.d.—Wise, Railton Rd. S.E.24. [0345]

**T**ANKS, S.H., guaranteed good condition, all makes; hundreds to select from.

**5/-** Each.—B.S.A., Norton, Rudge and most others; late type 5/- extra; quotation any make of tank by return post.

**T**ANK Caps, 9d.; sight feeds, 1/6; taps, 9d.; pipes, 1/-; oil tanks, most types, 4/6.

**A**LL Goods Dispatched on Approval Postage Extra.—Pride and Clarke, Ltd., 158, Stockwell Rd., S.W.9. [1242]

**E**STABLISHED Over 20 Years.—Tanks of every description manufactured; overhauls, repairs, and re-enamels our speciality; moderate charges and prompt attention.—A. Green, 240, Deansgate, Manchester. [0256]

**W**ISE! for Guaranteed Second-hand Tanks, cheap. All makes; hundreds to select from; tanks repaired professionally and guaranteed by return; no waiting.—Railton Rd., S.E.24. Brixton 7142. Open Wednesday afternoon. [0421]

**L**ATEST Pattern 3-gallon Bulbous Saddle Tanks specially constructed and guaranteed replace old type between-bar flat tanks without frame alterations, over 50 makes stocked; 47/6; 17-year advertisers.—Park Tankers, Essenwood Works, Hodder, Peacehaven. [2813]

### BELTS.

**M**ASONS.—Avon belting, new, fully guaranteed, deep drive, 3/4 in. and 3/8 in., 7d. ft.; 1/2 in., 9d.; 1 in., 11d.; 1 1/4 in., 1/1 ft.; Dunlop clearance, 4d. ft. extra; two-piece belts, 4d. foot; fasteners and punches, 6d.; postage 9d.; c.o.d.—Masons, The Tyre House, Ipswich.

## BLIZZARD WEAR!

If you want the best possible stormproof wear—if nothing but the best will do—clothing that is proof against the hardest blizzards, the hardest usage, the most exacting tests to which you can put protective wear of any kind... THEN you must consider Beacon Weatherwear.

**Solid Black Rubber Smock**  
Solid Black Rubber sheeted on to stout duck—flexible—longwearing—utterly watertight. Proofed specially for Barbour and made into roomy Poncho Coats as illustrated. You can storm through the longest wettest day and depend on landing dry. **PONCHO COAT SMOCK**, Zip-fastener front... 52'6 Double Breasted Belters... 37'6 and 47'6

**BEACON THORNPROOFS**  
Proof against rips and accidents, absolutely watertight yet supple and easy to wear. Can be rolled up and stowed away without damage. In dark green-black Beacon Thornproof waterproof fabric.

**PONCHO COAT**, as illustrated, with Zip-fastener front 38'6 40' Airline style Coat fastening, even better cheap 27'6 Long Triple-breasted Thornproof Coats 45'6 Greenish Leggings 12'6. Beated Overall, Mitts, Rubbers

**BEACON OILSKINS**  
Tried and trusty watertight overwear in light-weight double Black Beacon Oilskin Jacket... 20'6 Overall Leggings... 10'6

**Motor Cycling MITTS**. Beated Protection for the hands and wrists. Perfectly warm, light. Elastic wrist, wide palms. Allgond and on storage most service

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**SPECIAL PURCHASE! OVERBOOT 12/11 LEGGINGS ONLY**

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**EVERY MOTOR CYCLIST SHOULD SEND FOR HIS ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE** FREE! Describe wet weather wear for all, and our money-back guarantee.

J. Barbour & Sons, Ltd., 26, Beacon Buildings, South Shields.





Of all the manufacturers of wet-weather riding gear (riders of my age still call them 'wets') Belstaff and Barbour proved to be the survivors. And take a look at the tank lineage ads: "Bulbous Saddle Tanks" were available to modernise flat-tankers. You have to wonder how much confusion that's caused when dating barn fines.



**D**AWSON BROS.—1930-31 174 c.c. "X" Triumph, electric lighting, new tyres, wonderfully clean, taxed to December; £6/19/6, or £2 secures immediate delivery, balance 10/- monthly.—7a, Shakespeare St., Nottingham. [2748]

**F**EW Brand New 1933 Triumphs Available at Much Reduced Prices; delivery of 1934 models now commencing; exchanges, terms; write or call for lists and quotation.—Whitby's, Triumph distributors, 1-7, The Vale, Acton, W 3. She. 1513. [3086]

**A**NUAL Tax 30/—, quarterly tax only 8/3!—Colmore offer fine variety brand new 1933 250 c.c. Triumph models, including W.A. 2.48 o.h.v., electric lighting, makers' list £38/5, our price £29/10; Colmore prices are the lowest, and we offer you bigger variety and better selection! Easy payments over 12, 15 or 18 months; carriage paid anywhere.—Colmore Depot, 77, Station St., Birmingham. [2730]

**£**5/17/6 Deposit Secures Immediate Delivery.—1931-32 350 c.c. super sports o.h.v. 2-port "Sloper" Triumph, enclosed rockers, etc., sump lubrication, 3 speeds, K.S., large chromium saddle tank, electric lighting, dip light, etc., steering damper, shock absorbers, two twist grips, tyres excellent, large internal brakes, very smart, and lovely to handle, carries full written guarantee of perfection; don't miss this super snip, send deposit now and ride it in 24 hours; pay me a visit and ride your choice away in ten minutes, even though I've never seen or heard of you before; my super bargain list awaits your p.c.; try my per return service; guaranteed highest allowance on your present mount, terms suit your own pocket without references, guarantors, or insurance; if you want a super sports high grade guaranteed machine and don't want any fuss or "red tape," you must try me. Open Sunday mornings.—King, New Rd., Oxford. [3033]



## MOTOR CYCLES FOR SALE.

Rudge.

**R**UDGE. 1930. 250 c.c. J.A.P., insured, excellent condition, E.L.; nearest £14.—Brady, 69, Rye Hill Park, S.E.15. [3088]

!!!—£6/19/6! 35/- secures; 1926 4.99h.p. 2-port Rudge, electric, 4-speed, foot change, speedometer, nice condition.

!!!—25 guineas! £6/12 secures; 1930 4.99 Ulster, dynamo, Dance grips, speedometer, oil bath, terrific performance, exceptional value.—Gray's, Waterloo Rd., Cobridge, Burslem, Staffs. [2841]

**1928** Rudge 4.99 Combination, dynamo, new side-car and tyre, new battery, insured; £15.—Grimwood, 21, Norwood Rd., Southall. [2817]

**C**OMERFORD'S.—23 guineas!! 1929-30 genuine "Ulster" Rudge, with dynamo lighting, etc., tax paid year, lovely condition; down payment £6.—Below.

**C**OMERFORD'S.—29 guineas!! 1931 Rudge Ulster, 500 c.c., dynamo lighting, twist grip, pillion seat and rest, new tyres, Bosch horn, George Dance knee grips, excellent condition, really fast; exchanges, terms.—Portsmouth Rd., Thames Ditton. [2850]

**22** Guineas.—1931 3.50 2-port Rudge, 4 speeds, dynamo, taxed, splendid condition; deferred.—Broadway Motors, 65, High St., Hounslow, Phone: 0175. [2521]

**R**UDGE 499 c.c., o.h.v., saddle tank, dynamo, twin chromium exhaust, pillion, licensed, insured, 1927; £8/10, bargain; appointment.—34, Peterborough Rd., Leyton. [2799]

**W**HITBY'S, of Acton.—£39/10! Deferred; 1932 Rudge Special, foot change; also slightly used 1933 model, £47/10; over 100 others; easy terms.—1-7, The Vale, Acton, W.3. She. 1513. [3082]

**C**ONWAY MOTORS.—£24; registered 1932, 250 c.c. o.h.v. radial Rudge, dynamo, one owner, fast and in exceptional condition; also 1930 Special, dynamo, etc., £21.—301, Goldhawk Rd., Shepherd's Bush. [3112]

**R**ENNO'S.—1931 Rudge dirt track special, PM82 motor, fully equipped, almost new condition, absolute bargain; 25 guineas, or terms.—232-3-4, Upper St., Islington N.1 (near Tubes). Phone: North 4467-8. [3230]

**L**ANE MOTORS.—Rudge 1932 499 o.h.v. Special, equipped, 35 guineas; several 1927-28 500 combinations, from 11 guineas; terms, exchanges.—208, West End Lane, Hampstead, Open Sunday mornings. [3059]

## ENGINES.

**H**EPPELTHWAITES Hold a Large Stock of Second-hand Engines; prices from 10/-; these are too numerous to advertise, so write for free list.—69, Northcote Rd., Clapham Junction, London, S.W.11. Phone: Battersea 5897. [3461]

**E**NGINE Bargains.—B.S.A. 493, 1927 s.v., 40/-; ditto, 1926, 30/-; B.S.A. 1926 250 s.v., 20/-; Triumph P, 20/-; New Hudson 1928 350 s.v., 40/-; Norton 1926 s.v., 30/-; J.A.P. 8h.p. s.v., 30/-; approval.—Robins, 97, Latchmere Rd., Battersea. 2908 Phone. [2759]

**H**ACKFORD MOTORS Offer Triumph 500 c.c. o.h.v. T.T., 80/-; Ariel 500 c.c. o.h.v., 75/-; 499 c.c. Rudge Special, 85/-; ditto 499 c.c. 4-valve, 55/-; 350 c.c. 4-valve, 47/6; Triumph 549 c.c. N.S.D., 60/-; Enfield 225 c.c. 4-stroke, 47/6; Norton 490 s.v., 30/-; Sturmev-Archer 500 c.c. o.h.v., 75/-; B.S.A. New Hudson, etc., 350 and 500 c.c. side valves, from 25/-; 8h.p. J.A.P., 37/6; A.J.S., Douglas, Enfield, Dunell, Triumph, Villiers engine spares cheap.—423, Coldharbour Lane, Brixton. Phone: 3062. [3074]

**B**ARGAINS. — Guaranteed engines, complete: Raleighs, J.A.P.s, Villiers, Triumphs, Ridges, B.S.A.s, 20/- each; Triumph-Ricardo, 40/-; 2½ B.S.A., 40/-; 350 Enfield, 55/-; 1922 Douglas, 10/-; 350 o.h.v. B.S.A., 50/-; 350 Matchless, 40/-; 5h.p. Harley, 25/-; 3½ P. and M., 10/-; 5h.p. twin Ariel, 20/-; 350 New Hudson, 35/-; 250 c.c. J.A.P., 22/6; twin Enfield Vickers, 40/-; 3½ Blackburne, 20/-; 500 c.c. Sunbeam, 40/-; "P." Triumph, 20/-; 350 and 500 Rudge 50/-; 350 A.J.S., 40/-; 500 other engines going cheap, all makes, all engine spares, gear box spares; send for list.—Brooker's, King's Lynn. [1546]

**W**ISE! for Guaranteed Second-hand Engines Cheap. —A.J.S. s.v. and o.h.v., 1929; Ariel o.h.v. and s.v.; A.B.C. B.S.A. s.v. and o.h.v. Sloper, 1929; Blackburne s.v. and o.h.v., 1929; Bradshaw; Calthorpe, Douglas; Enfield s.v. and o.h.v.; Harley; Hudson s.v. and o.h.v.; Humber; James; P. and M.; Matchless s.v., V2 o.h.v., 1929, and 1932 light 500; Norton s.v. and o.h.v. T.T.; New Imperial s.v. and o.h.v.; N.U.T., Raleigh, Sunbeam, Scott, Triumph W. S.D. and P., Velocette camshaft; Rudge 350 and 500, 1929; and hundreds of others; quotation by return; no waiting.—Railton Rd., S.E.24. Brixton 7142. Open Wednesday afternoon. [0417]



NOTHING IS TOO BAD TO BE  
**REPAIRED** by  
**MASSEY MOTOR CO. LTD.**  
38, MINING LANE, BLACKBURN.

We undertake any kind of motor cycle frame repairs including stove enamelling, at an inclusive cost of from 30/- to 40/-.

Spring Forks, no matter how badly damaged, repaired from 15/-. Maximum charge in any case 25/-. Wheels rebuilt with new Enamelled Rims from 12/- each. All parts for repairs must be sent stripped and carriage paid with order's name attached.

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**SQUARE FOUR**  
£72-10-0  
Other Models  
from £44-10-0

Write for Catalogue.

**ARIEL MOTORS (J.S.) LTD.,**  
SEELY OAK, BIRMINGHAM.



**(PLAISTOW) LTD.**

**SERVICE**

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TELEPHONE ALBERT DOCK 1928

## GHOST SILENCERS

CHROMIUM PLATED Latest Type Oval Shape.



250 c.c. to 350 c.c. **7/6**

500 c.c. to 1,000 c.c. **10/-**

The make that satisfies the Police.

Special Quotations to the Trade.

James GROSE Ltd., 379-381, Euston Rd., N.W.1.

# The Bon-Ami KIKSTART MOTOR CYCLE OVERBOOT

MADE  
IN  
CANADA.

17/11



ALL  
SIZES.

17/11

Extract from "Occasional Comments" by "IXION"  
in the "MOTOR CYCLE" issue of April 20th, 1933.

"Incidentally, have you ever weighed your waders? Weight does not matter much if you never wear them when dismounted; but weight counts if you do much spectating with waders on, as in watching a wet trial. I have a pair made by KAUFMAN, which scale 5 lb., and they seem to be just as strong and durable as others weighing a whole lot more."

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28, KING STREET,  
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33, RED LION STREET,  
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For Colonial Surfaces  
you must have

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TO LOWER.—Press down and the Ratchet locks at any height to suit Road Camber, etc. TO RAISE.—Touch the Pawl and the Internal spring raises it. Clamps to seat stay and chain stay. Clears Exhaust Pipe. Hills or soft ground of no consequence. Post 6d.

9/6

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CAMBER MAKES NO DIFFERENCE

PRIVATE CARS  
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**INVINCIBLE**

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Are 1/- tins of Celamel Black Cellulose Lacquer obtainable from all Good Cycle Agents, Halford's Curry's, Grose, etc. Another useful gadget is the 2/- Dabiton tin of Black Celamel with patent brush in lid, always ready for use.



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offer a range of  
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**ELECTRIC LIGHTING  
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The 1934 B.S.A. range represents the finest value on the road and includes models from 1.49 h.p. to 9.95 h.p. at prices ranging from £29.17.6, all equipped "Ready for the Road." The model illustrated is the 3.48 h.p. O.H.V. Special with engine specially built and bench tested. Price £66. 10s., with Electric Lighting, Electric Horn and Licence Holder.

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Mark X against the one you want.

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47/15/11

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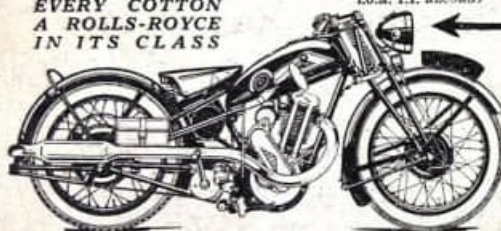


*The Motorcycle Masterpiece—  
EVERY COTTON  
A ROLLS-ROYCE  
IN ITS CLASS*

Each takes the utmost advantage of new taxation basis.  
85 M.P.H. FOR 30/- TAX; OR 60 M.P.H. FOR 15/- TAX, IF DESIRED.

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OVER 1,000 CHAMPION  
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PRICE	ON PAYMENT DOWN (including Insurance)	TYPE	Miles per hour	Miles per gall.	Annual Tax
£26-15s.	£7-0-0	150 c.c. 2-str. Sports	45	160	15/- only
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Above prices include full dynamo lighting with large headlamps, dipping, etc.  
Hire purchase over 12 or 18 months. Economical Insurance Scale.

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There is a complete Cotton range of 20 Superb Models up to the Racing Models exceeding 100 m.p.h.—every model the Rolls-Royce of its class. The famous Cotton design with remarkable stability is the secret of the success of this masterpiece—yet modern method enables this machine of breed to be sold at orthodox price. You must send a card for complete list just out—there is no obligation.

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In answering these advertisements it is desirable to mention "The Motor Cycle."

A10





"We're Fluxite and Solder—  
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Famous for Soldering—  
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The BEST of CARS  
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But if WE'RE handy—  
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See that Fluxite and Solder are always by you—in the house—garage—  
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IT SIMPLIFIES ALL SOLDERING

All Ironmongers sell Fluxite in tins: 4d., 8d. 1/4 and 2/3.  
Ask to see the FLUXITE POCKET SOLDERING SET—complete  
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SEPTEMBER is "OPPORTUNITY MONTH" in the Motorcycle World. It is the first Month of the Year when you can purchase a brand new machine at a "secondhand price." You have all seen, perhaps tried, and most probably have frantically desired to own the 1933 Model 100 Redwing Panther—the machine which for "looks," speed and perfect reliability has been the sensation of 1933. This machine is now within YOUR reach, since a few brand new models are available at £47, a reduction of more than £20 from list price. You can realise that there will be no lack of purchasers—it is up to you to complete the coupon NOW.



**The 1933 Model 100  
Redwing Panther**  
598 c.c. Two-Port O.H.V.  
List Price £67.10.0

**BRAND NEW**

**£47**

*Special Hire Purchase arrangements.*

*Machines in stock for delivery on deposits from £5.*

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*Sole London Distributors for Panthers:*

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**To GEORGE CLARKE (MOTORS) LTD.**

Please send Art Catalogue of the 1933 Panther, and  
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NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

R.F.37

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Wrap over style. Made from best treble-proofed black rubber guaranteed material. Fitted with leg straps, shoulder flap, adjustable R.A.F. cuffs, bucklefast style belt. All seams double sewn and taped. Lined throughout with warm, comfortable, fleecy lining. OUR PRICE **15/6**

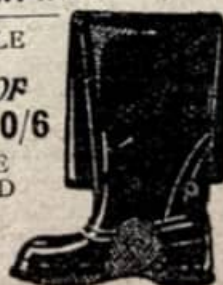
EQUAL TO COATS SOLD BY OTHER FIRMS AT 25/-

Special pattern fitted with built-in tummy and saddle protector. Equal to coats sold by other firms at 27/6 ..... **18/3**

**WHITE WASHABLE SKI CAPS FOR NIGHT RIDING 1/11**

THE RELIABLE  
**SPUR PROOF  
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A RELIABLE  
GUARANTEED  
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DON'T BUY RUBBISH SOLD AT  
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Make sure  
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**ARIEL** *new and*  
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Parts sent on Appro.  
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Safest and  
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REAR SPRINGING  
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**£37.15** (ALL IN)  
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**"THE BETTER GRIP AT THE LOWER PRICE."**

Grip 6/- & Dummy 1/6, either long or short 1" or  $\frac{7}{8}$ ", standard or racing. Jet black non-soiling rubber.

*Obtainable from all Leading Factors and Traders.*

**None genuine unless marked 'Lewis.'**

Made in England by

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## SALES UP 57%

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Phone: Paddington 3345-6-7. Grams: Archmotor, Pad.

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**6/6** 6-volt BATTERIES (only) clearance.  
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Lucas, Miller and P. & H. Lighting Sets, approx.  
size 6" x 4" x 3". Special bargain offer, 8/11.  
Latest improved type, 12/20 amp. hour, with  
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Die pressed, best  
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Front or Rear for  
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Points for  
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**PETRO-FLEX** (Genuine) as  
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**5/-** Windcreens, as illustrated  
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black heavyweight material, large side  
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**3/11**



**Sports Screens**, as illustrated, 3/11  
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52 PAGES! 500 ILLUSTRATIONS!! 1000 BARGAINS!!!

Usually 6d., we will send it FREE, on receipt of a  
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controls, for 1" or 1 1/2" bars extremely  
efficient, quick action, 1/8.  
Twist Grips, latest type,  
chrome plated for 1" or 1 1/2" bar, 3/3. Lewis Amal path,  
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**2/3** Goggles, fitted  
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finish, best quality, 3/8;  
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actual value 12/6 pr. our price,  
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Tool Bags ar-  
moured real  
cowhide front,  
with special  
fittings for stay  
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fixing for sports  
machines where no carrier is fitted,  
3/11. Super quality larger size with  
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## PILLION FOOTRESTS

**1/3** complete  
with rub-  
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Model fitted with large  
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**FOR TOURING AND  
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clips for attaching to Mudguard  
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metal frame, extra heavy double  
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proof bag. Size 12" x 12" x 4", 4/9.  
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straps. Our price 6/9 each, 12/3  
per pair. Larger size 16" x 14" x 6"  
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MAXIMUM SPEED		ACCELERATION	
TOP Gear	82 m.p.h.	From 20 m.p.h. to 40 m.p.h.	
THIRD Gear	74 m.p.h.	SECOND Gear	5 secs.
SECOND Gear	66 m.p.h.	THIRD Gear	6½ secs.
FIRST Gear	35 m.p.h.	TOP Gear	7½ secs.

**"The Machine does everything  
'The Motor Cycle' Test Report  
said it would."**

Says Mr. C. V. M. Booth—the Well-known Amateur Competition Rider

In his first letter  
Mr. Booth said...

"I should like to say how pleased I am  
with my 33-DSO Matchless, despite  
rather rough use it has given no trouble  
whatever. The machine does every-  
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my letters in any manner you wish  
and if you want to use my name  
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last Sunday I won the 500 c.c. and  
Unlimited races on the Sports 500."

**The MATCHLESS  
"SPORTS 500"**

**The 80 m.p.h. Machine**

(Matchless Model 33 DSO ... £43. 15)

Such testimonials prove conclusively  
that the Matchless "Sports 500" "does  
everything 'The Motor Cycle' Test  
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**COUPON M.C. - 14 - 9**

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Purton Road, London, S.E.15.  
Please send me the "SPORTS 500"  
FOLDER and the 24-PAGE  
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NAME

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Guaranteed motor cycles at lowest prices. Compare the following, then call and judge for yourself. 700 to select from. List free.

Carb.	SOLOS	Deposit.
£17 10	ARIEL, 1930, 500 c.c., Side Valve, electric lighting, Terry saddle, rear carrier, oil gauge, recessed in huge chromium and black saddle tank, steering damper, twist grips, Dunlop Fort tyres, excellent condition front and rear, wonderful mechanical order, taxed .....	£5
£22 10	RUDGE, 1931, 499 c.c. Special, fitted pillion seat, rests, huge saddle tank, separate oil tank, coupled brakes, excellent tyres, finished throughout in Rudge maroon and black, steering damper, twist grips .....	£5
£19 10	COVENTRY EAGLE, 148 c.c. Villiers Long stroke, Wonder Model, used one demonstration only, mileage under 20 .....	£2 10
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£12 10	B.S.A., 1929, 493 c.c. O.H.V., 8loper pillion seat, rests, nice tyres, excellent mechanical condition .....	* £3
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£42 10	ARIEL, 4-cylinder, O.H.C. 1932 oil bath, 4-speed, Lucas Magdyno, huge chromium saddle tank, speedometer, oil gauge, etc., pillion seat, rests, clean condition throughout, mechanically perfect .....	£5
£33 10	CALTHORPE, 1933, 493 h.p. O.H.V. oil bath, Miller S.U.S. lighting, horn, huge saddle tank, instrument panel, original tyres unmarked, condition as brand new .....	£5

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£19 10	B.S.A., 1931, 248 c.c. 2-port, dynamo lighting, pillion seat, rests, excellent tyres, horn, clean condition throughout .....	£5
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## BARGAINS FOR CALLERS. 40/- Deposit. 3/6 Weekly

£5 10	NEW HUDSON, 1928, 500 c.c. dynamo lighting, new pillion seat, rests, taxed .....	
£9 10	ARIEL, 1928, 500 c.c. O.H.V., 2-port, horn, dynamo lighting, speedometer, pillion seat, rests, taxed, excellent tyres .....	
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No deposit terms in approved cases. Delivery on receipt of first monthly payment. Balance over 15 or 24 months. No references or guarantors required. Pay required deposit and ride away same day. We have the machine you want at the price you want to pay. Over 700 new and second-hand machines in stock. Write for free bargain list and particulars of our easiest of easy payments.

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Flannel lined,  
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Leather, Black  
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lined, 4/9. As  
above, Special  
quality, large  
cuffs, 7/6.  
Postage 3d.

**3/6**

Black Horse-  
side Gauntlet  
Gloves, Secor  
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Special quality  
6/6; ditto re-  
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**2/8** Waterproof  
Leggings.  
Best quality gas-  
sented, 2/8; with  
clip fasteners, 3/6;  
Black rubber, 3/9  
and 5/6. Ladies  
Black or Tan, 4/9.  
Sealless Trousers,  
Double Texture,  
9/6. Postage 6d.



**2/6**  
Ex R.A.F.  
Pilot  
Waistcoat,  
new, water-  
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38 to 42, 2/6.  
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**4/9** Pannier Bags, waterproof  
15 x 12 x 4 1/2, 4/9. Post 6d.



**1/-** Tool  
Bags,  
armoured,  
size  
7 1/2 x 4 1/2  
x 2 1/2. One  
strap, 1/-; Two straps, 1/6;  
with lock, 2/6; for Down Tube,  
2/- Clips, 3d. each. Postage 4d.



**1/8**  
Sports Pillow Seal, as illus-  
trated, 1/8. Special quality,  
3/3. Fitted internal springs,  
4/9. Post 6d.



**1/5** Cap  
McKee, 1/5.  
Black Rub-  
ber, 1/10.  
Leather,  
Black or Tan, 3/9. Postage 3d.  
State size.



**1/2**  
Goggles, Pear shape, 1/2. Stated  
unavailable. Sizes, 1/8.  
R.A.F. pattern fitted unavail-  
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shield, in aluminium frame,  
1/4. Vest Pocket, in case, 1/-.  
Goggles, Pear shaped, 1/4.  
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**3/11** Sponge Rubber Pillows  
Sents, 3/11; Pneumatic,  
5/6. Sponge Air Cell, 6/9. Post 6d.

**1/3** FOOTRESTS.  
Adjustable Fold-  
ing, 1/3.  
De Luxe, 1/9.  
Brooks, 4/-.  
Pneumatic pat-  
ent, 2/11.  
Postage  
6d.



**4/3** Sports Windscreens, with  
fittings 4/3.  
Special Sports  
6/11.  
Sports  
Hoods  
10/6.  
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age 9d.



**4/3** Electric  
Horn.  
Standard  
model, 4/3.  
High fre-  
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5/6. Miller  
10/6. Klaxon  
10/6. Bosch  
25/- Pushes,  
9d. Postage  
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**4d.** Lamp Bulbs.  
Guaranteed,  
side or tails, 4, 6 or  
12 volts, gasfilled,  
4d. Head, 9d.  
state if single or  
double pole; 6 volt  
double filament 1/8.  
Post 3d.



**1/8** Horns, Sports Type, loud  
note. Superior quality,  
2/9. Large size, as illustration,  
4/-; Touring type, 4/6. Chro-  
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**5/3** Windscreen, complete with  
side screens and fittings,  
5/3. De Luxe, 7/6. Hoods, Car  
Type, heavy, 10/6. Postage 1/-.  
Celluloid, crystal clear sheet,  
54" x 24" 3/3. Half Sheet, 1/9.



**7/6**  
Batteries  
with lid and  
outside Ter-  
minals,  
6 volts 10  
amps. Fully  
Guaranteed,  
7/6. P. &  
C. finest  
quality, 6 volts 14 amps, 10/-.  
Postage and packing 1/6 extra.  
Carriers with clips, 2/6.



**1/11** Electric  
rear  
lamps, square or  
circular plate  
type, 1/11  
Side Lamps, 1/9. Post 3d.



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# ILLUSTRATED BARGAIN LIST FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTCARD



## 9/9 COMPETITION COATS

Black Rubber Waterproof, as illustrated.	9/9
Medium weight	15/6
Fleece lined with wind cuffs	24/6
Heavy quality fleece lined	34/-
Extra Heavy, Teddy lined	29/9
Belstaff Senior T.T. with Tummy Protector	37/3
Belstaff Senior T.T., Fleece lined	30/-
New Mascot Zip, Zip Coats	

Postage free on Belstaff.

All Coats fully guaranteed and despatched on 7 days' approval. South London Agents for Belstaff & Stormgard. Trade supplied.

Please state Length, Chest and Sleeve measurement.



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Storm Coats, lined oilskin	19/6
With detachable fleece lining	24/6
Four-in-One	30/-
Belstaff Junior T.T.	37/6
Belstaff Senior T.T.	45/-

## "STORMGARD" COATS

New Tanker Model	33/6
Ision	39/6
Model 202	47/6
Model 204	55/-
Tummipad	3/6
Stormstart	4/-

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## LADIES' LEATHER COATS

Full Chrome, Suede lined, Latest styles, all shades. 25/-, 32/6 and 47/6

## 32/6 LEATHER COATS

Leather coats 32/6  
Full Chrome Leather, special quality Black or Tan, Suede lined 32/6  
R.A.F. Buckle-fast Pattern or D.R. Teddy Lined 37/6  
Ditto, oilskin lined 37/6

## 9/3 WADERS

Waders 9/3  
Special quality 12/6  
Gutta Percha 14/9  
Hutchinson Rubber Soles 17/11  
Hutchinson Leather Soles 25/-

## KNEE BOOTS 14/9

Knee Boots, Black or Tan 14/9  
Special quality 16/9  
Three Strap Pattern Rubber Sole 18/3  
With Zip Fasteners 20/6  
Rubber Knee Boots 7/9

## SPORTS JACKET 8/11

with Zip fasteners. Light or Dark Tan Suede, Half Zip, 12/9. Cheaper quality, 8/11. Full Zip, 14/9. Cheaper quality, 10/9. Chrome Leather, Full Zip fastener, Suede lined 12/6.

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**24/6 80 M.P.H. TRIP  
SPEEDOMETERS**

**GUARANTEED  
6 MONTHS.**  
ACCURATE. RELIABLE.  
Complete with all fittings.  
24/6. Post 1/-.

**NEW EXTRA HEAVY CHAINS (Fully Guaranteed)**



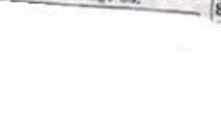
per foot  $\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{1}{6}$   $\frac{1}{8}$   $\frac{3}{16}$   
Postage extra. Links 4d.



**5d.**  
PER FOOT.  
Flexible Steel Exhaust Tubing.  
1" 5d. foot. 1 1/2" 1d. 1 3/4" 1d.  
to 2" 1 1/2" foot. Postage extra.



**1/8**  
Fish Tail.  
6" 1932 Pat-  
tern, as illus-  
trated, 1/8.  
Nickel  
Plated, 2/9.  
State Dia.  
of pipe.  
Postage 6d.



**Pistons, best quality guaranteed.**  
foremost makes, from 5/- Alloy  
2/- extra. State size or send  
patterns. Postage 6d.



**2/6**  
Silencers, as illustrated, 2/6  
special quality. 4/6. State  
diam. of pipe. Terry Silencers.  
Nickel Plated 4/6. Postage 9d.



**6/9**  
Super Sport Silencers, as illus-  
trated. Heavily plated, 6/9.  
Chromium, 8/9. Post 9d. State  
diam. of Exhaust Pipe.



**Valves, 3% nickel guar-  
anteed, most  
Types, 1/9;  
O.H.V. 2/3;  
made to  
Pattern  
3/6. Springs  
5d. Rings,  
8d. Postage 3d.**

**14/9**

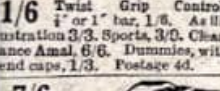
Amal  
Carburetors,  
new clearance,  
complete, 1" 1"  
14/9.  
Flange fitting,  
model complete  
5/- Post 9d.



**1/6**  
Useful as-  
sortment of 144  
bolts,  
nuts,  
set screws and washers 1/6.  
Postage 9d. 144 second-hand nuts  
and bolts off dismantled mach-  
ines 9d. (most useful to any  
garage).



**1/6** Pressure Grease Guns.  
New, 1/6. Usual price,  
5/-. Oilquirts with Extension,  
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**1/6** Twist Grip Controls  
1" or 1 1/2" bar, 1/6. As il-  
lustration 3/3. Sports, 3/3. Char-  
ance Amal, 6/6. Dummies, with  
end caps, 1/3. Postage 4d.

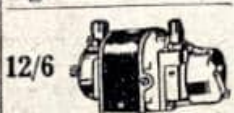


**7/6**  
Lamps,  
5 1/2"  
P. & H.  
6" 11/-.  
6 1/2" 12/6  
Genera-  
tors, 4/3.  
Postage 9d. Sports Brackets 3/3.

All Goods despatched on approval against cash or C.O.D. Order  
by postcard and pay on delivery. Write for free bargain list.  
Quotations for any spare part or accessory by return.  
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**8d.** Sparking Plug.  
Best Make  
Guaranteed. 8d.  
Hobson latest  
pattern 1/6. 4 days'  
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Plug Spanners 6d.



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Magnetos. Reconditioned late  
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**24/9**  
6 Volt Dynamos, best make with  
cut out, 24/9. Dynamo brackets  
4/9. Pulleys, 3/3. Belt, 2/-.  
Postage 1/3.



**9/11**  
6 1/2" Elec-  
tric Head  
Lamps  
with  
Switch,  
9/11. 7"  
de Luxe  
Model  
with Am-  
meter and  
switch as  
illustrated 24/6. Sports brackets  
3/3. Spotlights 6/-. Postage 9d.

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**15/-** WITH ORDER  
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**£8-10-0**

Complete as illustrated, with 26-3.25 Tyre and Fittings for any machine. 15/- secures delivery.



**P & C de Luxe Launch Saloon.** Complete as illustrated. Polished Aluminium Detachable Saloon Top and Locker. **£11-10-0.**

Rails 15/- extra. Saloon Body only. **£7-10-0.**



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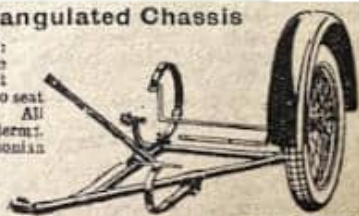
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Fits all Ariel machine: having sidecar lugs. Large ball joint attachment front and rear. Third fitting to seat pillar is spring loaded. All spares stocked. Easy term. Send for list of full Watsonian range.

**CHASSIS PRICE**

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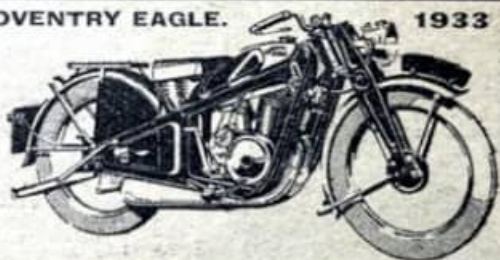


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IN  
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LOWEST PRICES — GREATEST VALUES.  
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AND ABOVE ALL  
PERSONAL SERVICE SECOND TO NONE

COVENTRY EAGLE. 1933



1933 147 c.c. 2-port, dynamo, magneto, legshields, electric horn, twistgrip. List price £25. 15/- tax.

RENNO'S PRICE 21 gns.

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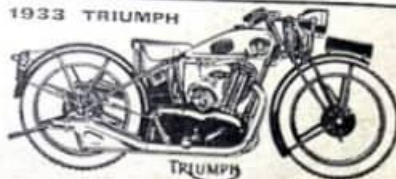
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LOOK. 247 c.c. COMBINATION. Tax 50/- Special Sports sidecar. RENNO'S PRICE, "ALL-ON" 34 gns.

ENGLAND'S FINEST LIGHTWEIGHTS.

1933 TRIUMPH



450 CF O.H.V. MODEL 41

1933 120 c.c. O.H.V. Model X0, with dynamo. 15/- tax. Listed £20-15. RENNO'S PRICE £20

1933 250 c.c. O.H.V. 2-port. Listed £27-10. RENNO'S PRICE £28-17-6

1933 345 c.c. Model SD2, dry sump. Listed £48. RENNO'S PRICE 36 gns.

1933 494 c.c. Model NT2, O.H.V. 2-port. Listed £47. RENNO'S PRICE 36 gns.

1933 494 c.c. Competition O.H.V. 2-port. Model CD, 4 speeds, foot change. Listed £48. RENNO'S PRICE 36 gns.

Dynamo lighting £5-10 extra on all above except 150 c.c. Model.

VALUE, SERVICE AND STRENGTH.

ROYAL ENFIELD.  
SPEED WITH ECONOMY.



1933 250 c.c. O.H.V. 2-port "BULLET" tunnel engine. 4 speeds, foot change, upswipe exhausts. 30/- tax. Listed at £42-17-6. RENNO'S PRICE 34 gns.

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A DEAL THAT SUITS YOU.

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Phone: North 4467-8

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**The SPOT FOR VALUE**

Bespoke in Suedette and leather waistcoats, 10/6. Suedette full zip, heavier weight 12/6. In Tan or Nigger. P. U. L. I. CHROME leather, full zip, turn down collar, usually 33/- Renno's price 19/6. Post 1/-.

**25/6 CHROMIUM EXHAUST PIPES.** Heavy gauge, up swept pattern, most makes. Ridge, B.S.A., Ariel, 25/6 pair. Competition pipes for old Ridges up to and including 1937, 25/6. Post 1/- extra.

**4/9 SPORTS WINDSCREENS.** De Luxe, 6/11. Touring side wings, 5/3, de Luxe, 7/6. Folding hood, 10/6. heavier model, 12/6. Post 1/3.

**2/6 SIDE-CAR COWLINGS.** Highly polished heavy cast aluminium, 2/6. Post 6d.

**1/8 GREASE GUNS.** 1/8. Usually 5/-. Tocalmit grease, 3d. tin. Post 4d.

**1/11 GENUINE NONSPLINT GOGGLES.** "LACEGATE" 1/11. R.A.P. pattern, 3/3, mask goggles, 4/3. Fur lined, non splint, 6/3. Best quality, 7/6. Post 6d. SPECIAL Folding unbreakable goggles in case, 1/9. Post 4d.

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**5/6 SIDE-CAR LAMP.** New design beautifully streamlined. Unbreakable, complete with fittings, 5/6. Post 4d.

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**LATEST IDEA.** White rubber ski Cap, extremely smart, from Renno's only, at 1/11. worth 4/6. Post 6d.

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**35/- DYNAMOS.** Brand new 1933. 6 volt. Best makes, listed 55/- Renno's special offer 35/- Cradles, 4/9, Pulleys, 2/9 Post 1/6.

**TYRES, CLOTHING AND ACCESSORIES ON EASY TERMS.** Send for Catalogue—Free. White Chrome Leather DRIVING HELMETS, satin or fleece lined. Ideal for ladies. Usually 5/9. Renno's price 3/9. Post 6d.

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**YOUR PASSENGER WILL APPRECIATE NOXAL SIDECAR COMFORT**  
 LIGHTWEIGHT LAUNCH £11-15-6 complete.

Model for every purpose from £10-10-0 complete with fittings for any make of motor cycle.

**EASY PAYMENT TERMS FROM £1 DOWN.**

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**SANDUM SIDECARS**  
 S. 1935 Model (Big design)

**UNDOUBTEDLY THE FINEST SIDECAR MADE IN GREAT BRITAIN.**

Chassis Guaranteed for Two Years. Four points of attachment, complete with screen, apron and plated handrail. Body finished in two colours, black and red, apple green and grey, or any two colours to choice. Heavy Gauge extruded windscreen. Heavy quality Reclining upholstery with Hammock seating. Hand-polished dashboard. Highest grade finish throughout. A distinctive and reliable sidecar. Any size tyre, fittings for any machine. Two-year model, £17-10-0. £12-17-6. Exchanges, Easy Payments. Highest allowance on your old sidecar. SEND FOR 1935 LIST TO-DAY. **SANDUMS, 38, Essex Road, Islington, London, N.1** 9 p.m. Weekdays. 9 p.m. Saturdays. 1 p.m. Sundays. CLARENCEWELL 0031/32.

**The E.T.C. CARBURETTOR**

**FOR 1934**  
**Amazing—EFFICIENCY SPEED ECONOMY!**

Write for Catalogue & Prices. **E. T. C. CARBURETTORS**  
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*Preserve your Cylinders.*

**Rosco Cylinder Black**

**TINS 1/- POST FREE**  
**1/6**

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WITHSTANDS HEAT.

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all about the wonderful new Nortons in this week's issue of "The Motor Cycle."  
**THEN** call and examine the full range at **WHITBY'S** of **ACTON.**

Over 130 new, used and shop-soiled machines in stock.

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**COMFORT**  
FOR THE PRICE OF  
TWO SPARKING PLUGS!

worth a trial surely!  
**FIT A**  
"SOLOSCREEN"  
**12/9 POST PAID.**

Clean bar type 1 1/2 extra.  
(Give handlebar diameter.)

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Simple and efficient.  
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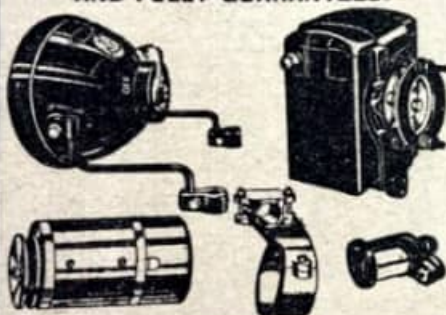
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**£4. 19. 6**

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THE MOST POWERFUL LIGHT  
ON THE ROAD.

Set comprises:—SEVEN-IN. HEADLAMP with ILLUMINATED AMMETER, LEVER SWITCH, Sports Brackets. 6 volt 13/26 ACCUMULATOR with NON-CORROSIVE External Terminals. RUBBER TAIL LAMP. 6 volt 7 amp. (42 WATT) DYNAMO with eccentrically mounted armature, complete with drive (Chain or Belt) and all fittings, cables, etc., wired ready for fitting to any motorcycle.

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Allowance on your old Gas or Electric Set.

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Motor Cycles  
and Cycles  
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**84**

Olympia  
Nov. 24th-Dec. 1st.

greatest advance in sidecar design since the introduction of the combination.

Here is something new . . . different . . . better . . . car comfort and most attractive appearance.

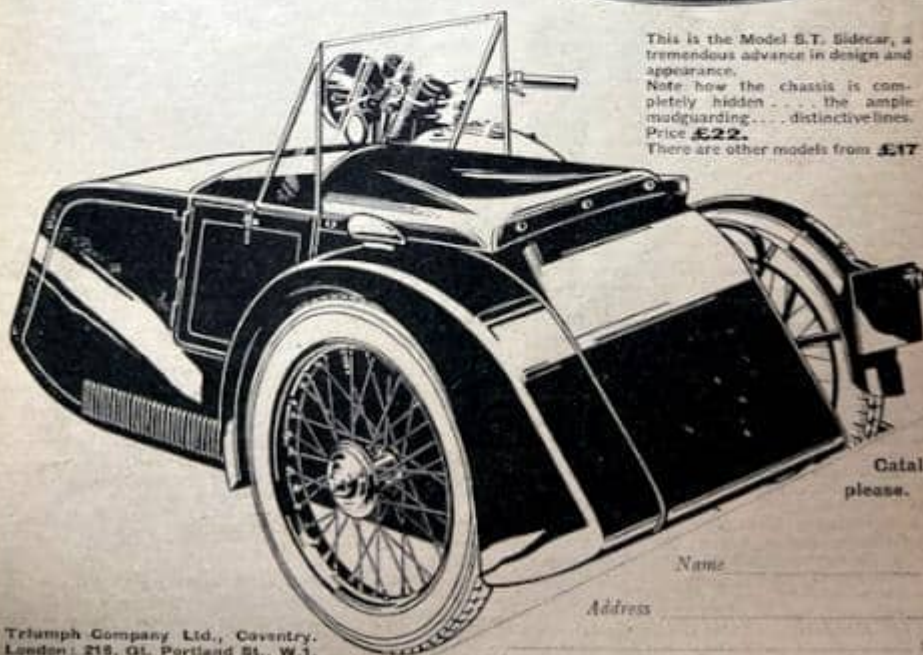
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The sidecar is the safest vehicle on the road and is definitely returning to popularity.

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Dunlop tyres standard. Lucas electric lighting extra on "250" & "450" models.

# TRIUMPH



This is the Model S.T. Sidecar, a tremendous advance in design and appearance.

Note how the chassis is completely hidden . . . the ample mudguarding . . . distinctive lines. Price **£22.**

There are other models from **£17**

Catalogue  
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Address

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M.C. 10/11



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Type M12  
Headlamp with  
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Type M148  
Headlamp for use  
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The New Lucas  
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The Famous Lucas  
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with internally  
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Write for full particulars of LUCAS 'Magdyno' and other Electrical Equipment and Accessories. JOSEPH LUCAS LTD. Dept 9, BIRMINGHAM.



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MODEL 4F  
SQUARE FOUR  
600 c.c.

**£72.10**

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Please send me a copy of the  
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**PRIX TOTAL : 6.950 frs.** (entièrement équipé)

Le même cyclecar, **Darmont-Spécial** moteur à culbuteurs 1 100 cmc. à circulation d'eau, radiateur nickelé, Allumage R. B. par batterie (genre Delco). Avance automatique, Mise en route à l'avant, Gros échappement sur les côtés. Vitesse : 125 Kilomètres à l'heure.

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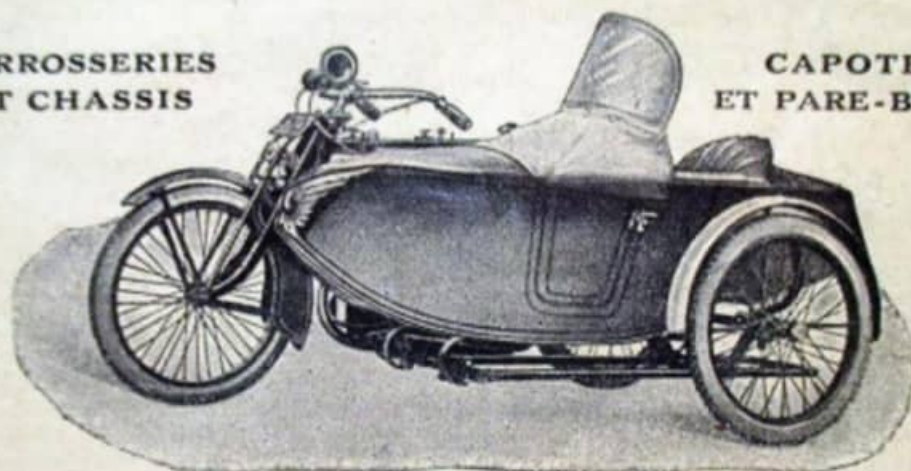
Pour les 2 modèles ci-dessus : Supplément pour boîte 3 vitesses et marche arrière..... 1.000 frs  
Supplément pour peinture spéciale..... 330 frs



# Les plus Grandes Marques de Side-Cars

CARROSSERIES  
ET CHASSIS

CAPOTES  
ET PARE-BRISE



TÉLÉPHONE  
Auteuil 05-51

**JOUE & C<sup>ie</sup>, Constructeurs**  
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TÉLÉPHONE  
Auteuil 05-51

Agents des Side-Cars - Mills-Fulford - Henderson - Motos - Phelon et Moore - Excelsior - Marques Anglaises

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Watch the wild men from the North skid those corners.

The most spectacular and thrilling sport ever staged in this fair city.

*Oh, Boys!  
This is the game.*

ADMISSION: Ringside 2/6, Grandstand 2/6, Children  
half-price.

Directors,  
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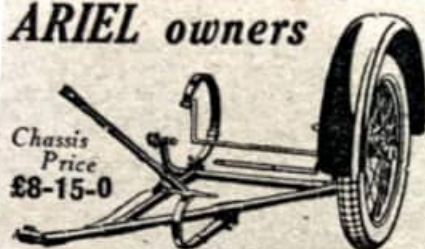
\*GUBBYNS even, common (very)—see dirty deposit or extra-  
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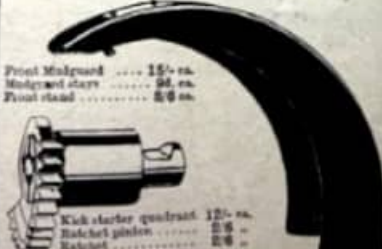
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positive foot change, chromium fittings, in superb  
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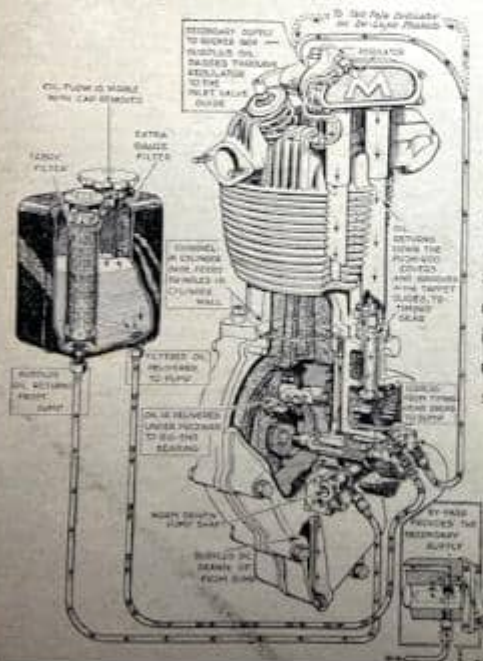
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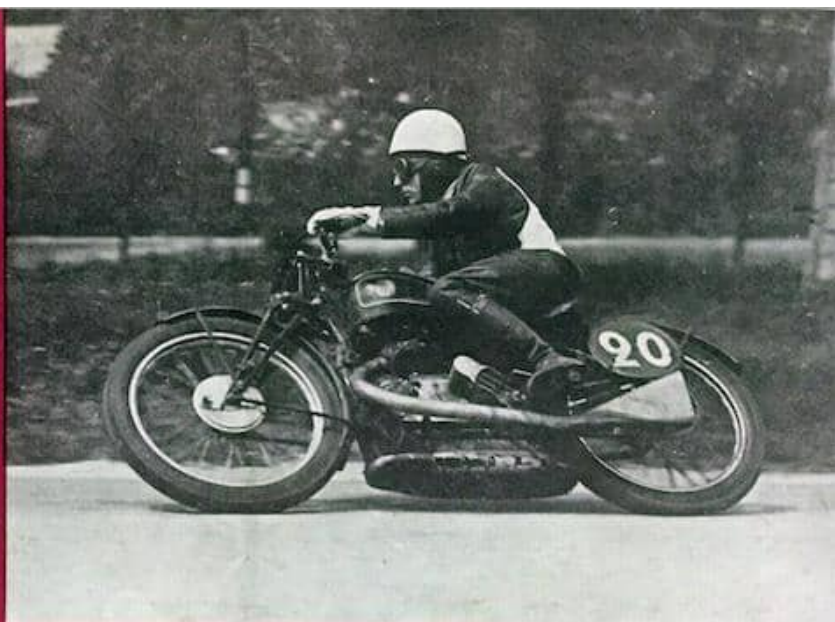


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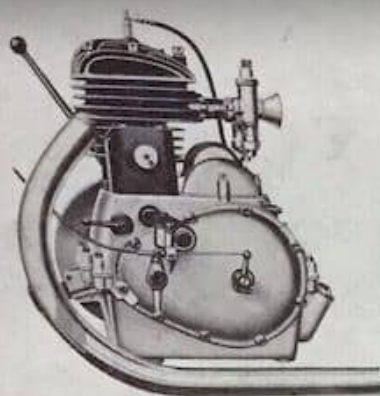
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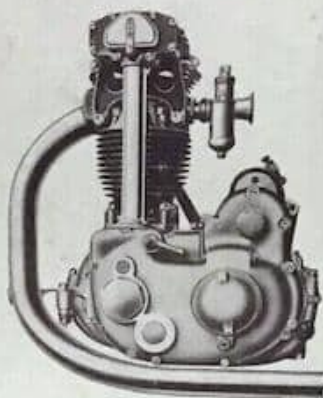
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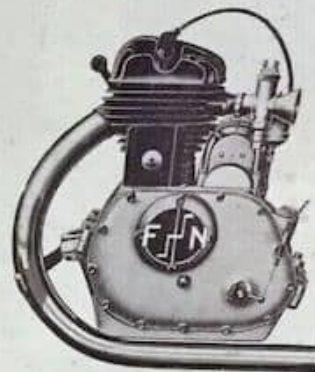
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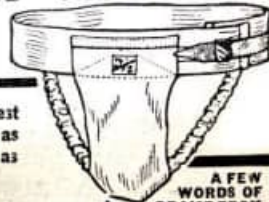
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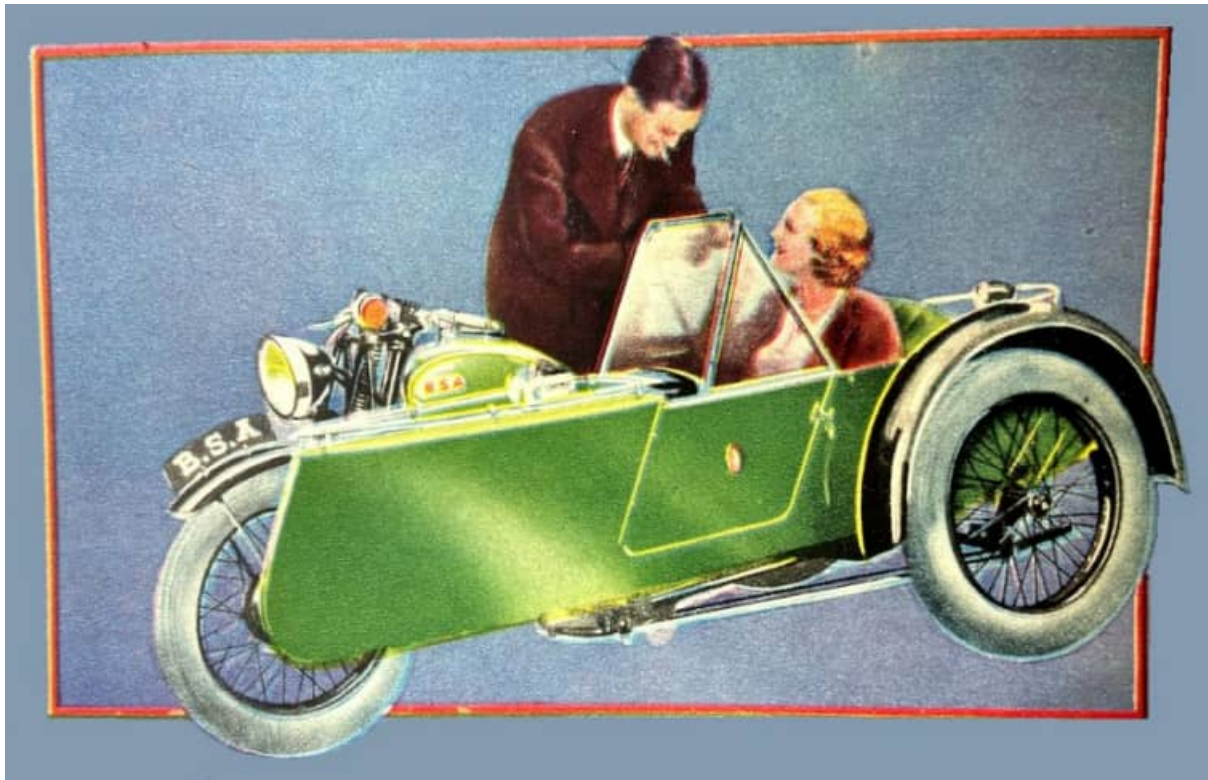
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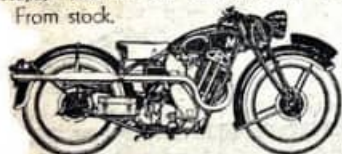
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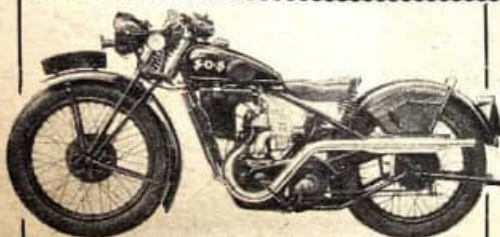
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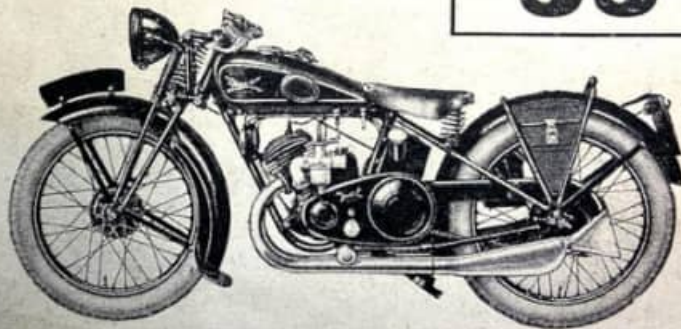
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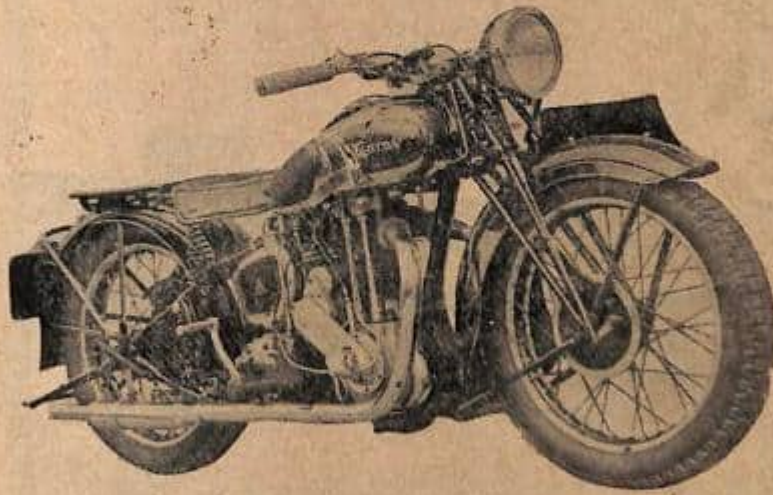
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1934

***The Levis Trial, in its 13th year, started as a staff event for Levis workers; the Blue 'Un described it as "an informal 'classic'—and it ended with a jolly good feed...***

"TRULY HAS THE COMPETITION year started well. Increased entries have been received in all the chief events so far run, and now the Levis trial has achieved a three-figure total. 'The Levis' has always been a popular affair, it has developed an atmosphere all its own, and the spirit of enthusiasm that prevailed when it was confined to single-gear machines has, if anything, increased. The trial is 'good fun', free and easy, and not marked by any 'gold'-hunting fever. Compared with past Levis trials, this was a dry one. The drought has been a long one, and even Midland mud will dry. Here and there, however, some of it seemed to be everlasting, and there were, consequently, just one or two parts of the course which provided some of the competitors with anxious moments. For all that, there were several clean sheets, and the winner had to be searched for in the figures relating to the stop-and-go test and the timed section. This timed section—of which more later—was a really strenuous affair, half a mile of really hard going. Of the hundred who entered, 92 were sent away by the starter, and some idea of the easy nature of the course is gleaned from the fact that no fewer than 88 checked in at the finish. In this galaxy of stars and enthusiasts three sportsmen had entered on single-gear, belt-driven machines. They were JA Watson-Bourne (490cc BS Norton)—and what a Norton! 1941b all on and still good for 70mph; CE Anderson (Levis)—cc forgotten; and WV Pickering (293cc Levis). Watson-Bourne and Pickering both



"Perrigo (348cc BSA), riding in characteristic style, charges the 'puddle' in 'Rue des Hoffmans'." (Right) "RS Orchard (346cc New Imperial) sails through the splash."

finished. There were also nine riders who, scorning competition tyres, turned out with tyres minus knobs. These were Watson-Bourne, Anderson, B Vaughan (247cc Levis), WC Bridgwood (248cc Ariel), ED Green (348cc Velocette), ET Hickinbottom (174cc Triumph), AW Brookes (196cc Excelsior), HT Angus (248cc Raleigh), and AS Renton (247cc Levis). At the start the scene was a busy one, and the entrance to the Levis works had been made into a display stand whereon were exhibited all the trophies—evidently an attempt to inspire the competitors with determination and that 'will to win'. There were no fewer than seven women competitors—a veritable menace to the male domain. Dead Man's Lane sounds an ominous sort of place, but it

is a courtesy title invented by the organisers, the Levis Athletic Club, to frighten competitors. This was the first observed point and amounted for little in the way of lost marks. It was followed, in about eight miles, by a watersplash—again, on this occasion, a courtesy title. Gay Hill Swamp was next, taken, as usual, in a downwards direction. There was mud here, but the hill was but a shadow of its former self; it lacked the treacherous ice of last year and the dreadful oozing slime; nevertheless, it required care, and there were some bothersome greasy ruts which upset the calculations of many riders. On a 247cc Levis, SG Thompson was the acme of carefulness and kept his feet up well; B Vaughan (247cc Levis), one of the standard-tyre merchants, also did well at the commencement, but spoiled it all later by failing completely—those ruts! RL Bartlett (499cc Rudge) must have heard someone say that mud requires speed, but, however true this may be, Bartlett overdid it and crashed himself to failure. Gay Hill was quite the master of MJ Wright (346cc Levis), who seemed to have a rooted objection to remaining upright, but KD Haynes, on a similar machine, performed splendidly. Speed was the plan of AL Macdonald (146cc New Imperial), but, in this case, controlled speed, and very nice to watch. Then came LJ Fletcher (499cc Ariel), one of the Ariel group of trick riders; he really enjoyed himself and showed excellent control. A Moseley (247cc New Imperial) went bird nesting, careering at high speed all through the brambles, but he kept his feet on the rests; then there was another good one, LS Vanhouse (248cc OK Supreme), followed by CH Goody (196cc James), also giving an excellent display. Apparently trying his hardest to fall off all the time, WE Galpin (196cc SOS) got away with it by footing, and Miss Marjorie Cottle (249cc BSA) footed steadily all the way—she seemed a little off form in this event. Although having only one leg with which to foot, RD Humber (249cc Velocette) was marvellously clean for the greater part of the distance, while WE Ash (346cc Levis) rode well standing on the rests, but had to foot towards the end. In something of a hurry, FC Perks (249cc BSA) gave a wild display, rode through the section and then returned for his hat, which had been snatched off by the brambles! GH Reid (499cc BSA) fozzled the job and stopped his engine, but Jack Williams (348cc Norton) was as masterly as ever. Well up to form, LG Holdsworth (246cc New Imperial) took his task seriously and was rewarded for his care, but Harry Taft (346cc Levis) was rather untidy. N Taylor (249cc Ariel) failed, but RS Orchard (346cc New Imperial) took the rough as though he was riding over a main road. Miss IM Crow (247cc Levis) touched only once, showing greatly improved form, but Mrs Thacker (346cc Royal Enfield) failed early and had difficulty in restarting. So it went on, flashes of good riding like that of Perrigo and Povey (348cc and 499cc BSAs respectively) and RC Cotterell (497cc Ariel) relieving the gloom of poorer but often unluckier performances. Newlands, Clay Lane, and Strip Jack Naked were the next bits to be tackled, the last probably proving the most difficult. Then came Brown's Lane, which, had the weather been the real Levis trial



“Gay Hill Swamp, a tricky descent, presented ruts as its chief obstacle. Miss IM Crow (247cc Levis) is seen negotiating them.”

mixture, would probably not have been included. As it was, it was fairly difficult, only six riders being ‘clean’ in one of the worst sections. You might have picked out these six people from the entry list without having to be told their names, but, to save trouble, here they are: Williams, Holdsworth, Perrigo, Povey, Brittain (490cc Norton) and Cotterell—funny, isn’t it? Now came the stop-and-go test on Swan’s Rill. Here again one must go to the same batch of riders to find the best times. Perrigo came out on top with 2.8 seconds; he was only just quick enough to head the list for four others each clocked exactly three seconds. They were Jack Williams, H Blake (346cc Levis), GF Povey and Vic Brittain. Competitors were then timed along Satan’s Arcade, a very uneven, and, in some places, muddy colonial everyone. Here, Jack Williams surprised everyone by a most hair raising effort; his wheels scarcely touched the ground and in one leap he crashed through some bushes, only to carry on imperturbably. According to observation, the next fastest—and he ran Jack very close—was Holdsworth, obviously out for blood and riding beautifully. Cotterell, Brittain, Perrigo and Povey were all good but more subdued than the other two. Many hurried unwisely, taking, large water puddles too fast, thereby short circuiting the sparks. LJ Fletcher crashed down a miniature precipice in his. haste but Watson-Bourne footed heartily—and very cheerily—to overcome resistance with which a slipping. belt would not deal. Crossing a road from Satan’s Arcade, the competitors entered Rue des Hoffmans, which on this occasion was quite easy, there being just two puddles to ride through. Scriber’s Lane Ford was again observed on the return and there then remained only the run through the suburbs of Birmingham to the Levis works. Here an excellent tea awaited each and all; it is interesting to reflect that this, one of the cheapest trials to enter (6s, including membership of the Club), must be about the only one at which a free meal—and a real one—is provided.”

“THAT THERE IS A NEED for a motor-assisted bicycle to form a stepping-stone from the ranks of cyclists to those of motor cyclists is a view held by many. It is felt that there are large numbers of



cyclists who would prefer a power-driven vehicle, but remain unattracted by motor cycles, which they regard as too heavy and too fast. With the advent of the 15s-a-year tax and the consequent development of the under-150cc motor cycle it was hoped that the breach would be filled. It must, however, be admitted that the 150cc machine of to-day is a fully fledged motor cycle, a machine that in both weight and performance is the equivalent of the 250 of eight or ten years ago. Quite a number of these mounts weigh over 200lb. For some reason or other the British motor cycle industry has paid no attention to the motor-assisted bicycle of the type so popular in France. In that country nearly every motor cycle manufacturer produces one or more of these little velomoteurs, which are simply strengthened bicycles with light spring forks, an engine of just under 100cc, a clutch with either a single- or two-speed gear, and a weight of approximately 60lb. Of course, the fact that such mounts require no licences is a big incentive towards purchase. Even so, there is a vast difference between a weight of 60lb and that of 110lb, which is the weight of the lightest motor cycle—a 98cc model—produced in this country to-day; and these velomoteurs are provided with pedals, and are bicycles in all their essentials. Experience in France shows that many cyclists graduate to these little mounts, and then to true motor cycles. A similar process might well operate over here, and therefore the description of a British-made motorised bicycle that appears on a later page is of more than passing interest.”  
*[You’ll find that story further down this page—Ed.]*

IXION, IN HIS OWN MATCHLESS style, condemned plans to curtail TT practice hours: “When we stage an international race over a 37½-mile course, we are bound in sportsmanship and honour to offer foreign entrants time to master the course.”



This illustration, by the incomparable Crosby, appeared with a TT feature in the Blue ‘Un.

HAVING WON THE SENIOR and Junior TT for Norton in 1932 and 1933 Stanley Woods shocked the motor cycling public by switching to a Husqvarna V-twin for the Senior and a Guzzi in the Lightweight.. He was joined by Ernie Knott who rode a Husky in the Junior. Their Swedish teammates Gunnar Kalén and Ragnar Sunnqvist were also formidable riders. For the first time since the Indian invasion of 1911 foreign bikes threatened British TT dominance. The other big news was that after a 13-year career, in which he made the first 60, 70 and 80mph TT laps without winning a race, Jimmy Simpson had decided to retire, but his swansong was to be his first outing in the Lightweight TT, on a Rudge—with Ernie Nott and Graham Walker also riding Rudges he was in good company. Over to *TT Special* editor Geoff Davison: “Nineteen-thirty-four was memorable for the first win by that brilliant but unlucky rider, Jim Simpson. He had been trying even longer than Graham Walker and, like Graham, having previously figured in the Junior and

Senior, he won the first time he got astride a Lightweight. It was, I think, the most popular win the Island has ever known. Jim, indeed, had a good year in 1934. He was a member of the Norton team in the Junior and Senior and rode a Rudge in the Lightweight. He won the Lightweight, made fastest lap on it and was second on his Norton in the Junior and Senior.



Jimmy Simpson at

the start of his first Lightweight TT—he was a popular winner.

This was his thirteenth year in the TT and it proved a lucky one for him. He retired from the racing game when he got off his Norton at the end of the Senior race. The TT was never the same without him, but we couldn't very well blame him for packing it in; he had certainly given at a good run. Good luck, Jim, long may you come to the Island as a 'tradesman!' Another 'Jim' came into his own in 1934—Jim Guthrie—who, on his Norton, won both Junior and Senior events. In the Junior he beat Jim Simpson by the narrow margin of nine seconds only, but in the Senior he had the substantial lead of over seven minutes. So began his long succession of Norton wins." In wet and misty conditions Simpson led a Rudge whitewash in the Lightweight, followed by Nott and Walker. In the Junior Nott and his 350 Husqvarna could do nothing to stop Guthrie and Simpson running away with the race on their Nortons. He finished third, but six minutes behind the leaders. In the Senior the Nortons of Guthrie and Simpson faced a stern challenge from the Husqvarna duo. While Nott went out in the early stages, Guthrie was in brilliant form, holding Woods at bay with Simpson third. But 10 miles from the line Woods ran out of petrol, leaving Guthrie to complete the double. Simpson was second, with Velocette-mounted Ulsterman Walter Rusk third. During the first lap of the Lightweight, Syd Crabtree, the



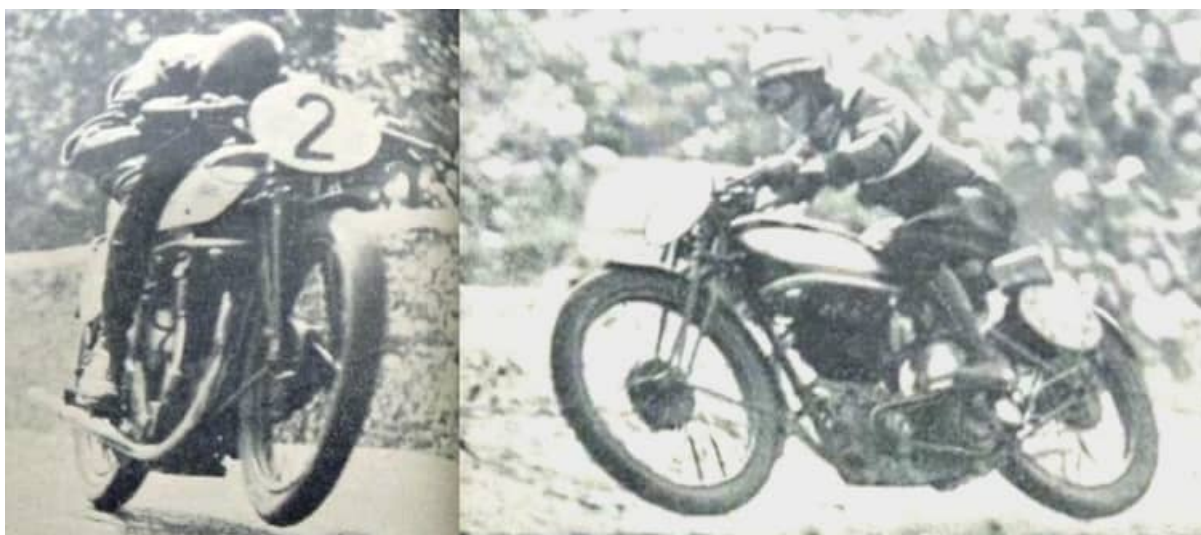
winner of the 1929 Lightweight race, crashed at the Stonebreakers Hut on the Mountain Section and was killed. The Blue 'Un, naturally, recorded the action in more detail. Here's an excerpt: "Leading throughout and averaging 71.16mph for the course of 264 miles 300 yards, James Guthrie, riding a 350cc Norton, won the Junior TT on Monday. Guthrie's time was 3hr 20min 14sec. He was hotly pressed by JH Simpson, who held second place throughout and was never more than a minute behind; this margin he narrowed to 6sec on the fifth lap, finally to lose an exciting contest by only 9sec. For almost six laps the Norton trio—Guthrie, Simpson and Handley—led the procession at a terrific speed, hotly pursued by a horde of Velocettes, the solitary Swedish Husqvarna ridden by GE Nott, sandwiched among them; but at Governor's Bridge, just as he was about to complete his sixth lap, Wal Handley took a bad toss and was so shaken that he could not continue. This unfortunate incident let up Newman (Velocette) to chase 'the two Jimmies', but he in turn was subsequently beaten for third place by Nott's Husqvarna. From the technical standpoint the race was a triumph for mechanical reliability at extreme speeds, 16 machines completing the course out of the 27 starters. Honours were shared by Norton and Velocette riders for, whereas the Norton Jockeys comfortably annexed the two leading positions, 10 of the 11 Velocettes finished, to win the two team awards, the manufacturer's team prize and the club team prize; the latter was won by the Velocettes constituting the BMCRC 'B' team. Guthrie broke the lap record on his second circuit,





Stanley Woods rounds Governor's Bridge on the Husqvarna but after two Senior/Junior doubles he ran out of gas.

clocking 28min 16sec (80.11mph)—that is, 19sec better than the 1933 record. His total time was 2min 46sec better than that of last year's winner, Woods (Norton). The Scotsman won the Lightweight TT on an AJS in 1930 and has four times occupied second place in TT races. Of the 16 survivors, the first 10 gained silver replicas, and the 11th to the 15th bronze replicas. Notwithstanding the terrific speeds on this ideal summer day, no serious accident marred what proved a magnificent race." **Results.** Senior: 1, Jimmie Guthrie (Norton) 78.01mph; 2, Jimmie Simpson (Norton); 3, Walter Rusk (Velocette); 4, Les Archer (Velocette); 5, Vic Brittain (Norton); 6, Graham Walker (Rudge); 7, HG Tyrell Smith (AJS); 8, HE Newman (Velocette); Harold Daniell (AJS); 10, AJ Mitchell (Velocette); 39 starters, 13 finishers. Starters included three Husqvarnas and Sarolea and an Eysink. Junior: 1, Jimmie Guthrie (Norton) 79.16mph; 2, Jimmie Simpson (Norton); 3, Ernie Nott (Husqvarna); 4, HE Newman (Velocette); 5, AG Mitchell (Velocette); 6, Les Archer (Velocette); 7, Walter Rusk (Velocette); 8, F Aranda (Velocette); 9, Vic Brittain (Velocette); 10, HC Lamacraft (Velocette); 27 starters, 16 finishers. Lightweight: 1, Jimmie Simpson (Rudge) 70.81mph; 2, Ernie Nott (Rudge); 3, Graham Walker (Rudge); 4, Stanley Woods (Moto Guzzi); 5, Charlie Manders (New Imperial); 6, Sid Gleave (Excelsior); 7, Chris Tattersall (CTS); 8, Les G Martin (Cotton); 24 starters, 8 finishers.



“Devilish is perhaps the most appropriate adjective to apply to Guthrie in this remarkable picture on the Quarter Bridge road—a picture that is expressive of the TT of to-day, in which the star rider is ‘down to it’ for 95% of the course.” (Right) “Well clear! A glimpse of Jimmy Simpson leaping over Ballig Bridge.”

GUNNAR KALÉN MIGHT well have ridden a Husqvarna with distinction in the 1935 TT but it was not to be. Only a few weeks after the TT the world-class road- and ice-racing ace was killed in a motor cycle accident.

HUSQVARNA DESERVED A SPECIAL TT award for perseverance in the face of adversity. The race bikes were being loaded onto a freighter at Gothenburg docks when a cable snapped, dumping them from a great height and causing catastrophic damage. Frantic efforts got some of the tidy 50° V-twins patched up but as soon as he reached the Island works rider Ragnar Sunqvist collapsed with appedicitis. During Senior practice Stanley Woods rammed a sheep and snapped his front downtube (it didn’t do the sheep a lot of good either). Woods set a lap record and was running 2nd when he crashed, remounted...and ran out of fuel 10 miles from the flag. The Swedes’ only consolation was a brave 3rd spot in the Junior, courtesy of Ernie Nott (behind Guthrie and Simpson’s Nortons) despite a misfire and an oil leak onto the rear tyre which left him sliding all over the track.

OEC PLANNED TO DEMONSTRATE the superiority of its duplex steering over conventional forks by entering two bikes in the Lightweight TT—one with duplex, gthe other with girders—and a similar pair in the Senior. None of them finished.

NORTON HAD BUILT A 350cc version of its cammy 500 to challenge Velocette in the Junior TT; the Hall Green team returned the compliment with a cammy 500 which challenged Norton’s domination of the Senior. Walter Rusk was 3rd (behind Guthrie and Simpson’s Nortons) and another Velo was 4th. Cammy Ajays were 7th, 9th and 12th. But Norton’s 1-2-5 earned it the team prize.

THE MANX TYNWALD CONSIDERED a proposal for a ‘stock TT’ race for bog-standard roadsters. There was even talk of ACU officials picking bikes from dealers’ showrooms to rule out unauthorised tuning.

“HALF A CROWN’S WORTH. At an auction sale in Bromley (Kent) a 1922 motor cycle in running order was sold for 2s 6d, and a three-wheeler (age not stated) for 20s.”

IN MAY 5,766 MOTOR CYCLES were registered: up 25% on May 1933. In response to the capacity-based roadtax system, the most popular classes were the 150s and 250s.



Pictured at Brooklands are Florence Blenkiron (left), who had just become the first woman to win a Brooklands gold star for averaging over a ton for an hour, and Theresa Wallach who went on to win a gold star in 1939. We'll meet them again in 1935, when they took a Panther combo for a ride—to Capetown.



Also at Brooklands, Eric Fernihough (172cc ExcelsiorJAP) passes Charles Mortimer (250cc New Imperial)—and looks rather pleased with himself.

PETROL WAS BEING MADE from coal using a low-temperature 'carbonisation' process. The home-brewed 'Coalite' proved itself an admirable fuel for motorcycles with useful anti-knock properties, but all supplies were snapped up by the RAF. Popular Science magazine reported that a gallon of petrol could be made from 24lb of coal; a plant being built at Billingham-on-Tees



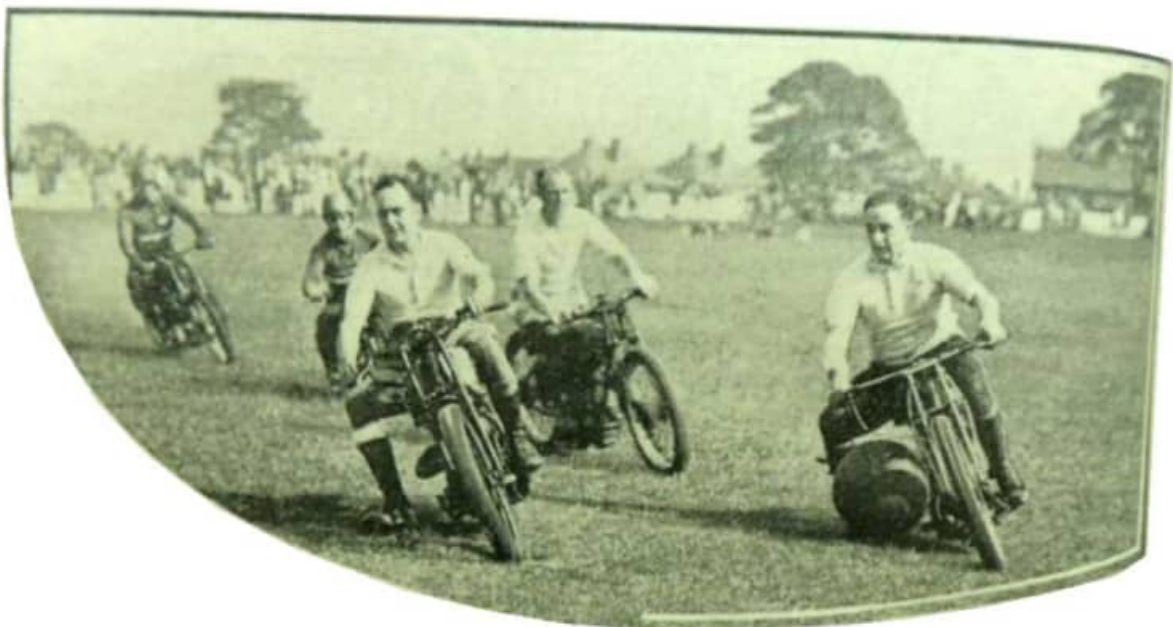
was expected to produce 80,000 gallons of petrol every day. And now we import our fuel. You know it makes sense.

ENTHUSIASTS IN MORECAMBE, Lancs applied for permission to run a series of 'round the houses' street races. Well, you can only ask.

THE BRITISH BIKE INDUSTRY was back on its feet, exporting three times as many bikes as France, Germany and the USA combined.

COTTON ADOPTED THE SLOGAN: "Each model the Rolls-Royce of its class". One wonders how Messrs Rolls, Royce (and Brough) reacted.

THE BURGESS PRODUCTS CO of Leicester offered a screwdriver incorporating an electric light powered by batteries in its aluminium handle. Also new on the aftermarket was a unit combining rear light, brake light and indicators.



"Wheeling to the attack in the international motor cycle football match at Port Sunlight, Cheshire, between the Chester MC and the Auto Club of France. The French team won 3—0."

"A SPLENDID COURSE, difficult but fair and sporting, and excellent detail organisation, enabled the third of the series of ACU Inter-Centre Team Championships to triumph over the varied and tempestuous weather that swept over North-East Derbyshire last Saturday. The course lay in the area between Baslow and the outskirts of Sheffield—a district that abounds in trials stuff, from mud to rocks. It is the happy hunting-ground of the South Yorkshire Group, and chief marshal Norman Dixon of that Group (doubling the role of route-marker in chief) had excelled himself. Actually the circuit of 46 miles seemed fairly harmless—indeed, it was criticised by some as rather tame—but it proved amply sufficient to eliminate six of the Centres from the contest by one or more retirements, and the six that finished complete teams of five solo and one passenger machine were reasonably well separated. No Individual Award As this is purely a Centre-vs-Centre event there is no individual award, which is surely a pity, for there is no doubt that Bert Perrigo (348cc BSA) of the Midland Centre, and Jack White (348cc Ariel), of the Southern Centre, deserve the fullest credit for completing the two circuits without the loss of a single mark. No sidecar got through without fairly heavy losses, and Dennis Mansell's effort with

the 490cc Norton 'chair' was so outstandingly good in comparison with the rest that the onlooking recorder of motor cycle history can best accept the words of a sidecar driver who finished not nearly so high up. 'Mansell's performance,' he said, 'is an achievement to be proud about.'...By the time Callow Bank on the second circuit was reached the wind had dropped enough to let the rain descend, and the unsheltered hillside was swept clear of spectators. There were fewer failures, but a great deal more footing, riders probably having decided that it was better to foot and finish than to fail and fade away. The worst of the remaining sections, thanks to the downpour, was undoubtedly Car Top, and here, only about seven miles from the finish, the Midland Centre had its first stop recorded against none other than Vic Brittain, who plunged off the narrow path into a tree behind which the MC scribe hurriedly



"AC Kelly (493cc Triumph sc) o the Cheshire Centre tackles the 'new' Callow Bank in confident style." (Right) "Not awaiting the word 'Go' in a standing-start race, but simply two competitors having a little difficulty with the rocks on Callow Bank."

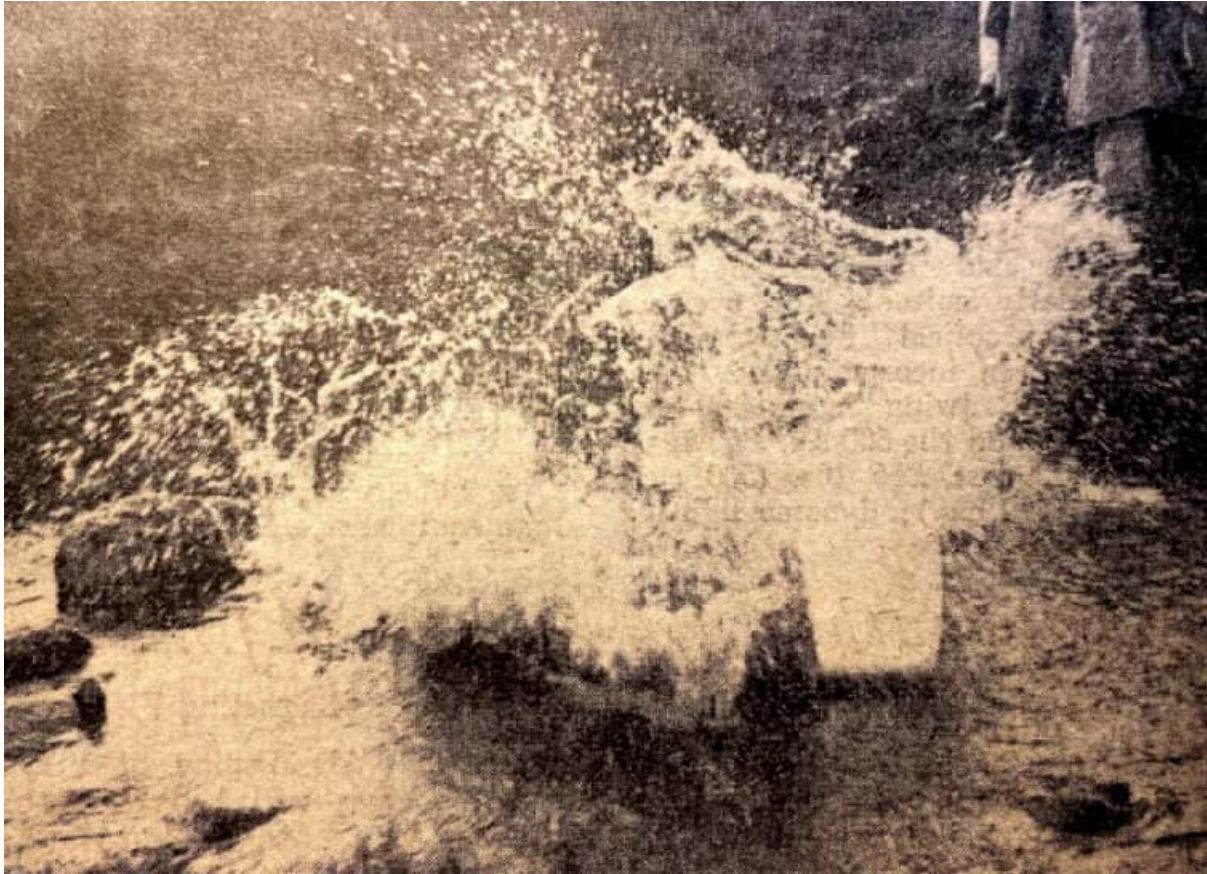
dodged. After an exchange of greetings Vic straightened out his front number plate and continued on his way. Even Len Heath (497cc Ariel), South Eastern, use put down a foot, but that was because he chose an unlucky course. Those who travelled fast and up the middle of the track fared the best for there was a hard base under the muddy surface. Jack Williams (348cc Norton), Western. was positively great, while WA West (248cc AJS), South Midland ; Colin Edge (349cc Rudge), Cheshire; LG Holdsworth (346cc New Imperial), South Midland; Miss Cottle (348cc BSA), Midland; and EJ Heath (497cc Ariel), South Eastern, all made perfect, normally seated, progress. So, too, did C Helm (493cc Sunbeam) and A Jefferies (493cc Triumph), both of Yorkshire. GF Povey (499cc BSA), Midland, was really fast, while E Blake (493cc Triumph), Yorkshire, stood high on the rests and made some cyclists among the spectators imagine that he was 'showing off' his trick-riding abilities! The same onlookers certainly lost a few heart-beats when George Rowley appeared. George saw mud, his brain said, 'Gas!' and his hand twisted the throttle round to its stop. The AJS was out of the observed section before it had time to skid! Thacker (247cc Royal Enfield), Midland, was another who opened out at the sight of trouble; and so did Mansell, whose Norton outfit just roared up; CH Westwood (496cc Raleigh sc), Southern, was another 'full marks' exponent. F Grove's (493cc Triumph sc), South Midland, passenger earned a paragraph for himself. The tail of the sidecar body dropped off at Riley's Rise on the first circuit, and he completed the rest of the trial kneeling on what remained of the floor. He deserves nothing less of his Centre than a Sorbo-stuffed kneeling mat embroidered with club colours. **Results.** First, Midland Centre; second,



Yorkshire Centre; third, South-Eastern Centre; fourth, Cheshire Centre; fifth, Southern Centre; sixth, South Midland Centre.”

IN AN OBITUARY OF Belgian King Albert it was revealed that his love of motorcycling extended to incognito late night runs. And one snooty hotelier must have been mortified when he was told the identity of the mud-splattered rider he had just turned away.

EAST END MANUFACTURER Lewis Benn & Co marketed a combined clutch lever and twistgrip gearchange of the type later adopted on many motor scooters.



“Whoosh! A slight disturbance of the water as a competitor in the Horsforth (Leeds) & DMCC’s Sporting Trial crosses Hoodstorf Splash, near Otley.”

THE MINISTRY OF TRANSPORT authorised the local council in Oxford to impose a 30mph speed limit and Southampton to enforce a 15mph limit on its dock roads. Transport Minister Hore-Belisha considered dropping plans for a nationwide 30mph urban limit depending on the success of the new black and white ‘zebra’ pedestrian crossings with their orange flashing ‘Belisha beacons’.

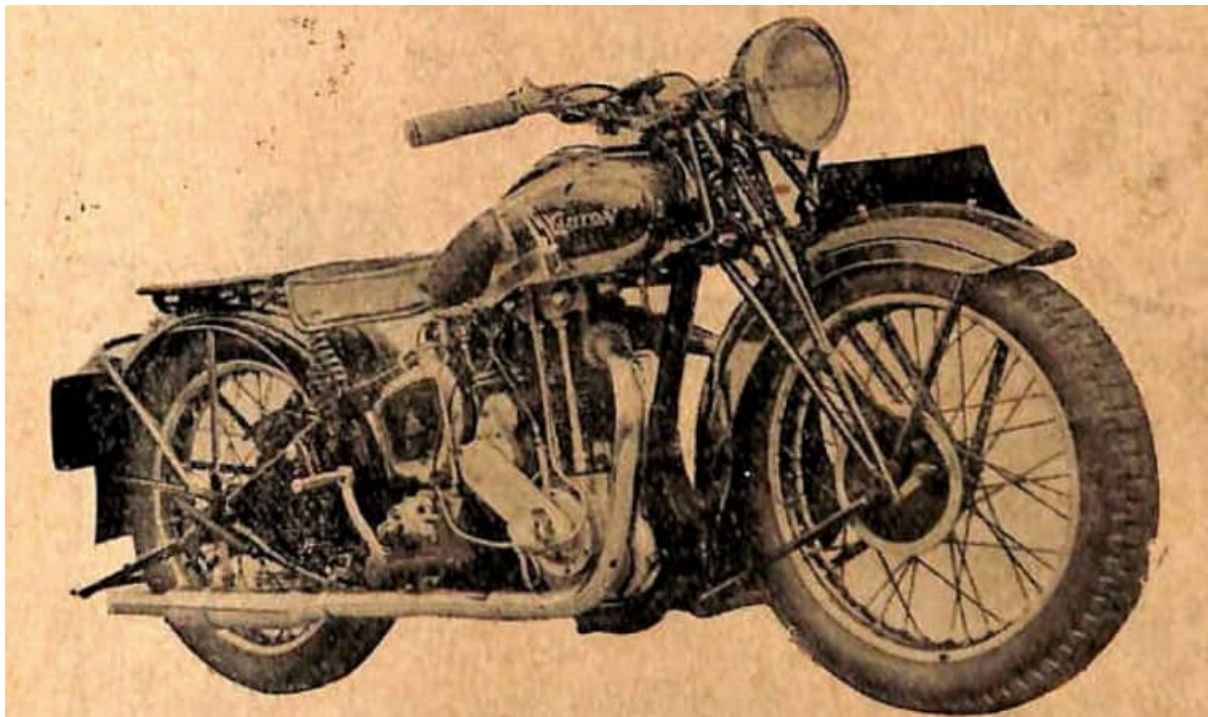
SOME COIL-IGNITION MODELS were fitted with ignition keys. A pundit observed: “A key that you can take away with you when you leave the bus parked is an excellent scheme; you go away feeling happy because you know that no one will be able to start the engine.” But as those first ignition locks could be turned by a penknife blade or a coin they were, he admitted, “just about useless”. Some ignition ‘locks’ were no better 30 years later.

THE WINNER OF THE Around Japan Endurance Race covered 3,565 miles in 14 days 13 hours.



THE JAPANESE WERE CLEARLY exceedingly good at counting. The Tokyo Statistical Association recorded that the country had exactly 70,481 motorised passenger vehicles and 42,049 commercial vehicles. They competed for road space with 23,247 rickshaws and 1,320 horse-drawn passenger vehicles. To put those figures in perspective horses were hauling 299,702 cargo wagons, and another 111,146 relied on ox power. So no danger of Japan taking on the European and American motor cycle industries then...

IN JAPAN MIZUHO MOTORS was one of a number of firms to send observers to the Rikuo factory which used modern production facilities it had learned from Harley Davidson. Thus inspired it began production of the 500cc Cabton, which bore far more than a passing resemblance to the Ariel Red Hunter. The Tokyo Motor Parts Production Association, based in Tokyo, produced the Aikoku (Patriot) motor cycle.



The Cabton was offered as a 350 or a 500, just like the Red Hunter.

“FOR SHEER THRILLS, SMALL circuit ‘road racing’ leaves some of the world-famous start-at-intervals events rather cold. On Saturday the Hanley Park-Horticultural Show gave the Stoke-on-Trent MCC a chance to perform there, and the site is a delightful one for the purpose. According to the book of words, the park was a ‘tip’ 40 years ago. But that doesn’t matter now, for its little islet-dotted lake and its trees are all very pretty. Round the lake is a semi-circular asphalt path, the semi-circle resulting, of course, in too fairly abrupt turns where the diameter crosses- its sweep. The circuit is 756 yards long. The diameter, incidentally, does not conform to that definition of a straight line which says that it is the shortest distance between two points! In Heat 1 of the first event (for North Staffordshire riders) WH Hassell (499cc Rudge) failed to get his motor going, and GF Hurst (348cc Velocette) ‘parted’ very suddenly at Boughey Gate corner, which was expected to catch the over-enthusiastic. V Challinor, on a very posh Velo, amid much local enthusiasm, romped home in his heat. and N Boulton (494cc Douglas) did the same in the next, although Boughey Gate nearly proved his undoing, as indeed it did completely in the case of J Molineux, also on a Douglas. Boulton could not join the final, however, for his engine was turning out clouds of smoke from where no smoke should come. H Bagnall (348cc Velocette)

got right away from the start, and a desperate last lap only brought Challinor within a second of him...In the unlimited cc race Les Kitchen made the best time of the day by covering the six laps at 40.27mph after lying second for three laps.and thereby won a special prize, value £5."



"Start of the second heat in the Unlimited cc event"



"A remarkable action picture snapped by a member of *The Motor Cycle* staff at Hanley Park. It shows WL Dawson in the act of making a spectacular yet harmless landing in the Unlimited cc Class."

HAVING SOLD THE AJS NAME to Matchless the Stevens brothers got back to their roots by building a three-wheel delivery van before getting back into the bike business. Their first model, designed by Harry Stevens, was an ohv 250 marketed as the DS1 and US2 (which boasted a high-level exhaust). They were fitted with four-speed Burman boxes and Lucas Magdynos, both models were priced at £51. The company operated on a hand-to-mouth basis. Bikes were built in batches of 12; work couldn't start on a new batch until the previous batch was sold. Despite



the lack of equipment and basic facilities the Stevens impressed the Blue 'Un and Green 'Un roadtesters.



This Stevens 250 is on display at the Black Country Living Museum, Dudley; in the background is a Stevens van.

MOTORCYCLE INSURANCE PREMIUMS rocketed by 50% to cover passengers because many riders hadn't bothered to take out pillion insurance. One angry rider compared the move with imprisoning the entire population because some people steal. One peer waved his copy of The Motor Cycle during a debate in the Lords, pointing out that many thousands of motor cyclists were being forced to take out pillion insurance even though their machines were not equipped to carry pillion passengers.

MOTORCYCLE ROADTAX WAS REDUCED (yes, really!) to 12s (60p) up to 150cc, £1 2s 6d (£1 12.5p) for 250cc and £2 5s (£2 25p) for anything over 250cc. Fuel tax also came down, by 1d (2.4p) a gallon.

THE FINAL CHECKPOINT of the ACU Rally moved from the Barnet Speedway to the new Donington Park circuit and was a great success. During the winter the circuit had been widened to accommodate car races; trees and undergrowth had been cleared to cure blindspots; the track had been extended to 2.55 miles; proper stands had been erected and facilities for competitors and spectators were installed.

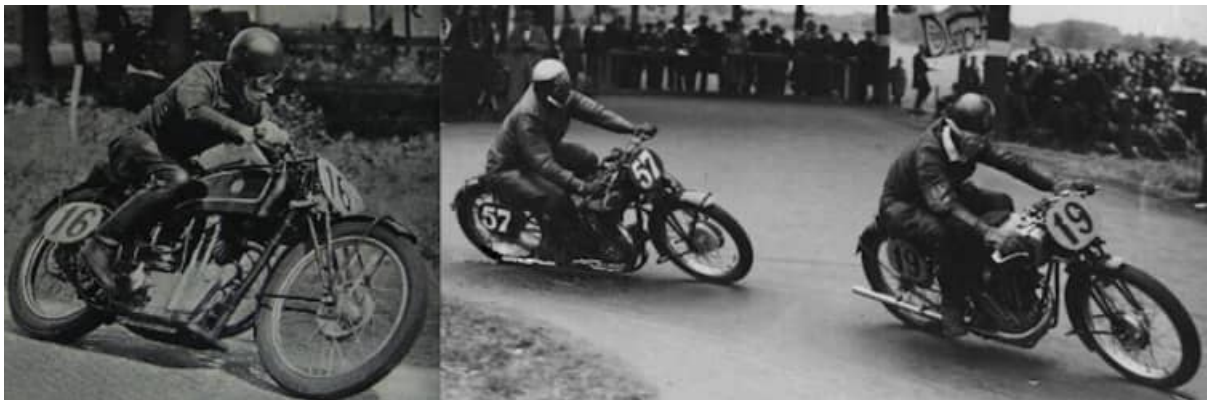
TRANSPORT MINISTER LESLIE Hore-Belisha approved the installation of illuminated beacons on pedestrian crossings; inevitably they were dubbed Belisha beacons.

BELFAST RIDER WALTER RUSK, known as the Blond Bombshell (these were innocent days) rode his Velo to victory in the Ulster Senior TT, setting a lap record of 92.1mph; he finished second in the European 350cc championship which, that year, was decided at the Dutch TT where the 500cc winner and thus European champion was Pol; Demeuter.





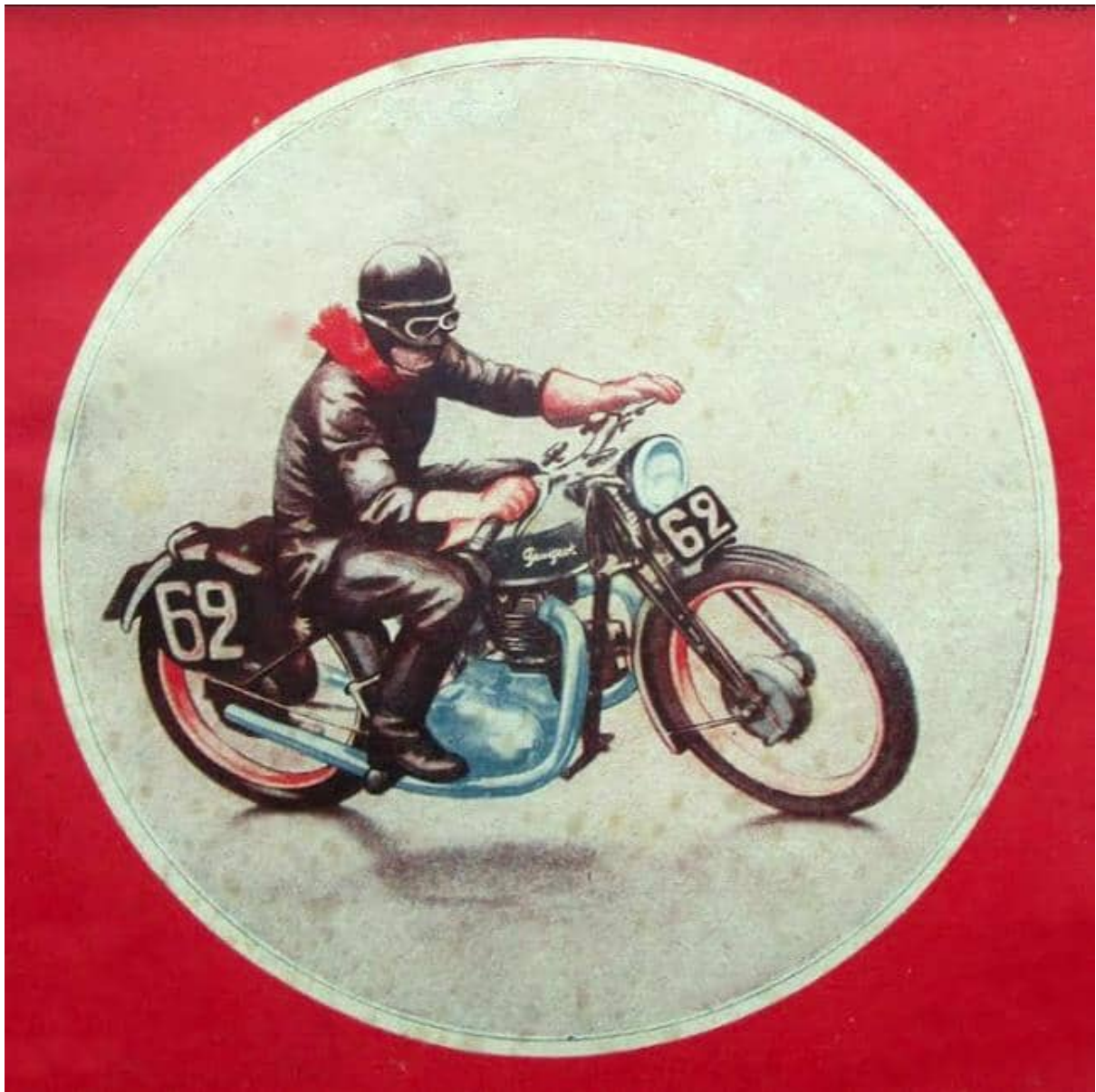
Rusk, being congratulated by Ulster prime minister James Craig.



Pol Demeuter (FN) en route to winning the Dutch TT at Assen to become 500cc European champion. (Right) Les Archer (New Imperial 250) leads JH Vissier (Lady 350).

“THE FRENCH RIDER AMORT, driving a 600cc Gnome-Rhone sidecar outfit, has secured the 600cc and 1,000cc sidecar hour records with a speed of 91.8mph. The successful attempt was

made at Montlhéry track.” The 600cc record was previously held by the Belgians, Debay and Milhoux, with a Belgian Gillet machine at 89.28mph. In the 1,000cc class the record was held previously by CF Temple (OEC Temple sc) at a speed of 89.4mph.”



This smashing illustration depicts Camille Narcy on the tuned Peugeot 515 that he and Pedro Verchère rode at Montlhéry for 24 hours, setting nine world records including 3,000km at an average of 73.8mph. Narcy also rode the 515 to victory in the Bol d'Or.





New Imperial Dealer Harry Nash started tuning a 150cc Model 23 in 1932 and started beating bigger bikes in races. He added streamlining, sleeved the engine down to 125cc, took it to Brooklands and snapped up a clutch of world records from 5km to 10 miles at average speeds up to 63.79mph. Not bad for a standard roadster he'd taken in part exchange from a punter who wanted something faster.



Harry's New Imp is still about: it's pictured here at the Bristol Classic Show.



ALL RIDERS OVER A CERTAIN age will be familiar with the phrase ‘running on rails’ to describe a bike with trustworthy roadholding; Firestone coined the phrase to promote its tyres for riders who “want to make faster averages in perfect safety”.

“THE BUSIEST SPOT AT which the AA’s 77-hour census was conducted this year was in the North of England, at Mere Corner, on the Knutsford-Warrington road, where 113,705 vehicles were recorded, an increase of 11% over the 1933 figure. Last year, Esher, on the Portsmouth road, provided the heaviest volume of traffic; this year it was fourth. Second and third came Putney Hill, on the London-Portsmouth road (109,095 vehicles), and South Mimms, Barnet Bypass (90,663 vehicles).”

CAT’S EYES WERE INVENTED by Percy Shaw of Halifax who, according to legend, was inspired by the way cat’s eyes reflect the light. So if the cat had been facing the other way Percy might have invented a pencil sharpener. (Thank you, I’m here all week.)

PUNITIVE GERMAN IMPORT DUTIES kept imported bikes away from the Berlin show where centre stage was taken by a 500cc parallel-twin two-stroke DKW complete with electric start. DKW was now the world’s largest motorcycle manufacturer and Germany had become a global centre of motorcycling, with over 750,000 riders. As part of its military build-up the Nazi regime was pouring resources into motorcycling, ensuring the German marques worked together to produce a complementary range of models and running military-style training camps for riders. Ernst Henne rode the big blown Beemer to break his own world speed record and raise the flying kilometre bar to 152.90mph.



The DKW 500 two-stroke twin came from the world’s biggest manufacturer,



“An impressive concourse of men and machines at Leipzig awaiting the start of the great ‘Across Germany’ rally. Altogether, 1,088 machines participated, including a number of British manufacture, while 100,000 Storm Troopers kept the roads clear for the 20 hours’ duration of the event.”

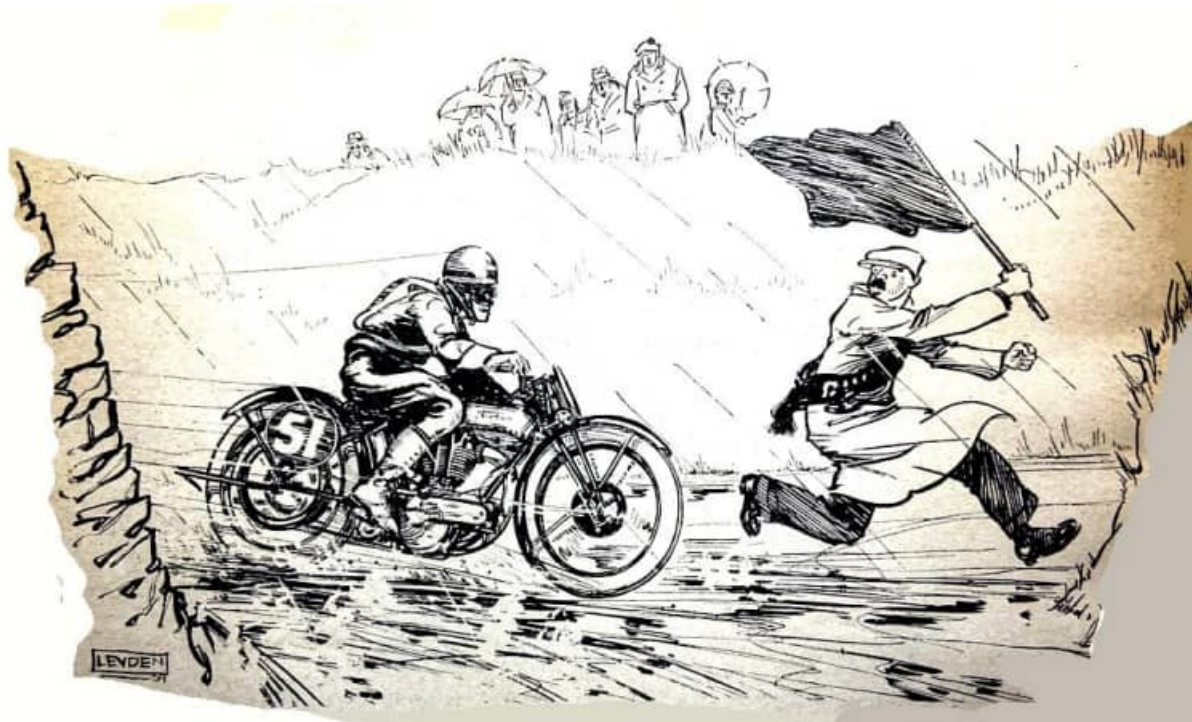
“I HAVE OFTEN WONDERED what exactly is that curious camaraderie which links together motor cyclists of all ages and experience. It is a far stronger bond than I have ever struck in any other sport, hobby, pastime—call it what you will. How often does one see one car driver stop to help another who is broken down? Very rarely. I do many thousands of miles a year both by car and motor cycle, and I must admit I very rarely stop to help a stationary car—perhaps it is that I have been snubbed too frequently! Yet, time and time again, whether I am driving car or bike, I stop to help, or offer help to, motor cyclists who are obviously in trouble. Frequently no help has been needed, but many a pleasant quarter of an hour has been spent with a cigarette and a chat. On other occasions I have worked for half an hour or more on somebody else’s machine, or perhaps towed it for miles, and I have really enjoyed it! Why is it? What a pity it is that more motorists do not start their motoring career on a two-wheeler—preferably an old one! They would soon learn all about the simplest principles of a motor engine as well as acquiring a lot of road sense. It might also lead to more of the ‘live and let live’ spirit among motorists, as there is no doubt that the really experienced motor cyclist is the most tolerant of road-users.”

***Graham Walker had a reputation as a formidable motor cycle racer—and as an affable raconteur. The Blue ‘Un ran a series of his yarns; including this one...***

“THE FRENCH GRAND PRIX at St Gaudens in 1927 provided the funniest massed start I can remember. In the front rank were George Rowley, Joe Craig, Stanley Woods and myself. Ahead was a short but quite steep rise. The starter raised his flag, and bad only got as far as “Cinq—quatre—” when George let in his clutch and departed at velocity. For a second or two there was



an astounded silence while George disappeared over the brow. Then, with a roar, 'the pack' recovered consciousness as one man. Within a minute I nearly fell off through laughing—Joe Craig had sworn a mighty oath that he would not put on his brakes until Stanley did. Joe sat on Stanley's tail, with his eyes glued on Stanley's braking foot. But Stanley had forgotten a sharp downhill left bend. One second these two aces were before me, the next second they had disappeared from human ken! As I took the bend I looked round to see a familiar form arising Aphrodite-like from a deep ditch. It was Joe, yet he subsequently went on to win. Probably because it is our own country, 'the troops' have never done anything exceptionally daft in the Island, but the races themselves have provided a lot of quiet humour. A never-to-be-forgotten sensation was caused by a certain rider who has since won the TT on more than one occasion.



"I charged down the slip-road, catching the marshal between the legs."

He turned up to begin his very first Isle of Man practice lap, only to dash off in the mist—towards Governor's Bridge, in the reverse direction of the course! In 1923 Nortons used back brakes consisting of wee fabric blocks working in a dummy belt rim. I'm sure Mr Mansell will forgive me if I suggest that long life was not their speciality. The Senior that year was very wet and misty, with poor visibility. Arriving at Signpost Corner rather abruptly in the third lap I trod on the brake, but to no good purpose. I charged down the slip-road, catching the marshal between the legs. Barely had he returned to duty than Tommy Simister's Norton made him run like a hare. Having recovered some breath and a little dignity, he once more manfully filled the breach, only to be charged by another Norton, this time Graeme Black's. For the remainder of the race he memorised the Norton numbers and made a rush for the bank each time we came round...The same year saw the first Sidecar TT, and I passed a few forcible remarks about the old Keppel Gate post, which occupied the middle of an already all-too-narrow road. A few days later a porter and truck arrived at my garage bearing the 7ft 6in gatepost, suitably decorated with a wreath of spring vegetables. It came 'with the compliments of Mr Watson-Bourne' who, it transpired, had repaired to Keppel at dead of night in a taxi armed with a spade. I had the post in my pit for a mascot during the race; but it was too big to keep, so, being honest, I returned it to the Council in due course. Writing of that wreath reminds me of Germany, where it is the custom



to present an enormous wreath to the winner. The famous Nürburg Ring was opened in 1927 with the Grand Prix of Nations, and I had the good fortune to win the 500cc race. Our German hosts decided to throw a dinner of celebration for the prize-winners, and it was thrown with typical Teutonic thoroughness. Many had fallen by the wayside during the course of the evening, but it was not until the early hours of the morning that we decided to call it 'game and set'. The village of Adenau is long and straggling, and my digs were at the opposite end to the scene of the celebration. I was assured that I must be escorted home with musical honours, and, believe me, the full moon looked down on a queer crew when we assembled outside. The cavalcade then set off, and to my dying day I will never forget the 'musical honours'. These were furnished by a 6ft 4in man carrying a portable gramophone, and a 4ft 6in man winding it up as we marched along! The fun was enhanced by the sight of a fat little man in a short nightshirt dancing on the sill of a large window silhouetted against the bedroom light. As we passed, a stentorian female voice from the interior caused his collapse backwards; I hope he wasn't hurt. I regret to say that I had the key of the billet in my pocket, and I subsequently found my mechanic fast asleep on the roof of the porch,



“One second these two aces were before me, the next second they had disappeared from human ken!”

after an abortive attempt to gain access through a bedroom window; and a certain famous tyre-fitter was snoring peacefully, with three cows and some chickens, in a shed at the back. As a final reminiscence, here is one which started in Spain and finished in France, and, incidentally, nearly finished me—with fright. In 1932 I had competed in the Spanish TT, and was due in Italy the next week for the International Six Days. This meant a hasty scramble back to England for 48 hours before crossing again. Spain is a delightful country; but rather given to the motto, ‘Tomorrow will do’. This applies to train connections, among other things. To add to the bother, General Sanjurjo had decided to have a little revolution that week, with the result that the

frontier guards were a trifle suspicious. After sundry adventures at San Sebastian where the machines had to be forced crosswise on the end platforms of the glorified tramcars used as railway carriages, leaving about a millimetre clearance for our front and rear wheels in the tunnels), we struck trouble at the frontier station of Irun. Deserting in the face of the enemy, I collared the interpreter, bribed the engine driver to detach one coach, and, leaving my machine to my friends to look after, made a dash for it. We pulled into Hendaye, on the French side, just in time to see the Paris express leaving. Consternation! I was undone! But not so my interpreter. Being a man of spirit, he quoth: 'Meester Valker—you catcha da train.' Mark you, it was a statement, not a question. He ran, I ran. He shouted; a genii appeared who chalked hieroglyphics on my bag as I ran; another sprite performed with a rubber stamp on my passport. Then, as if in a transformation scene in the pantomime, I found myself on the rear seat of an enormous Minerva. Someone named a sum of money, the equivalent of £2. I said 'Oui,' and away we went. I shall never, never forget that journey; it was 42km (about 26 miles) from Hendaye to Bayonne, and I think we must have done it in 'evens'. With head lights glaring, Jehu dipped for no man. Frightened pedestrians and startled car drivers dived to left and right as we thundered uphill and down dale like a death-dealing projectile. Certain that my last hour had come, and unable to face it sitting down, I hung like Tarzan of the Apes with my arms through the looped straps which the coachbuilder had thoughtfully provided. Not a word passed until, as we topped a hill, Jehu half turned and, pointing to a wriggling glow-worm in the depths of the valley below, said succinctly: 'Voila, le train!' and I knew we had won. But at what a cost, for I shall never be the same man again. Executing a complete about-turn dirt-track skid, my driver came to a stop at the station entrance, and it was at this point that I should have laughed if my teeth had not been chattering, for I'd forgotten get any French money before crossing the border. 'So Jehu got an English pound and the equivalent of another in pesetas. I gathered from his remarks that pesetas were not considered a joke in good taste in France. Ah! well! Time rolls along and the riders get older. With the passing of the years, I fear, we have exchanged a crude sense of humour for a rather glum sense of propriety, the incidents I have quoted having almost faded into the limbo of the forgotten. May we be forgiven our sins of the past! I think they have been forgiven, because the very people we sinned against are now friends of many years' standing who welcome us with open arms every succeeding year when we go abroad."

"REGISTRATION FIGURES OF NEW motor cycles for May 1934, just issued, show an increase of nearly 25% over the figures for the corresponding period a year ago. The total for the month is 5,766 machines. The most striking gains recorded in the figures for the various classes are : Three-wheelers, 600 (440 in May 1933); 150-250cc solos, 2,159 (1,529); and over-250cc solos, 1,720 (1,472)."

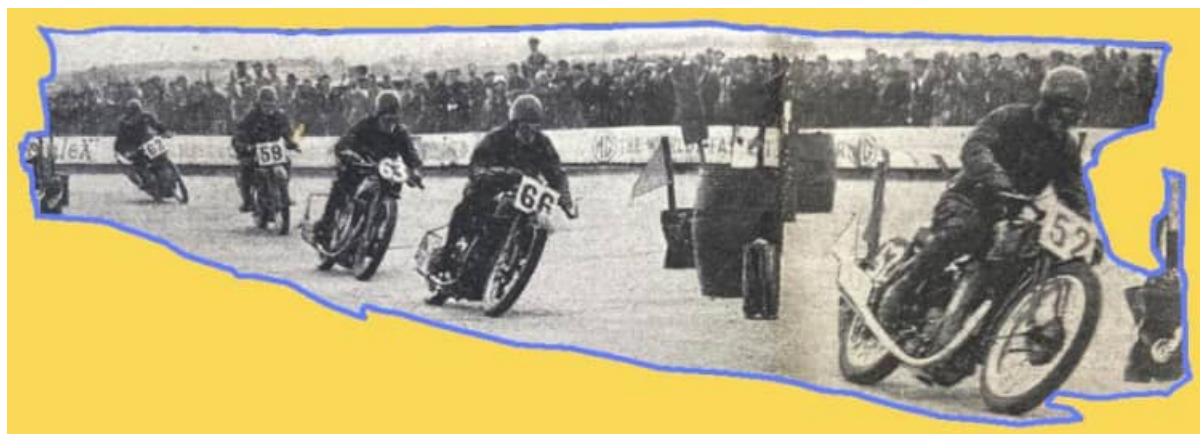
"A NIGHTMARE MODEL. Motor cycle events figured at a sports meeting recently held by the BSA Company in the ground beside the factory. A lighter note was struck by attempts to ride a Heath Robinsonian motor cycle with a handlebar like a joy-stick, no foot-rests, a rocking saddle perched aloft, wheels out of track, and with eccentric hubs. Athletic events, car and motor cycle obstacle races were all run off with commendable slickness."



LAST SATURDAY BROOKLANDS PROVIDED a really large crowd with many hours of intense excitement. It was The Motor Cycle Clubman's Grand Prix day, and several novel schemes were tried. First and foremost were the two 50-mile races for clubmen, both events attracting large entries—the Senior race had 44 to its credit. Secondly, a 250cc class was instituted and run off concurrently with the 100-mile Junior Grand Prix. Thirdly; a new and very fast 'road' circuit was used. The task set the riders was to negotiate the left bend off the Finishing Straight on to the Members' Banking; thence down the Railway Straight, and round the 'Byfleet' to the Fork. Here, at the Fork, was the first interesting point. The track was littered with 'furniture' which, on close examination, proved to be barrels and oil cans arranged to form fast, alternate left and right bends leading down the Finishing Straight, where, opposite the Members' Enclosure, was placed some more 'furniture' indicating a fast right-left S-bend...and so past the start again. Altogether the circuit was 2.616 miles to the lap and, under the conditions, all due credit must go to LJ Archer and his Velocettes—a combination which pulled off a very wonderful double in the Senior and Junior 100-mile races for Bemsee men and those who have competed in International road races. The actual racing was not so exciting as might have been expected. In each case the winner gradually increased his lead sufficiently to enable him to sit pretty. The real interest centred round the 'furniture'—which suffered heavily. In nearly every race the barrels and oil drums were sent flying, which was immense fun for the officials who attempted to rescue the barrels, and for the riders who did their best to avoid hitting both. Phenomenal avoidances were the order of the day. Professor AM Low was being cheerfully amusing over the loud speakers when promptly at 1.30pm the five riders in the Lightweight race were sent off. Ten minutes later the 350cc class were after them with a deafening roar—off like a flash, to use a cliché. Fernihough (246cc Excelsior) took the lead from CK Mortimer (246cc New Imperial) after the second lap, and from then onwards proceeded to sit on his lead, frequently looking behind to see that no one in his class came too near. In the 350cc Class HE Newman (348cc Velocette) led Archer on a similar, but later, type of machine for several laps, with HC Larnacraft and HJ



Bacon, also on ,Velocettes, M the near distance. C. B. Bickell (346 Excelsior) was lying fifth until a frantic skid sent him in between the barrels on



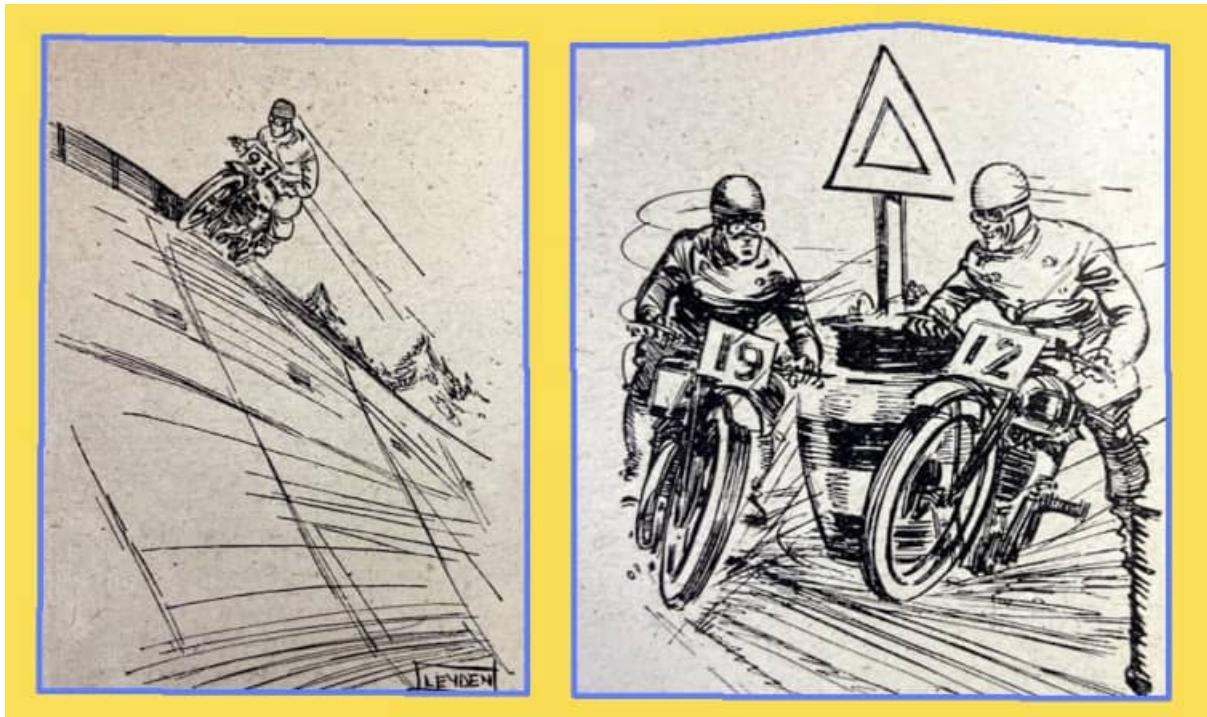
“A remarkable impression of continuous cornering in the Senior 100-mile Grand Prix. Note the different angles as the riders swoop through the S-bend. HL Daniel (AJS) leads DW Ronan (Rudge), DJ Pirie (Norton), JA Macdonald (Rudge) and E Ovens (Norton).”

the bend by the Paddock Grandstand. Meanwhile Archer set about asserting himself .and, by brilliant cornerwork was soon ahead of Newman. Bacon had crept into third place in front of Lamacraft—an order which was to be maintained to the finish. At twenty laps Archer had averaged 76.75mph, and had a big lead over his nearest rival. In the background were HL Daniell (348cc Norton) and R Harris (348cc Norton), who were having a little scrap on their own. By three-quarter distance Fernihough was still leading the Lightweights, but T. Cogan-Verney (New Imperial) was now second, Mortimer, on a similar machine, having dropped back to third place through plug trouble. Soon Archer was flagged in, the winner of the 350cc Class. Then came Newman, Bacon and Larnacraft—a fine sequence of Velocettes. Fernihough was the winner of the Lightweight, with Cogan-Verney and Mortimer second and third respectively. In the third event, the 50-mile Clubman’s Junior Grand Prix, the spectators received a foretaste of what was to come. At the end of the first lap MD Whitworth (349cc Rex Acme-Blackburne) was well away in front, with BA Loveday (348cc Velocette) close behind. Then WF Cullingham (346cc Levis) came unstuck up at the Fork bends, to be followed by GVC Davies (346cc



“DJ Pirie (Norton) caught in the act of skittling the ‘furniture’, while HL Daniell (AJS) looks on with interest. The rider who appears to have a steam roller’s front wheel is DW Ronan (Rudge).”

New Imperial). Down by the start IB Wickstead (348cc Cotton-Blackburne) hit the unfortunate barrels and then the safety fence opposite the timekeepers, but, strange to relate, remained in the saddle. Then J Edmond (New Imperial) rode through the bunting which decorated the 'furniture', having decided to retire owing to a defective foot gear change. Trevor Smith (348cc Velocette), who was riding the bends very prettily, was apparently suffering from a similar trouble. He, however, managed to finish fourth, which was considerably lower than might otherwise have been the case. A Paul (348cc Velocette) was third, with Whitworth and BA Loveday first and second respectively. Event 4, the 100-mile Senior Grand Prix, was undoubtedly the race of the afternoon. After a spectacular start, GE Nott (499cc Rudge) led for the first two laps, closely followed by Archer (495cc Velocette) and JH White (490cc Norton). Second lap saw DJ Pirie (490cc Norton) broadside and say good-bye to the model right in the middle of the bend by the Paddock Grandstand. For the next few seconds chaos reigned. Barrels, posts, flags and officials went flying, while some 20 riders screamed through the melee and, strange to relate, no one was hurt, not even Pirie, who was unconcernedly straightening a bent footrest prior to continuing. In a very short time Ernie Nott's almost proverbial bad luck once again let him down, and he coasted in to retire. Up at the Fork Jock Forbes was to be seen sitting watching the racing, having been put out with a punctured float. Meanwhile 'Ginger' Wood and his twin New Imperial had passed 'Crasher' White and now lay second, but the stop watch fiends saw only too clearly that he was losing about 2 seconds a lap on the flying Archer. However, his cornering was a thing to marvel at, being seemingly twice as fast as that of anyone else. No sooner out of each corner than he reset his steering damper with a flourishing twiddle of the wrist. Another whose cornering drew general admiration was DJ Pirie, whose Norton seemed none the worse for its spill. At one time White was overtaken by CB Bickell (497cc Ariel), but not for long, since the latter soon retired, letting D Ovens (490cc Norton) into fourth place. But Ovens was not allowed to remain there long; R Harris, also on a Norton, closely followed by JH West (498cc Triumph), came up and displaced him. Soon the winner, Les Archer, was flagged; then Ginger Wood—but Where was 'Crasher' White?, Harris came in third, with Jock West fourth. After the race was over it was learned that White's engine had ceased to motor less than a quarter of a mile from the finish; such is luck. Now remained the last and biggest race of the



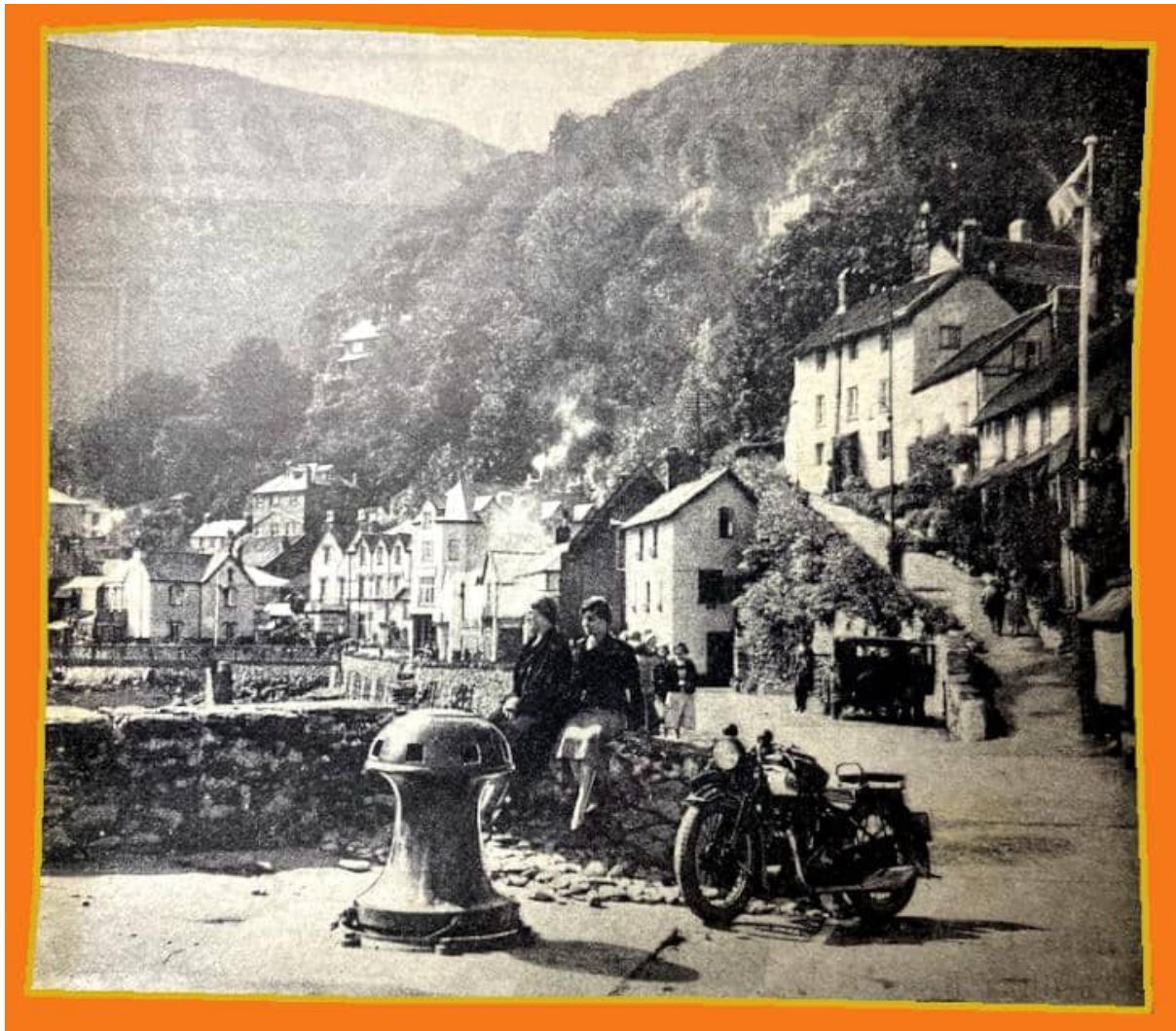
“The giddy limit! McDougall (Norton) to himself, ‘Well, nobody’s been any higher—not even John Cobb.’” (Right) “Harris (Norton), ‘Not so pleased to see you, Mr Bickell.’”

day, the 50-mile Clubman’s Senior Grand Prix. F Allbright (490cc Norton) struck an original note by actually daring to come to the line without a crash helmet. However, by a stroke of luck he was able to get fixed up at the last moment. When the starter’s flag dropped, quite half the entry was left behind, some still pushing, others finally resorting to their kickstarters—a curious spectacle for Brooklands. With fear and trepidation the officials looked at the bunch approaching the bends. PF Hewitt (498cc Excelsior) was leading, followed by RD Spreadbrow (490cc Norton), FJ Williams (498cc Cotton) and CC Bounds (497cc Ariel). No barrels were displaced. Next time round the Cotton man was leading Spreadbrow, with WFJ Cromwell (498cc Excelsior) and L Rush (490cc Norton) third and fourth respectively. The leading men were pretty to watch, their cornerwork quite as good as that of many of the ‘experts’. Some of the riding tactics at the bend on to the Members’ Banking were peculiar, to say the least. Certain of the slower men would go right up to the top of the banking, and others, travelling much faster, pass underneath. EJ Lemon (495cc Matchless) was being troubled here with an exhaust system that seemed to foul on both sides at once! In the meantime a couple of Scotts in the hands of OS Doulton and LC Williams were going very well, as was HM Mangold’s Ariel. By half-way the white-helmeted Spreadbrow was well ahead of L Rush (490cc Norton). LC Williams lay third, with CVM Booth (495cc AJS) fourth. EB Kay (490cc Norton) created a diversion by running through the bunting and disappearing with a train of little flags in his wake. Soon Spreadbrow was signalled in as the victor, but he apparently missed seeing the flagman and carried on. Immediately afterwards LF Phillips (499cc Rudge) came a terrific purler, sliding along on his back just in front of the timing box. To make matters worse another rider rode over his legs, but to everyone’s astonishment and





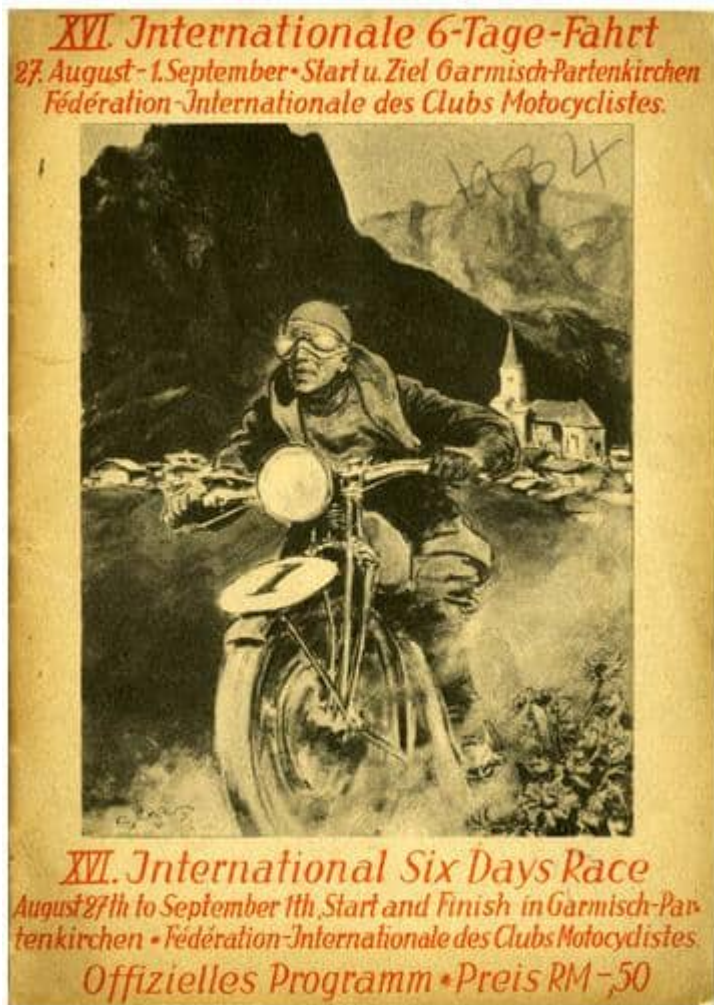
delight he leapt behind the safety fence and after a moment's rest was able to walk across to the paddock. Then followed a little light relief: 'Andy' proceeded to wave the yellow flag at the finishers and not one of them took the slightest notice of him! Thus, eventually!—ended a crowded and most successful day. **RESULTS.** 100-mile Lightweight Grand Prix. 1, EC Fernihough (246cc Excelsior) 1hr 33min 25sec; 2, T Cogan-Verney (246cc New Imperial); 3, CK Mortimer (246cc New Imperial); winner's speed, 63.85mph. 100-mile Junior Grand Prix. 1, LJ Archer (348cc Velocette) 1hr 17min 53sec; 2, HE Newman (348cc Velocette); 3, HJ Bacon (348cc Velocette); 4, HC Lamacraft (348cc Velocette); winner's speed, 76.57mph. 50-mile Clubman's Junior Grand Prix. 1, MD Whitworth (348cc Rex-Acme) 42min 35sec; 2, BA Loveday (348cc Velocette); 3, A Paul (348cc Velocette); 4, Trevor Smith (348cc Velocette); winner's speed, 69.96mph. 100-mile Senior Grand Prix. 1, LJ Archer (495cc Velocette) 1hr 13min 41sec; 2, S Wood (492cc New Imperial); 3, R Harris (490cc Norton); 4, JH West (498cc Triumph); winner's speed, 80.28mph. 50-mile Clubman's Senior Grand Prix. 1, RD Spreadbrow (490cc Norton) 40min 45sec; 2, L Rush (490cc Norton); 3, LC Williams (498cc Scott); 4, RN Mirza (490cc Norton); winner's speed, 73.17mph."



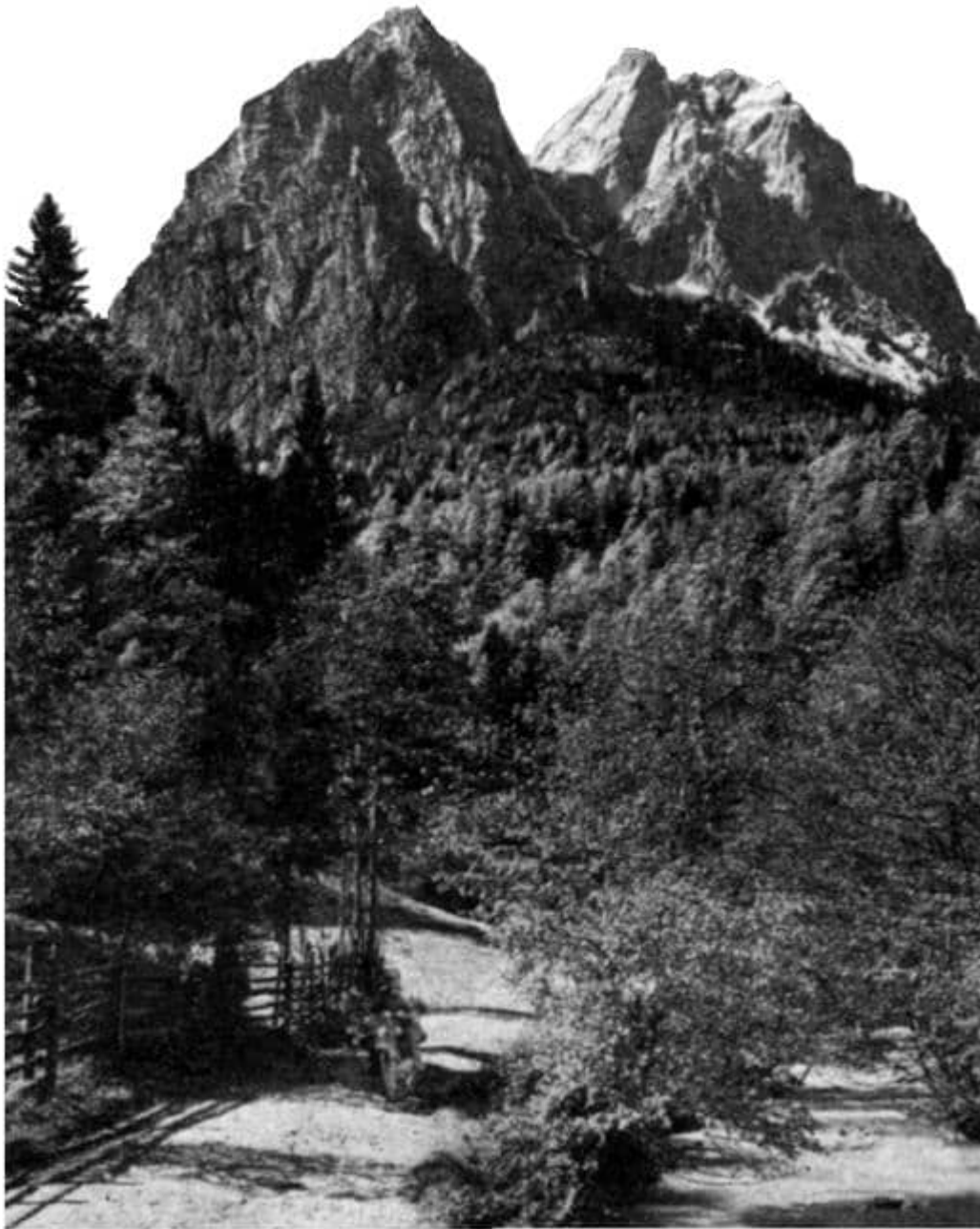
“Lynmouth—the lovely little Devon watering-place at the mouth of the rivers East and West Lyn. The wooded hillside conveys some idea of the type of scenery to be found in this neighbourhood.”

“FORTY-FIVE BRITISH ENTRIES have been received for the International Six Days Trial, which is due to start from Garmisch-Partenkirchen on Monday, August 27th. The German team having won the Trophy in Wales last year earned the right to organise the 1934 event, and the Bavarian Tyrol is the district chosen. Regrettably the serious troubles in Austria have raised doubts, and there is much discussion on this side as to whether the political situation will have quietened down sufficiently to ensure the Trial taking place. Partenkirchen, which is the centre, and several of the daily routes, are only a few miles from the Austro-German frontier, where fighting has been reported, and as a result the ACU has received many anxious enquiries as to the German Club’s intentions with regard to the Trial. Mr TW Loughborough, the secretary, is without answers to several of his letters of enquiry, and telegrams have so far failed to produce replies. Probably the German Automobile Club is in a quandary as to the course to adopt, and this accounts for their silence. On the other hand our German correspondent is emphatic in his assurance of the safety of tourists in the new Germany, and exhorts visitors to see the country under its new regime. In the meantime the preparation of the three British teams that have been selected goes on apace, and it is hoped that the troubles will have blown over sufficiently to enable a definite statement to be issued in the immediate future.”

A WORD OF ADVICE from Ixion: "Any of you who intend to compete in the International A Six Days, or, indeed, to holiday on the Continent as tourists, should realise that punctures are far commoner there than here, and represent the main threat to scheduled motor cycling. Some European roads, especially in the mountains, are heavily peppered with nails, most of which drop out of peasants' boots. Good tyres, sealing dopes, and nail-catchers are desirable. I am a great believer in an idea which was patented some years ago but never rewarded its inventor. His theory was that the front tyre hardly ever holes, because nails, like Columbus's egg, normally lie prone. When you get a puncture, the front tyre has momentarily flicked a recumbent nail into the vertical position, and your back tyre picks it up before it has time to lie down again. So the invention consisted of a stout flap fastened to the tail of the front guard. It sweeps aside vertical nails (incidentally, of course, it raises a lot of dust ; but there's lots of dust on an International anyhow, so that doesn't matter). I have had as many as seven punctures in one day in the Alps, and that with brand-new, heavy tyres; and every one of them was an honest nail puncture! Again, machines should be as carefully rainproofed for the International as for a watersplash affair at home. There mayn't be any watersplashes, but amidst Continental mountains cloudbursts are extremely common; and more than one British expert has been so hopelessly rained out on these affairs that he failed to finish."







“The International course lies among mighty Alps that ride sheer from the pine forests to the clouds. Scenes of this kind greet the competitors at almost every turn.”

GERMANY HAD WON THE RIGHT to host the ISDT; the 16th trial was based on Garmisch Partenkirchen in Bavaria near the Austrian border—mountainous terrain included (indeed includes) Germany’s highest peak, the 2,962m Zugspitze. The challenge attracted 220 riders, up from 140 in Wales the year before. Leading German marques on parade (and Nazi Germany was fond of parades) were DKW (20), NSU (17), Zundapp (14), BMW (9) and German Triumph (4). They faced 19 British marques led by Ariel (16), Triumph (11) and BSA (10). The Italian bike of choice was Gilera (7); a dozen Austrians relied on Puch. Four teams competed for the International Trophy which was won by the host team of J Mauer Mayer, EJ Henne and J Stelzer, all on BMWs. Italy was runner-up ahead of Great Britain and Czechoslovakia. The Silver Vase was won by the Great Britain B-team of L Heath (Ariel), R MacGregor (Rudge) and FE Thaker

(Royal Enfield). Ireland B-team finished 2nd with Austria 3rd. Triumph won manufacturer's team prize. Here's a taste of the event, courtesy of *The Motor Cycle's* man in the mountains: "Nearly everyone got away immediately; one of the few riders who had difficulty ran downhill to start, and returning a minute later at 40mph, passed the entrance just as Baron von Krohn, the German Zündapp sidecar driver, emerged—plenty of excitement, screaming tyres, but no accident...Of the 220 entries, 11 failed to



Most of the Brits stayed at the Hof Reimer—it was a long way from Wales. (Right) British rider Jack Leslie (BSA) checks in next to Ernst Henne on the big 750cc Beemer.

start. These included an Englishman, CR Watson (490cc Norton) and Miss Koerner-Baker, who had been entered by the New Imperial Company. Another, JF Koch, was a member of the Czechoslovakian 'B' Vase team. The first ten miles proved most interesting, the course being serrated with cross gullies and having an ever-changing surface. Low clouds obscured the view, while the dampness of the air made riding at this early hour chilly work. Maurice Greenwood (346cc New Imperial) was seen in trouble with a puncture, while J Mittenzwei fractured his Zündapp's shaft casing and gave up—the first retirement of the trial. The course now led along the south side of the beautiful Lake Walchensee, over roads that might be said to be typical of the Scottish Highlands...an interesting section followed after leaving Kochel. Known as the Kessellergastrasse, it is a long climb over an old road which runs underneath and across a beautifully engineered new one; the surface was excellent and few had trouble, although the tiny 98cc DKW motors of Kopfer and Kroll required a little concentrated foot-work. A narrow section at the top was interesting for sidecars and three-wheelers, but easy to the solo men. Then followed a sharp, twisting, main-road descent to the north side of the Walchensee—where the sun was actually shining—and so back along the interesting section to Partenkirchen that was used on the outward run. The streets of the little town were crowded with cheering spectators. Geyer, a German Ardie rider, came in with a flat front tyre, while F Bär (DKW) showed a bandaged knee. EJ Keboe (650 Triumph sc) had incurred trouble with his sidecar chassis, judging by the curious angle adopted by the outfit. On the whole the day's run was enjoyed by everyone; the British riders, at all events, found it 'homely'...Yesterday (Wednesday), the route extended eastwards beyond Rosenheim to Bad Reichenhall, the much-talked-of but now apparently 'tamed' Ettallerberg being included as the principal climb in the distance of 250 miles. To-day's route-card indicates a run of 203 miles that breaks new ground to the west and eventually finishes for the night at Oberstaufen instead of Partenkirchen; this will be the only night spent away from headquarters. Tomorrow's run of 188 miles takes competitors back to Partenkirchen though by a somewhat different route. Saturday threatens to be, in some ways,

the most strenuous of the six, for a journey of 130 miles from Partenkirchen will bring the riders who are still in the running to Füssen, and here the final speed test is to



Brough Superior

works rider Freddie Stevenson took to the German mountains in style aboard the latest 1,150cc side-valve twin JAP-powered model which could cruise comfortably at 70mph while hauling Brough's state-of-the-art banking sidecar. Despite leaving the road and overturning the outfit Stevenson came away with a Gold. He's pictured back at the factory; the outfit survived to appear on TV in *Dad's Army* and (gawd help us) *George and Mildred*.

be held over a triangular road circuit. This test, besides deciding any possible ties among the teams, can be relied upon to find out faults that have developed during the week..." The *Western Daily Press* report is a reminder that motor cycle sport used to be of interest to the general public: "Great Britain's 'B' team won the silver vase and Germany the international trophy in the international six days' reliability trial for motor-cycles which was concluded here yesterday. In the silver vase event the British team was first and Ireland's 'B' team second. The German team competing for the international trophy was the only one to complete the six days' gruelling ride without losing any marks. In the speed test with which the trial ended the Italian team were only 10 seconds behind the Germans. Britain was third. Miss Marjorie Cottle, the intrepid British woman competitor, secured a gold medal for completing the strenuous course without a single penalisation, being the sole woman to achieve this distinction. She had several punctures and twice crashed into ditches, but she never lost a mark through being late. In the speed contest Miss Cottle, on her small machine, was as fast as many of the 'crack' men of nine nations. She received an ovation from the huge German crowd, sharing the applause with Ernst Henne, the German motor-cycling 'ace' who holds the world's motor-cycle speed record and was a member of the German team. Altogether British riders won 24 gold medals, five silver and two bronze." **Results.** International Trophy: 1, Germany (0 penalty points); 2, Italy (0); 3, Great Britain (1); 4, Czechoslovakia (317). Silver Vase: 1, Great Britain B (0 penalty points); 2, Ireland B (0); 3, Austria (10); 4, Germany B (14); 5, Czechoslovakia (27); 6, Italy B (200); 7, Holland B (200); 8, Great Britain A (300); 9, Ireland A (300); 10, Italian A (500); 11, Germany A (626); 12, Holland A (750).





“Saxson Brown,

at 12 stones the world’s strongest man, is now in Bristol where he is practising a new feat of strength in readiness for a tour of the music halls next winter. A hinged wooden runway has been built and is placed over his neck and a motor cycle driven over. The trick is risky as the slightest error on part of motor cyclist would mean an accident.”

FROM *THE MOTOR CYCLE’S* report of the Southern Trial: “JJ Scott (349cc Rudge) took the obstruction flat out and, as a result, travelled several yards on his rear wheel, with his front well up in the air.” A wheelie by any other name...

THE EDINBURGH & DMCC decided to allow outfits with sidecar-wheel drive to enter the Scottish Six Days Trial.

RECORD BREAKER SIR MALCOLM Campbell went gold prospecting in South Africa.

THE FRENCH MANUFACTURERS’ union called for the abolition of all driving licences.

“TRIOPTICAL? SOLICITOR AT OXFORD: ‘Is it not the proper way to drive with two eyes on the road and another on the mirror to see what is coming behind?’ Witness: ‘Yes, sir—I always drive that way.’”

“THERE WERE 32,290 motor cycles registered in South Africa during 1933; the previous year showed a total of 32,173 machines.”

“THE FIRST OF THE summer letters on the genus *Seaside Promenade Percy* has appeared in the local paper—a Hastings one. No doubt others will shortly be published in papers all round the coast, if they have not appeared already. In the Island at TT time I saw quite a few examples—perhaps ‘heard’ is the correct word—for the trouble with the species is its infantile delight in screaming off the mark and making as much noise and nuisance as is possible.”

*THE MOTOR CYCLE* PUT UP a trophy for the first multi-cylinder British 500 to do 100 miles in an hour on British soil. Contenders included Ariel (blown Square Four); Douglas (ohv flat twin); New Imperial (ohv V-twin) and Triumph (two vertical twins, one of them supercharged, sleeved down from the 6/1 650cc roadster). Ginger Wood won the cup for New Imp at an average 102.3mph.



Ginger Wood did a ton on the New Imp.

“TESTS TO ASCERTAIN whether old vehicles are roadworthy may become compulsory. The advisability of making regulations to this effect is to be considered by the newly formed Committee on Road Safety.”

“THE TOURIST CLASS of the recent Championships of Norway event was won by a Royal Enfield rider, with Triumph and Ariel machines second and third respectively.”

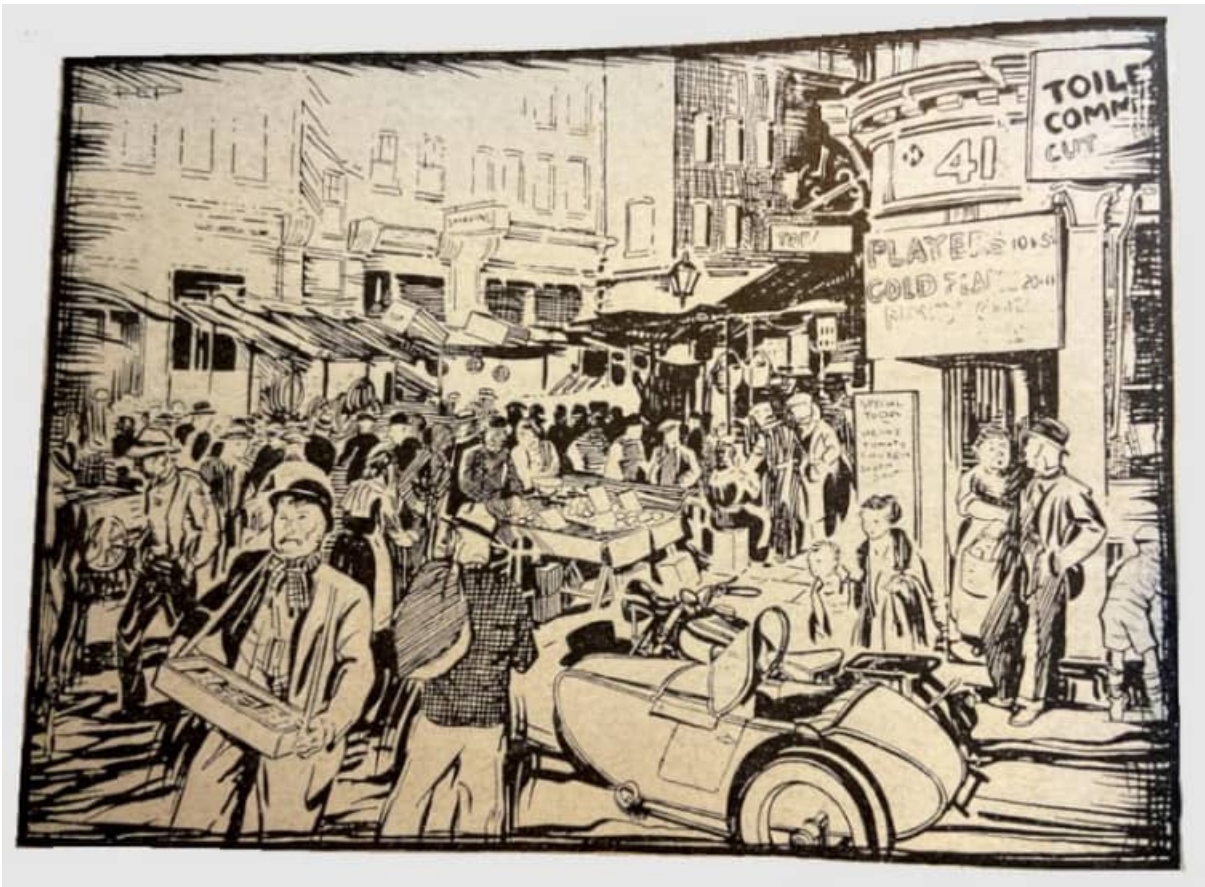
“RECENTLY I VISITED WOOLWICH to look at the new AJS models. While I was there a motor cyclist rode into the factory on a new single-port 500. The machine had trade plates on, and the rider was in wet-weather kit, as the roads were awash. One glance at the man in the saddle was sufficient—it was HA Collier, joint managing director of both the AJS and Matchless concerns, returning from lunch.”

“YOU WILL REMEMBER *The Motor Cycle* test of petrol from coal, when we used ‘Coalite’ petrol, produced by the low-temperature carbonisation process, for 2,000 hard miles. Well, the chance of you and I using it in the near future is very small indeed, because, according to Sir Philip Sassoon, in the House of Commons, it has been decided to ‘extend the use of the fuel (in the RAF), absorbing the whole of the current output.’ As you may recall, our test proved that the fuel had very useful anti-knock properties—especially useful from a motor cycle point of view. The Air Ministry, who have now issued a report as a result of their own tests, state that ‘for all practical RAF purposes this coal spirit is now regarded as a normal supply, and has been used by one squadron which is equipped with Bristol nine-cylinder, air-cooled radial supercharged engines since February, 1933, and has involved neither special precautions nor modifications.’ So that rather seems to be that. Incidentally, no fewer than 80 machines at the recent Hendon display were flying on this fuel.”



HAVE YOU EVER TAKEN your sidecar into Limehouse and eaten fried noodle and soochow at a Chinese restaurant? Have you ever journeyed on it to see 500 lost dogs under one roof? Or watched a North Sea trawler unloading its fish directly into Billingsgate at 5.30 in the morning? No? I hadn't until the other day. It came about this way. I was walking along Waterloo Road one evening, and came across a queer-looking shop, where, had I wanted, I could have had my back tattooed with multi-coloured pictures. A little farther along the street as a shop that would have sold me human hair, and another that could have provided me with snakes or newts, while at a third I might have purchased miles of bamboo cane. Queer shops, indeed, and the sight of them made me think of other interesting places in London which I had never seen—places about which I had read and heard; places which my provincial friends up to Olympia for a few days would never dream of visiting; places, indeed, which even Londoners would scarcely ever think of exploring. And that was how I came to plan this queer ramble. The sidecar outfit was filled up overnight and the alarm clock set for 4am. At the appointed time I met 'Rep', the artist, near Smithfield Market, and there we parked the bus for a few minutes and had coffee with the porters, afterwards strolling for a few minutes into the glare of the vast meat market. From 5am blackness we plunged into the blaze of brilliant electric lights which shone on uncountable sides of pink carcasses, and lost ourselves in the crowds of hurrying, sweating men. But Billingsgate was our first real goal, so we proceeded along Farringdon Street, up Ludgate Hill, past the great, dark mass of St Paul's, and on towards the Monument, near where the world's biggest fish market is situated. We plunged suddenly from quiet streets into a seething mass of vehicles, among which the fish porters, wearing the oddest sort of headgear, seemed inextricably mixed up. But the silence of it all! There was no turmoil, no shouting, no angry repartee of the kind for which Billingsgate is supposed to be famous. Thousands





“...Our next objective, Leather Lane market...”

upon thousands of crates filled with fish were being transferred from the lorries on to the heads of these men, without any commotion whatever. From this busy scene in the twilight of the morning we once more entered the glare of a great market hall. Again the impression was of light, but this time it was silvery white from the reflection of millions of fish in open crates and on the various salesmen's stands; plaice, turbot, halibut, cod, sole, ling, whiting, herring, conger eels, mussels, lobsters alive and boiled, salmon fresh, salmon stiffly frozen; every kind of edible fish lay there in an endless, glistening perspective. We moved along the slippery floor, carefully avoiding the porters. At the far end of the building we came upon the auction, but it was vastly different from the leisurely and humorous affairs I have often seen at cattle markets or sales of household goods. We noticed that the crates of fish came along a sort of escalator and were deposited down a chute near to the auctioneer, who had, apparently, to synchronise his selling with the speed of the conveyor. There was no time for, 'Now, gentlemen, what am I offered for this little lot?' He would soon have had piles of fish at his feet. Then we walked through an entrance on a quay side and saw that the crates of fish were being carried by this conveyor directly from a big steam trawler. A very courteous man in a white overall explained that the boat was from Hull, and that the fish had been collected from the trawling fleet while at sea and brought directly to London. It seemed extraordinary to find a North Sea trawler landing fish in the heart of London, a few yards from the great business centre of the City. As seven o'clock approached we felt we had had enough of fish. Our sidecar still reposed in the side street, and we jogged along back down Ludgate Hill and the Strand to Covent Garden. Oh, the blessed smell of roses, lilies and earthy potatoes after fish! Oh, the sight of rosy Cox's orange pippins and muscat grapes after livid cod's eyes and slimy eels! Covent Garden, being considerably divided up among the various wholesalers' premises, is less staggering than the

other two great markets, but only slightly less interesting. We saw the 'little' shopkeeper with his truck and a few odd boxes of this and that; and by contrast there was the 'big' buyer, purchasing choicest apples, grape fruit and home-grown grapes and orchids; the potato buyer who dealt in tons; and the specialists in oranges and lemons, who would sell you a ship's load with the same calmness as they would a single case. When we entered London at five o'clock it was a world of men; at seven o'clock the vast army of women office cleaners descended on the city; at eight o'clock the mixed stream of humanity from the suburbs flowed again and the roar and bustle of a new day started in earnest. We parked our sidecar and went in search of breakfast. We lingered over the coffee and marmalade, then we decided to go and see the Home for Lost Dogs and Cats at Battersea—why I hardly know. I had heard a lot and read a lot about this place. Perhaps it was because a poor little brute had the other day tagged itself on my heels and refused to be shaken off. I remembered the pathetic little beggar's eyes when I said 'Go home'. But this was nothing compared with the sight of the 500 pairs of eyes we saw at the Home in Battersea Road. We found the dogs in a huge building divided into pens, some containing two or three, others eight or nine. As we approached every pair of eyes seemed to speak to us; bodies became tense and tails wagged furiously in anticipation of release. When we departed these poor derelicts watched us with pathetic intensity, their heads drooping and their tails ceasing to wag. We saw a little boy of about 10 years old enter with his mother to look for his lost pet. He carried a lead and was chattering eagerly. An hour after-wards we saw him on the pavement outside, waiting for a tram. Very forlorn and dejected, he still carried his leather lead...And what a mixture of breeds we saw! He would have been a clever man who could have stated the parentage of some of the inmates; masterpieces of namelessness many of them were. We were surprised to see there a supercilious chow, and, needless to say, he did not attempt to make friends; there was also a greyhound, several whippets, some bull terriers, a fat old bull-dog, many alsatians and several airedales. But the sight of a painted notice board remains with me more vividly than the pathetic eyes. It caught my eye as I came out. It read 'To lethal chamber'. Then we returned towards Central London, past strange and contrasting architecture, past dauntless humanity which seemed perfectly happy living in the dingy, mean streets adjoining the river; threaded our way through the traffic-packed West End; moved in short spurts between the traffic blocks along New Oxford Street and Holborn; and so reached our next objective, Leather Lane market, which lies just to the north of Gamage's great store. There is not the space to say much about the conglomeration of humanity we found in this street market. One man amused us; he had a long, cadaverous face with a pink nose and blue chin. He held up a peony and a piece of dried orange peel. 'Nah, gents,' he shouted, 'wouldn't yer like to feel the vim of youth again? Nah, listen. Go to yer chemist and buy a penn'orth of menthol and a penn'orth of camphor, and then go and buy a penny orange. Get some boiling water...' I lost the rest, for the crowd was thick; a good many were evidently anxious to learn how to regain the vim of youth again for threepence.

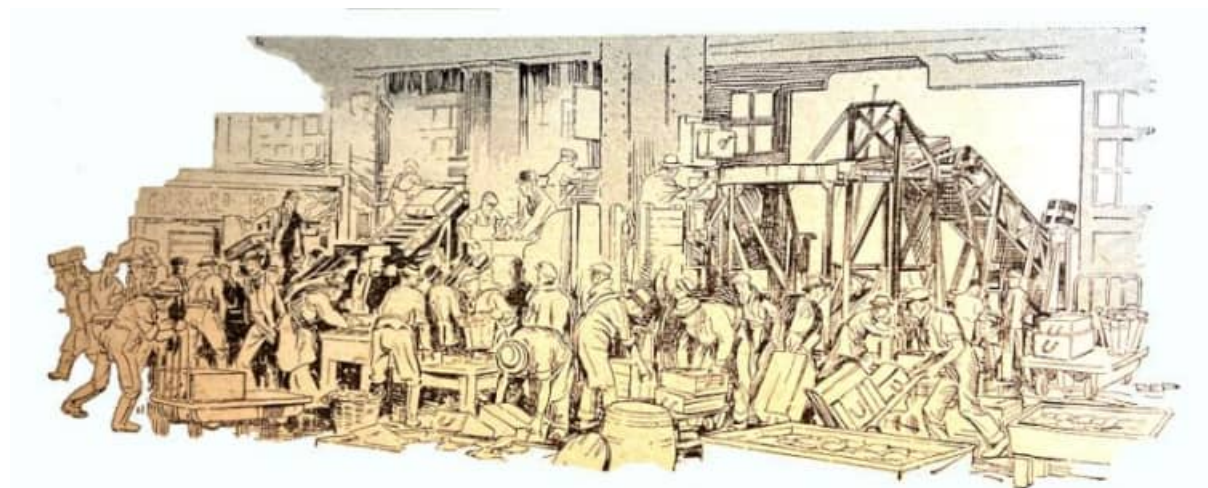


“At an adjoining table four Chinese sat down to dine.”

Apparently the poor fellow had nothing to sell except the recipe, trusting to the crowd's generosity after he had revealed it. What a babel it was! Indians with scent, a white-coated 'doctor' with a cure-all, Turks with English-made 'Oriental' carpets, the 'gold' watch merchants, seedy individuals carrying placards labelled 'I come to save your soul'; and stalls laden with onions, braces, cabbages, sausages, and a thousand other things. After mixing for a time with the crowds in this curious market we lunched, then adjourned for an afternoon's office work and met again at six o'clock to continue our programme. We wanted something 'different', so we decided to see Chinatown in the dusk and dine in a Chinese restaurant. It was a grey, quiet evening as we made our way from Dorset House, across London Bridge, through Fenchurch Street and Commercial Road, and into that strange quarter round about the West India Dock Road. Our first objective was 'Charlie Brown's' (The Railway Tavern, 116, West India Dock Road). Here we were shown the really marvellous and very valuable collection of ivory and Eastern curios by a charming little lady of 18 or so, with all the dignity of a châtelaine of a castle. The late Charlie Brown and the Railway Tavern were known in every port from Malta to Hong-Kong. There is nothing of the traditional Limehouse about the place. It is thoroughly English, and I am not investing it with any kind of romance—that is Thomas Burke's prerogative. But the little room above the bar of this Limehouse tavern will amaze you. We crossed over the wide and traffic-free road into the narrow, forbidding Pennyfields and stopped a moment at a curious shop that had the weirdest-looking eatables in the tiny window—at least, we concluded they were eatables. Now and then Chinese, and swarthy fellows of Oriental appearance, cast swift, appraising glances as we passed along. We crossed over the West India Dock Road again and made our way down more narrow streets; there were more Chinese men, and some very happy, laughing Chinese children. On turning a corner into a narrow, drab-looking street we came



across a woman—an Englishwoman, apparently—standing on a chair and hanging coloured glass lamps, each holding a nightlight, around a simple wooden war memorial which was erected on the wall between two tiny houses. A little Chinese girl stood watching her intently. It was so curious a sight that I could hardly believe my own eyes. Did I tell you we had a rendezvous with ‘Ambleside’ at the Railway Tavern? He is becoming very cosmopolitan—within a couple of months he had dined in Switzerland, Germany, France, and the Isle of Man—and was now interested in the idea of a Chinese dinner. Ti Tung Low’s restaurant is in the West India Dock Road. Its windows tell you nothing. We climbed a flight of stairs and seated ourselves on a sort of balcony; this was the dining-room. There was perfect quietness, although seven or eight Chinese sat at cards in a corner of the room. They glanced curiously at us and continued their play. We expected a Chinese to wait on us, but an English girl came instead. After preliminary gropings among the items on a two-language menu, which, incidentally, bore the imprint of a Hong-Kong printer, our waitress recommended 鸡肉炒面, which, being translated, means fried noodle with chicken. Should she bring chop-sticks? Decidedly, No!...First came tea with a flavour nothing like that of the China tea you buy, nor, of course,



“The bustle of Billingsgate.”

like Indian. We had it in tiny, handleless cups and without saucers. With it she brought each of us a little bowl of dark brown liquid, the colour of pickled walnuts. We dipped in our fingers to taste—it was comparable with nothing I had ever sampled—I can’t describe it. Then came the noodle and one fork each. It came on a large dish, heaped-up like a small haystack, and appeared to be composed of fine shreds of chicken’s breast, thread-like shreds of onion, and thin strings of this and that and that and this—heaven knows what it all was! We helped ourselves from the common stock with our single forks, and then poured the brown liquid over our portions. ‘Rep’ and ‘Ambleside’ said it gave them an appetite. I told them to finish the pile by all means. Next we had 排骨 meaning chop suey. Again we took the dark flavouring. This time rice was brought on a separate dish, while we were each given a portion of thinly flaked chicken with onion, potato, mushroom, and large, succulent prawns, together with other things I could not analyse. At an adjoining table four Chinese sat down to dine, using chop-sticks. They chattered away in their own language, and seemed well known to the Chinese proprietor; they had just arrived in England (so we gathered somehow) by boat. Our chop suey gradually vanished, and, although we certainly could not eat any more, our curiosity was stirred by Item 52 on the menu (each dish was numbered), which read, ‘Yange-how Sho, Fried Wan Tun (big), 5s.’ But Item 57 positively fascinated me: it read, ‘Noodles with many things mixed up, 3s 6d’; yet to

sample it would have been a physical impossibility. We heard no language but Chinese around us, and the whole atmosphere was strange yet fascinating, probably because it lacked any artificiality such as might have been obvious in Chinese restaurants in the West End. Our clattering down the stairs broke the curious quiet of the place. My last glimpse upstairs was a rather amazing one of a demure little Chinese girl suddenly appearing from a small doorway and being apparently introduced to the group dining nearby. She was dressed in the blue costume of a Girl Guide! My last impressions as we left were of a very, very old and very polite Chinese behind the counter downstairs and of a small kitchen where I saw great heaps of the strange shredded food on a table. Soon we were in the whirl and noise of London, England, once again; our queer, long day's tour was over; it had, indeed, been a day of 'Many things mixed up'."

### **'Ambleside'**

"I'M OLD ENOUGH," IXION ADMITTED, "to remember Shows with a very different atmosphere from that of the modern Olympia. The tough cyclists who assembled en masse at the old Stanley Shows were moved to Homeric laughter one year when a solitary red and black motor bicycle of the crudest imaginable design had the temerity to invade their sacred precincts. They paused opposite the intruder and guffawed to their hearts content—much as we might guffaw to-day if some crazy inventor brought to Olympia a push bike with a couple of flapping wings geared to its pedals. Stagnation followed—a few cars—a motor tricycle or two—the unstable, incendiary front-drive Werner—and almost before we realised that a revolution had occurred, the Minervas, the Ormondes, the Excelsiors, and the Quadrants began to eat into the allegiance Of cyclists, and we all went petrol mad. And as the years passed more and more motor cycles were sold. To-day we have gleaming battalions of push bikes at Olympia, but their design has become. so stereotyped that few of the general public concedes them more than a passing glance, and the motor bicycle is decidedly king of the Olympia castle. Those early exhibits were rarely backed by anything which could be called a 'factory'. I remember one which was produced in a cellar off Oxford Street and had little behind it except a couple of enthusiastic lads with a lot of debts. When they got an order at the Show they adjourned to the nearest bar and celebrated. They next telegraphed to Belgium for an engine. Then they distributed the deposit at the rate of a pound here and a pound there to their greediest creditors, and begged the bits with which to build the machine."

"GENTLEMEN,—ONCE AGAIN I ADDRESS YOU by the courtesy of the Editor on the eve of Olympia, and my first and ever-pleasant business is to thank you most Sincerely on behalf of your million clients dotted all over the map of the planet Terra for the splendid mounts you have given us, for the jolly hours we have spent riding them, for the speed of your making which has brushed the cobwebs from our brains, and for the physical health which we owe to you. Did I hear a discordant murmur on the horizon? Well, you know as well as I do that sometimes your machines can be haunted by the most diabolical fiends, and hold us up at the most awkward moments in the most devastating places. Sometimes such spots of bother rob us of a coveted pot; sometimes they prevent us returning Cecilie to mamma's ample bosom by 10pm, as we had faithfully promised; sometimes they strand us in blizzards on ghastly heaths at midnight. But a few weeks later we spill the yarn to our pals with roars of laughter at our past predicaments; anyhow, wrestling with the model endows us with guts, and ingenuity, and lots of other desirable he-man qualities. So I ignore any discordant murmurs off-stage, and thank you just as warmly for the dud bikes (they are precious few, nowadays) as I thank you for the good 'uns. We rejoice with you that the outlook is better than it was a year ago. Exports? H'm. The world seems to convert itself into a network of closed compartments, in each of which the inhabitants are to make a. Precarious livelihood by taking in each other's washing; and export

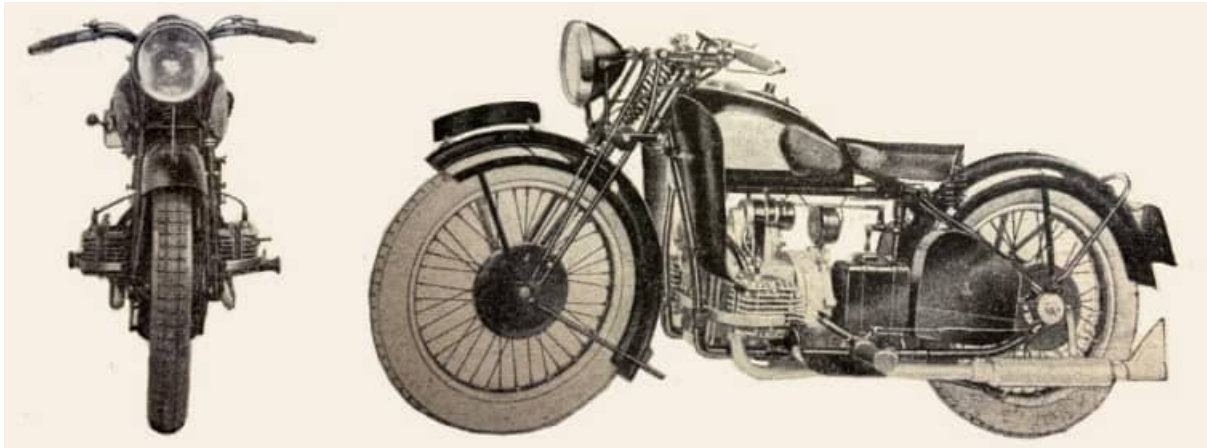
trade is not exactly at a premium. At least you are snaffling your fair share of it, and then some; and perhaps frontiers and exchanges will grow less tiresome as the world acquires more sense. I wish for a golden age when I shall be able to buy French wines at cost, plus reasonable growers' profit, plus freight; and if that era ever dawns you'll be able to sell your bikes at low figures to the Eskimo and to the Papuan. Here's to it! The home market is not back at its old merriness yet. Those were jolly days when the seventeen-year-old son of every artisan home could look forward to buying some sort of motor bike by the end of his third year at work, and perhaps a TT replica (one year old) after five years. To-day, in far too many homes, any surplus of his wages goes to swell his father's dole. But things are mending, and you'll be ready when the market opens its mouth wider. Technically, there is not a great deal for us to say to you just now. I have often warned you in the past that science, like money, is international; that a day would dawn when neither the brains that design your buses nor the craft that builds them would remain a British monopoly. The writing is now clear on the wall so far as pure speed is concerned. The FN has beaten your best 500cc speed; the BMW holds the world's maximum speed record. We all comfort ourselves by remarking that speeds of 150-200mph on two wheels are of no practical value. If Ernst Henne sent me his BMW for a Christmas present I should get photographed on it tout suite and endeavour to persuade the Editor to print the picture in *The Motor Cycle*; but I should never dare to open the throttle right out. (Nor would you, eh?) These fantastic speeds have no more practical connection with honest motor cycling than a dancing Marathon in a New York saloon has to do with enjoying an evening fox-trotting with Sheila. But these stunts cannot be ignored. For one thing, they pull sales, just as the feats of our own pneumatic-drill type of road-racing machines sell motor cycles in Australia and South Africa. More than that. If the Falling Star people annex a world's record, buyers all over the world credit its factory (quite rightly) with a No 9 hat engineer, energy, organisation, and general business capacity. At least 500,000 passionate two-wheelerists would enjoy their breakfast rasher twice as much to-morrow morning if they read that Great Britain had taken that record off Henne at, say, 170mph. Pool your brains, if you like. Let the machine be a no-name 'Miss Britain I' with a Wolverhampton gear box, a Birmingham engine, a Bristol tank, a Coventry frame, a Yorkshire saddle; but get those records back, and keep 'em! We still cherish all the old grumbles about our buses. Secretly, between you and me, we are just raving at the moment about our selected mounts for 1935, and don't see how they could possibly be bettered. But we always cherish at the back of our minds a dream picture of an ideal motor cycle which few of us may live to see. So far as speed, brakes, and roadholding are concerned it would not differ from our present buses, which are just about as good as can be in such respects. Nor should we object to paying current prices for this dream-bus; we know that the buying motor cyclist gets better value for his money than a shopper in any other line of commodities without exception. But our dream-bus would differ from our nineteen-thirty-fivers in other points, as duck-pond water differs from Napoleon brandy. It would not weigh more than 100lb, so that we could trip merrily upstairs to the fifth floor of a sky-scraper flat with the model tucked under the arm. It would be as silent as Mabel's sigh after her first kiss. You could start it with no more effort than, is now required to dip a head lamp. It would be as comfortable as one of those modem 'Woo-Sleep' mattresses. Asking a lot, are we? Well, rather dreaming than asking. Frankly, as man to man over a pint, you know our modem buses can still (in many cases) create the very devil of a racket, especially if they are showily driven by a swanky young fool. They can be the most awful brutes to start, especially if they are slightly out of tune and you've got a lot of clothes on, and are not of the [Swedish Olympic star Wilhelm] Petersen build. And, gosh, what some of them weigh! Just coax your chief financier into the running shed, don't warn him about the twin fishtails, and ask him to hoike your big fellow on to its legs. Best put Plasticine in your ears first, as his language is



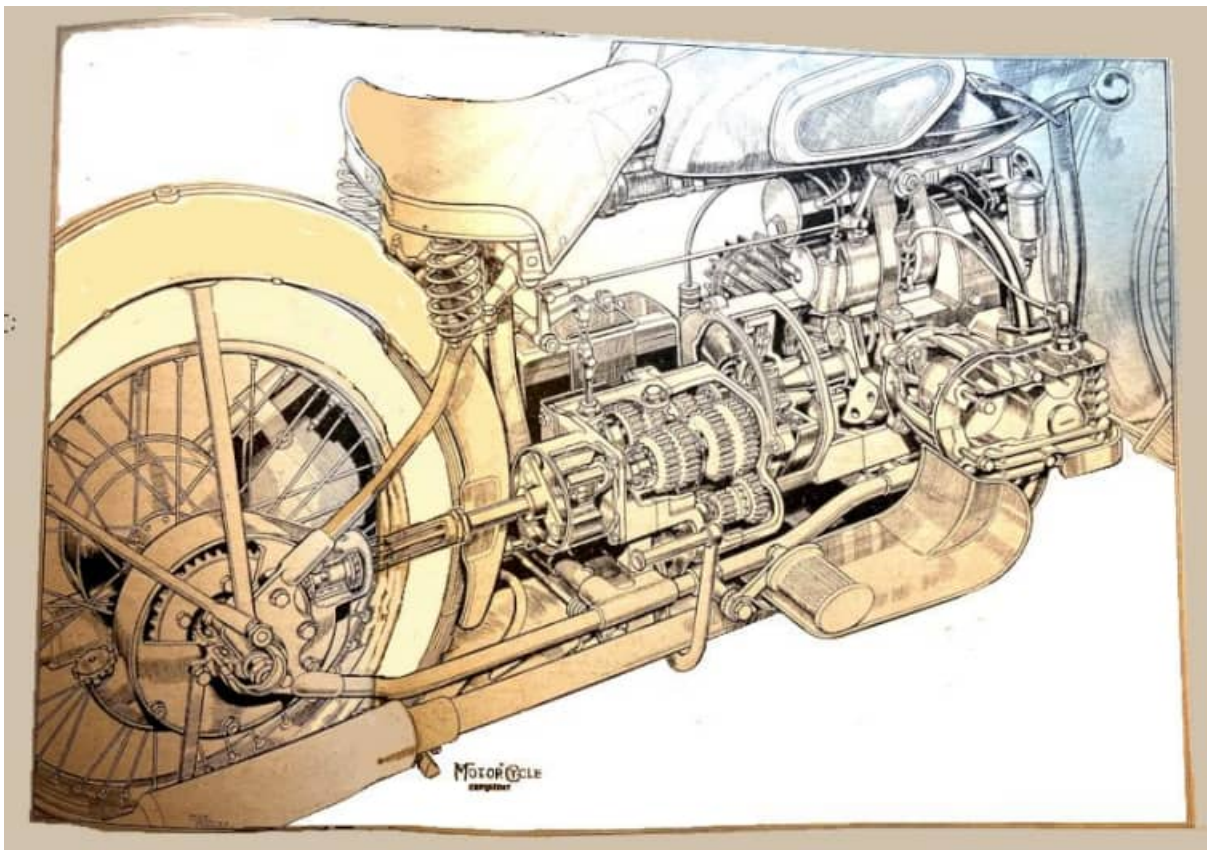
likely to be scalding. You take these matters rather too lightly, I beg to think, because you know that many of your keenest customers don't care two hoots about noise or weight, or about the 13st push which is required to get some of your engines off first go. But you spend hours and hours thinking how to increase your sales. It might pay you to tot up the number of fellows who desert our ranks every year and investigate why they go; and to weigh the number of motor cyclists against the percentage of the population who could do with light, cheap personal transport, asking why the bigger percentage neglects and ignores the motor cycle. Either you have never built the machine for the million, or the million has not realised that you build it. I have been specially asked by some readers to plead with about half of you in respect of your spare part service. Let me safeguard myself by saying that I do not believe one-quarter of the service grouses. The usual explanation is that a 'phone rings in the wrong department of your works, and a girl clerk hears, 'This is Smith, cycle agent, Puddle Magna, speaking. A fellow on tour has just pushed in with one of your 1929 250cc models. Piston melted. Please ask your service people to put a new piston on the train tonight will you?' Puddle Magna is about 300 miles from your works, and the 'phone is faint and indistinct. The girl has misspelt about half the message on to her pad when a tart voice interrupts, 'Three minuses.' The flimsy ultimately reaches the service department, where a harassed junior clerk discovers that in 1929 you marketed eight different 250cc models, and, in any case, even threats of a county court action have failed to make Smith, Puddle Magna, pay for a new chain which you despatched to him in response to a telegraphic order in 1931. So the fellow on the 1929 model finally departs from Puddle Magna three days later in a towering rage, and transfers his custom to your chief rival as soon as he can sell his machine. But, my very dear sirs, you know how these things happen, and you are not yet too Rolls Roycey to remember how you felt in 1899 when you were speeding to spend a hasty week-end with your best girl on a prehistoric motor tricycle, and were kept kicking your heels at Puddle Minor because your dry battery had run out, and the people in Town were so darned slow about railing a spare to you. Prompt, efficient, hole-proof service links a customer to you with steel grabs far more securely than selling him a top-hole bus. Frankly, the spare part service of some factories is still deplorable; and when we want spares we want them QUICK. There are noble exceptions. I would back one or two firms to deliver any specified bit at John o Groats within 48 hours; and when that standard is universal you can lie back and rest. Well, Gentlemen, that's my say for this year. We shall meet soon at Olympia, and the thrill and glitter and concealed geegees of your massed samples will drive it all out of my brain as usual. But I believe it contains scraps of sense, and I hope some of you will chew some of them over. Salaams ever, Your admiring and grateful customer, **BH Davies.**"

"SHAFT DRIVE, UNIT CONSTRUCTION, total enclosure of moving parts, multi-cylinder engine...The specification of a 'dream' machine? No, nothing so nebulous; it is the specification of the Douglas Endeavour, an Olympia Show secret whose very existence, we are assured, is unknown even to the majority of Douglas workpeople. For years letters in our Correspondence columns have expressed the yearning for a British transverse twin with unit construction and shaft drive. Now such a machine is actually in being; it will make its first public appearance next Monday at Olympia and cause the Douglas stand to be the Mecca of every Show visitor. From stem to stern the new design is obviously a Douglas. While the layout is different from normal Douglas practice, many of the components are similar to those employed in the standard range. The side-valve 494cc (68x68mm) horizontally opposed twin-cylinder engine is precisely similar to the unit of the new Blue Chief 500 except for the crank case and the carburetter mounting. It has the massive aluminium-alloy cylinder barrels with cast-iron liners, the light alloy cylinder heads, and the ingenious plate clipped between head and barrel in which are formed the valve

seats. Complete enclosure of the valves is provided, access to the tappets being gained via a cover plate held in place by a single hexagon."

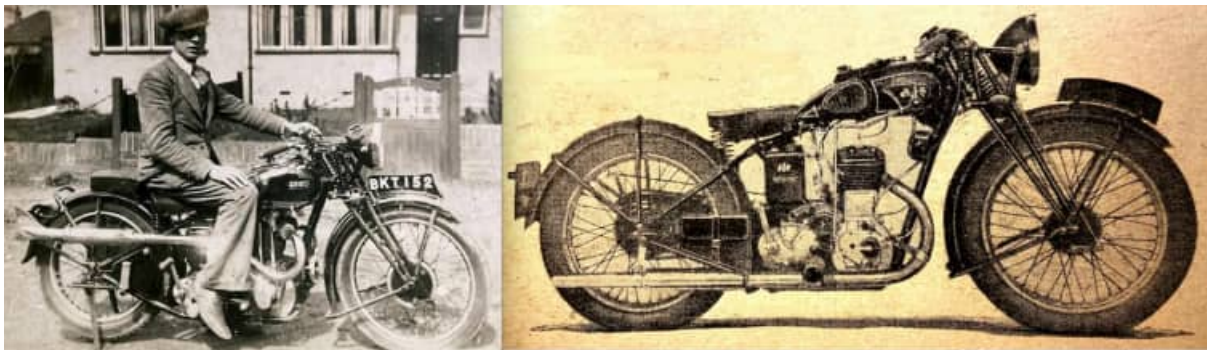


"Due to the transverse mounting of the engine and the use of light-alloy cylinder heads and composite cylinder barrels, the engine should run exceptionally cool. Note the spring-steel bumper bar that curves round the cylinders." (Right) "A 22in wheelbase is employed in the 500cc Douglas Endeavour, and in spite of the low centre of gravity there is a 5½in ground clearance."



Douglas's finances weren't of the best so a lot was riding on the Endeavour, Britain's first transverse-twin shafty since the demise of the ABC. It was a side-valve 500 with hand-change. The Douglas range included a 750 flat twin, 500 and 600 ohv 'Speed Specials' and, the Blue 'Un reported: "Another new feature is the all-enclosed positive foot gear change that is available as an option on certain models." Go figure.

**AJS** LAUNCHED THREE ONE-LUNGERS: 250 and 350 ohv and a 500 side-valve. From **Ariel** came a new single-port 497cc long-stroke (81.8x95mm) Red Hunter. It sold alongside the established twin-port model. For once George **Brough** didn't field a show stealer, but drew crowds with the latest 11/50 sidevalve big twin that was developed for exporting as a police special. **BSA** offered everything from 149cc 'Snowden baby' at £31 7s 6d to a 986cc side-valve workhorse at £75; the range was joined by 249 and 348cc ohv singles. The inlet valve was fully enclosed; the exhaust valve wasn't. **Calthorpe** reintroduced a 350 to its 'Ivory' range. **Cotton's** entire range of 16 models were equipped with electric lights and horn; with engines from Villiers, Blackburne and JAP they ranged from 150-600 including five 250s ranging in price from £27.15s for a JAP sidevalve to £45 15s for an ohv Blackburne; all with Cotton's trademark triangulated frame. As well as the transverse-twin Endeavour **Douglas** launched an in-line version and introduced QD wheels that *The Motor Cycle* described as "most ingenious". **Dunell** launched 250 and 500 four-strokes (with no intermediate 350) powered by twin-port ohv JAP engines with four-speed Burman boxes. **Excelsior** capitalised on its racing successes with the 250 and 350cc ohc Manxman which was finished just in time for the show. **Francis-Barnett** released a stablemate for the popular two-stroke Cruiser—the Stag, a fully enclosed ohv 250 with fully enclosed valve gear and a new frame design "in which the centre portion consists of a composite assembly of forgings, brazed tubes and pressings". Years before BSA used the name **James** launched a Shooting Star—an ohv 250 with four speeds, Maglita lighting and high-level exhaust.



"An entirely redesigned engine will be seen in the 497cc Red Hunter Ariel." (Right) "The new 498cc side-valve AJS has a redesigned frame. Note the 'up-draught' carburetter."

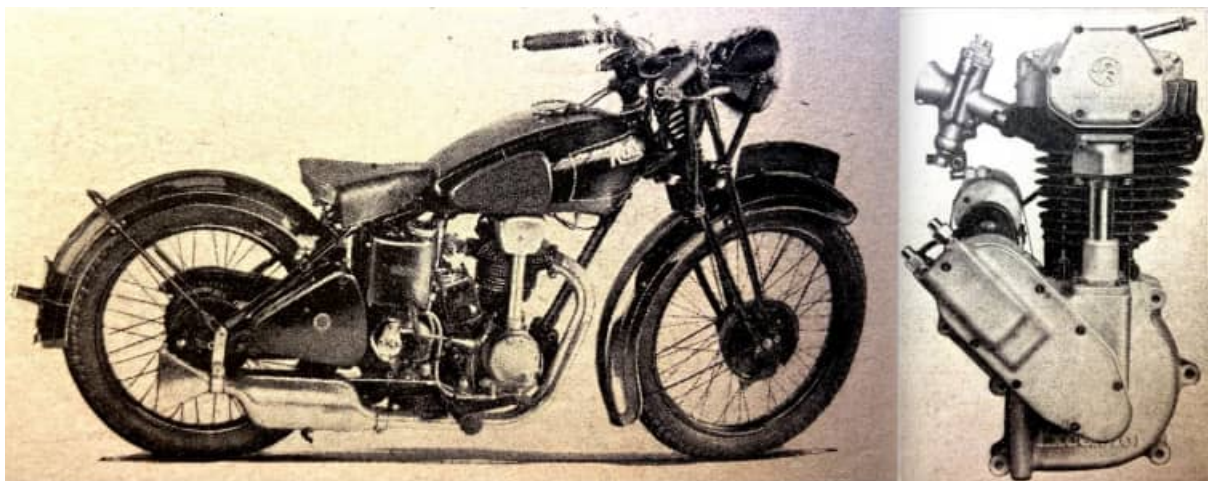


"An interesting departure in 'high-camshaft' design, the new 498cc Vincent-HRD engine is used in three of the firm's four models. This is the Sports model." (Right) HRD-Vincent was a sporting marque, but its enclosed 250 was in the Everyman tradition.

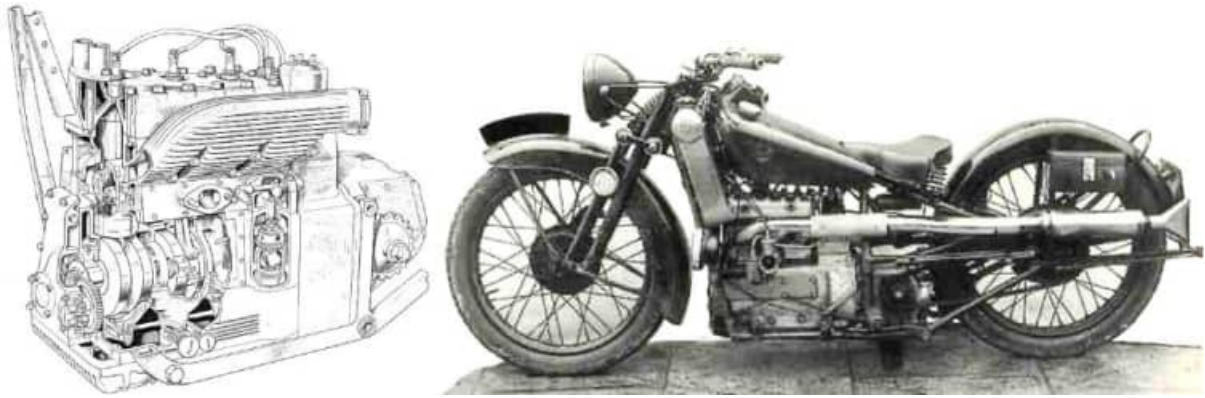
"It has a companion of slightly gentler disposition on a 250cc side-valve, which is similarly equipped as regards lighting, but has a three speed gear box and a loop frame...Trials riders will be delighted to find that any **Norton** model can now be obtained with trials specification at a small extra cost...this includes a special frame, narrow forks, a special gear box and competition tyres. Special features for 1935 include a much improved silencer, a double prop stand, Norton gear boxes with improved foot operation, rubber-mounted handlebars, and oil-



bath primary chain cases. The **OEC** range— 250, 350, 500 ohv singles and a 900cc ohv V-twin—all featured rear suspension with duplex steering as an option. OEC also resurrected the three-wheel Caterpillar Tractor it had produced for the War Office in 1928 but history doesn't record any sales. **Rudge's** potent four-valve singles were joined by a two-valve 250 "for those who require Rudge features and quality at a moderate price". The 500s got a new clutch with an oil-tight cover "so that although it runs within an oil-bath primary chain case it should neither tend to slip nor drag". One of the sensations at Olympia was **Scott's** S3 with a 747cc three-cylinder two-stroke (later enlarged to 986cc ) based on generator engine developed for the Navy; *[you'll find a roadtest further down the page]*. **Sunbeam** came up with an ohv 250. "A most interesting machine this, with its high camshaft, push-rods enclosed in a single tube, and hairpin valve springs...The four-speed gear box has positive foot operation. A striking feature of the model is the very handsome silencer." Having grabbed the limelight, and the Maudes Trophy, with the 6/1 vertical twin, **Triumph** launched "a compact, low-priced ohv 250" which, despite being at the bottom of its 13-model range, boasted "fully enclosed valve gear, a cradle frame, four-speed gear box, and Lucas Magdyno lighting. A new design always draws the crowd, and it goes without saying that the **Vincent-HRD** stand will be a centre of attraction. On it will be displayed the four types of machines which go to make the 1935 range. In three of them will be an entirely new engine of the high-



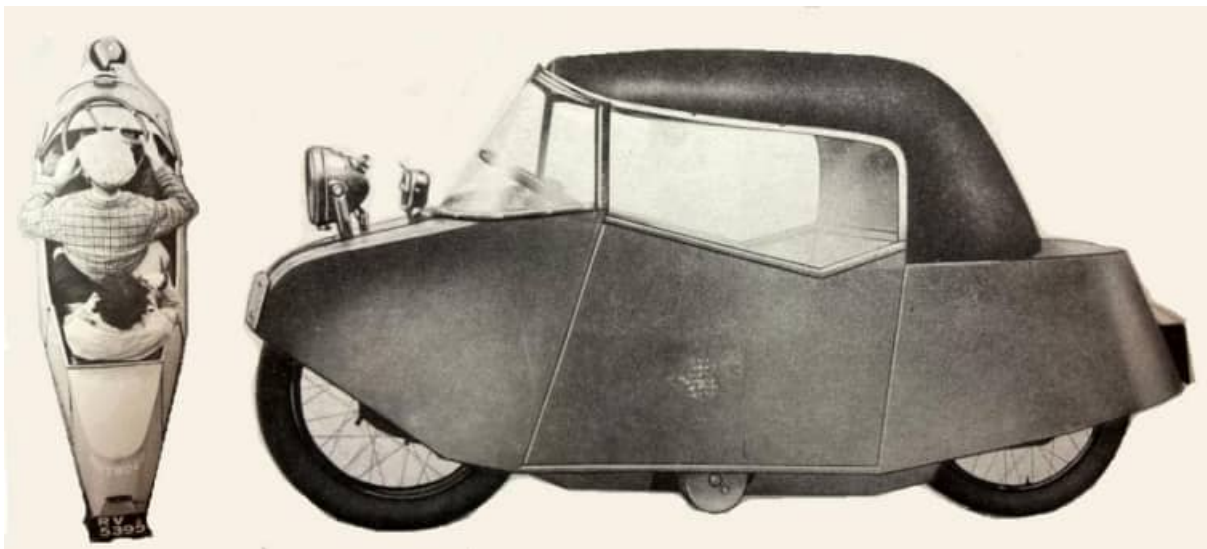
"A new Rudge that is certain to arouse interest—the 250cc two-valve model." (Right) "Yet another feature of interest at Olympia will be this entirely new racing Excelsior ohc engine. Even an external view gives an idea of the principal aspect of the design—immensely stiff and sturdy construction. The overhead gear runs on ball and roller bearings throughout, and the magneto gear train embodies a rev-counter drive."



Another candidate for the 'might have been list: Scott's S3 won approval from the Blue 'Un's roadtester but was too expensive to generate mass sales.



"No Sunbeam enthusiast should fail to inspect the new 250cc 'high-camshaft' model." (Right)  
 "A sturdy 'two-fifty'—the ohv Triumph model 2/1."



The Whitwood Monocar's engine options included a 150cc two-stroke which, presumably, came into the 15s tax bracket, and, presumably, sported a calendar rather than a speedo. According to the sales brochure: "The Whitwood conquers Stuffiness, Fumes, Spills, Skids, Kick and Push Starting, Footing, Traffic Crawls and Winter Lay-ups." It promised to bring "the Joy of Luxurious Private Road Travel to all classes in the wide range of Models offered."

camshaft type. This new Vincent-HRD engine, which will be made in three forms, ie, standard, sports and TT racing, has a most striking appearance. A deep crank case encloses practically half the cylinder barrel, while the extremely short push-rod covers leave the timing case at an angle of 31° to the vertical—the same angle as that of the valves. By ingenious design the fork-

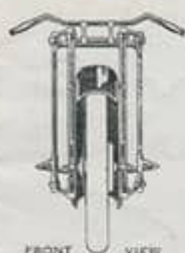
ended rockers bear on collars approximately mid-way down the valve stems. Thus with a valve guide above as well as below, wear is reduced to a minimum. The valves are enclosed in a casing, with the hairpin valve springs mounted on top. The new engine has a bore and stroke of 84x90mm (498cc). Apart from the engines, the new Vincent-HRD range will have duo-brakes and, of course, the well-known rear springing. The standard equipment will include deep-section mudguards, interchangeable and quickly detachable wheels, Dunlop saddle, duplex primary chain, oil-bath and electric lighting, except on the TT racing model. One model will be on view with a 490cc ohv single-port JAP engine...A stand which is bound to draw the critical crowds of Olympia will be that of the **Whitwood** [*The Whitwood was built and marketed by OEC.*] Here will be displayed an interesting design that represents a serious attempt to incorporate car-type protection on two wheels, at a very modest price. The small, but surprisingly roomy, two-seater body is mounted on a low chassis of duplex tubular construction. A car-type sprung steering wheel is geared by a small reduction ratio to a duplex-steering system. The power unit is mounted horizontally in a 'tunnel' formed by the duplex chassis members, and a three-speed gear box is placed immediately behind the engine, the transmission bong by chain to the rear wheel. Behind the backrest to the rear seat are mounted the petrol and oil tanks and a spacious tool locker. A hinged lid to the tail provides immediate access to the petrol tank, while for the removal of the rear wheel the whole tail hinges upward. Two wheels, one on each side, can be lowered by means of a lever inside the body to provide support when the machine is stationary. The engine can be started 'from within' by pulling up a long lever connected to the kick-starter shaft of the gear box. The specification, including, lighting, horn and windscreen, is very complete." Models ranged from the 150cc two-stroke Dart and 250cc two-stroke Sterling via the 500cc side-valve Century to the 1,000cc side-valve V-twin Regent. All models came with seating for two, but they could be extended to take three.



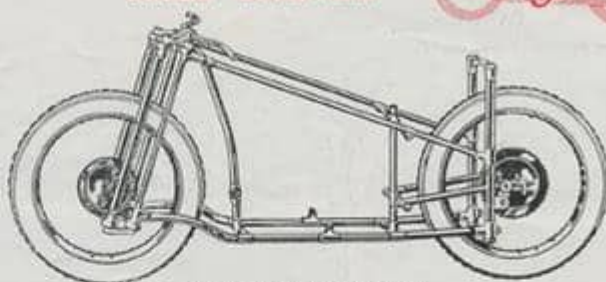
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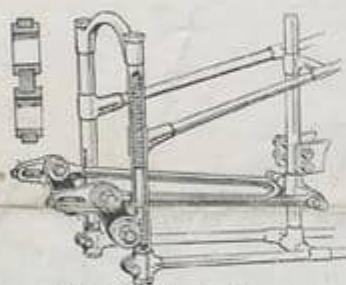
*Duplex Steering*



FRONT VIEW



Duplex Steering and Rear Spring Chassis.

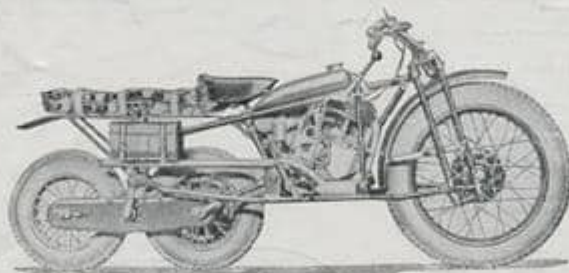


O.E.C. Patent Rear Springing.

Detailed  
views of  
O.E.C.  
Duplex  
Steering  
and  
Rear Spring  
Frame



O.E.C. Patent Duplex Steering.



The O.E.C. Caterpillar Tractor with Duplex Steering; as supplied to the British and other Governments. Prices and specifications on application.

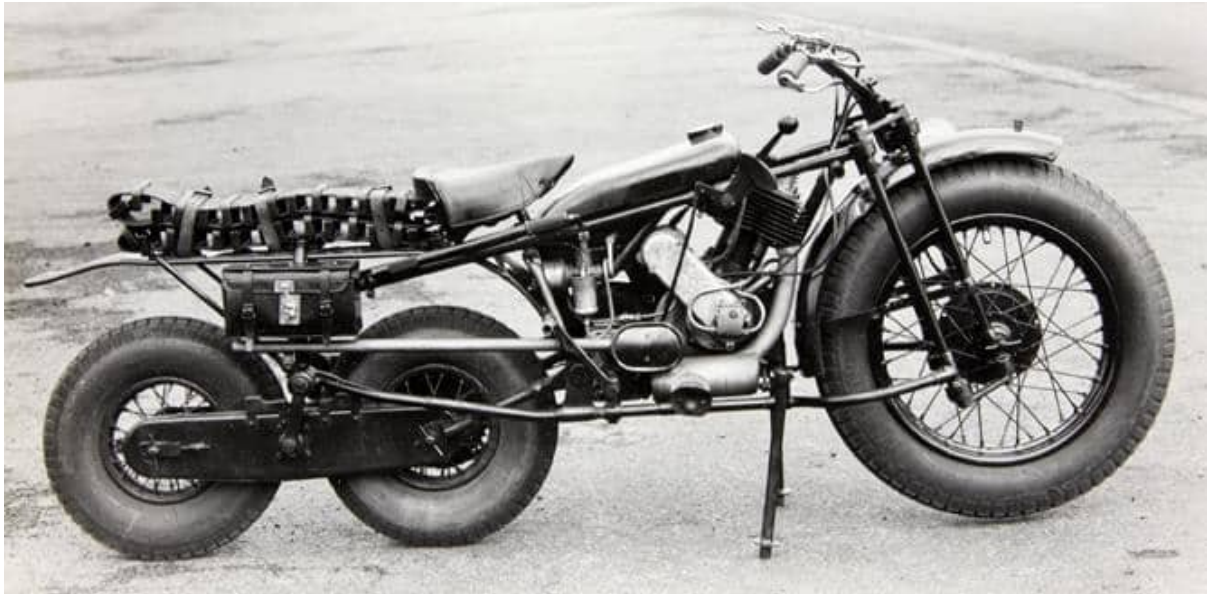
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WE OFFICIALLY RECOMMEND ANY OF THE FOLLOWING OILS  
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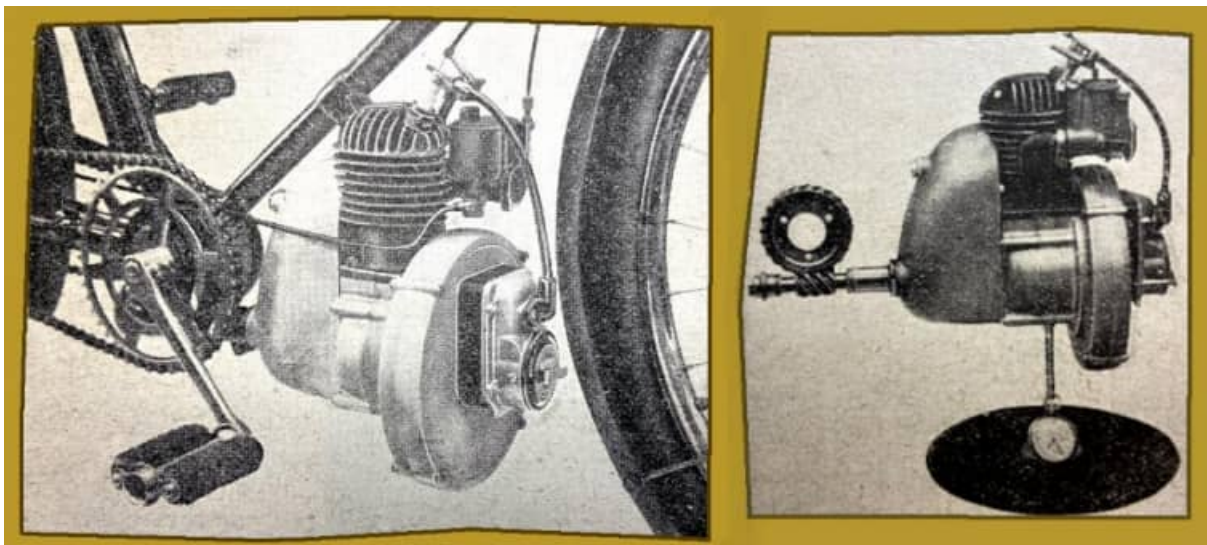
The French army took an interest in motor cycle half-tracks. René-Gillet was called in to evaluate a 600kg prototype and wisely warned against it. At the request of the army René-Gillet developed a more practicable alternative, but the maximum speed was found to be 22mph and it had to stop every few miles to cool down. The idea was quietly dropped...until 1937.

A NUMBER OF MARQUES avoided the expense of exhibiting at the show by staging displays of their latest models in local dealers—Pride & Clarke displayed the 1935 Panthers in rented premises opposite Olympia. Panther also proved that its bargain-basement Red Panther 250 was much more than a cut-price local runabout by entering the ISDT where it did well and the ACU put one through its paces at Brooklands. In his definitive history *The Panther Story* Barry Jones reports: “The first test was for fuel economy on a measured gallon and, at an average lap speed of 35.5mph, 115.7mpg was obtained. Oil consumption was deemed ‘immeasurable’! The next test for lapping the course hands-off, to check for steering and stability, saw Ernest Chidley bravely managing at least 50mph. Several hill-climb tests, with and without pillion passenger, were then carried out on the 1:4 maximum gradient test hill. Following this came the quarter-mile standing starts (23sec/39.13mph), flying quarter-mile runs (14.2sec/63.38mph) and a flying half-mile (28 sec/64.28mph). Accessibility for servicing had always been part of the ACU tests and it was found that the rear wheel could be removed in 76sec compared with 99sec for a Panther heavyweight. The Red Panther demonstrated itself to be in a class well above its competitors in nearly every aspect throughout these detailed tests and...was awarded the Maudes Trophy for 1934.”



Having developed an in-line three wheeler for the Army OEC offered it to the public without success.

“MAKING ITS BOW IN PUBLIC at the Birmingham section of the British Industries Fair, Castle Bromwich, there is a most interesting power-driven bicycle. For its foundation a normal, though strengthened, pedal cycle is used, and a miniature engine is added. This unit, however, is not merely an attachment, the whole machine being laid out specially to accommodate it. This is done in an unusually neat manner. The unit is a normal three-port two-stroke of 98cc (50x50mm). Its direction of rotation is at right angles to the frame, and in front of the crank case is a flywheel entirely enclosed in an extension of the casting. Behind the engine is a bulbous aluminium casting which forms the silencer, the gases exhausting through a small slot at the bottom of the aluminium expansion chamber. Bolted to the front of the flywheel casing is a Wico magneto. This is of the revolving-magnet type, and is driven from an extension of the engine shaft, a cam on the latter operating the contact-breaker arm. The engine shaft is also extended to the rear and passes through the silencer; almost at its extremity is a worm which drives a phosphor-bronze worm wheel. The whole of this drive is enclosed in a special bottom bracket on the bicycle, and the worm wheel is coupled to the sprocket, from which

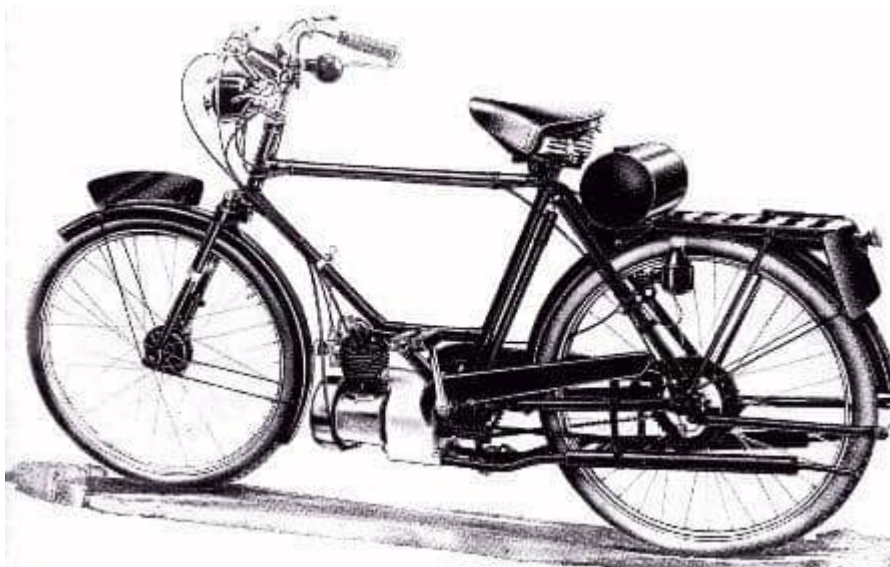


“The 98cc two-stroke power-unit of the Cyc-Auto. In front is the enclosed flywheel and ignition



unit; and the casing at the rear is a silencer.” (Right) “How the worm drive to the bottom-bracket chain-wheel axle is attached. The watch gives an idea of the compact size of the unit.”

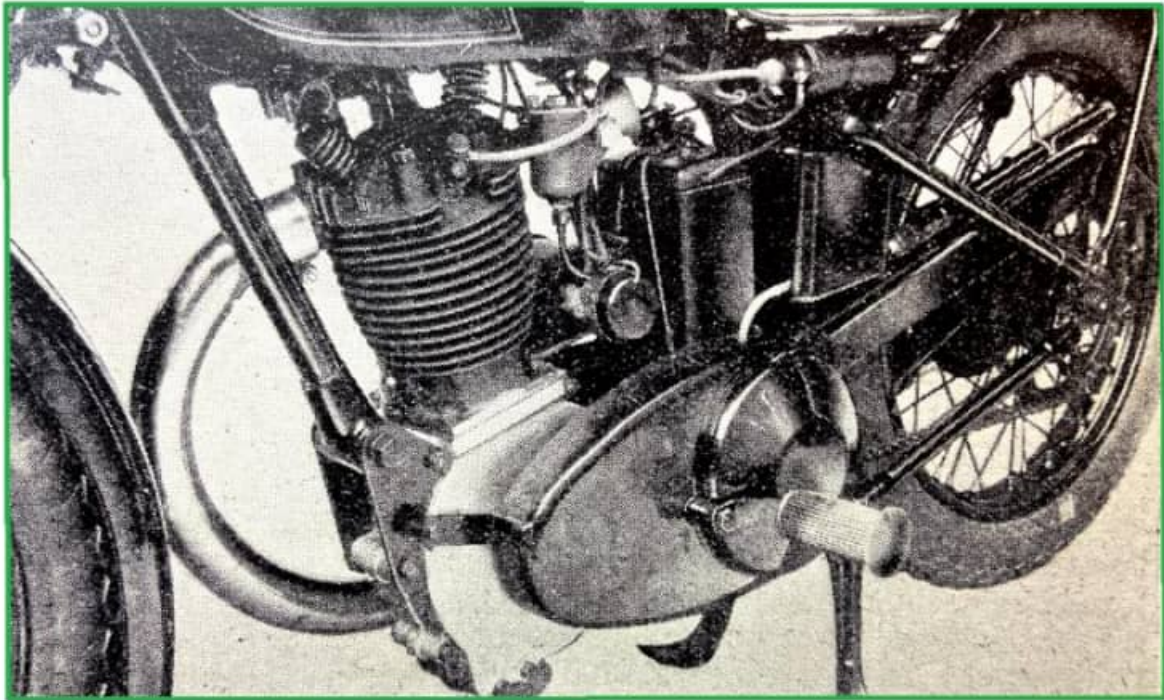
the final drive to the rear wheel is by chain. There is the normal cycle pedalling gear which, through the medium of a dog clutch, may be used to propel the machine or to assist the engine, while it is also, of course, used for, starting purposes. Only two bolts hold the engine in the frame, one from the head to a lug on the front down-tube, the other being a pinch-bolt tightening a sleeve on the bottom bracket round the bushed drive shaft. The bottom bracket is fitted with cup and cone bearings, while there is a ball thrust race at the end of the worm shaft. The cast-iron piston has two rings, the big-end of the connecting rod is of the roller-bearing type, and the main shaft is supported on ball bearings on both sides. There is a decompressor in the cylinder head, the carburetter is an ETC, and a 14mm sparking plug is used. Mounted behind the saddle is a cylindrical petrol tank holding five pints of petrol mixture. A reserve petrol supply is arranged by the simple process of dividing the main tank by means of a partition. When the reserve supply is required one simply leans the machine over, allowing the fuel to flow over the top of the partition. At the rear of the machine is a number plate equipped with a Miller dry-battery tail lamp; no head lamp is fitted, users being left to choose their own. In the rear wheel there is a coaster, or back-pedalling brake, an ordinary stirrup brake being fitted at the front. The tyres are British Goodrich and measure 26x1 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. The price of this interesting machine is £14 14s. The tax is 15s per annum, and the makers have arranged third-party insurance at the rate of 7s 6d a year. Completely equipped, it weighs 68lb, and it is made by Cyc-Auto, Abbey Road, Park Royal, London.”



The Cyc-Auto set the pattern for a generation of autocycles.

“SINGLE-PORT JAP engines of 498cc are fitted to two new Montgomery motor cycles which are about to be marketed. Both are ‘Greyhounds’, and carry very comprehensive equipment. The Standard type has a three-speed Albion gear box, a central spring-up stand, and the normal type of Montgomery frame which has been so successful in the past. Ignition is by coil and accumulator, the coil being carried under the Dunlop saddle. Behind the inclined cylinder, and chain driven from the camshaft, is a Lucas 6V 36W dynamo, and the large head lamp is provided with a double-filament bulb for dip-switch purposes. There is a steeling damper, and built-in hand adjustment for the top link damper of the Druid forks. The control lever pivot brackets are brazed to the bars so as to avoid unsightly clips. An ingenious oil feed to the

primary chain has been arranged in connection with the dry-sump system of engine lubrication.,,A four-speed Albion box is employed on the de luxe model, and the engine shaft carries a JAP shock absorber...the coil set is replaced by a Lucas Magdyno.”



“This close-up of the new 498cc Standard model Montgomery-JAP shows the oil lead to the primary chain and the mounting of the coil and the carburetter.”



...meanwhile French enthusiasts were being tempted with some fine middleweights, such as this Koehler Escoffier LH3-4 350.

DKW CAME UP WITH THE RT125 (the ‘RT’ stood for ‘Reichstyp’—‘National Model’, making it the two-wheeled equivalent of the Volkswagen ‘People’s Car’). It featured the ‘loop scavenging process’ and was a leader in its class. Adler and TWN were among German manufacturers to copy the technology; this is the design which, as part of post-war reparation would be put to



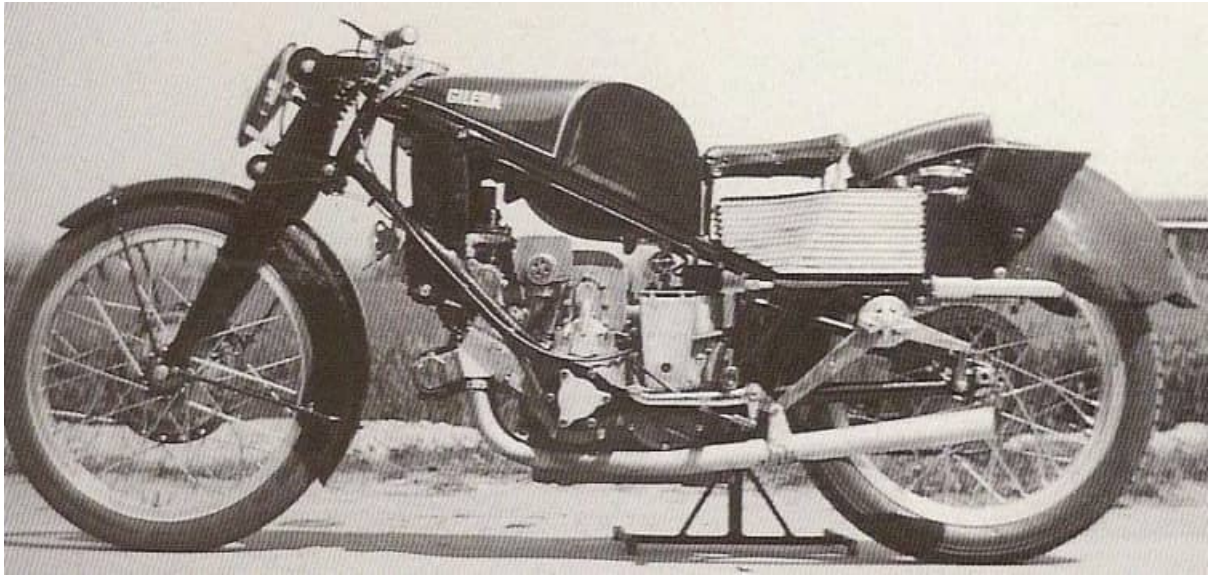
good use by MZ, BSA, Harley-Davidson WFM in Poland and MMZ in Russia. As MZ technology was copied by Suzuki the RT 125 remains one of the most influential motor cycles ever.



Raise a glass to the DKW RV125, progenitor of sturdy two-stroke singles all over the planet (including *Greta*, the MZ ES250/s that's in the lean-to as I write this).

THE ITALIAN TEAM who had developed and raced the world's first ohc transverse four began roadtests of an all-new water-cooled, supercharged version with cylinders inclined at 30° and four-speed transmission with positive foot-change. The Rondine (Swallow) developed a claimed 86hp at 9,000rpm. Six were built. In its first outing, at the Grand Prix of Tripoli, Rondines finished first and second, ahead of Moto Guzzi and Norton; a streamlined Rondine then did a record breaking 151.98mph. At which point the Rondine's manufacturer was bought by aircraft manufacturer Caproni which had no interest in motor cycles. Piero Taruffi, the Rondine's co-designer, who had ridden it to victory at Tripoli and on its record breaking run, was understandably anxious to keep the project going so he approached Giuseppe Gilera, who snapped it up.

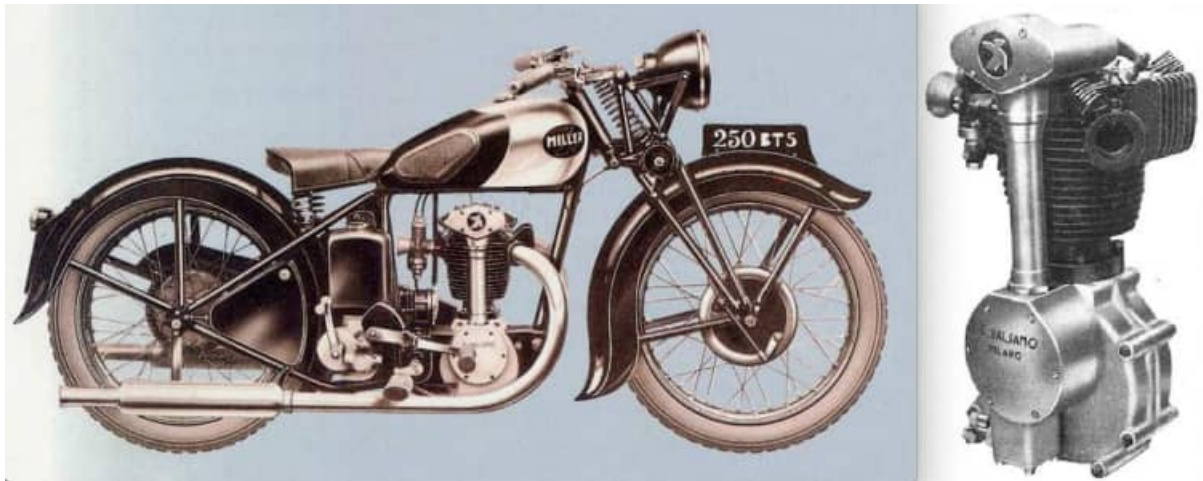




The Rondine was at least as influential as the little DKW 125 (my Suzuki GS850 combo that is stabled with the MZ is, of course, a cammy four).



Russia's first heavyweight was the PMZ-A-750 sidevalve V-twin (that engine does bear a passing resemblance to a Harley 45, don't you think?). In a four-year production run the Podolsk Mechanical Works produced more than 4,500 solos and combos, many of them for the Red Army.



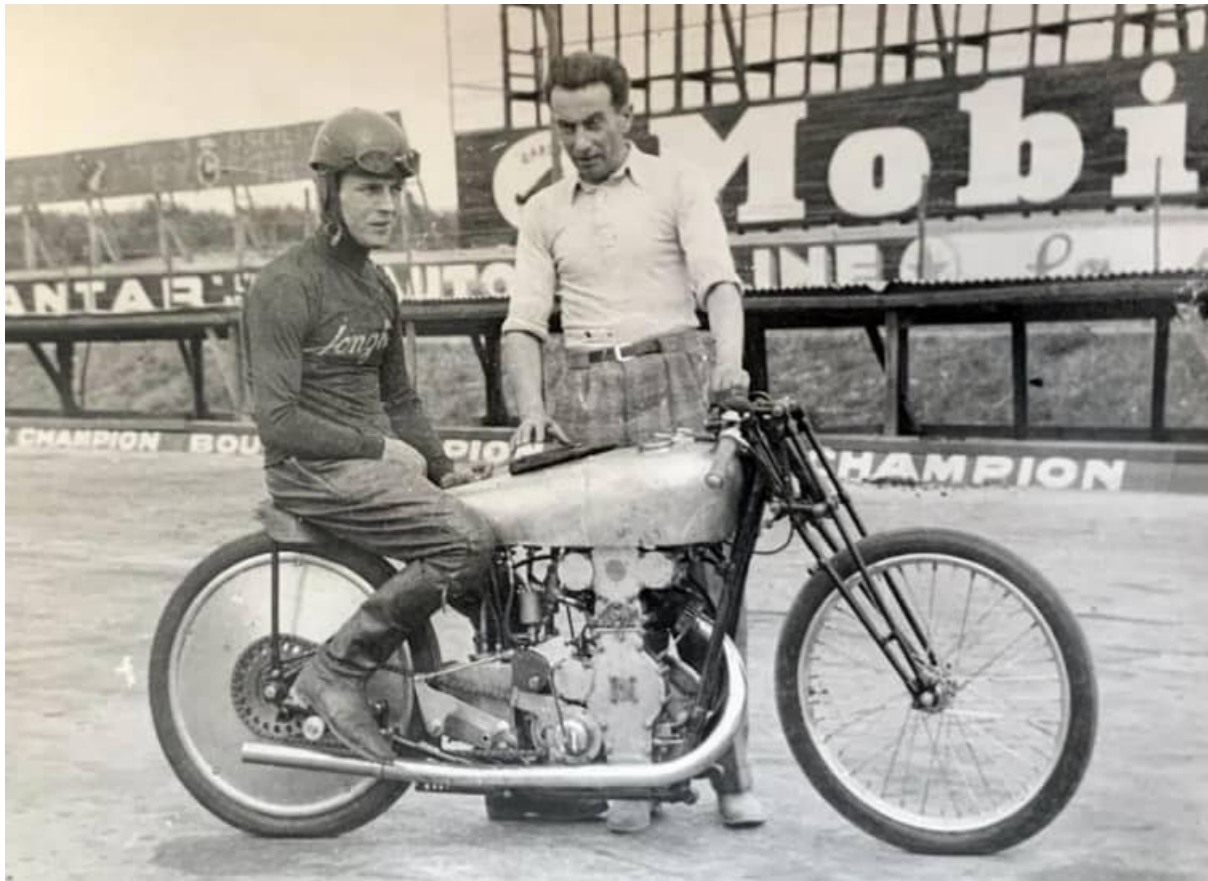
The dohc Miller 250 made a cobby roadster; the marque held the 250cc Italian championship, eight Italian speed records and, according to its adverts, six world records.

SIX YEARS AFTER PRODUCTION ceased the Danish four-cylinder Nimbus bounced back following a comprehensive redesign (from ioe to ohc). Power was up to 18hp, the frame was made of riveted flat steel bars with telescopic forks. The earlier Nimbus had been nicknamed the 'stovepipe' because of large-diameter top tube that served as a fuel tank; the new engine's distinctive exhaust note led to a change of nickname to 'bumblebee'.



The revamped Nimbus was bought in large numbers by the Danish post office, army and police.





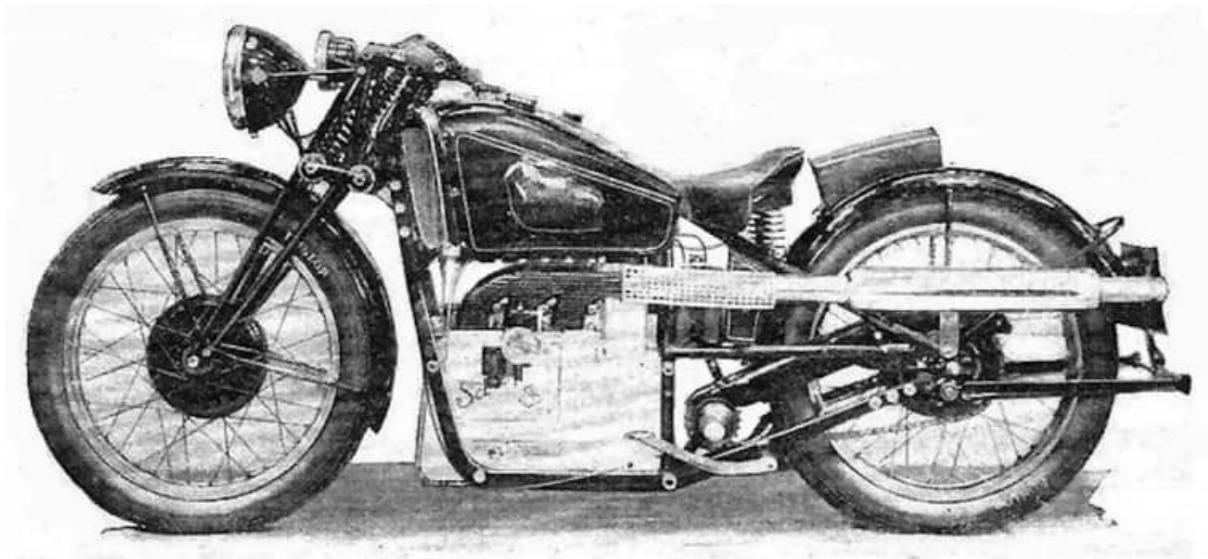
Louis Jeannin is pictured at Montlhéry on the 250cc dohc Jonghi which he had just ridden for an hour at 97.08mph to set a world record. With him is Jonghi designer Giuseppe Remondini.

“SAMPLE CASE: NARROW ROAD, barely wide enough to take two vehicles abreast, sharp bend to left, with visibility a matter of a yard or two on the peak of the bend; footpath on right-hand side of the road; weather conditions, foggy; time, 11pm. Ixion rounds the above corner to his left on a motor bicycle, rather bothered by a car coming from the opposite direction which dims its head lamps rather late, and smites him full on the eyeballs right on the peak of the bend. Amidst the resulting aurora borealis of assorted pink and gold dissolving views Ixion luckily spots a jay-walker, rounding the corner and taking a line three feet from the hedge, ie, just where the front wheel of a motor cycle or the left dumb-iron of a four-wheeler would get him. Ixion executes a deft swerve, dodging (a) the car on his right and (b) the jay-walker on his left in the space between (a) and (b), which is just handlebar-wide and no more. Query: Why was the jay-walker strolling where he was, instead of on the footpath? Answer: Possibly beer; more probably, stupidity, as the short way round the bend may have seemed more attractive to a silly man. Query 2: Could I have stopped? Answer: Just. Query 3: What did I say to him? Answer: Nothing. Query 4: What did I think? Answer: None of our composers can spell the words.”



# *The 747 c.c.* *Three-Cylinder* **SCOTT**

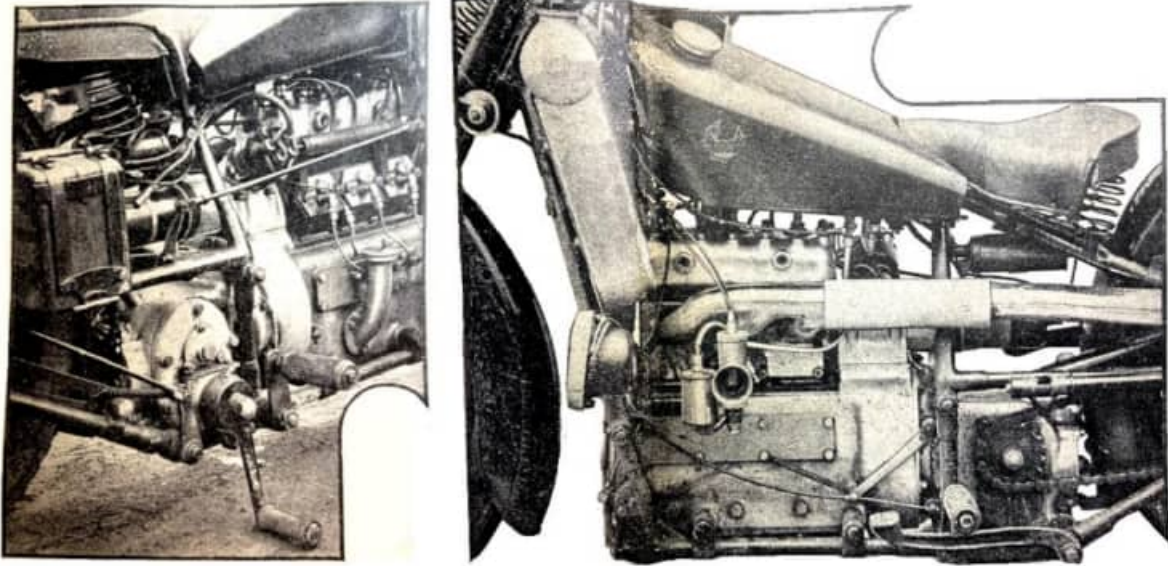
WHEN A MACHINE IS OF an entirely new type, and the particular model is the first to be made, the experienced rider is inclined to anticipate that mental allowances will be necessary. With its three-in-line water-cooled two-stroke engine, the unit-construction Scott is a complete novelty; moreover, the 747cc machine that has undergone test is the first to be produced, but mental allowances are required not so much for any deficiencies as for the unusual nature of its performance. However, the facts speak for themselves. Hardly was the machine under way than one admirable trait became impressed upon the rider's mind; that is, the Scott's exceptional stability at low speeds. No effort, it was found, was necessary to balance the machine, even at a mere walking pace. This automatic stability proved a boon in traffic and gave the rider a feeling of confidence on grease. Undoubtedly, the 59in wheelbase assists in this direction. The next characteristic to be determined was the unusual range of the advance-and-retard of the coil ignition. The throttle and the ignition control have almost equal effect. Advance the ignition lever with the throttle open and the machine would accelerate in exactly the same way as if the machine were being controlled with the throttle, although, if desired, the ignition can be left alone almost all day long. For the very best performance, whether in acceleration or slow-running, the quick-opening twist-grip throttle and the ignition lever should be operated in unison. Assuming this mode of control, the machine with its six-cylinder torque would accelerate with a smooth liveness that was enthralling. There was no pause, no flat spot as a result of sudden opening up; the six-cylinder, clatter-free drone would rise to a screaming hum—the war my of a 'Scott-and-a-half'. An important fact is that the machine could be relied upon implicitly to get off the mark in this way, two-stroking perfectly; thus there was no difficulty in gauging time and distance in the matter of overtaking. Figures show how exceptional was the acceleration: from 20 to 45mph the mean times were approximately 4sec in second gear (8.66:1); just over 5sec in third (5.44:1), and roughly 8sec in top (4.3:1). With its 747cc engine, the Scott



Add the Scott S3 to the long list of might-have-beens.

has a high performance. The maxima on the four gears were: bottom (13.54:1), 40mph; second (8.66:1), 61mph; third (5.44:1), 81mph; top (4.3:1), 86mph. When these gear ratios are considered it must be borne in mind that 28×3.50in tyres were fitted. On a long run, whether touring in the 40s, 50s, 60s, or more, the rider had the impression of gliding effortlessly along. At all speeds the steering was of that unwavering type that gives the rider complete confidence. The torque reaction of the engine—the unit is, of course, arranged with its crankshaft in line with the wheelbase—could be felt when the throttle was opened or shut suddenly, and it could just be detected when the machine was being leant over for bends, but at no time was it in any way disconcerting. Vibration at all speeds was negligible. The machine tested was fitted with the throttle-controlled swash-plate oil pump, but not with the additional rotary pump to which reference was made in the [previous] description of the production design...After a period of running at below 30mph the engine of the machine tested tended to receive too much oil, and therefore to misfire. When the machine was stationary for a minute or two and had not previously been cruising at low speeds, it would tick over regularly with the ignition retarded in a manner quite foreign to two-strokes. The misfiring appeared to be less marked when the oil level dropped; the level was normally kept on the high side because the dip-stick provided did not give a clear indication as to the quantity in the sump. Except when there was an excess of oil—and even then, more often than not—the machine could, if desired, be treated as a top-gear mount, controlled merely on the throttle and the ignition lever. Mounted internally in the position that the second oil pump is to occupy in production models was a breather valve, which worked loose during the test and provided an effective brake. Externally, the engine remained satisfactorily clean. The riding position proved extremely comfortable. Both brakes were excellent—smooth, powerful, and progressive in their action, while the rear brake pedal is conveniently mounted. The battery mounting, in somewhat close proximity to the kick-starter (which, incidentally, is designed to form an efficient prop-stand) is not ideal. Starting was good, and, judging from the way in which the engine started up after being left in the garage for a few days, the arrangement whereby oil is used to form gas seals between the inner crank cases is eminently satisfactory. The method of starting is to flood the carburetter, kick the engine over a few times with a hand over the air intake, and then switch on the ignition and kick the engine over normally. The four gears were easy to change, but the clutch proved a trifle on the heavy side in operation. On all ratios the gears were silent, and there was no detectable noise from the bevel drive. Fuel consumption worked out at just over 67mpg at a steady 35mph. Oil

consumption, with the system fitted to this particular machine and the sump excessively full during most of the test, was roughly 600mpg. To sum up, the Scott Three provided a performance that is sheer joy to any enthusiast, coupled with steering, braking and general controllability that vie with the best on any machine produced."



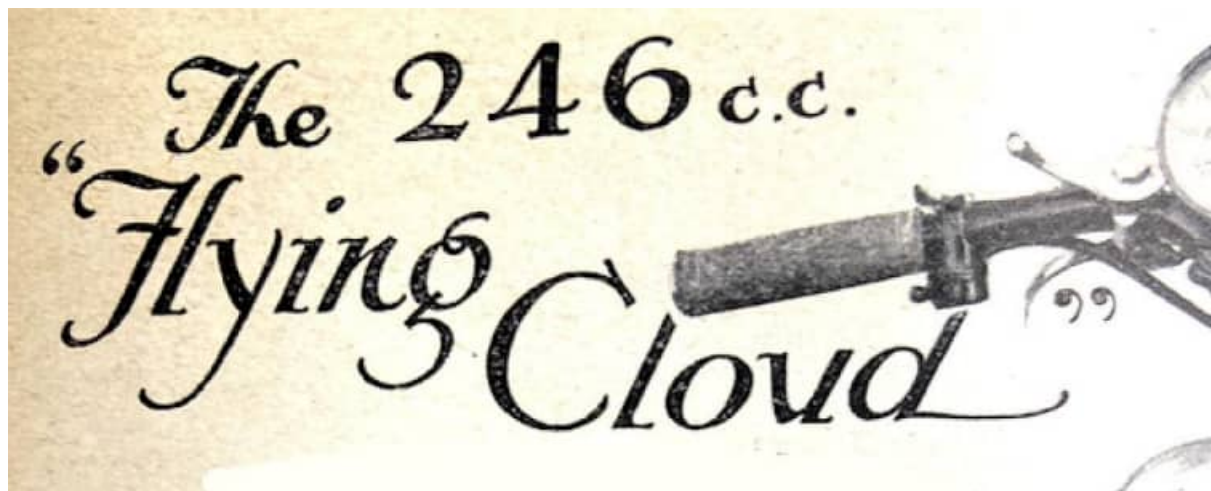
"This view shows the mounting of the coil (beneath the saddle) and dynamo (just above the gear box) and the method of using the kick-starter as a prop stand." (Right) "Features shown in this view include the long rear brake pedal and the control (just discernible at the front of the crank case) of the throttle-governed oil pump. The Intake is in close proximity to the exhaust ports."

"SINCE OCTOBER LAST, the RAC has issued 160,000 fog discs to motorists."

"THAT LOCAL AUTHORITIES should have power to classify main and secondary roads, and to compel all secondary road traffic 'to stop, look and listen' before emerging out to the main thoroughfare, was the view of the Manchester magistrates when they conferred on the Home Office circular regarding accidents."

"IN SWEDEN NEW ROADS and bridges are to be provided with special paths for cyclists."

"MOTOR CYCLES TO THE NUMBER of 3,526 were exported from Britain to Holland during 1932, representing over 75% of the total imported into that country for the year."



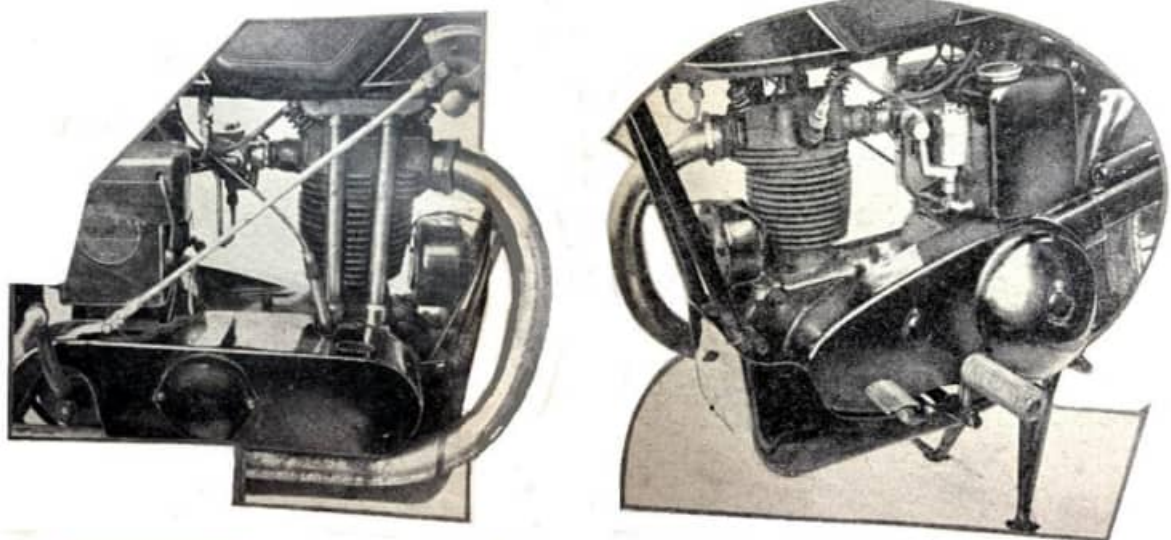


“THERE IS NO DOUBT that the Flying Cloud OK Supreme has earned an enviable reputation. Its purchase price is low, yet it is not, in the depreciatory sense of the term, built down to a price. The design is good, the finish excellent and there are very many detail refinements that add greatly to the machine’s appeal, while the performance exceeds expectations. The first few moments in the saddle proved that the steering was light, yet absolutely positive. At all speeds it was admirable and, although no steering damper is fitted, never in any circumstances did the rider feel that one was in the slightest degree desirable. For 1934 an alteration has been made in the position of engine, which is now mounted farther forward. No doubt this is largely responsible for the extremely satisfactory steering. On bends the machine could be laid over easily and freely. No wobble resulted if the machine hit a pot-hole when it was banked over. The steering was light enough to enable one to change direction instantly—as, for instance, in an emergency—yet sufficiently positive to prevent the slightest wobble or the rider turning more sharply than he wished. In the matter of road-holding the Flying Cloud was surprisingly good; it was in no sense of the word ‘skittish’, and showed no tendency to dance about when crossing bumpy and greasy tramlines. One point of criticism in regard to the machine’s performance on sharp corners is that when the handlebars were locked right over they fouled the rider’s knee, which, as a result, had to be moved out of the way. The machine tested was fitted with a Lucas six-volt dynamo and coil set. Starting was easy in the extreme and even during really frosty weather the engine would start from cold at the second kick, and often at the first. Slight piston-slap was noticeable during the first few minutes’ running. This, however, disappeared once the engine was warm. The push-rods and rockers are enclosed, and the noise from the valve gear generally was by no means pronounced. Even at high engine speeds the exhaust note was never offensive, and at low speeds, as in traffic, the degree of silence proved unusually high. For a 246cc machine designed not so much for maximum speed as for a good all-round performance, the speed capabilities of the Flying Cloud are notably high. A maximum of just short of 69mph was recorded in one direction, while against the wind in the opposite direction the figure was 65mph. In second gear, which has a ratio of 9.26:1, the mean speed was 49mph. In the matter of acceleration the machine was also good; the time taken to accelerate from 20mph to 45mph in second gears between 10 and 11 secs, while in top gear, which has a ratio of 5.72:1, the time was just over 11sec. So much for the Flying Cloud’s capabilities in the direction of high speed and



The OK Supreme Flying Cloud was a fine example of the new breed of sporty 250s.

snap; at the other end of the range it proved capable of trickling along on top gear at 14 to 15mph without transmission snatch. A particularly good rear brake pedal mounting has been found; this is on the left-hand side of the machine and comfortably close to the footrest. Both brakes proved to be beautifully smooth in action and very powerful. Although only gentle pressure on the controls was necessary the operation was not so light that the rider was unable to feel the controls when wearing heavy winter clothing. The machine is a small one; nevertheless, with its Dunlop rubber-topped saddle and 3in-section tyres, it is really comfortable. Like the brake pedal, the remaining controls are well placed and work smoothly, and the riding position is so arranged that a man of normal stature finds he is in no way cramped. The pivot-mounted three-speed gear box is of Burman manufacture, and the clutch was both light and sweet in operation, while the gears were easy to change. A number of important improvements have been embodied in this year's model. Among the features are the efficient shielding of the lower part of the engine, the gear box and the chains. These shields, while affording excellent protection, are readily detachable when this is necessary for the purpose of adjustment or over-haul. Another excellent feature is the arrangement of the tools in a canvas container which opens with the tool box. In the course of the test it was found that the tools were free from rattle, and yet were ready to hand if required; another good point of this arrangement is that there is no difficulty in packing away the tools after a repair has been carried out. A third good point—also a new one—consists of a battery mounting which enables the battery to be swung outwards for topping up or examination. The main head lamp bulb is of the twin-filament type, operated, of course, by a handlebar dipping switch, and there is, as usual, a pilot bulb for traffic work or parking purposes. The dynamo proved fully capable of its task of supplying both the coil and the lamps; with the main head lamp bulb in operation there was a small surplus charge of approximately 1 ampere, while, with lights off, the ammeter showed a charging rate of 4 amperes at 45mph. Petrol consumption at an average speed of 35mph worked out at 85mpg. The oil consumption was approximately 1,500mpg with the sight-feed mechanical pump arranged to deliver a liberal supply in view of the newness of the engine. In brief, it can be said that the latest Flying Cloud OK Supreme is a lively, yet docile, mount with excellent steering, a high degree of comfort and good road manners."



"The system of engine shielding has been extended for 1934 and is now very efficient." (Right)  
"On the off side of the Flying Cloud a shield covers the gear box as well as the crank case."

“UP AT THE DONINGTON RALLY I had a run on George Brough’s self-banking sidecar. You remember the one? The original version appeared at the last Olympus Show; there is a helix attached to the sidecar wheel which, after the machine has been banked over to the left and the driver has released the pedal automatically ‘winds’ the machine back to its normal position. It is all very clever, and, driven electrically at the Olympia Show, it worked. But does it work in practice? The answer is, ‘Yes!’. I am told that it is very jolly when you are batting, particularly if the sidecar is empty, but batting in the Donington area on the day in question was definitely taboo, so I could only prove that the scheme does act. What happens is this: On your depressing a pedal, the machine automatically goes over to the left to full bank, and you hold down the pedal for just as long as you need the banking; then you slide your foot off the pedal, there is a slight clash as the pin engages with the helix, and up goes the machine to a normal keel. You cannot, of course, hold the machine half-banked, and the banking only applies to left-hand cornering.”



George Brough’s banking sidecar worked, but didn’t make it into series production.

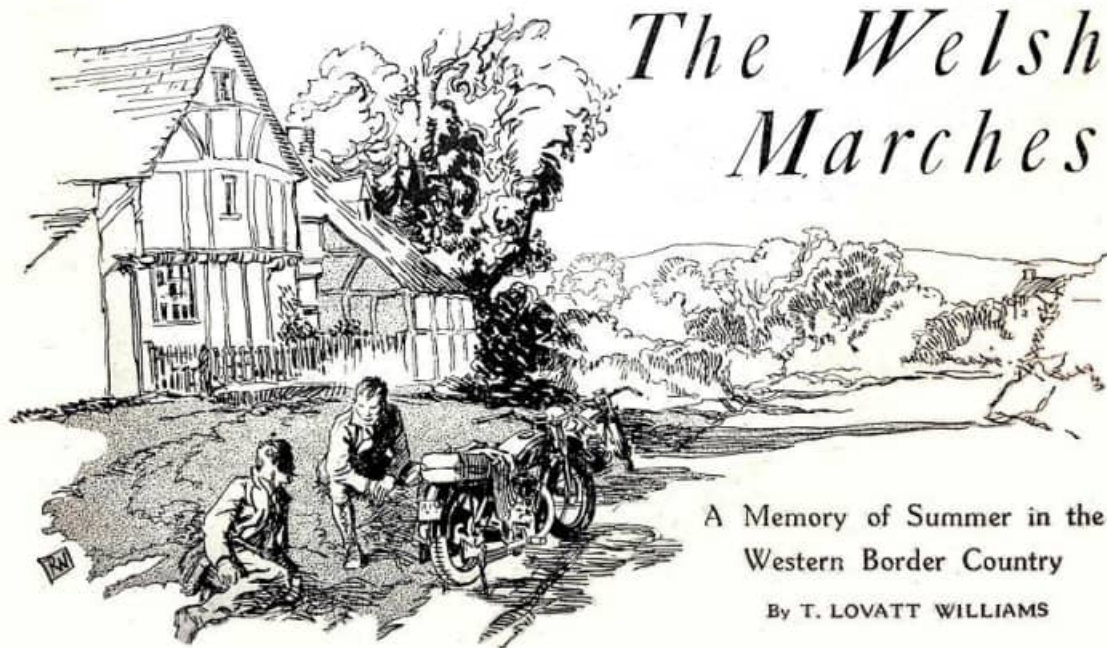
“IN REPLY TO A QUESTION in Parliament, the Minister of Transport said that he has decided against any regulation to make the dipping or dimming of headlights compulsory. Ordinarily, a driver should dip or dim, but in some circumstances such a course might cause, rather than prevent, danger.”

“ONE OF THE LARGEST brake-lining manufacturers has introduced a brake efficiency indicator for cars, the device registering on a dial the percentage of efficiency each time the brakes are applied.”

“DURING LAST YEAR there were 12,479 convictions in England and Wales for failure to comply with insurance requirements.”

“A MOTORIST FINED 10s at Brighton for having no driving licence pleaded that the omission to renew was a pure over-sight, and he asked the Bench’s permission to fine himself another 10s 6d. The poor box benefited by that amount.”





"JIMMY AND I ARE INCURABLE potterers. We have a very bad reputation among the stern local motor cyclists whose one object is to 'get there' and, having got there, to proceed to 'get back' without unnecessary waste of time. Now, when I go out with Jimmy, he on his 350cc Modern and I on my little two-stroke 'Ancient', there is no knowing when or where we shall arrive. We have been known to set out from Birmingham (our jaunts always start from there) with the fixed intention of being somewhere around Cheddar for lunch; then, behold, we have sent picture postcards home from near Tenby at teatime. That is but a preamble to this brief account of a real 'potterer's' week-end in high summer; and, from the pleasure we got from it, one might also say a plea for the pursuit of 'pottering'. Witness us, .therefore, just after tea on a Friday, setting off on the Bridgnorth road, the very positive and business-like beat of Jimmy's three-fifty being answered by the hiccupings of my elderly two-stroke. Arrived at Bridgnorth, and the sun still high, my companion must unstrap his paraphernalia and proceed to take sundry photographs of what would be considered very ordinary scenes. But such is Jimmy's magic that in a few days those prints will appear as real pictures, and the commonplace will have been eliminated—in other words, the 'art' of photography. After a long and laboured pull up Wenlock Edge, we stop and look out over the sunlit countryside. The engines seem decidedly hot, and we hint to one another in broad, rude terms that here is neglect, inefficiency and whatnot. The descent to the river level is a great experience, for the whole land seems to be conjuring forth warmth and perfume, and the evening is ideal for a couple of motor cyclists with eyes for the charms of a superb country. We go right into Shrewsbury, for Jimmy has a great fondness for a certain hostelry near St Mary's Church, and if I denied him a visit he would be unbearable for the whole evening. There is a rare fascination about this old town. It is a queen of county towns in England, and that is saying a lot. Having imbibed refreshment and drunk deeply of the atmosphere that goes with cobbled courtyards and half-timbered houses, we push on along the Welshpool road until, some miles out, we turn right, bringing us near where the great Breiddens rear their frowning heads so steeply from the flat river country. At a quiet farm near the Severn a hearty meal awaits us, and from the table we can watch the last glow of light on the tree-clad summits. An intense stillness hangs over all, and we depart to bed tired and at peace with the world. Next morning there are adjustments to be made, and the first one we undertake is to clear out sundry calves and pigs which are inspecting our buses with an attention that is discomforting. Quite as

discomforting are Jimmy's remarks about my machine when I commence to do certain elementary repairs with stiff wire. Yet I get my own back later, for we ride to the foot of Breidden and commence the ascent to the summit on



“...to clear out sundry calves and pigs which are inspecting our buses with an attention that is discomforting.”

Shanks's pony. This climb to over a thousand feet is absolute torture to Jimmy, loaded with camera and impedimenta of a consumable nature. However, it's well worth it, for I doubt whether there is another view so good. With our powerful glasses we can pick out village after village, for the landscape lies below like a coloured map. We can even catch the glint of our motor cycles lying against the grass bank of a farm a thousand feet below. It is so clear that the spires of Shrewsbury gleam afar off, and the Severn is like a twisting stream of silver set amid the greenery. It is really a marvellous view from this fortress-like hill, which ascends almost vertically from the Severn plain. Behind us is wild undulating country where, it is said, Caractacus, the British king, made his last fruitless stand against the all-conquering Romans. The opposite hills of Wales attract us, so, after our descent and a quick lunch at the farm, we set off for Oswestry and begin the long climb up to Selattyn and beyond. It is slow progress for the two-stroke, and Jimmy rides on on in front, consciously superior, his bus doing remarkably well considering how little attention it gets, for Jimmy's spare hours are mostly spent in a dark room

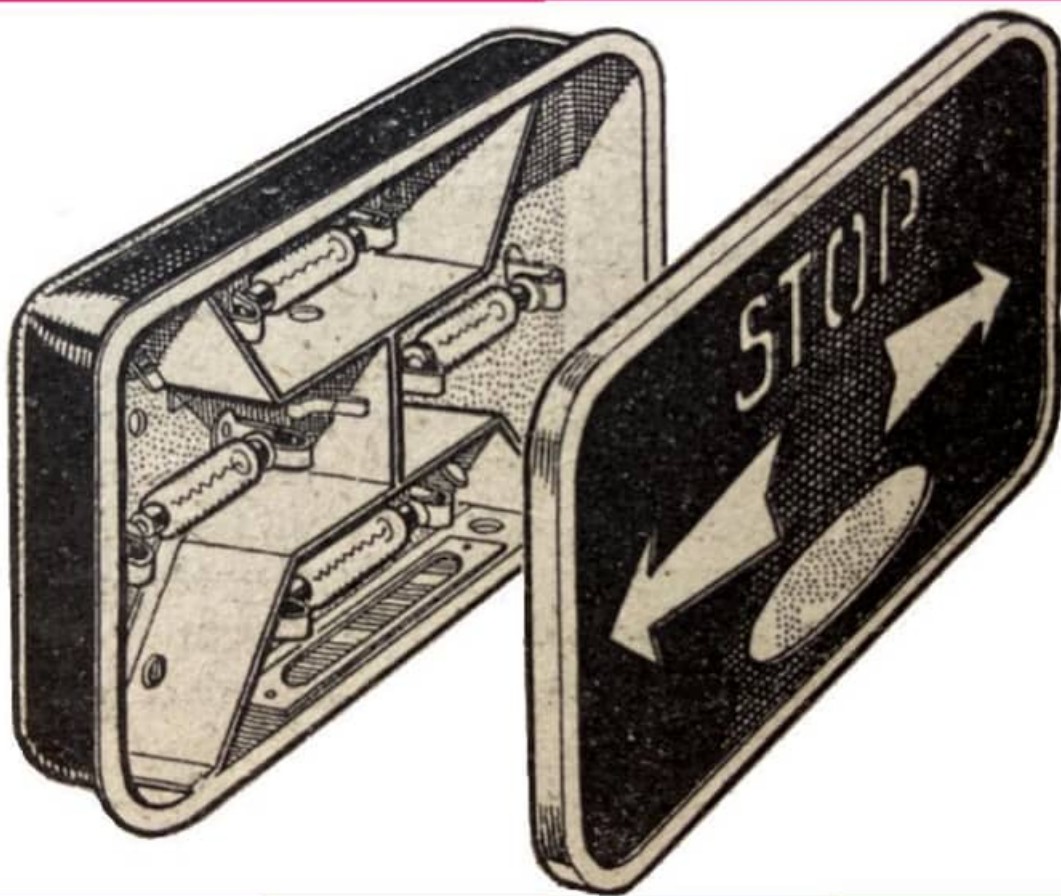
doing tricks with negatives. Suddenly a most lovely panorama opens out—a green amphitheatre of hills that make up the Ceiriog valley, and we gaze, entranced. Then follows the steep descent to Glyn Ceiriog and a level run along one of the most peaceful vales I have ever seen. There is a jolly little river winding by the side of the road, and later it flows through the gardens of a nice hotel, where we refreshed ourselves and absorbed the view. There were several of the motor cycling fraternity here, and, naturally, we exchanged a few words with them on the all-engrossing subject. Curiously enough, one of them came from a town near my home, and we straightaway invited one another to a few meals. To complete a very jolly day we proceeded via Chirk and Overton to that peaceful Deeside beauty spot—Erbistock. It is a perfect picture, with its own ferry and the inn standing where three counties meet. The last time I had come here I had been mounted on a 1915 Levis which was the delight of my life; despite its lack of gear box it had taken me through this hilly countryside very successfully. Chiefly I remember those days by the almost complete absence of motor traffic on the roads of the district, and by the terrific dust or deep-rutted mud of the country lanes. Turning homewards, we skirted the green hills once more, with the shadows lengthening over all this lovely border country. We were but a few miles from and running parallel to Offa's Dyke, and it seemed a far cry to those days when fierce warfare surged over this now peaceful land. And so back to the hospitality of the farm by the Severnside, where the machines were put away, secure this time from the curiosity of pigs and calves. Next day was Sunday and still gloriously fine, as, indeed, it had been the whole holiday. Sundry adjustments having been made, we set off, having first of all had the uncommon experience of telling our good landlady she had not charged us enough! The way lay through Welshpool and that lovely rolling country that leads through Bishop's Castle to Clun. On either hand are hills, to the right those of the Principality, and to the left the splendid contours of the Long Mynd. This is certainly 'the country for easy livers, the quietest under the sun', for we scarcely meet a soul amid these uplands, where the kestrels seem to have the world to themselves. Up and down, give and take, and a vast amount of collar work for these faithful mounts, and so we wind and climb and fall in this wild, tree-clad and lovely country that goes to make the Clun Forest. Than 'By Ony and Teme and Clun'\* there is no more fascinating land in England, and it deserves more than the superficial Sunday run which was all we could afford this time. We get the vague impression of dark woods or steep hillsides, rushing rocky streams and vast sun-caught spaces, and by early afternoon we are dropping down into ancient Ludlow—a treasure of the border country. There is an excellent lunch at the well-known mellowed hostelry, and we set out on the slow climb to Clee. It is a long, hard pull for my small bus, but she tackles it consistently and manfully, and soon there opens out that wonderful panorama with industrial England, in odd contrast, faintly smoking on its distant fringe. Thence the way lies easy through Bewdley and Kidderminster to the blackened edges of Birmingham, such scenes of commercialism striking rather harshly after the fair lands of the Welsh marches. And yet the very machines we ride have risen from among the seared and blackened outskirts through which we ride to reach the City centre! This was a very full and rich week-end—marvellous, summer weather, a no-trouble run, the expenditure of a very small amount of money in petrol, food and beds.

\*AE Housman Clunton and Clunbury: "Clungunford and Clun, Are the quietest places Under the sun. In valleys of springs of rivers, By Ony and Teme and Clun, The country for easy livers, The quietest under the sun..."





“Half a wheel is better than none.—An interesting study of JJ Booker (Royal Enfield) in the mud of Lower Rings Pit during the recent Kickham Trial.”



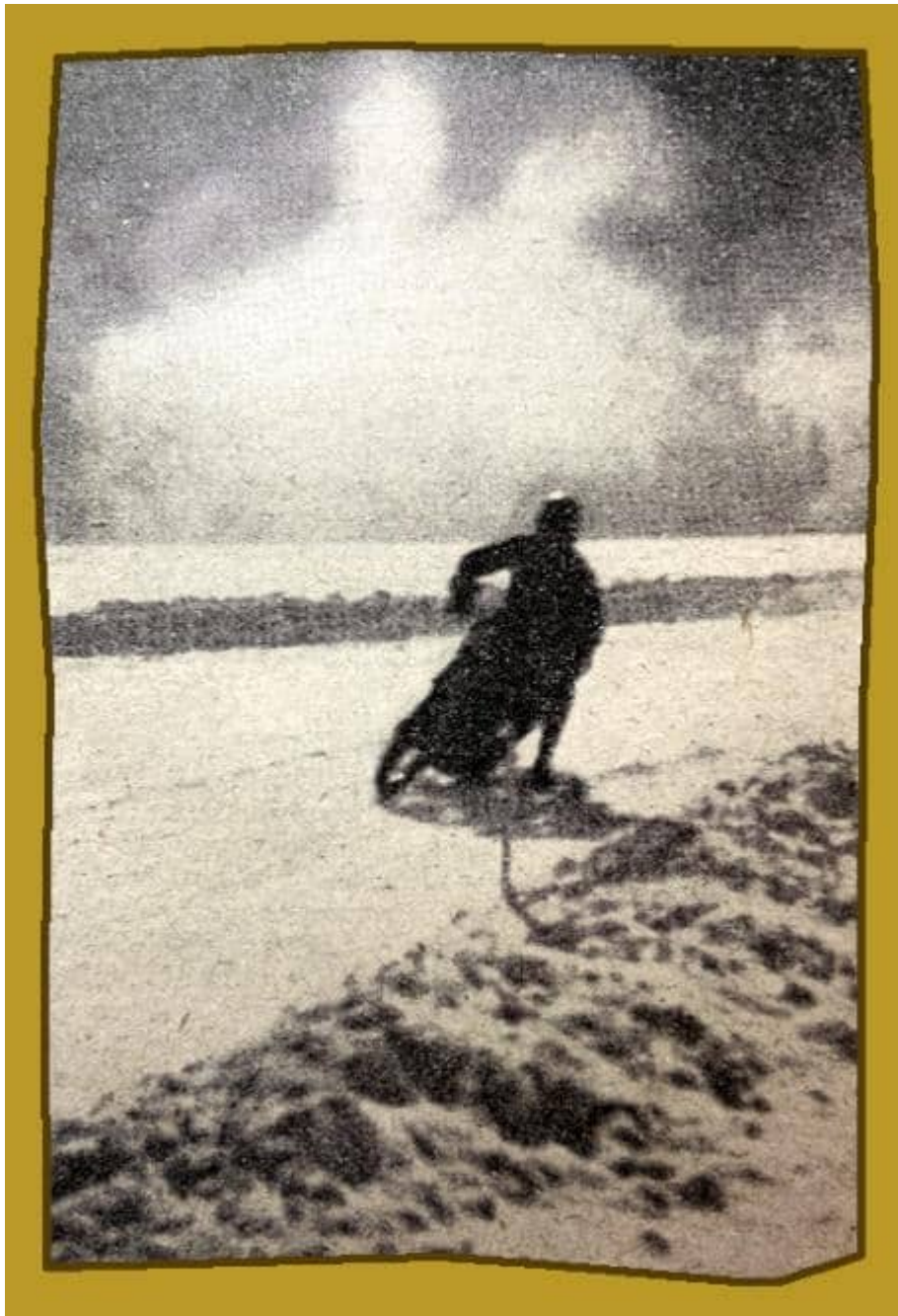
“This stop light and direction indicator embodies a rear light and also provides illumination of

the rear number plate. The price—less bulbs, which are of the festoon type, obtainable at electrical stores—is 17s 6d, and it is marketed by Gallay, 103-109, Scrubs Lane, Willesden, London NW10.”



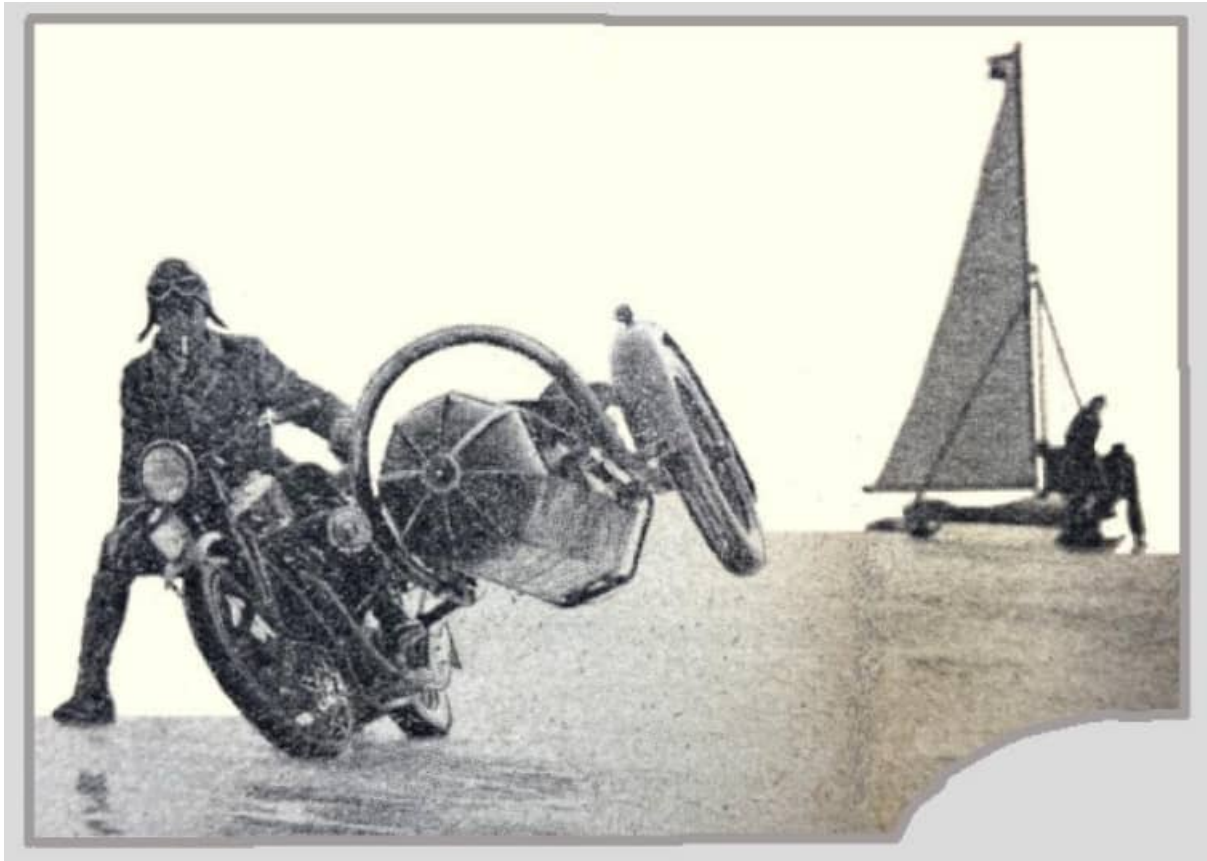
“This one-horse-power comedy was actually witnessed by the artist during a recent holiday in Devon. Perhaps the idea will commend itself to Brooklands sidecar exponents for getting their outfits to the Track.”





“Study in sunlight, smoke, snow and speed, seen during the recent ice-race meeting on the Tilsee Lake in Bavaria.”





“Another icy scene from the Continent, this time Austria, while we in Britain have been enjoying spring-like sunshine.”



“What happens to old machines that escape the scrap-yard? Here is one answer showing an ancient side-valve being used for ploughing a small-holding in Oxfordshire.”



“Blinded, but not  
‘blinding’—a competitor driving blindfold to the passenger’s instructions in one of the events  
held at the Eastern Centre’s Rally at Walton-on-the Naze.”





“Harry Perrey tackling Wrynose in the Alan Trial with his Triumph outfit, in which he made best over-350cc sidecar performance.”

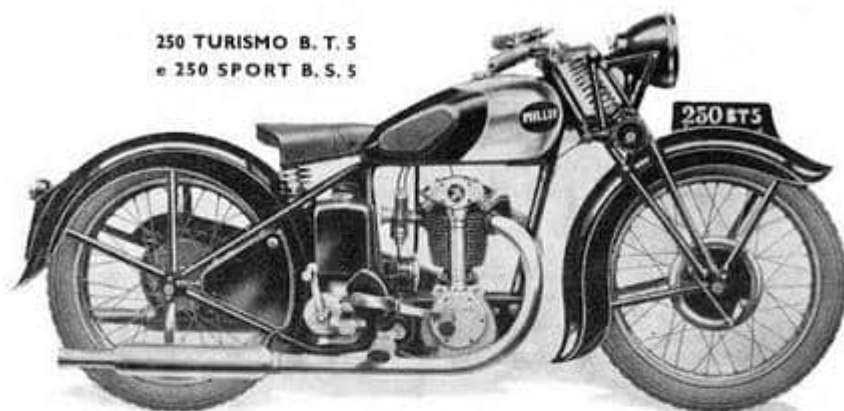
BY THE END OF THE YEAR Britain was home to over 500,000 motorcycles with 45,845 new arrivals, including 16,960 250s, 13,233 over 250cc and 5,890 under 150cc with 4,567 combos. But three-wheel cars were now outselling outfits with 5,195 registrations during 1934.

*You wouldn't want to leave 1934 without checking out a few contemporary ads.*



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FULL SPECIFICATION ON PAGE 20

*Page fourteen*



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556ft. 558ft. 556ft. 2ft. 839/6  
558ft. 560ft. 558ft. 2ft. 842/6  
560ft. 562ft. 560ft. 2ft. 845/6  
562ft. 564ft. 562ft. 2ft. 848/6  
564ft. 566ft. 564ft. 2ft. 851/6  
566ft. 568ft. 566ft. 2ft. 854/6  
568ft. 570ft. 568ft. 2ft. 857/6  
570ft. 572ft. 570ft. 2ft. 860/6  
572ft. 574ft. 572ft. 2ft. 863/6  
574ft. 576ft. 574ft. 2ft. 866/6  
576ft. 578ft. 576ft. 2ft. 869/6  
578ft. 580ft. 578ft. 2ft. 872/6  
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584ft. 586ft. 584ft. 2ft. 881/6  
586ft. 588ft. 586ft. 2ft. 884/6  
588ft. 590ft. 588ft. 2ft. 887/6  
590ft. 592ft. 590ft. 2ft. 890/6  
592ft. 594ft. 592ft. 2ft. 893/6  
594ft. 596ft. 594ft. 2ft. 896/6  
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598ft. 600ft. 598ft. 2ft. 902/6  
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628ft. 630ft. 628ft. 2ft. 947/6  
630ft. 632ft. 630ft. 2ft. 950/6  
632ft. 634ft. 632ft. 2ft. 953/6  
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638ft. 640ft. 638ft. 2ft. 962/6  
640ft. 642ft. 640ft. 2ft. 965/6  
642ft. 644ft. 642ft. 2ft. 968/6  
644ft. 646ft. 644ft. 2ft. 971/6  
646ft. 648ft. 646ft. 2ft. 974/6  
648ft. 650ft. 648ft. 2ft. 977/6  
650ft. 652ft. 650ft. 2ft. 980/6  
652ft. 654ft. 652ft. 2ft. 983/6  
654ft. 656ft. 654ft. 2ft. 986/6  
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658ft. 660ft. 658ft. 2ft. 992/6  
660ft. 662ft. 660ft. 2ft. 995/6  
662ft. 664ft. 662ft. 2ft. 998/6  
664ft. 666ft. 664ft. 2ft. 1001/6  
666ft. 668ft. 666ft. 2ft. 1004/6  
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748ft. 750ft. 748ft. 2ft. 1127/6  
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774ft. 776ft. 774ft. 2ft. 1166/6  
776ft. 778ft. 776ft. 2ft. 1169/6  
778ft. 780ft. 778ft. 2ft. 1172/6  
780ft. 782ft. 780ft. 2ft. 1175/6  
782ft. 784ft. 782ft. 2ft. 1178/6  
784ft. 786ft. 784ft. 2ft. 1181/6  
786ft. 788ft. 786ft. 2ft. 1184/6  
788ft. 790ft. 788ft. 2ft. 1187/6  
790ft. 792ft. 790ft. 2ft. 1190/6  
792ft. 794ft. 792



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Plates,  
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ternal Termi-  
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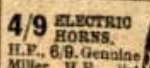
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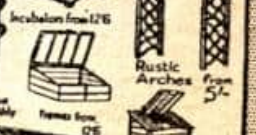
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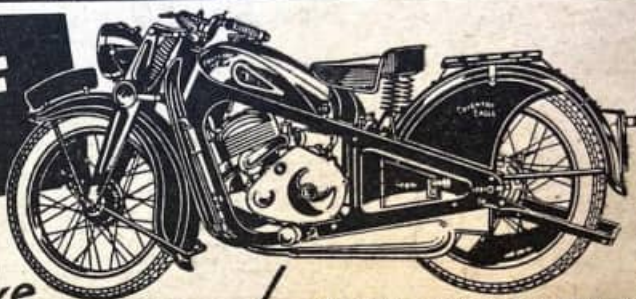
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Remember there is only one of each available.  
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SECONDHAND  
BARGAINS.**

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1929 PANTHER 500 c.c. dynamo, horn, perfect	15
1932 Model 100 PANTHER, foot change, dynamo four-speed competition pipes, as new	33
1932 Model 100 PANTHER, registered 1933, dynamo, Bosch, four-speed, mileage 3,000	34
1933 Model 45, 350 c.c. PANTHER, dynamo horn, one owner, mileage 2,000	30
1933 Model 100 REDWING, dynamo, horn, positive foot change, four-speed, oil bath, as new	40
1933 Do, de luxe electrical equipment, twin lights, horn, one owner	42

### COMBINATIONS

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Registered 1929 PANTHER, 500 c.c. O.H.V., saddle tank, sports sidecar, 1933 dynamo lighting, equal to 1933 condition, perfect	15
1929 600 c.c. PANTHER Combination, aluminium sports sidecar, dynamo, superb outfit	18
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GREATEST BARGAIN ON RECORD,

Made from whole skins, in nice shades, including black, tall collars, extended knee fold, figured designs, and full lengths, warmly fleece lined. Also in real full chrome leather 30/-.

NAPPA-LEATHER COATS (RIGHT) OF EXCLUSIVE LANCER STYLE (Paris make)



The finest skin possible to obtain, soft and supple and seldom obtained at less than six guineas. OUR PRICE while the stock lasts Postage 9d.

37'6



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Black leather coats, with heavy ulster lining - 55/-

Waterproof Dutch chrome black leather (unobtainable elsewhere).

A natural dressed skin, teddy lined, 67'6. Lined in Australian Mink fur (as illustrated), 10/- extra. Post 1/-.



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Good heavy quality, with storm collar, wind cuffs, leg straps, etc. Really well made, and warmly fleece or teddy lined. 47'6

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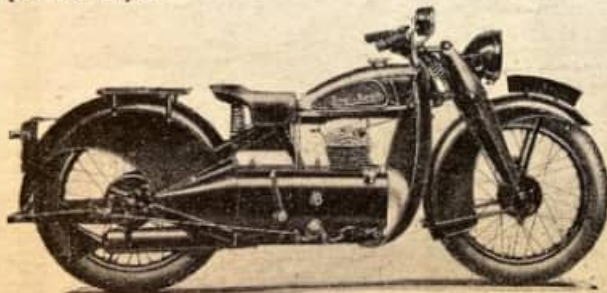
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No. 33. Direct lighting	£26 0 0
No. 34. Dynamo	£27 0 0
No. 35. " and 4 spd.	£29 0 0
196 c.c. BLACK HAWK	
No. 36. " " " "	£28 0 0
No. 37. With flywheel ignition and Dynamo lighting	£30 0 0
196 c.c. FALCON	£32 0 0
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Remember, we are Francis-Barnett Specialists. All models in stock at our depots. HIGHEST ALLOWANCE ON EXCHANGES—HIRE PURCHASE ACCOUNTS SETTLED. Send for catalogue and deferred terms.

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**9/6**



## Buy the Right QUICK MARCH to Naylor & Root

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1932 COVENTRY EAGLE, 196 2-port, dyn. 8/2 tax	£15
1932 FRANCIS BARNETT, "Crusier" dyn. etc., tol. Dec.	£30
1931 ARIEL, "Square 4," 500 c.c., dyn., speedo, etc.	£35
1932 LEVIS, A/2, 350 c.c., dyn., comp. pipes, fast	£32
1931 ARIEL, 4-valve sloper, dyn., speedo, also cond.	£27
1930 B.S.A., O.H.V., sloper 493 c.c., dyn., panel, etc.	£23
1933 DUNELL, "Pythia," 250 O.H.V., dyn., comp. pipes	£30
1931 CALTHORPE, 250 "Ivory," O.H.V., dyn., smart	£17
1932 B.S.A., "Blue Star" 350, dyn., 4-speed, extras	£32
1933 ENFIELD, "Bullet" 500 O.H.V., dyn., speedo, etc.	£42
1933 NORTON, 250 O.H.V., dyn., foot change, as new	£49
1930 ARIEL, 500 O.H.V., 2-port, Magdyno, new cond.	£23
1931 VELOCETTE, O.T.F., 249 c.c., dynamo, 8/2 tax	£19
1932 TRIUMPH, "Scout" 500 O.H.V., dyn., speedo, as new	£35
1933 NORTON, Model 16 O.H.V., dyn., panel, etc.	£49
1931 NEW HUDSON, 500 2-port, dynamo, 4-speed	£22
1931 SUNBEAM, Model 90 2-port, dyn., comp. pipes	£30
1933 NEW IMPERIAL, "Unit Super" 250 dyn. etc.	£26
1929 SCOTT, Flyer 498 c.c., Magdyno, tuned engine	£21
1932 RUDGE, "Special" 499, dyn., 4-speed, fast	£37
1932 NORTON, 16H, 490 c.c. S.V., dyn., panel speedo	£38
1931 ARIEL, 350 O.H.V., 2-port, Magdyno, chromium	£19
1932 CALTHORPE, "Minor" 250 c.c. dynamo, 8/2 tax	£19
1931 B.S.A., 350 c.c. O.H.V., Lucas Magdyno, fast	£23
1931 O.N. SUPREME, 250 O.H.V., 2-port, dynamo, etc.	£19
1930 TRIUMPH, C.T.T., 500 O.H.V., 2-port, Magdyno	£18
1928 VELOCETTE, K.S.S., 350 c.c. lamps, fast engine	£18
1930 ARIEL, 250 O.H.V., 2-port, Magdyno, very fast	£17
1933 TRIUMPH, 250 c.c. side valve, dynamo, smart	£19
1932 ENFIELD, O.L. Spec. 250 Racing engine, dynamo	£32
1930 COVENTRY EAGLE, "Flying 8," Magdyno, speedo	£20

### COMBINATIONS

1931 BROUGH SUPERIOR, "Black Alpine" 680 O.H.V., Magdyno, spring frame, speedo, etc., saloon Launch sidecar, absolutely as new, taxed	£62
1932 SUNBEAM, Model 9, 2-port, 600 c.c. 1933 improvements, Magdyno, clock, speedo, Bosch, Watsonian sports aluminium sidecar, fast	£62
1933 B.S.A., 595 sloper 2-port, dynamo, comp. pipes, foot change, panel, speedo, etc., Watsonian semi-sports sidecar, comp. chassis, as new	£55
1932 ENFIELD, 500 O.H.V., 2-port, Magdyno, panel elec. horn, Superb sports, saloon type Launch sidecar, chromium tank, as brand new	£38
1932 B.S.A., 350 c.c. "Blue Star" Magdyno, 4-speed, foot change, semi-sports, fabric sidecar	£37
1932 COVENTRY EAGLE, 350 2-port, Magdyno, elec. horn, very smart alum. sports sidecar	£34
1931 RUDGE, "Ulster" 499 c.c. O.H.V., dynamo, 4-speed, Swallow alum. super sports sidecar	£39
1932 NORTON, 16H, 490 c.c. S.V. Magdyno, electric horn, Watsonian coupe sidecar, very smart	£39
1930 B.S.A., 493 c.c. sloper 2-port, Magdyno, good tyres, very attractive Launch sidecar	£29
1932 TRIUMPH, 500 2-port, dyn., comp. pipes, foot change, Triumph semi-touring sidecar, as new	£38

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THE LARGEST SHOWROOMS IN  
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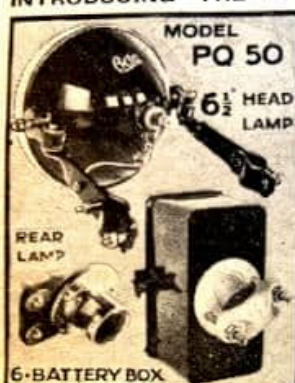
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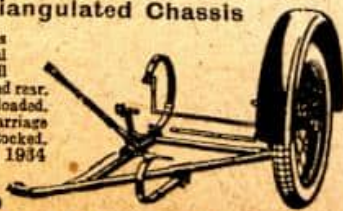
For COMPLETE DETAILS you must get our "POSH" New Booklet . . . it's free, anyway! BETA LAMPS, BOTHWELL, SCOTLAND.

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For all Ariel machines from 1930. Journal bearing wheel. Large ball joint attachment front and rear. Seat pillar is spring loaded. Elec. lamp, crate and carriage inclusive. All spares stocked. Easy terms. Send for 1934 list of full Watsonian range.

CHASSIS Price £9

WATSONIAN SIDECARS LTD., 24, ALBION RD., GREET, B'HAM.



# Noxal—The Wonder Chassis of the age!

"J.C." QUICKLY DETACHABLE CHASSIS.

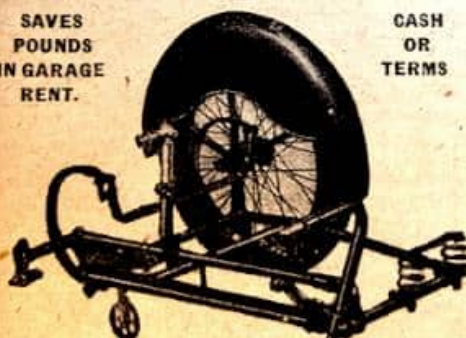
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**RED PANTHER**

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O.H.V.  
MODEL  
65 m.p.h.

READ WHAT  
*The Motor Cycle*  
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QUALITY MOTOR CYCLES. EXCEPTIONAL SPECI-  
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PRICES FROM £49.10 to £65  
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Simple and efficient.  
No slides to wear.  
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WEATHERWEAR  
Illustrating over 100 models to suit every pocket to:-  
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## 1934 MODELS

### THE MACHINE WITH MANY HONOURS

WINNER OF MANY BRITISH AND  
INTERNATIONAL TROPHIES.

Model	Cash Price	Or by Deposit	And 18 Monthly Instalments of
250 c.c. with Electric lighting	£55.10.0	£13.17.6	£2.17.8
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EQUIPMENT—Lucas Electric Lighting, Lucas High Frequency Electric Horn, Smith Trip Chronometric Speedometer, Stop Light, and Licence Holder, all included in price of all models (and 8-day Clock on "Special" and "Ulster" Models). We also have a few brand new 1933 models left over from last season's stock, at greatly reduced prices, including Rudge, Sunbeam, Velocette, Francis-Barnett, New Imperial, Coventry Eagle, Matchless, and many others. Fill in your name and address for Rudge 1934 Catalogue and details of all 1933 models available, and SAVE YOURSELF POUNDS—HIGHEST ALLOWANCES—HIRE PURCHASE ACCOUNTS SETTLED.



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We always have a picked stock of overhauled and guaranteed machines—we accept other makes in part exchange for these—balance as above. We find it difficult to advertise our stock as it seems to alter day by day—anyhow—as Mae West would say—"Come up and see us sometime."

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Hours: 9-8. Sats. 4. Sundays 10.30-1.30.  
**COME UP AND SEE US SOMETIME.**



IT IS MOST REGRETTABLE.  
—since all SOLOSCREENS are now  
**NON-INFLAMMABLE**  
THE WORKS Manager is no longer  
able to use odd strips of celluloid to  
**LIGHT HIS CIGARETTES!**  
—OH YEAH!!

Marvellous Value for 14/3, post 9d.  
"Clean bar" type 1'-extra.  
Give Handlebar diameter.

**BETA LAMPS** BOTHWELL  
SCOTLAND.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING  
INCLUDED

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MODEL QTP—PRICE £36-10

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"THE BETTER GRIP AT THE LOWER PRICE."  
Grip 6/- & Dummy 1/6, either long or short 1" or 1 1/2"  
standard or racing. Jet black non-soiling rubber.

Obtainable from all leading Factors and Traders.  
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No slides to wear.  
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*You'll be safe and sound*  
**ALL THE YEAR ROUND**  
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In Fawn Gaberdine, lined  
Fleece and Oilskin... **47/6**  
With detachable fleece  
lining 55/-, coat only.  
Stormsurf 4/-,  
Tummy pad 3/6 extra.

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Bond Street edition of 202  
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